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NOTES
TO THE PEOPLE

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May 1851—May 1852

Edited by Ernest Jones

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NOTES

TO

THE PEOPLE

BY

ERNEST JONES

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW,

uthor of the Wood Spirit, Lord Lindsay, My Life, History of the Working Classes, Confessions of a King, Recollections of a Student, The New World, Beldagon Church, Painter of Florence, Canterbury versus *Rome, &c., &c.*

Vol. II.

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WORDS TO THE READER.

In placing the first volume of this publication in the hands of the reader, it is both allowable and necessary to accompany it with a few words.

In starting and continuing these "Notes," at a time of peculiar political and social apathy, I have, I believe I may safely assert, had more than ordinary difficulties to contend against.

They were started with a determination not to pander to the sensuality of the public by meretricious writing—not to degrade the literature of democracy to the level of the street-walker.

"Then they won't sell," it was said. "It is good policy to write thus, for you thus make democracy 'go down.' You must sugar the pill."

Not so, I answered. Democracy is so holy, that it must not be coupled with anything impure. Do not think you are helping democracy by so doing—you are injuring it indelibly.

I had that confidence in the virtue and highmindedness of the people, that I believed they would love virtue and truth for truth and virtue's sake; and the result of the first half year's experiment is before you.

These "Notes," moreover, were started without capital—that indispensible requisite in launching a new publication. They were started without funds to "bill," placard, or advertise; their publicity depended almost entirely on the good-will and exertions of the few readers in whose hands the first number happened to fall. No subscriptions have been solicited or received to support it; but a torrent of hostility, or a dull weight of neglect, has been directed against its progress.

So complete has been the "burking system," that even when I endeavoured to send a few placards into the country, the London agents in very, very many cases, (though money was paid for the booking of each parcel), suppressed the communication. When the bills reached their destination, if placarded, as soon as the obnoxious name appeared on the walls, it was immediately torn down, covered, or defaced. An experiment has been tried at a news-agents in Drury-lane, who, very handsomely and honourably, exhibited day by day a fresh bill on the wall of his house. Every morning it was torn down, and, on placing a watch, it has been discovered that the police are the destroying agents. This I can understand. But what will the reader say, when I tell him, that in one or two places it has been discovered that professing democrats, that members of the Chartist body, have torn down the bills, probably because they analysed some measure, or attacked some prejudice to which they are attached. This is really as cruel as it is unfair; the more so, as hostile sentiments have been admitted into the "Notes," when

sent, as readily as the opinions of their author. Nay! I am informed that in two towns, Chartist news-agents, old and tried in the movement, have refused to exhibit the bills of this work. To the democratic press I owe no thanks; while noticing the publications of Whig, Tory, or "Liberal," they have passed mine in silence; or when some notice has been extorted by perseverance, I have damned them in a dozen lines. The readers of that press will judge for themselves.

To this is added the usual practice of a hostile trade, that of reporting the publication "dead," or "behind time," or pushing and recommending something else in its stead. If the lull of agitation, and the additional expenditure of the better paid portion of the working classes in excursion-trains and Exhibition-trips is taken into account, it must be a matter of wonder that it has been possible to carry on these "Notes" at all, even at the heavy loss which they have imposed.

But, besides all this, I have been told that I am the greatest enemy to the circulation of the work myself, by the tenour of some of the articles it contains, since those articles fly in the face of the partialities and prejudices of a large portion of my readers. I plead guilty; but my excuse is—I can't help it. What I write, I believe to be the truth; and I hold it better not to write at all, than not to write what I consider true.

The readers of the "Notes" may be expected to consist of political democrats, social democrats, trades' unionists, and co-operators. A correspondent tells me, I have set to work just as though I intended systematically to destroy the circulation. Firstly, I estrange a large portion of the political reformers, by exposing and assailing demagoguism, and pointing to the paramount importance of social measures. The "whole hog-bristles," and *nothing but* "hog-and bristles" men, won't countenance that. Secondly, by endeavouring to shew that social reforms are unattainable to any great or permanent extent without previously securing political power, I am told that I alienate a second class of readers—those who look down with contempt on political agitation, and think that the discussing of philosophical problems will batter down stone walls. Thirdly, another body of readers are said to be driven away by my attempt to expose the injurious tendency the present co-operative movement has been assuming, and by my effort to impress on it a right direction. Fourthly, a further section of readers are supposed to be estranged by the articles that seek to shew the futility of any mere trades' union regenerating the social happiness and power of the working-classes.

Without all the above, what remains amid the sea of ignorance and utter mental darkness, that toils uncomprised by these four more enlightened classes of the people?

"Therefore," say they, "your 'Notes' must fail."

I am fully aware that, if my object had been to make money, and make money only, I could have succeeded, if I had rendered these "Notes" a mere registering and eulogising medium of present co-operation and trades' union. But I looked, and still look, to something higher far than that.

"But why touch on them at all? Why could you not pass them by, without expressing any opinion whatever on those subjects? Then you would have offended nobody, and might glide smoothly onward," writes another correspondent.

Yes! but then this periodical ought to have been baptized by another name—"THE TRIMMER"—than which character nothing is more odious, and

nothing more contemptible. Offence is glorious, where you offend an error; still let me thus continue to offend.

If I write down these "Notes," *from that cause*, to one single reader, and that reader to be myself, I will still persist in writing thus, unto the cessation of the work, *and it shall not cease, as long as it is possible to continue it.*

No! I have that confidence in truth, I have that respect for my countrymen, as to believe the enemy will not have the triumph of saying, "Another member of your democratic press has gone down: gone down, because it is not buoyed up with meretricious writing, extraneous matter, or an appeal to narrow and sectarian views."

Again then, my friends, I resume the labour—a labour I love—a labour I have plied these six months past in difficulty and turmoil, in pain and overwork. In closing the first volume, I may add that, during its course, I have been cheered with many a note of encouragement—many a letter of "Welcome, and go on!" They have come like fountains of fresh water in the desert. Those who have sent them must take this as my acknowledgment and thanks, as I insert nothing that may savour of self-glorification or personality in these pages. I have also had many an intimation of good effected by the effort, humble though it be.

The promises I have hitherto made the reader I have endeavoured to fulfil to the best of my ability. The democratic songs would have been published had, as stated when originally announced, the circulation warranted additional expenditure. They will not be lost sight of. In opening the "Notes" as an organ for Trades' Grievances, every communication sent has been faithfully and fearlessly exposed. In the "Lessons from History," the page of ancient lore, and the experience of ages, has for the first time been opened to the proletarian reader. The "History of Florence" presents a work complete, conveying a moral which, it is humbly hoped, has not been unapplied. Every other article has been devoted to the exposition of Social Right, and the organisation of political power.

In this week's number commences a biography of Kossuth, with an account of his companions, and a history of the Hungarian struggle,—not compiled at second-hand, but revealing the real aspects of this movement (hitherto so little understood in England,) from direct sources, accessible to few in this country besides the author.

With the next week's number commences the second volume of the "Notes." The first has entailed a great pecuniary loss; nevertheless I point hopefully to the continuance of this work. The second volume will open with some new and, it is hoped, attractive and useful features. While its old distinctive character will be maintained unaltered and unimpaired, while a special portion will be allotted to the Grievances of Labour, the exposition of social and political right, and the furtherance of social and political power,—while the "Historical Lessons" will be continued with added interest, as the subject of the narrative becomes more exciting by approximating to later ages,—a new feature will be annexed (besides that commenced this week in the biography of Kossuth, and the history of Hungary), in the regular weekly publication in the "Notes," of one of the most exciting tales of modern fiction.

With these words the labours of the first half-year now close—with these the efforts of the next begin.

ERNEST JONES.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

In opening the second volume of this work, as in closing the first, a few words to the reader are admissable. It is with sincere gratification that I find my intercourse with you lengthened beyond the first critical division of a journal—a gratification all the greater, inasmuch as I believe a more arduous, but more interesting, duty will devolve upon the journalist in the next six months, than was prescribed to him in the six months past.

We have been struggling through a time of transition—gradual, gloomy, almost imperceptible. We now stand on the threshold of action. *Then* it was difficult to make the people listen, because of *apathy;* soon it will be difficult to make them listen, because of *excitement.*

Well, indeed, might one soon gather a great congregation, if one took up the strong passion of the moment, and wrote up to its bent; but the duty of the journalist is sacred—HE IS THE KEEPER OF THE PEOPLE'S CONSCIENCE—woe to him who desecrates the sacred trust! His duty is, indeed, to stir the torpid; but it is also as imperatively his obligation to steady the turbulent—to warn against mistaken tendencies and erroneous notions—to expose false measures,—and, while steering clear of personalities, not to fear the greatest, the strongest, and the most popular, if such are leading the masses in a wrong direction. He must not care for popularity, because it will make him pander to a popular prejudice; and yet, alas! without popularity his journal cannot live! How difficult is his task—how thankless is his office—yet how glorious is his mission!

In the last six months I have endeavoured, in my humble way, to combat some fallacies, which were frittering away the popular power in numberless and vain directions, and beneath the torrent of hostility engendered, it has been difficult to keep this little leaf from the great tree of truth floating on the tide of circulation. I have endeavoured to point the public mind to the great goal of every people's hopes—social democracy, ushered and guarded by political power. I have endeavoured to combat adverse arguments—to show what was to be sought, and how that was to be gained; and now, *as this volume will probably fall into the hands of new readers, who have not read the facts and arguments adduced in the last, I beg them most urgently to suspend their judgment as to any arguments I advance until they have referred to those numbers forming the last volume, treating of the subjects to which in the current numbers inconclusive and unsatisfactory allusion may apparently be made.*

It is impossible, out of respect to those readers who have been subscribers from the first, to recapitulate the arguments already advanced in this periodical on political and social questions. For instance: the arguments in favour of an altered tenour of the land—of the merits of the various farming-systems, of the capabilities and resources of the British soil,—of the measures necessary for developing those capabilities, —of the steps to be taken to place the people on the land,—how the land is to be obtained, and, when obtained, how it is to be used: all these questions have been discussed at large in the first volume. They cannot be repeated: the readers from the first would be disgusted at receiving merely the same dish dressed up in different language; but future articles in these "Notes" may, and will be based on the facts established in previous ones, as contained in the last volume. Those not having been read, it may appear to the new reader *that things are taken for granted—that the question is being begged—that arguments are inconclusive—that I deal in mere assertion.* I therefore ask him, for the sake of truth, to suspend his judgment until he has referred to those articles on the subject contained in previous numbers. He can do this at a trifling expense. The Index appended to No. 26 will show him what number contains an article upon the special matter on which he is in doubt; and, moreover, as the last twenty-six numbers are bound in a volume, if he belongs to a Mechanics' Institute, or some reading-room, he will probably, unless Mechanics' Institutes are averse to democratic literature, be able, free of cost, to refer to the article in question.

Thus much I have been compelled to say, in justice not only to myself, but to the cause I advocate.

In the coming period a new duty devolves upon the journalist. Europe stands on a brink of mighty changes—England not excepted. There are some, short-sighted, who think democracy is dead among us, and that its old machinery is broken. Not so! It has stood still, but merely while the wheels were being oiled, and the furnaces were being heated! It has merely been the difference between *machinery* and *machinery in motion*. The hand of misery will soon touch its thousand springs, and all that will remain will be the application of its power. That is the great difficulty, and the most important point! To guide it from the whirl of turbulence, and the rust of prejudice—to preserve it from the dangerous strain of violence—to prevent its going TOO FAST, and to hinder its going TOO SLOW—to save it from wasting its power in fringing the demagogue's robe with lace, instead of warming the proletarian's back with cloth—that is the question of the coming time—that is the duty of the honest journalist—that is the object to which the columns of this journal stand devoted.

Readers! Public! Will you help me in the task? Heed not if we disagree on some one point—heed not if I jar against some one bias in your mind—we cannot *all* agree on *all* things, and the very difference may be suggestive to your thought. Truth gains by argument.

As to the future conduct of these pages, and while making no specific pledges (performance outshines promise), I will merely assert that they shall be, as heretofore, the fearless exposures of every wrong.

Those disclosures of modern feudalism, of commercial serfdom, contained under the head of TRADES' GRIEVANCES, shall be continued. Their compass and sufficiency depends on you, not me—on the extent to which you supply me with facts.

The MEMOIR OF KOSSUTH and the History of Hungary now publishing, are not a mere compilation, but derived from information at first-hand, and revealing the Magyar movement and the history of the war in its true light, under aspects, and with facts, hitherto unknown to the English reader.

The LESSONS FROM HISTORY, which, I am happy to say, have won such general approbation, and which for the first time fairly open the historic page to the working-man, will be resumed, with added interest, when the Memoir of Kossuth shall have concluded.

The COLONIAL EXPOSURE will then also be pursued, the reader's attention being requested to the Colonies of England.

The new feature of a NOVEL, now added to this work, will be continued *regularly* every week, without a single intermission, a similar portion of space being allotted to it in every number. This novel will pourtray the working of our social system in *the domestic sphere*, and while replete with incident, with passion and excitement, will be kept so pure of all objectionable matter, and inculcate so true and just a moral, that the father and husband may freely give it to the wife and child. It is an insult to the working and the middle classes to offer them that which dare not be presented to the women of the gentry or the peerage.

In conclusion, the rights and wrongs of labour, and the means how to remedy the latter by the achievement of the first, will be fully and constantly discussed, and a series of papers continually appear, giving information to the people on subjects intimately connected with their interest, but which the craft and subtlety of the privileged classes have hitherto succeeded in concealing from the public eye; while those exposures of the Established Church which have already found so much space in the "*Notes*," shall be still further prosecuted.

I am also happy to announce that I am making arrangements for a series of Biographical Sketches of men dear to democracy, but neglected by the annalist. They will consist of such *not yet published* in the democratic literature of the day.

Reader! the next six months are probably the threshold of great events. The footprints of past revolutions are still upon the paths of Europe, and before the march of armies can efface them, those dents may be deepened by the fresh passage of the peoples. The stones of the barricades are not yet flattened down upon the pavements of their capitals, they jar the chariot-wheels of wealth uneasily, and they are still so loose that the hand of insurrection may yet build them into ramparts.

The shout of Europe will reverberate in England, but I welcome no SPURIOUS EXCITEMENT,—that which is engrafted from without is false and fleeting—that which is engrafted from within is true and lasts.

Nations fail, that are *surprised* into a movement.

Not to the shout of the demagogue—nor even to the cry of want—must British democracy march. THE MOVEMENT THAT ORIGINATES IN HUNGER MAY BE STRANGLED BY A PIECE OF BREAD. Calm, thoughtful, and majestic be the motion of the masses.

1852 may witness great changes here in Britain—political precursors of our Social Rights—but those changes may be effected, even as the British oak casts off its withered leaves, to

put on the new verdure of regenerating spring; not a branch is lopped—not a wound is stricken—not a root is severed.

As the fresh foliage is evoked, and as the seed is shed, by sun and sap, upon the forest-tree, so the calm daylight of intelligence shall call fresh vigour in the people, and the mighty tide of popular power, ascending from below, cast off the faded relics of our social winter, as knowledge added unto knowledge, like summer after summer, supplants the withered growth of one age with the new and bright creations of another!

Such is true progression—such it may be made in England.

But, let it be remembered, from change to change we must keep the standard of our type. After a certain lapse of time, a certain cycle of events, a certain SIZE of change is requisite. Everything short of these dimensions is unnatural and must wither. Woe to those, whose *half* measures for FULL times (the real reactionary policy), would row against progression. It is like culling sloe-leaves on the oak when the spring of vegetation has arrived.

To aid in that great task—the pioneering of the public mind—the steadying of its passion, and in the guidance of the people's power,—to aid in this, although I feel how feebly—this new volume of the "*Notes*" is opened.

ERNEST JONES.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—THE WORKING-MAN'S WIFE.
II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.
III.—THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.
IV.—THE LADY OF TITLE.

INTRODUCTION.

To paint life *as it is*—no poet's fancy, no romancer's dream, can paint more stranger or sad a picture, The romance of fiction cannot equal the romance of truth.

Well then—such I desire to pourtray. To reflect in simple language, the domestic wrongs and sorrows of society—such as they at present are—in a plain, simple, and unvarnished tale.

Oh! many a battle is fought by the dim circle of the household hearth, as noble, or as terrible, as that with crowned brigades on the fields of "glory." Oh! many a suffering is endured in the still bosom of familiar life, as bitter or as hopeless as that of the unlaurelled martyr at the bigot's stake!

And yet—who speaks of them? Who knows of them? Who reeks of them?

Down—down beneath the cold surface of society there are rankling wrongs—that fret, that fester, that destroy—and yet, they never glide over the tongue of the Reformer, the brain of the Religionist, or the heart, even of the well-wishers of mankind.

Every order of society has domestic sufferings peculiar to itself, sufferings, besides those to which "all flesh is heir"—brought on by the vile mechanism of our system. These sufferings may first strike *man*,—and that is but just, for man makes society what it is—or at least, allows it to remain so—but the evil stops not there—it reaches farther, to the breast of *woman!* What gross injustice! for society counts woman as nothing in its institutions, and yet makes her bear the greatest share of sufferings inflicted by a system in which she has no voice! Brute force first imposed the law—and moral force compels her to obey it now.

I purpose, therefore, to lift the veil from before the wrongs of woman—to shew her what she suffers at her own home-hearth—how society receives her—what society does for her—where society leaves her.

To shew it, not merely in one class or order—but upward, downward, through all the social grades. If I draw pictures at which you shudder—if I reveal that, at which your your heart revolts—I cannot help it—it is truth—such is the world that surrounds you—such is the world that made you—such is the world *you help to make*—go! try to alter it, and BEGIN AT HOME.

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE.

1.—*The Childbirth of the Poor.*

If, at any time, you should pass of an evening the Royal Palace of Pimlico, down the long line of pillared palaces, and thence diverge by the stately piles of governmental craft, the temples of brute force by land and sea, the pinnacles beneath which class legislates against class—the hall where justice darkles in its sideling nooks, or the proud pile where Mammon stands based upon the graves of buried fame. If you should pass down between the long lines of this stately but unequal epic of stone, and brick, and marble, interspersed with its episodes of gleaming water, and green trees, exotic birds and flowers, statues, arches and columns, fountains of water, and jets of thrice filtered flame, dotted on the margins, prosaic and yet brilliant notes! with its innumerable shops, and flooded with the long current of carriage, horse and foot; take but one step, and side by side with all this gaud and glory, you pass into the regions of darkness and dismay. Behind you lies the greatness of the present in light, and voice, and life; the glory of the past in pillar, arch, and statue; and before you, between two tall houses opens a narrow, deep ravine, winding on in gloomy, sightless lengths, a thin strip of murky sky stretched overhead between the reeking house-tops, like dirty calico across a broken roof. The windows of Downing-street overlook the contrast!

Proceed a little way, and to the right you will see a narrow archway beneath the first floor of a mouldering house. You must stoop to enter it; some steps lead downward from the street; a fetid stench continually rushes upward through the opening; and on looking down, you perceive a narrow court, formed by a few dilapidated tenaments on either side, and closed up by a dead wall at the end. The space between them is unpaved, and half-covered pools of stagnant water, filth, and ordure. Ragged children, almost naked—the colour of their skin concealed by dirt—with pale, straggling, unkempt hair, bare feet, hollow, sunken eyes, white, shrunken, ghastly faces, and their dwindled limbs, flit over it by day. At night are heard strange sounds of strife or orgy, of tears and prayers, and hoarse murmurs, which might be taken equally for the brute-expression of a savage pleasure, or the last groaning of a dying victim.

Well nigh, side by side with pestiferous gulf, arise the splendid mansions you have passed, the dwellings of the magnates of the land. The wretch below can see from his glassless casements the silken curtains of the rich hang fluttering in the breeze; and if pain or hunger keep him wakeful in the close, hot, summer night, he can hear the roll of carriages bearing gay fashion to its gorgeous revel, the ball-room music floating from the balconies—aye, even the voluptuous murmurs of the scene within.

His is a hell, where the damned have paradise in perspective, with the certainty of never entering.

This scene is a type of the whole neighbourhood. Some slight changes were made not long ago—when the rich opened a new street through part of the district. But it needed the cholera to come first, and radiate from this focus of infection. The rich had *pity* then, because they felt *fear*—and the ordure was removed at the same time as the corpses.

On the evening on which our narrative begins, sad, moaning cries were heard from one of the smallest houses in the court described above—cries anxious and broken, similar to those uttered by a woman about to become a mother.

It was Margaret Haspen in the pangs of child-birth.

The young woman lay in one of those close wooden boxes, recessed in the wall—opening with a sliding door, or curtain, in the room—called by courtesy a bed. What little of the fetid air of the street that entered the room, could scarcely reach the dark, unhealthy nook, in which the miserable woman writhed with agony. The door of the one room that constituted the entire home of Margaret and her husband, stood open, but it was crowded with neighbours. There was a continual running to and fro between the street-door and the bed-side—all the old gossips in the neighbourhood being desirous of seeing how the labour was proceeding; for the very poor have that, at least, in common with Queens, their births take place with open doors.

Not far from the bed-side of Margaret sat John Haspen, the bricklayer, with folded arms and outstretched legs, smoking his pipe with calm indifference. Still nearer stood the nurse, with equal apathy.

However, after a time, the phlegm of the latter seemed to vanish—she became uneasy—the agony of Margaret became insufferable—and the neighbours began to wink at each other knowingly, and to express their fears in whispers.

"Twelve hours, and no progress! there must be something wrong! Perhaps an operation will be wanted!"

"Oh! just fancy if she was to suffer like Patty Braddis! They were obliged to cut her side open! She has just exactly the same symptoms! It's the same case precisely! How Patty suffered! When she was dead, the blood ran from her eyes, drop by drop, as from two badly closed wounds!"

Margaret, who heard all, uttered a piercing shriek.

"I told you," said an old crone, "that the child lay wrong. She wont stand it. They'll be obliged to cut it in pieces!"

Here the sufferer gave so horrible a cry, that even Haspen was troubled. He advanced to the bed-side. Margaret grew worse and worse.

"Haspen," said the nurse, "you must fetch a doctor. I cannot take the responsibility upon myself."

She's better now,"—he answered sullenly.

Yes! to be worse again in a moment. Go for the doctor."

"Do *I* know a doctor? Where the d—— am I to get a doctor?"

"Fetch Mr. Cutter—he lives close by."

"I'll fetch him; don't budge, John!" said a neighbour, and limped off in a half-run.

The bricklayer resumed his place in an angry mood.

"A doctor too!" he muttered through his teeth, relighting his pipe. "This completes our ruin—this confinement," and he cast a look of sour displeasure on his wife.

The doctor entered with the old crone. Mr. Cutter had served long in the marines. He was a fearless practitioner, who treated his man as a sculptor does a block of marble—cutting away without remorse or scruple. Accustomed to nautical slang and jollity, he brought it into the sick-room. No one knew better than he how to crack a joke over a death-bed, or launch a pun beside a grave. This freedom of speech and callous confidence had given the poor a high opinion of his talents. Finding him always unmoved and jocose beside the bed of pain, they thought he drew his firmness from the certainty of success. Thus his reputation was soon founded, and a few reckless, fortunate cures crowned it. As to the many dead whom he had murdered, nobody talked of them: the medical assassination of the poor is a matter too unimportant for attention. Besides, amid that crowd where the one treads on the heels of the other in the run for life, a dead man is one competitor less, and one vacant place the more. Once buried, his quondam comrades feel more easy; for, in our social state, which makes us *rivals* instead of *associates*, there are always more interested in each other's *death* than in each other's LIFE.

When Cutter entered, Margaret was uttering fainter cries of exhaustion.

"Well, well, my girl! What's the matter? They tell me you've a starling that wont come out of his cage! Ha, ha! that's all. We must open the door. What's the lock broken, and the key lost? Ha, ha! Well, let's see! Children are like a bottle of wine—the beginning's more pleasant than the end. Ha, ha, ha!"

He then set about his task.

"Never mind! Patience! A little steel medicine—ha, ha!—and all will be right."

The sight of his preparations terrified poor Margaret.

"No, no!" she shrieked, writhing at the bottom of her bed. "You'll kill me—I wont—let me alone!"

"Ha, ha!" giggled Mr. Cutter; "never mind—all done in a minute. No, no! eh? You didn't always say no, no, my dear! so it's too late to say it now. Ha, ha!"

"What a witty man he is!" tittered the gossips at the door.

Margaret resisted a few moments, but he commanded her harshly with an oath to be quiet, and she yielded. One hour after, a female child was born, amid terrific agony.

"Curse it, a girl!" cried the husband, dashing his pipe to pieces in his anger.

"A girl!" moaned the sufferer; "all that pain, and then to have a girl!"

Such is the child-bed of the poor—so the poor man's child was born: a curse and a sigh welcomed it into life.

"That's it," cried Mr. Cutter, gaily. "You see it's not so bad after all. Ha! ha! Now you must have rest, and peace of mind. Take light, and at the same time, nourishing food. Well: have you no towel?"

"No, sir."

"The deuce! the outfit seems to have been a little neglected. Ha! ha! No matter; well, as I was saying, broth, and light white meats—and, above all, no imprudence. Good bye; I call in again in a few days."

We need not tell the reader that none of these recommendations were followed—because they *could not be*.

Margaret recovered, however, as all women of her class—not by tender care, not by nourishing diet, but thanks to the vigour of a healthy constitution. But, as always happens in like cases, she preserved the traces of her sufferings. There was not, as with the rich, the gentle hand of caressing love or of hired but assiduous care, to wipe the wrinkles of pain from the drawn face—there was not the resource of science, and the choice of viands, to replenish the temporary void of strength. The bright luxuriance, the buoyant freshness that embellished the young maid, was succeeded in the young mother by that faded hue, that haggard expression, that withering and decay, that characterises the matrons of the poor.

Toil, domestic duties, the painful care of her child, finished the work, and effaced the last vestige of her early beauty. She sank into that premature old age, so sadly traceable in the child of want and sorrow.

Meanwhile, the child grew, and prospered.

The bricklayer's home was like that of most others of his order—a mixture of an-

noyance and irritation. The first intoxication of pleasure attendant on the union of a man and woman who have not learnt to dislike each other, once past — the first fever of youthful passion once over, they sank into mutual cold indifference.

Indeed, Haspen never loved his wife. She was a servant at his employer's, and he married her because he wanted a wife, and she had saved a little money. He looked on his house merely as a resting-place—at his wife merely as a servant without wages, whom he found convenient to prepare his meals, and make and share his bed.

On the whole, he was not by nature a bad man. Sunk in utter ignorance, his principal pleasure was the satisfaction of his appetites—society had done the best to make a brute out of a man—yet he was capable of a sudden generous impulse, though devoid of that gentleness and feeling which smooths the intercourse of home, and wins domestic sympathy. A machine of flesh and bone, he could be good or bad, according as the hand of circumstance might push him.

Margaret was his superior: having entered service many years, she was removed from that close contact with rude, unpolished vice, that breaking against the sharp corners of society, which deadens feeling and intelligence. She had lived neither amid the oaths of rage nor the cries of drunkenness. She had not been thus much refined, but what she could descend easily to the lower grade—a change, however, that withered the freshness of the young woman's soul, even as neglect and want had withered that of her body!—a change that left the scarce conscious recollection of a better life, and faded visions of a happier home. Thus they jogged on together—and they bore the charater of a happy couple in their court, because Haspen *did not beat her.*

The year passed thus without producing any material change. The little child, Catherine, grew into girlhood, and the parents lived on under the fear of the morrow, as before. Haspen's earnings neither rose nor fell. Placed on the brink of destitution, he still contrived to cling to the rim of the precipice—a breath could knock him over—the illness of a few weeks—want of employment—fall of wage. But he had escaped all these dangers—without, however, laying anything by for the future. Indeed, his wages were too low to reserve much, and what little he might have spared was engulfed by the public-house.

Nevertheless, Margaret had little fear for the future. Catherine was strong, and could already do some work. She would soon be old enough to enter service—and her wages were a great guarantee for the future. Add to this the fact, that the young girl had received from heaven the greatest blessing it can give the poor man's child—she was a "*little eater.*"

2.—AN EMPLOYER.

"*Just honour enough to escape being hung.*"

Mr. Barrowson, Haspen's employer, was a large, open-faced, florid man—with a wide mouth, white teeth, and curly hair. He had a frank jovial manner, with a loud voice, and a large fat hand, equally ready to grasp in recognition or to strike in enmity. He passed for an excellent fellow. Though forty years old, he was still a batchelor, and seemed likely to remain so. It was certainly whispered in some quarter that he was a libertine, avaricious, and had done some things treating very closely on the limits of the criminal law; but he invariably took up his bills, paid ready money—and, in one word—acted like an "honourable man." He had just successfully completed several extensive speculations, and was enjoying a pause in business, after unusual application.

Content with his enormous recent gains, he was sitting quietly in his office, by the side of his partner, reading the *Times.*

"It's horrible!" he cried suddenly. "If government does not act with vigour, business will be ruined."

"What is it?" asked his partner.

"Nothing but combinations of working-men; Everywhere a demand for a rise of wage."

"There's the law against combination."

"Certainly; but where's the use of the law, if it is not enforced?"

The partner mended a pen, and said nothing. Barrowson resumed:

"By the bye, have you seen the other masters?"

"Yes; the reduction of wages for bricklayers, plasterers, and masons, is agreed to."

"Very good. If they object, we'll turn them adrift We have no press of work just now, and *they must soon return or die of hunger.*"

"Exactly so. Of course, *they've at perfect liberty to choose,*" the partner quietly observed, wetting the nib of his pen, and resumed his calculations, while Barrowson continued his perusal of the *Times.*

That very evening, in paying his men, Barrowson told them his contracts were all finished, and he had no further need of their services. This was a thunderbolt to his hearers.

Barrowson had expected the effect of his words, but he remained deaf to their prayers to keep them on. "Go and try elsewhere," was his answer. They ran to every other employer, but they were all in the conspiracy, and all told them that they were not in want of hands. The men were forced to return to Barrowson. He repeated his old answer—"he had no work

for them." At last, *as though moved by pity*, he said, that "out of kindness to them, and at a heavy inconvenience to himself, he would take a few of them on again, but at LOWERED WAGES."

They had not expected this, and they went away.

Barrowson shrugged his shoulders, and said, looking after them: "They are proud now, because their bellies are full. Wait a few days longer!"

He counted on hunger as an auxiliary, and she failed him not. The struggle cannot be long between the rich, who can afford to wait, and the poor, who must dine to-morrow. And sure enough, the men came back, begging Mr. Barrowson to take them on at the diminished wages. The wages once lowered in the one firm, the others followed the example, and a general reduction took place throughout the district. The conspiracy, of which the men were made the utterly unconscious tools, had been crowned with complete success. Instead of wages being lowered from the employer's poverty, they are lowered when he is so rich that he knows he can afford to bear a strike. The master makes his arrangements *before he begins the reduction*—the man, *not till after it is made*. The first is sure to conquer.

One workman alone refused to work at the lowered rate. Refused by every firm, he still persisted to struggle single-handed against that terrible coalition. He was told that the law was on his side, and would punish the combination of employers as well as that of the employed—a good many told him this, but not one could tell him how he could get at the law, or how he could pay for the law; and, if the truth must be told, he had no great confidence in the laws made by the rich for the protection of the poor. The law, to him, was a policeman and a tax-collector—and, embittered by fighting the unequal struggle, he suffered in silent patience. But his resources diminished with every day: he had sold all his furniture—the all but necessary clothing of his wife, his child, and himself went next—the pressure increased, the last means of prolonging the combat was gone—he had reached the confines of famine and death—nothing remained but *submission!*

Pale with rage, shame and hunger, he went to the premises of Barrowson, and asked for work on the same conditions as the others.

The employer received him with a jovial air—told him the somewhat superior place he had formerly filled was occupied by one Latchman, but that he might go and work among the crowd.

The return of Haspen was quite an event in the yard. Those among his companions who had been the first to submit, and before whom he had boasted that he would sooner die than yield, seized with avidity this opportunity for his humiliation. He was overwhelmed with a deluge of gross jests and mockeries, which he could answer only by the strength of his arm. But when he first had sent back the sarcasm down the throats of a few of his hearers, the open mockery ceased. Nevertheless a half-smothered hostility continued to growl around him. His companions could not forgive him for having shewn more spirit than themselves.

In the midst of this general aversion, one man only made up to Haspen—it was Latchman, who had supplanted him.

Latchman had the character of a commonplace, rather indifferent workman. His appearance was repulsive, and his worn and blunted features reminded you of one of those pieces of money from which long use has nearly effaced the original stamp—the noble effigy of manhood. Perhaps it had been lost beneath the wearing hand of vice—perhaps nature had but negligently struck the die; the bad money of humanity that circulates along the ranks of life! Perhaps, too, a profound hypocrisy had thrown that mask of unmeaningness upon his sallow face. Latchman was, among all the workmen, the one who attracted the least notice. He was known only for his passive obedience and obsequious servility—to which qualities he owed his new employment. His having superseded Haspen and his place did not much ingratiate him with the latter, who repelled his advances; but nothing could offend Latchman: insult glided from his bent and servile brow without leaving a single trace of anger—besides, he adopted an infallible means of conciliating Haspen—he treated him to drink—and they were quickly friends.

Meanwhile, the embarrassments of Haspen continued unabated. His wages, never large, and now less, did not permit him to recover himself from his difficulties—his debts or his losses. Vainly he struggled against the overwhelming fatality which was dragging him down into an abyss. Vainly he struggled against the poverty, which clung to him like an ulcer. He strove hard—he strove manfully—but he strove uselessly. As soon as he saw that he gained no ground in the strife, he gave up all effort, and sunk into apathy and despair.

Then the real misery came—that clinging watchful misery that counts the mouthfuls and calculates the strength. It came—and with it came *the evil thoughts!* Perfidious voices seemed whispering in his ear—he felt tempted, and he trembled!

He resisted—but the very struggle weakened him: he tried to drown his thoughts in drink, and, that means once tried, he sought none other. From his home, where the picture of their misery harrowed him, he rushed to the beer-shop to forget it. The very sight of his

mute, but plaintive family, threw him into the rage of helpless despair—rendered still more blind by drunkenness.

About this time, cries of pain and anger began to be heard by the neighbours, and the report ran in the court that the bricklayer was in the habit of beating his wife.

To crown their misery, Margaret was delivered of another child, whom they named Mary.

The Coming Hour.

Beneath the feet of hireling bands
Brave Hungary's banner lies,
And Cossacks shout with gory hands
Rejoicings to the skies:
Lo! might is law, and in the sight
Of despots, brave hearts cower;
Fear not, we do not shun the fight,
We only wait the hour!

Where are the hopes of human kind,
The hearts with joy elate,
What time our banner met the wind,
In glorious '48?
Where are the true arms and the brave,
That brake the tyrants' power?
The dead leaves fly around their grave—
We only wait the hour!

Lo! freedom's watch-fires yet are bright,
Tho' scattered on the hearth;
The rising storm shall bid them light
A blaze around the earth;
A fire to burn the rotten thrones,
The dungeon and the tower,
And purge the blood-stains from our homes,
We only wait the hour!

So let them laugh with mocking mirth,
And deem their rule is stayed;
And subtile priests proclaim the earth,
For despots' rule was made:
Let spies exert their treacherous arts
In plenitude of power;
Yet falter not, oh! noble hearts,
And trust the coming hour!

H.R. Nicholls.

Trades' Grievances.

[In inserting and directing attention ot the following admirable letter, I wish to offer a few observations relative to the causes for the depressed condition of the weaving interest, of which the most suffering portion consists of the hand-loom weavers. The surplus of labour, the consequent competition of hands (originated by the monopoly of machinery and land), the further competition of masters, arising from an undue proportion of the national capital being devoted to manufactures, have, doubtlessly, been principally concerned in effecting a reduction of wages for the hand-loom weaver. But there is another cause in active operation also: this is the competition of the foreign manufacturer. France, Germany, and America are daily and hourly undermining our manufacturing supremacy. The proof of this is apparent in the difference which continental convulsions made in the amount and prosperity of our manufactures. The recent briskness of trade was owing to France and Germany being so disturbed, that manufacture almost ceased, rivalry was put a stop to, *the factories of the continent were closed for their home manufacture, but the ports of the continent were open for our own*; therefore, English trade was brisk, while Mexican wars and western explorations operated on America beneficially for ourselves. But now that the continent has become temporarily settled, rivalry has resumed its course; what is the result, English trade is beginning to flag, and actually some of our factories have already began to run short time! Let the English hand-loom weaver, every British operative,—let him look to this! The importation of French silks is notorious. That of "Swiss" ginghams, as they are called, is well known also. In the hosiery trade, why 6,000 frames in England produce the "mock-fashion" goods; 26,000 are producing them in Saxony, to compete in the English market. I say advisedly in the *English* market (for if they compete with us in Germany, the result is bad enough—it is *our* market they are interfering with)—but they do worse than this. These German mock-fashion goods are brought over to England to supersede not only our own of a like character, but the *wrought*-goods as well. Since the passing of free-trade, ship loads of ready-made boots and shoes are imported from abroad, superseding our own, so that vast numbers of our shoe "*makers*," as they are called, have ceased to be "makers" of shoes, but have sunk into *menders* of those made abroad. A similar importation is beginning to take place in *clothing*; and it is a remarkable and significant fact, that the last census shews a reduc-

tion in the number of working-tailors of about *one-third!* towards which reduction the ready-made importation has, without doubt, to some extent contributed. The competition of America in machinery has been too well proven this year to need a word. Nay, not even goods are being imported to compete with our manufactures, but men, the living machines, are being imported also, by the still extending combination of the rich, to compete, at once, direct, in fatal and immediate contact with the manufacturing working-man! Messrs. Caslon and Fagg, and Messrs. Perry, are instances of this, among many others, too well known to need more than the passing mention. The rich of all lands see their interest in keeping labour down; therefore they lend their tools to each other, in the same way in which the serf was sold with the land in the feudal ages. The Exhibition was the deed on whose crystal pages the conspiracy of the rich received its official consummation. *That* a fraternisation of the peoples, indeed! Why, nothing but the picked dupes or allies of the rich were sent to exhibit their spoils from labour within its walls. That a fraternisation of the peoples! It was a fraternisation *of the people's foes*, the money-lords of all lands, holding high carnival above the spoils of prostrate labour, while labour itself (with its shilling admissions) was forced to bear the expense of the pageant—pay for the ovation of its own conqueror,—and leave behind a mighty surplus besides, to strengthen them for future operations! The folly of the working-man! If every working man who spent a shilling (besides travelling and lodging expenses) on that trophy of his enemies, had devoted that same shilling towards the Charter, there would have been an agitation in the winter which might have produced political equality in the spring, and then the able writer of the following letter would soon no longer have to complain of the low wages of the hand-loom weaver! To that letter I now re-direct the attention of the reader. As there are several points advanced, on which I am desirous of offering observations, I have done so in the shape of notes, where they occur. I have *italicised* some passages in the letter, to which particular attention is desirable.—E. J.]

HAND LOOM WEAVING.

Causes of the present depression—what are the remedies? Trades' Unions or Co-operative Associations?

Dear Sir,—Being a weaver of some experience, as also, I trust a democrat of some considerable standing, I have been contemplating the progress making, in opinions, with regard to the two most popular and advanced social questions of the day, so far as practice is concerned—I mean Trades' Unions and Co-operation.

As I happen to be connected with both to some extent (but not much), I have naturally been led to take an interest in your views, and having weighed them in the scale of right, in as far as *prejudice* would let me (for we have all a leaning to pre-conceived opinions), I give you the result of my cogitations thereon; not with the intention of correcting you in anything you have said, but as a sort of apology for myself and the rest of my brethren, for *holding on*, at least in the meantime, to trades' societies and co-operation.

If trades' unions be, as you say, founded for the purpose of "regulating the value of labour," I, for one, am not child enough to believe they will ever be able to accomplish it—but in the absence of any other regulator, can they not act as a *palliative* of the evil. (1) The same I say for co-operation. On no other grounds do I advocate or support them. I maintain them as the readiest and safest remedies within the reach of working men—short of political and social emancipation! But I would never for one moment say they were the *alpha and omega* no more than I would give them up because they fall short of perfecting social regeneration. With these premises I shall endeavour to show cause *why they should be encouraged* for the good they have done, not for what they have left undone.

In our trade wages have been reduced lately, so far as to make us consider whether it would not actually be better for the manufacturers

(1.) I doubt the efficacy of trades' unions, even as a "palliative." Reduction of wages can arise only, either from the inability of the employers to *pay more*,—in which case trades' unions cannot keep wages up, for "out of nothing, nothing comes;" or they arise from the determination of the masters to *pay less*—in which case trades' unions can effect nothing, (as shown at large in a previous article), unless they strike the leverage for effecting reductions out of the masters' hands: that leverage is, more men wanting work, than there are masters (IN PROPORTION) wanting men. As trades' unions do not *remove the cause*—the surplus of hirable labor—they cannot remove *the effect*, (the reduction of its value).

And even if it *were* a "palliative"—those palliatives, in one sense, do a vast deal of harm—they make the evil just bearable—whereas, if it were not bearable, it would be blown sky high at once. These "palliatives" are an evil, because they direct the public mind and power to that which is no remedy, from that which is—away with them! Pallintives have been the curse of the modern world. Their propounders are the POLITICAL OPIUM-EATERS of age. Let us strive for nothing which does not touch the SOURCE of an evil—however gradual the means may be. It does not follow that we should have turbulent or violent attempts, but the attempts should be in the *right direction*, of whatever kind they be. Rest assured, dear friend! the age for palliatives has passed; that for radical measure has arrived at last. E. J.

rather to stop making work altogether, as to do it at the prices offered. So from this you may see to what a pass the weavers of Scotland are reduced. Yet we can neither augment the number of our employers nor lessen our hands in proportion to the economical maxim of supply and demand! Under these circumstances what were we to do?—sit idly till the fell destroyer, want and starvation, thinned our numbers to the *minimum* point?—or demand from the government our right to be planted on the soil?—or, refused that, join an association for the restoration of our right to the suffrage and self-government?—or, lastly, as the nearest and *dernier* resort, a united application to the manufacturers for an advance of wages? We choose the latter course—and who will be hardy enough to say we have done wrong? (2.) A great many of the manufacturers admitted that their prices were too low to be remunerative to the weaver, and expressed a willingness to participate in giving a rise, provided others would do the same. A trifling advance has, therefore, been obtained on several of the lowest paid work—and the weavers, in order to give the manufacturers a chance of acting on honourable terms with the weavers, called a general meeting of delegates to be held on the 16th current, to take measures for coming to a mutual understanding with them as to the adoption of a uniform table of prices, for the purpose of checking the reductions caused by home competition. How far this may be practicable and beneficial to the trade, will depend on the amount of support it may get from both parties. At all events, we think it at least worthy of a trial. If it does not succeed, it will, I apprehend, open the eyes of many to the more advanced views which you advocate, and have done nothing to bring them into disrepute—and it has this merit of causing an *action* on their own behalf, which no mere abstract idea would have done in the meantime. As to getting a fixed value to our labour, and to striking in support of it, I think the good sense of the weavers will at once repudiate it as being impracticable. But surely none will deny our right to go to our employers and remonstrate with them, as men and as christians, on being a party to a system which they cannot but say is ruining the weavers, both mentally, morally, and physically. Let their average wages as proved by the Hand Loom Commission testify—4s. 6d. per week!—*less now by one-fourth at least.* Well may other trades, such as the tin plate-workers, strike for wages—who have 20s. and 30s. per week!" (3) Can they expect any sympathy from the weavers? This *striking* of trades is all nonsense—for it is only the high-paid that is able to do so. It is altogether selfish on their part—for how can they expect permanently to have high wages, while others are below them? It shuts out all sympathy—for the lowest should strike *first*; and till there be such a thing as a more general equality of wages among working men, trades' unions, as at present constituted, will never be effectual either for present or future generations! All, therefore, that can be done by trades as a body acting by themselves and for themselves, must be only in the way of *palliatives.*

To that, I think, you will not object. The same may be said of co-operative associations: all of them I know aspire no higher—that is all of them I *do* know in this quarter. They merely attempt at getting the retailers profit in return for their capital—and selling at the

(2.) I trust I shall not be accused of presumption, if I confess myself guilty of that hardihood. If, as already stated, the low wages come from the *inability* of the master, the application is, of course, lost labor; if they come from his *disinclination*, in that case he must be *forced* into raising wages; but, even if forced for the moment into a *rise*, if his *power* is left unimpaired, he will use it to obtain a fall—that he *has* done so, and successfully, the experience of every year proves.

If you are to subvert the *power* of the master-class, the people would be acting very foolishly, if they employed that *power* merely to raise their wages by a few pence, from the master-class, instead of destroying wages-slavery and the master-class-monopoly altogether!

Again, a body of men have but a certain amount of time, talent, and money; if they spend it for *one thing, they wont have it for another.* Therefore, it is wrong to invest that time, talent, and money, in a matter which all experience proves to be a fallacy—THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE WAGES, without REMOVING THE CAUSE THAT LOWERS THEM! Wages are lowered by too many hands seeking hire, and by the continual increase of the surplus: the mere combination of that surplus can neither prevent its increase, nor remove its redundancy.

Had the money, men, and talent, frittered away in trades' unions, strikes, co-operative efforts on a wrong basis, land companies, redemption societies, and the countless other schemes, been all devoted to one object—a grand united movement for political power as the means to social regeneration—we should have achieved both by this time—whereas the others have achieved nothing. When will the people feel this truth?

E. J.

(3.) They ought to find it, none the less—for the reduction of the high-paid facilitates that of the low-paid. A terrible evil in the labor-movement is, that high-paid and low-paid have no sympathy with each other. However, this will find its level—for, under the present system, *we are fast tending to an equality of wages.* Wages will be driven down to a minimum—and that first ascertained in reference to the poorest, the better paid will, rank after rank, be brought down to that level. It is, therefore, the vital interest of the "aristocracy of labor," to prevent reductions in the wages of the ranks beneath them—*because the evil does not come down upon them from above*—IT WORKS UPWARD TO THEM, FROM BELOW.

E. J.

lowest figure possible to the public. There are some I know—but I think not many—that let their zeal for making money out-run their discretion as co-operators. But really how few of them know anything of co-operation as a principle for "regulating the value of produce!" It is purely an *idea* attached to nothing in the present shape of co-operative stores. If you would speak of the present co-operators in general giving up their small profits on their hard-won capital, to establish other stores for the general good they neither would nor could understand such disinterested patriotism. (4) They are, therefore, only a *palliative*—not a cure for the body politic. I admit all this, and yet I support them. Would you destroy them altogether previous to consolidating your plan of co-operation, *which I admit is the true one!* Surely not. It is only by progressive steps—especially in social questions—that any progress can be made; and we must be careful to build up ere we destroy. (5) If you mean only to combat the *idea* of social questions being capable of rescuing the working men from the grasp of capital, *then* I join with you at once. But if you combat against both the social and political being combined, I cannot and ought not to agree with you. It is against reason—and against your own principles too. I am, therefore, for both trades' unions and co-operative associations on the best possible basis, as well as for the Charter, the Land, and Associative Labour, protected by the State.

Yours, fraternally, JAMES CRAWFORD.
Cumnock, Oct. 15th, 1851.

THE COALWHIPPERS OF LONDON.—A reduction of the wages of this hard-working body of men has been contemplated for some time. The coal-whippers are those who load the coal-waggons from the lighters. The men combined and remonstrated—when they were told that, if they did not submit, "the coal-whippers could be altogether done without." They were accordingly obliged to succumb—as they would be obliged to do, to any reduction offered. Here is a branch of industry that is actually perishing. There are many such in the country. Need I advert to the comb-makers, the block printers, etc., among the many instanes presented to our view? This case of the coal-whippers is most important, for it reads a terrible lesson; it shews us how ineffectual a Trades' Union proves to save labour. The coal-whippers had a union among themselves—and were obliged to yield—monopoly could do without them. Carry the eye further: suppose the "National Trades' Union" had claimed them in its ranks—what could it have done for them? NOTHING! Let any man show how the Trades' Union could render them victorious? It is utterly impossible. They were a drug in the market, and a Trades' Union does nothing to prevent their remaining such. A Co-operative union, on the contrary, might have started them in self-supporting work. But, here the necessity of a *national system of co-operation with a common fund* (instead of the present capitalising, profit-mongering system) is shewn; the coal-whippers are too poor to have saved themselves by co-operation. *The annual £2,000 of profit-plunder by the store of Rochdale might have been salvation here!* Let the advocates of the present plan of co-operation consider this!!

A political union for the Charter might have done still more—for Chartism in power would say, "come here from the grasp of capital!" and placed them on a fertile farm and in a snug cottage, or opened to them the co-operative factory and workshop. Now you are slaves, Trades' Unions and strikes have proved powerless to save you. *You are an example and a warning to the many.* Your present is the future of all labour—as long as labour depends on poor fallacies like Trades' Unions and strikes.* May the working-man

(4.) I do not propose that they should give up the fair and just remuneration for their labor, which is—*a comfortable and decent maintenance.* To this they are entitled for the devotion of their time and labor. To the capital and luxury arising from "profits" beyond this, they are NOT entitled, as long as one human being is starving in the world! and I defy any man alive to prove the contrary. E. J.

(5.) Most assuredly so:—but then, in the name of common sense! let us begin to build on a right foundation! All that I say is, that the present co-operative plan is replete with anti-co-operative and destructive elements; and that co-operation will never be strong enough to conquer in its competition with monopoly, unless political powers first strike that monopoly down—then co-operation will bind it fast, and take care it never gets up to walk the world again. No defender of the present co-operative plan has yet ever attempted to answer these two points—and, on them, hinges the whole question.

As to a combination of the social and political movement (alluded to below)—instead of combating it, I hail it with delight. All I attempt is, to reserve that portion of the social movement comprised in co-operation, from ANTI-SOCIAL TENDENCIES. E. J.

* Strikes always, even if victorious, weaken the working classes. What do you strike against? A reduction of wages. How does the strike prevent it? 1stly: It reduces the wages of the turnouts to *nothing*. 2ndly: As the turnouts are supported by those who are in work, it *reduces* the wages of the latter by the amount it takes to support their unemployed brethren. Therefore, instead of preventing a reduction of wages, it carries it out with greater force and celerity. Now, if wealth is power, a strike must therefore always weaken the working classes. If victorious, that does not alter the position: for the strike costs more to men than to the master, and (as the

rise from the delusion, and see the true—the only remedy in the Charter and associative labour.

THE RAILWAY SPRING MAKERS OF SHEFFIELD.

This body has issued the following statement to the inhabitants of Sheffield :—

Fellow Townsmen,—Our present condition and circumstances impel us to submit for your inspection the following facts, in the hope that they will excite that sympathy and good feeling which we think we are deserving of, and which have often been displayed in cases similar to ours.

We, of course, are a class of artisans who are placed in the unenviable plight of having to resist most unjustifiable aggressions on the part of certain capitalists, in the price of our labour. We are precisely in that condition when self defence not only becomes a duty, but even a moral obligation. The facts we are about to state in support of the above assertion are simply these :—About four years ago the price of Railway Springs fitting and vicing were 5s. per hundred weight, this was the current price : but the year following a reduction was attempted at by one of our greatest employers, which eventually succeeded. The consequence of this was, the price of our labour was reduced from 5s. to 3s. 6d. per hundred weight. We submitted tamely to this reduction, as we wished if possible to preserve harmonious relations with our employers, and especially with two principal ones, with whom the present contention has arisen. But mark ! the reduction which we assented to, was not doomed to rest there, for it gave a stimulus to the rapacity of the two manufacturers aforesaid, for they shortly afterwards made a further attempt, which if quietly submitted to, will take at least from 30 to 40 per cent. from the price we have previously been receiving ; but this is not all, from the disposition which is manifested towards us, we have no guarantee when this cheapening process is to terminate. Since the time that we suffered our work to be lowered to 3s. 6d. per hundred weight, the grinders receive at the rate of 3d. per hundred weight out of it, and the benefit that we derive from their services in this respect does not exceed 6d. per man, per week ; and it is an important fact to state, that there are men belonging to us, who have worked for the two employers aforesaid, for scanty wages, and the same men in consequence of having to perform their work with very bad materials, have been subjected to all the insults and tyranny that the cruelty and selfishness of man towards his fellow man can possibly devise. But perhaps it may be said 'there is a numerous class of artisans in other trades who are working for very low wages, and therefore they are equally deserving of public sympathy.' If such remarks should be made, we shall here beg to state the following appalling facts, relative to our trade. It is indisputably one of the most laborious description, and we almost venture to challenge the ingenuity of man to produce one of a more pernicious tendency, or one that has a more destructive influence on the human constitution than ours. We not only work in one of the hottest atmospheres, but we have to breathe a sulphureous and poisonous blast, arising from the material that we work with. Men of the most robust constitution scarcely attain the age of 50, and in no one instance can we find a man who has attained the age of 60. We can further state as a positive fact, that scarcely any man can follow our trade for the space of a dozen or fourteen years, without being completely emaciated, and consequently unfit for labour.

Fellow Townsmen, we will not trespass too much upon your patience by presenting to you a large number of harrowing details, affecting our welfare. You will perceive by the above description, that we, as a class of artisans, are fairly entitled to some consideration ; you will also perceive, that in consequence of our lives being so much embittered and shortened, that we can put in a strong claim for living wages, as some compensation for the miseries we undergo, resulting from our employment. A little timely aid on your part will put a check to the insidious designs of two rapacious employers, who care nothing about moral obligations, justice, or humanity ; who look upon the human machine as a means only of procuring for themselves the lion's share of the good things of this life, and who, in short, feel not half the tenderness towards human beings as they would towards inanimate machinery. The present struggle we have with them is a most important one ; it is almost a case of life and death. When it is considered that our calling has contributed largely to the triumph of mechanical science, whereby stupendous machinery outstrips the celerity of the wind, or almost equals the rapidity of lightning, and whose beneficial influence is felt by all classes of the community, surely a combination of circumstances like these entitles us to no small share of commiseration. Every dodge, no matter how mean and artful,

strike does not remove the *cause*, but only tampers with the *effect*) the master waits his time to reimburse himself. Thus, in the pamphlet published by the Wolverhampton Tinplate-workers, we find that the strike of 1842 cost the men £6,000—the Perry's only £3,000,—the latter could better afford the loss than could the working class. But what do we find next ? that the Perry's reimbursed themselves by a reduction of from 25 to 40 per cent., publicly confessing it was to cover the loss they had suffered by the strike.

has been tried by the two employers alluded to to effect own downfall. They have tried to engage men from London and elsewhere to take our places, and as an inducement, have offered them the same price as we are struggling to maintain, but they have signally failed in their object. They have also tried to effect their selfish designs by the means of articled apprentices, &c., but this, we have no doubt, will prove a decided failure. We have the proud satisfaction of stating that all our other employers are quite willing to give the prices which we consider it our duty to uphold, and we have still the greater satisfaction of knowing that our men are firm.

Once more, Fellow Townsmen, we say a little timely aid on your part will very quickly terterminate a struggle which is at war with humanity and justice, and be assured that you will have the pleasing satisfaction of rescuing one of the most useful class of artisans that the community can boast of from inevitable ruin.

Yours very respectfully,

THE COMMITTEE OF RAILWAY SPRING MAKERS.

The Committee sit at the house of Mrs. Johnson, Railway Hotel, Wicker, at half-past seven o'clock every Saturday evening, and close at ten; also every Monday evening, at half-past seven, and close at ten, when subscriptions in aid of our cause will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

N. B.—We have recently issued a certain number of copies of the present address, and we feel it our bounden duty to supply a certain omission which has caused some suspicion in certain quarters. In order then that the public may be secure against imposters, we request the same not to relieve any one, unless he or they can produce a card with our signature, headed "The Railway Spring Makers' Union," accompanied with the following device, the "Union of Hands," and at the bottom the following words—"Union is Strength."

September 18, 1851.

Our correspondent asks, "Where do the profits go? There are no more manufacturers of the article now, than there were four or five years ago. Certain avaricious capitalists complain that they cannot afford to give the same price for the work now, that they have given for some years. How is this? It is quite clear the demand for the article is larger—there is no opposition in the supply. How will economists make it appear that the wages of the men should be continually decreased?" Does not this prove that which is asserted in the two preceding articles—"that the high-paid trades will be brought down to the standard of the low," and that the reduction among the latter is the ladder up which misery climbs to the former? Does not this shew how useless all mere trades' unions are to counteract the fall?

Kossuth and Hungary.

Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle. The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.

ELJEN A HAZA.

(*Continued from No. 26, p. 508.*)

IV.—THE RISE OF KOSSUTH.

With the fall of Napoleon in 1815, all excuses for extraordinary taxation ceased. Metternich well knew that the Hungarian Parliament would no longer vote the old supplies—accordingly, he dispensed with the parliaments altogether, left them unconvoked, and began levying taxation for Austria, arbitrarily from a state independent by right, law, history, and nature. In 1825 the attitude assumed by Italy rendered requisite the march of Austrian armies: these were to be paid by Hungarian gold—accordingly, a Diet was summoned by the embarrassed minister—but the torch of liberty rekindled on the Appennine, cast a faint reflection on the hills of Carpath—the Diet refused, and the struggle began which was to explode in future insurrection.

Kossuth, who had during this interval obtained a lucrative practice in his profession, could not resist joining in the pending strife—and threw himself into the field of politics. A man cannot serve two masters—God and mammon; in the same proportion in which his political reputation rose, his legal practice fell—but he pursued his course unshaken, and when the Diet of 1832 renewed its liberal opposition, Kossuth started a journal, in writing, not printed, in order to escape the censorship, and circulated by the federal officers of the *comitat*, that it might not be suppressed at the post-office. A new tendency had shown itself in the recent Diets—that was, not only a resistance to Austria, in which all the nobility sympathised—but an opposition to the privileges and monopolies of the higher nobility itself! This high nobility had hitherto been foremost in hostility to Austria; but the moment

the first whispers of *democracy* were heard, they drew back, and joined with the oppressors and destroyers of their county. In his journal Kossuth nourished this democratic spirit—he was standing almost alone—but alone he endeavoured to create a public opinion, to revolutionise the mind of the people, before he tried to revolutionise the institutions of their government.

Metternich was alarmed at the growing spirit of democracy, and sought to strangle its first germs. The old opposition of the nobles he little cared for—but an opposition of the people also was to be prevented if possible. Accordingly he had Kossuth, and a veteran leader of the liberal party, Wesselenyi by name, belonging to the high nobility, suddenly arrested for high treason. At the same time, those members of the new party, whom Kossuth had stirred up to agitate their *comitats*, were arraigned on the same charge. They were cast into prison. The imprisonment of Wesselenyi without proof or explanation of the charge against him, excited universal sympathy. He was a liberal, and therefore had the lower nobility with him—he was a great noble, and therefore had the friendship of the higher. He was also a very old man—unequal to the heavy trial—and when it became known that he had grown blind in his dungeon, the thoughts of the people at last found utterance, though but in a hesitating murmur.

Kossuth, meanwhile, was consigned to the fortress of Ofen. He was here allowed books, writing materials, newspapers, and a daily walk on the bastions with an officer—a treatment at the hands even of a Metternich, standing in favourable contrast with the conduct of the English Whigs to their prisoners of '48! The seclusion and reflection of this captivity deepened his mind and widened his views. Here first the vision of Hungarian independance rose upon his soul. Here, first, he dived into the historical traditions of his country—and perhaps the deeds and fate of a George Dosa may have roused strange feelings in the breast of a Kossuth.

Meanwhile a gleam of light was to pour in upon the darkness of his solitude: as advocate and editor he had, unknown to himself, been winning many a friend, enlisting many a sympathy, and stirring many a heart—and one evening while brooding in melancholy gloom over his apparently hopeless captivity, the door of his cell opened, and a letter and a few books were placed in his hand. The letter was in female writing—the book was a tale of traditional glory—a thrilling relic of Hungary's old hero times. The daughter of a noble of Stuhlweissenburg had read his eloquent and burning truths—and pitying the captive in his misery, sent him what solace the stern laws allowed. Well may the apparently neglected and deserted prisoner have cherished this mark of sympathy from the cold world he had left without—he answered the letter,—it was followed by others—and, despite the barriers of fortress walls, love found a way to link two hearts in a passion, apparently hopeless, since the proud house of Meszlenyi could hardly be supposed to stoop to the plebeian writer.

While Kossuth, Wesselenyi, and their associates were thus immersed, the Diet of 1839 assembled, to deliberate on a demand by government for 18,000 recruits. The popular feeling produced by the treatment of Kossuth and his companions, easily caused the election of deputies, who were pledged to refuse the government the aid of Hungarian soldiers, unless that government granted them the liberation of Hungarian patriots.

The leaders of the Austrian, or tory party, were alarmed at the general expression of feeling, and advised the liberation of all the prisoners, except Kossuth. The latter had been guilty of something approaching to democracy—even armed insurrection could be forgiven—but democratic teaching—never! The Austrian ministry, however, made very light of the popular feeling, and refused all conditions. The diet assembled—the struggle lasted during half a year—at the table of deputies, the liberals obtained a majority of two, censuring the government, calling for an amnesty, and demanding a further official extension of the *Hungarian* language.* The table of magnates, however, negatived the bill by a majority of *nine-tenths*—they would sooner see the Austrian janissary than the Hungarian democrat. In all ages, and at all times, aristocracy has proven itself a curse to mankind. The triumph of the government seemed complete, the more so, as, one by one, the opposition members began to join the enemy's camp, drawn, perhaps, by the strong magnetism of imperial gold. But, to the surprise of Metternich—the bulk of deputies continued their resistance—neither men nor money would they vote—the popular feeling grew more strong. Thiers, with his warlike views, was minister of France, Metternich had need of the 18,000 men—he wished to close the diet and hush up the dispute. Count Mailath, who had been appointed to manage the diet in the room of Count Palfi, found himself more embarrassed even than his predecessor—and suddenly there appeared, in 1840, a royal proclamation conceding the amnesty, and soothing the opposition by un-

* The reader will recollect, that one of the chief demands of the Slavonian serfs had been, the recognition of *their* language, the Slavonian, as that of the majority, in official transactions. Even here, in the eleventh hour, the Magyar liberals take no thought of the master grievance of the country, the condition of the Slavonic peasant population.

meaning and deceptive phrases. Recruits and supplies were voted on the spot—and the gates of Ofen opened for Kossuth—with them opened the heart of Hungary, and the career of glory. It was his imprisonment that had empowered the opposition to conquer—his imprisonment had alone been able to rouse the feelings of the people—his imprisonment was the only battle-cry that could secure the victory—and thus while despotism thought him powerless in its prison, he was in reality fighting and triumphing over his oppressors. One great shout of welcome rolled upward from all Hungary—the flattering silence of the magnates, alone excepted—for the hostility of the tyrant is the commendation of the patriot. Multitudes flocked to meet him, a subscription of 10,000 florins for his family was raised, and the journey of Kossuth to his home was the ovation of a conqueror. The solacer of his captivity, the lady who had thrown aside the pride of birth and the prejudice of education—she who had sought the prisoner, was sought by the freeman. The position of Kossuth was changed. No longer the obscure student,—but with a people at his side, aristocracy was forced to forget or to conceal its haughtiness. The fellowship of Wesselenyi too, the admiration and friendship of the veteran, opened to him the ranks of the high nobility—he was no longer deemed unworthy of the love of the daughter of a noble line—the proud house of Meszelenyi added to its grandeur, by allying itself with the plebeian, and the ancestral glory of a noted race combined to raise the influence and increase the party of Kossuth among the Magyar Great. It is attributable to this strange concatenation of circumstances, in a vast degree, that Kossuth was enabled to rise over the heads of the nobility with the sanction and support of that nobility itself. He now sought to give his influence a practical direction. Through a publishing firm at Pesth, which possessed the interest of Metternich's confidant, Gervay, Kossuth obtained permission to establish a journal, and the first number of the "*Pesthi Hirlap*" appeared on New Year's Day, 1841. He soon numbered 4,000 readers, whose annual subscription of 12 florins each left a profit of 12,000 florins. This income enabled him to purchase an estate, in the comitat of Goan, for 30,000 florins. In his paper, the abuses of the provincial government, and the privileges and monopolies of the aristocracy, together with their exemption from taxation, were, for the first time in Hungary, attacked in direct terms by the press. This conduct, strangely enough, won the approbation and support of Metternich—for the aristocratic revolutionary movement that had been going on for generations, could hope for success only through the assistance of the people—and Kossuth was here manifestly undermining the influence of the nobility. The Austrians applauded—true to their principle: *divide and conquer*—but Kossuth was right—for, if they were to be governed by aristocratic despotism, it mattered little whether that despotism was Austrian or native. Doubtlessly Kossuth assumed on the whole, the attitude of a constitutional monarchist; but this democratic tract gleaming through his history, seemed to shew that the germ of proletarian freedom was still to be evolved, if circumstances favored. Met by antagonism, he was roused into bolder language, addressed the middle and the peasant classes—and began to proclaim the rights of the poor against the rich!

Elevated by circumstances, as already shown, into favour with a portion of the aristocracy, in a land proverbial for aristocratic pride and prejudice, he owed his further triumphs to his talents. Aristocratic pride is coeval with aristocratic ignorance and prejudice; the nobility are generally unable to fight their own battles in the fields of literature and politics, and are, therefore, in most instances, obliged to use some aspirant from the middle or the working-classes. The "higher" and more exclusive the aristocracy is, the more is this the case. Even in England, where middle-class marriages have kept the aristocratic stock less degenerate than amid castes as exclusive as the nobles of Spain, Portugal, and Austria, this obtains to a very great degree,—and mostly among the "older" aristocracy. Thus the Whigs have still some spokesmen left; the effete Tories are compelled to look for the defence of their cause to middle-class-men, like a Peel or a D'Israeli. Similar was the case of the Magyar nobles. The encroachments of Austria against their constituf tional privileges had to be met at the tables of Deputies and Magnates,—the Parliament of Hungary. This Parliament still maintained thus much of its old power as enabled it to vote or to withhold supplies. The opposition, as stated, based its tactics on a refusal of the supplies; and a struggle similar to that of our parliament against the tyrant Charles commenced. This opposition had to be led and marshalled; and the liberals had not a man adequate to the task. Those brilliant talents stood forth in defence of Austria (for tyranny is rich enough to purchase clever tools)—these were Dessewffy, Count Stephen Szecheny, and Ziedenyi. The admission of Kossuth to the table of Deputies was therefore supported by the lower nobility, and he took his place at the head of the Parliamentary opposition. Supreme in debate, he possessed a peculiar influence by means of his journal, by which he was enabled to tone public opinion, and to bring the pressure from without to bear on the Chamber. To meet him in both fields—the forensic and editorial—Count Aurelius Dessewffy started the "Vilag" journal, which he conducted in opposition to

the doctrines of Kossuth. A brilliant struggle now ensued on both arenas; but, in the beginning of 1842, Dessewffy died, and no one disputed with Kossuth the leadership and influence of the press. Count Szecheny in vain endeavoured, towards the close of 1842, to counteract the teaching of Kossuth, by a book entitled "Keleb Nepè; or the People of the East." Kossuth crushed it by a fiery and withering reply.

It is interesting to mark this wrestling of minds on which the destiny of nations pended, and to behold the master-genius rise ever higher and higher, with the continuance of the struggle. Magnificent arena!—glorious strife!

The pre-eminence of Kossuth was being more clearly developed every day; but the intrigues of the Austro-Hungarian Goverment prevailed so far as to prevent his re-election to the Diet of 1843. However, he was no longer dependant for his influence on a seat *in* the House—he was greater than the House itself, with public opinion at his back, he could either influence its deliberations, or nullify their efforts. Again, he made the most of his position. How many a man, having a strong position, is ignorant of its value, or inadequate to its application! To perfect his controul and power over the Diet, he published, under censure, the reports of its proceedings. He soon had 7,000 subscribers; but the publisher of the paper acted badly towards him; and he therefore made a journey to Vienna, for the purpose of obtaining permission to start a journal exclusively his own. Here he saw Metternich for the first and last time. Refusing his petition, the Prince, we are told, offered him golden inducements to employ his talents on the governmental side. He spurned the offer, and retired with indignation. Even the Tories advised Metternich to grant the request, since they apprehended greater danger from the senatorial activity of Kossuth than from his editorial attacks. Government slighted the advice; and driven, as it were, from literary retirement, the popular leader began to propound direct measures of constitutional aggression. He agitated during the Diet for a Hungarian Commercial Association, and established a Trades' Union for mechanics. He thus organized and disciplined the two classes on whom he relied for his insurrectionary leverage—the middle and working-classes. By his commercial society he enlisted the former—by his trades-union he recruited the latter; and drilled them both into habits of combination and self-reliance, and into the cohesion and organization necessary for resistance. It is surprising no contemporary writer has seen through the admirable, the faultless tactics of this great revolutionary statesman. It is impossible, from the beginning to the end, to behold a series of measures more perfectly calculated to answer the end; matured by, and issuing from, that one great mind, amid the chaos of ignorant and conflicting interests. The History of Kossuth, before the actual outbreak of the insurrection, is a perfect study for the politician and the statesman [in his endeavour to establish a trades-union, Kossuth assisted many mechanics with advances of money.] When the sale of his paper had enabled him to purchase an estate, many voices raised the cry of "trafficking politician," and said he disturbed the country merely to increase the circulation of his journal. But he lived down the calumny; and his lavish expenditure of the property gained at the cost of long years of toil, suffering, and captivity, sets the seal on his character for patriotic disinterestedness. The trades-union, of course, failed, as all such institutions generally fail to raise the condition of the people; but it organised and rallied them at a period when a more direct political organization was impossible by law.

Kossuth was all this time out of Parliament. But Count Louis Bathyany, a young noble of immense wealth and of liberal instincts, joined the plebeian leader, and assisted him to carry his election for the *comitat* of Pesth.

At the diet of Presburg Kossuth soon obtained that mastery due to genius and to popular support. He led the Hungarian national resistance against the Austrian despotism, but that resistance had not yet transgressed the ordinary bounds of opposition tactics, when, suddenly, the Paris revolution of February burst on Europe like a thunder-blast.

V. THE EVE OF REVOLUTION.

We have hitherto seen Kossuth working up the elements of insurrection—bringing order into the chaos of conflicting discontents—creating mind—and organising it against the hour of its application. It is only the great man who can achieve this—and few, even of the great, can realise thus much—still fewer go beyond it. Kossuth was competent to the next step also—that of using the power he had created, at the decisive moment.

The French revolution had reverberated to the heart of Hungary—that of Vienna changed the impulse into action. Presburg was in a ferment of excitement; it was impossible for the Austro-Hungarian government to hold its ground; a national ministry, under the presidency of Count Louis Bathyany, was planned, but the table of magnates refused its sanction. Every eye was now turned to Vienna; the second day's tidings arrived—the insurrection had spread, had conquered; then Kossuth saw that the moment had arrived; he had not hastened it—he had not forestalled it—he knew that it was coming, and he let it come; but when it *had* arrived, he proclaimed the fall of the Austro-Hungarian cabinet, the

advent of a national administration. He called the people forth; the youth of Presburg flew to arms—they were formed into a national guard. Public meetings consecrated the movement with the people's voice; the popular power stood there, suddenly and unexpectedly evoked in all its majesty by that master spirit, and the sullen magnates disappeared like smoke before the moving wind.

Whatever were the ultimate intentions of Kossuth, his present conduct, whether modelled to the shape of surrounding circumstances, or forming the scope of his design, had no direct tendency towards a separation from Austrian supremacy. He headed a state deputation to Vienna, where he arrived on the 15th of March, 1848, to receive the ratification of his ministerial appointment. Perhaps this was prudent—perhaps it was necessary. It may be that the Hungarian mind was not yet sufficiently elevated for him to appeal to that, and that alone, for the sanction of his office, and the security of his ministry. It is at least certain, that at a subsequent period, he threw down the gauntlet of uncompromising insurrection. His entry was an historic pageant. The democracy of Vienna, such as it was, poured forth to meet him. The national guards drew his carriage through the streets, guards of honour were stationed at his doors; all the liberal notabilities, Prince Lamberg, Professor Hege, Count Brenner, came to welcome him; and the students threatened the imperial palace with assault, should its inmates hesitate to recognise his functions. The trembling hand appended the imperial signature, and the triumphant Hungarian returned to Presburg, with the fate, aye! even of Europe, in his grasp.

The thoughtful reader must now carefully match the conduct of Kossuth, and balance his actions with surrounding circumstances. Kossuth was now powerful, but he was not *all*-powerful; he was not dictator, but co-equal ministers with others. These were counts and princes; Louis Bathyani was president of the council; Prince Esterhazy minister of foreign affairs. With such elements, democratic legislation was impossible; he had to climb yet one step higher, to shake off his allies, and model his own cabinet, before his actions can be judged by their abstract character, irrespective of the controlling influence of *classes*.

The measures submitted by the cabinet, and carried by the diet, were politically an extension of the electoral franchise to all persons having property to the amount of 300 florins;* socially, the abolition of feudal servitude, and freedom to the peasant from all seignorial claims. By this measure, a portion of the population were declared possessors of the soil they tilled, rent free; the landlords were to be indemnified by the country at large. As this, however was to be effected, I presume, by taxation, it was no better than making the serfs buy an exemption from their burdens from the robber horde who had imposed them; and when it is recollected that the vast majority of the people held no land at all, that they were, by law, forbidden to hold land, incapable of inheriting it, and not permitted to buy it, it will at once be conceded that the measures of reform, although an advance on their existing institutions, was of a character moderate indeed; the field of constitutional despotism was opened, though that of absolutist tyranny was closed, while deluded Europe was led to believe that the people had received a free gift of the land.

Having devised these laws, the diet was dissolved, and a new one summoned for the month of July following. The second act of the great political drama had closed; the constitutional revolution was completed; the insurrectionary one was now to follow. Hitherto Kossuth and the Hungarians had entrenched themselves behind the rampart of the law; by constitutional means they tried to restore constitutional liberty—vain hope! where oppression has weapons, it will use them, and the only means of establishing freedom is to break those weapons on the field of battle. A tempest, from a quarter little to be expected, was now to burst upon the constitutional reformers.

* £30—no trifling qualification in a country where money is of comparatively so much less value than in England.

VI.—THE COUNTER-MOVEMENT.

The reader will recollect the national and religious animosity existing between the Slavonian and Magyar—the oppressed and the oppressor—a feeling stronger even than that between the Celt and Saxon. The reader will also remember Austria's subtle policy in fostering this hostility. When therefore the Magyar threatened a subversion of Austrian supremacy in Hungary, when they had completed a peaceful revolution, the cabinet of Vienna knowing itself impotent to crush the movement, looked to the Slavonian population for its instrument. But when again, the liberal measures of the new Hungarian Cabinet were entirely the sympathy of the Slavonians, when race seemed about to amalgamate with race, on the grounds of benefits conferred and wrongs atoned, then the last refinement of Macchiaviellian policy was had recourse to. The Razen, Servian, and Border Slavonians were just beginning to appreciate the dawn of emancipation opening to them—they were just beginning to shout forth "brothers" to the long-estranged Magyar—the colours of Hungary and Slavonia were waving side by side from steeples and towers in joyous recognition of the new-framed con-

stitution—deputies were sent from every town to thank the parliament—everything was arranged except the old question, as to the official use of the Slavonian language—when Austria hearing its death-knell in the cry of union, adopted the only, but the most diabolical means to frustrate the aliens. It will be recollected the Magyars had kept the Slavonians in ignorance to suit their own despotic purposes—now when those Magyars sought liberty for themselves, and granted it to gain it with fearful retribution, that ignorance was to tell against their efforts.

The Archbishop of Rajachich summoned the "chiefs of the Servian nation to a meeting at Carlowitz, to discuss their grievances," and embody their demands. They were told that, having now a voice in the government of the country, it behoved them not to be satisfied with the crumbs of liberalism from the Magyar's table—but since all Europe was blazing with democracy, to demand their rights, and claim their recognition. The delegates met—prompted, marshalled, and suborned by Austria. The principal speakers at the assemblage were Austrian tools and spies. They immediately toned the delegates into a feeling of vindictive jealousy—passions warmed—and a spirit of the most bitter hostility against Hungary pervaded the debates. In this temper a document was foisted on the Servian nations, purporting to embody their demands. It was couched in such terms, and put forth such extreme conditions, that the government of Pesth refused to entertain the question; indeed, it was not in their power to do so, as Austria well knew, on the ground that territorial were mixed up with those of a national and religious nature. This was a fatal oversight of Kossuth. He and his colleagues saw that this was not the real language of the Servians, but that of the emissaries and the dupes of Austria;—common prudence would therefore have taught them to gain time, to explain, and to persuade. Instead of this, the remonstrance met with an apparently contemptuous reception, the demands a haughty, and yet hesitating denial, and the insulted deputies returned to an indignant nation. Austria had won the game. Now its old words came home with deep, apparent, truth: "The Magyars are merely using you as tools against us—their liberal measures are mere treachery—for the instant you attempt to act upon them—to regain your national existence—to assert your independence—that instant they cast you down like froward hounds who overstep the limits of obedience."

The Servian blood took fire at the insult—and the false demagogues in Austrian pay hoisted the banners of revolt. Here then, before open hostility had taken place between Austria and Hungary, before a single blow had been struck by either, while the two cabinets seemed in amity, while the Emperor of Austria or King of Hungary had cautioned the new Constitution, Austria had in reality began the sanguinary battle, by launching rebellion against the very government it had recognised. The Emperor-King began the deadly fight, organising an insurrection against himself, and the almost unparalleled spectacle is afforded, of an enslaved people rising *against* their liberators, in favour of despotic monarchy.

The insurrection first burst into flame along the German and Illyrian borders of the Banat, the south of the Rats county, the Czaikist districts, and the eastern parts of Slavonia. Jellachich acted as general of the movement. A central committee of the Slavonian nation installed itself at Carlowitz, and thither poured ceaseless bands of peasants, borderers, robbers, and outlaws, eager for plunder, bloodshed, and revenge. Marauders streamed over in thousands from Turkish service—a camp was formed at Perlasz and at Carlowitz, near the Roman entrenchment, and a general movement of Hungary's Slavonian subjects was at hand.

In the midst of these dangers, Kossuth committed a second fault. Before, he had hurried when he should have procrastinated, now he procrastinated when he should have hurried. Instead of pouring down an overwhelming force on the disorganised and scattered bands, and crushing the insurrection in the bud, he actually concluded an armistice with the insurgents, and instead of relying on Hungary's own right arms, made the inconceivable mistake of applying to Austria for help, and offering terms which can be recorded only with deep pain—Kossuth sent Bathyany to Inspruch "*to offer the Emperor every assistance in Italy, on condition that the Court would support Hungary against the rebels in Croatia.*"

The Austrian government, of course, spoke fair—denounced the insurgents as "rebels and traitors"—promised every assistance to the Hungarian ministry, and bowed the deputation back to Pesth.

The fatal delay had enabled the insurgents to increase their forces, and strengthen their position. The seat of insurrection now bristled with fortified camps and entrenchments—and, after the insurgents had gained sufficient time to make themselves almost invincible, Kossuth began to concentrate his force against them. But another mistake was made by the cabinet, in the appointment of the generals entrusted with the guidance of the war.

VII.—THE GAME OF BLOOD.

The army on the Lower Theiss (in the Rats county,) was entrusted to Field Marshal-Lieutenant Bechtold, who, with Oettinger and Szeth, wielded the national Hungarian forces.

They were, at the very time, *traitors in the pay of Austria*. On this first effort of Hungarian arms the future may be said to have depended—had the Slavonian revolt been crushed in the bud, Austria would never have had the courage to play the game at war, and Russian intervention would not have been attempted.

The war now began to rage with violence along the entire frontier—the Slavonian tribes flew to arms—as fixed down the whole line of their border bands by an electric current—the entire south was in a blaze—General Kiss in the Banat. He gained brilliant victories—but Piret, his commander in chief, nullified their results by forbidding him to pursue the enemy. Kiss was forced to obey—the beaten foe had time to rally—and the omission of pursuit by Hungarians, construed into impotence and fear, soon increased the strength of insurrection. General Piret, meanwhile, answered and conciliated the war-office, by servile and flattering despatches, which soothed the vanity of its conceited officials, and glossed over the treason of their traitor-general.

Bechtold, however, in the Rats county, carried on his treachery in a far more barefaced manner. His army was high in discipline, and great in numbers. The Razen, against whom he had to operate, were inferior in both. In a week he could have swept them from the Danube—instead of which, he evacuated the whole line of the Franzen Canal, replete with strong positions, the keys of the country, and thus played them deliberately into the hands of the enemy, who accordingly possessed themselves of the strong position of Sz-Tamás, Turia, Földvar, and the whole belt of Roman entrenchments.

He next gave them time to complete their fortifications, and when these were rendered almost impregnable, he pretended to listen to the indignant remonstrance of the country at the inactivity of his army, and, in July, pretended to attack Sz-Tamás. Having brought his batallions within range of the Razen's artillery, he drew them up—let a number be killed and wounded—then marched them round—returned to his old head-quarters at O'Becse, and remained inactive four weeks longer. He then repeated exactly the same manœuvre—with a still greater display, and thus lingered on till the end of August. He then felt that he had done this fatal work—the Slavonians had gained time—the Magyars had lost it—and the traitor left the army for Vienna—went over openly to the Austrians—and received his reward in the command of Linz.

It will be recollected by the reader that the Emporor of Austria was still king of Hungary, that apparent amity existed between the cabinets of Vienna and Pesth, and that Kossuth had solicited the aid of Austria against the Servian rebels. How Austria granted it—how it played a game of blood, the atrocity of which is almost unequalled in any age.

"The plans of the Austrian Camorilla," says the best historian of the revolution,* "were so black, so disgraceful, so revolting, that the mere suspicion of them would have degraded the Hungarian government. For, by the express command of the Vienna cabinet, M. Mayerhofer, the Austrian consul at Belgrade, who *pretended to act on his own responsibility*, enlisted auxiliaries for the Razen; he (still acting on his own responsibility) sent them *artillery* and *ammunition*, gave them his advice, and assurred them of the emperor's delight in their proceedings. On the other hand, (for the case was not yet ripe for *an open* game,) the Austrian war office sent for troops from Gallicia, Austria, and Bohemia; these troops were marched off *to assist* the Hungarians against the traitorous plans of the Servian rebels, and proclamations were addressed to them, exhorting them to devotion and perseverance. The Austrian official journals declaimed against the Servian bandits. *Austrian* horse, foot, and artillery, under *Austrian* officers, *exterminated the insurgent Razen;* while these wretched victims of an unconscientious policy were at the same time exhorted (and by *Austrian Generals*, too,) to persevere, and to wait for the time of revenge! *Austrian officers* in disguise led them into battle; Austrian money paid for their stores; Austrian arsenals furnished their weapons! Thousands fell on either side. Soldiers and subjects were alike sacrificed to the yearning love of the *paternal government*. Towns and villages were burnt; provinces were laid waste; whole populations were beggared."

Thus that Satanic government stood from afar pulling the strings of the terrible machine—setting nation against nation to try their strength, and weaken both—and launching one portion of its paid tools in murderous strife against the other—behind the screen of its gigantic lie!

Thus far the war had progressed—when a change suddenly came over its character. The whole border insurrection was but a blind to conceal the contemplated movement. It was not *the* object—it was merely the prelude. Austria had drawn this curtain of fire, blood, and ravage, to afford time for its great actor to prepare himself upon the mighty stage behind—and now, when the full time had been gained, when the hands of the traitor-generals had prevented long enough the rending of the veil, when the preparations were completed—that veil was rent as with a thunder-blast, and the chief actor in the drama was revealed upon the stage.

* General Klapka, Commander of Komorn.

The People's Comforts.

I.—THE TEA-TABLE.

It has been often asserted that the condition of the people must be much better, because, colonial luxuries have grown much cheaper than of old; because postage has fallen to a penny; and travelling even below that per mile, and because there is a vastly increased consumption of certain articles of luxury. This is trumpeted to the people everywhere, till actually some of them are drilled into the idea that they are progressing to a terrestial paradise.

In an admirable article by one of the greatest critics of political and social economy now living,* it was shown that even admitting, for argument's sake, that the condition of the working-classes, even if it had bettered itself, had not done so in anything like proportion to the extent in which they had benefited the other classes—that the relative distance in comforts between them, and the classes above them, was greater now than it had ever been before—and therefore that they were relatively *worse* off than their fathers.

In many other papers in the *Notes*, it has been shown that the so-called "prosperity"—Heaven save the mark!—was merely the thing of a day, and that the causes of decline were so deeply seated, and so inevitable, that the reaction of returning misery must soon occur.

But, notwithstanding, "political economists" riot over statistics of sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, and molasses, to prove that the working classes must be truly happy.

But I can assure them, firstly, that the increase in the consumption of a luxury does not necessarily prove that it is consumed by the working-classes. Secondly, that luxuries, or superfluities, may be cheapened and placed within the grasp of the people, while comforts and even necessaries grow restricted.

The fact may be very true that the working-man may *drink more tea* now than his father did of yore—but is it not equally true that *he eats less beef?*

The fact may be perfectly true that he may write more letters, but does he not write fewer receipts for wage?

The fact may be perfectly true that the working man may travel more, and more cheaply—but is it not equally true that he has a less comfortable, stationary home? Is it not equally true that he is bandied about from pillar to post in search of work—that his labour has no security of tenure—and that he is a houseless vagrant on the earth? Ask him which he will have—cheap railroad trips in the hunt after work (that is, life), or never seeing a railroad in all his days, a happy cottage, a pretty garden, and an honest maintenance, beneath the elm trees that rustled over his cradle, or that shadowed the pauper-grave of his father?

It is not a nine hours' trip from Manchester to London that he wants, or that bespeaks the progression of his comforts—it is work in Manchester, or work in London—or on the green meadows stretching between both, that shall keep him and his family in the comfort unknown, but not forgotten, since a few landlords monopolised the land, and a few moneylords monopolised machinery.

Yet in the face of growing misery and crime, they rattle their cups and saucers in our face, and tell us, "the working-classes are are much better off—for lo! more tea and sugar is imported in this country."

Here follows the statistics of the tea-table:—

	In 1814.	In 1846.
Britain imported for home consumption	19,224,154 lbs. of tea	47,500,000 lbs.
,,	6,000,000 lbs. of coffee	36,781,391 lbs.
,,		of cocoa 3,000,000 lbs.
	(None being imported in 1814.)	
,,	223,775,888 lbs. of sugar	546,292,816 lbs.

They therefore say that

In 1814, *Each* inhabitant had	In 1846. Each inhabitant had
1 lb. of tea.	1 lb. 10oz.
5 oz. of coffee	1¼ lbs.
12 lbs. of sugar..	18 lbs.*

Founded on these data, they further assure us that the people are much better off.

But I can tell them, that this table no more proves that every person (man, woman, and child,) receives 18lbs. of sugar now, (just tell that to the Lancashire weaver!) than it proves that every person received 12lbs. then. Luxuries having grown cheaper, enables the rich to *buy more of them.* Many of the rich, who formerly bought 12lbs. of sugar, instead of buying only 18 now, buy more like 80—the vastly disproportioned bulk of the increase is on the side of the rich. And, granted that the poor may now take tea and coffee, where the similarly poor had it not formerly—that class now take, according to the best authorities extant, 30 PER CENT. LESS OF ANIMAL FOOD than did their ancestors under the Houses of Tudor and of Stuart!—aye! and under the first reigns of the Brunswick Georges.

Away then, with the folly, that, because teas or coffees, ginghams or cottons, travelling or postage, are cheaper,—or because more luxuries are consumed *by the rich*, while less meat is eaten *by the poor*, the working class must be better off.

* Taken from House of Commons Report on "Commercial Relations," Reports of Meetings at Liverpool on Tea Duties; ditto of Commerce; Encyclopedia Brittanica (last edition); Trade Circulars of Messrs. T. and H. Littledale, of Liverpool; and Messrs. Rigby, Brown, and Co., of London.

* *The* WELL-BEING OF THE WORKING-CLASSES, "*Notes to the People*," *No.* 22, *p.* 426.

(Concluded in our next.)

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle. The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(Continued from No. 27, p. 531.)

VIII. THE BAN OF CROATIA.

On the 9th of September, 1848, Baron Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, crossed the Drave at Zegrad, at the head of an army of 40,000 men, all well armed and equipped, and reinforced by six divisions of the Austrian line, which had been sent from Styria!

A proclamation preceded the invading horde, wherein the Ban stated, he came as the friend of Hungary, his object being merely to chastise the demagogues of the Diet, while his boastful threat was repeated by every tongue, that, on a given day he would plant Austria's colours on the walls of Buda, and dislodge the Parliment from the senate-house of Pesth.

15,000 men marched under the great Ban himself, along the northern shores of the Platten lake; another horde, under General Hartman, advanced by Iháros, Béreny, and Kaposvár—and 10,000 men assembled in Slavonia, under General Rott.

While the border insurrection, like a blind, was occupying the attention, exhausting the means, and trying the temper of the Hungarian force, this great power had been assembling silently behind the hills and streams; while the Austrian government had been denouncing the insurrection, and speaking friendship to the Magyars, they had been quietly bearing down with their troops to be ready for the great invasion—and the travelling carriage of the Ban, the courier of the court, might have been seen flitting through the mountain gorges of Alpine Austria, completing the web of treachery weaving between the palace at Insprück and the robber-castle in Croatia. But even this was but a part of the gigantic machinery put in motion to crush Hungary.

While the Ban was thus entering from Warasdin, and Rott from Slavonia, "Colonel Mayerhofer was to take the lead of the Servians in the Bats and Banat, and, in concert with the commanders of the fortresses of Arad and Temesvar, he was to subjugate the counties on the lower Danube. Puchner was to march in from Transylvania; General Simunich was to bring his troops from Gallicia; the Servians, Ruthens, Slowaks, Wallachs, and Transylvanian Saxons were to be armed against the Hungarians, and those that stood on their side. And if all these forces were unsuccessful in their attempts to overthrow the ancient kingdom of Hungary, a large army of Polish, Bohemian, and Austrian troops were to be concentrated on the March and the Laytha."

As though all this were not sufficient, the generals of the Hungarians were bribed and bought six deep in succession of command,—the edge of the Hungarian sword was blunted, its point turned sideward from the invader; at the same time "official letters from Baron Latour, the Austrian Secretary at War, to the commanders of fortresses and divisions of the (Hungarian)army in Hungary and Transylvania (intercepted by the Magyars), directed them on a certain day to hoist the Austrian colours, proclaim the state of siege in the neighbouring cities and districts, and receive their commands from the Austrian War Office."

The Magyars had but 5,000 regular troops and a few thousand raw recruits to meet this immense army.

They entrusted General Oettinger with the command. He was a traitor—deserted in the hour of danger—and went over to Baron Jellachich. The courage of the Magyars alone saved the country from the fatal effects of the treason.

Oettinger was succeeded by General Teleki, a traitor like his predecessor. The dispirited army fell back—but, by this time, reinforcements were in motion from all parts of the country. The Hungarians retreated to Weissenburg—where their numbers rose to nearly 15,000 men.

The Archduke Palatine now took the lead of the army in person—but he, too, abandoned the camp just at the most critical moment.

General Moga was the next commander, who retreated from Weissenburg to the strong position of Velemeze. Here the pursuing hordes rushed blindly on the retiring foe—Magyar valour punished them. On the 29th of September Jellachich suffered his first defeat. He sought an armistice. It was granted. But, instead of treating for peace, he broke both his treaty and his word:—in the dead of the night he fled with the bulk of his army from

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

Weissenburg to Raab, and formed a new base of operations on the highroad to Vienna. He left his reserve behind him, under General Rott, to act as a blind to his retreat. It was forced to surrender to a man.

By this means he eluded pursuit—and reached the Austrian frontier just as the pursuing cavalry were hanging on his rear.

Meanwhile, his reserve corps, under Generals Rott and Filipovitz, which had been advancing from the south east, 12,000 men strong, with twelve field pieces, were obliged to lay down their arms,—a fate shared by the detached Croatian corps along the Danube. Out of his vast army, the Ban could lead but a wreck of 18,000 men to swell the storm of Windischgratz against the walls of Vienna.

Thus ended the Slavonian counter-insurrection. That a scheme so deeply laid, a treachery so unexampled, utterly unexpected by the Hungarian Government, should have failed so signally, is something almost marvelous. The bravery of the Magyars checked Jellachich, despite the treason of their generals; the refusal of the commanders of Komorn and Peterwarasdin to hoist the Austrian colours, secured the interior of the country, and the events at Vienna prevented, for the time, the remainder of the great conspiracy.

IX.—THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

This game of blood had been enacting from July to the end of September. While the country was thus streaming at every pore with fire and slaughter—while the hostile tribes, armies, and nations were contending on the fields of strife—the two cabinets of Hungary and Austria were no less contending on the fields of diplomacy. At the same time (July, 1848,) in which Jellachich was proceeding to Insprück to put the finishing hand to the compact of imperial treachery with barbaric ignorance—the new Hungarian Diet was being opened on the 8th of July, 1848, by the Archduke Stephen, at Pesth—whither the seat of government had been transferred from Presburg, a little frontier-town beneath the grasp of Austria.

The Archduke thus threw dust in the eyes of the Deputies, relative to the Slavonian borderers, war having then, as already narrated, burst out along the frontier.

"The King," he said, "after having spontaneously sanctioned the laws voted by the Diet, has seen with grief that the agitators in Croatia have excited the inhabitants of different creeds and languages against each other. By harassing them with false rumours and idle terrors, they have been driven to resist laws, which they assumed were not the free expression of his Majesty's will. Some have gone further, and have averred that their resistance was made in the interest of the royal house, and with the knowledge and consent of his Majesty. His Majesty scorns such insinuations; the King and his royal family will at all times respect the laws and protect the liberties granted to his people."

Kossuth now asked the Diet to issue 5,000,000 of paper-money, and to grant an extraordinary contribution of 50,000,000 florins, and a levy of 200,000 men to terminate the Croatian war, AND TO AID IN SUPPORTING THE CAUSE OF THE EMPIRE IN ITALY.

These propositions were adopted by acclamation.

The oppressors of the liberties of others deserve no triumph for their own. From the ruins of Brescia and Milan, Rome, Naples and Palermo, ten thousand glorious martyrs rise in judgment against the selfish Magyars—who would strangle true liberty in Italy, to secure class liberty in Hungary for themselves.

Yet, in the very same week in which Kossuth thus for ever blotted the Hungarian movement, he showed his just appreciation of what should be its character by the following spirited appeal:—

"Do not deceive yourselves, citizens," he exclaimed; "the Magyars stand alone in the world against the conspiracy of the sovereigns and nations that surround them. The Emperor of Russia besets us through the Principalities, and everywhere, even in Servia, we detect his hand and his gold. In the north, the armed bands of Slaves are endeavouring to join the rebels of Croatia, and are preparing to march against us; in Vienna, the courtiers and statesmen are calculating the advent of the day when they shall be able again to rivet the chains of their old slaves, the Magyars, an undisciplined and rebellious race. Oh, my fellow-citizens, it is thus that tyrants have ever designated free men. You are alone, I repeat; are you ready and willing to fight?"

During the months of July and August, the words of Kossuth found but little sympathy in the Diet. Those words were one of the bursts of truth and genius that impulsively flow from a great mind, despite the thraldom of prejudice and conventionality—the farseeing statesman spoke in them—perhaps even the democrat—whose better impulses were stifled by early education, and strangled later by the hand of circumstance. During those months, the Imperial Government still retained the mask—but, early in September, when its preparations of invasion were complete, that mask was flung aside—and the first note of hostility was sounded by the Emperor's refusing to sanction the decree of the Diet for the emission of paper-money. The Diet gallantly met it by a counter decree, making it capital felony to refuse the national currency.

About the same time (September 4,) the Emperor issued a letter to the Ban, calling him "my dear Baron Jellachich," and commending his loyalty and all he had done, though in his edict of the 10th of June, he had, while playing his double game, branded him as a traitor, and deposed him from all his dignities!!!

On the 5th of September, 1848, as soon as this was known, Kossuth had himself carried, enfeebled by illness, to the Diet, and stated his belief that it might soon become necessary to throw off allegiance to the Emperor King, and to elect a Dictator.

It deserves especial notice, how this great statesman (great with all his faults) always turned the public mind to the right path, at the right moment. He sent forth the conviction of Austrian treachery, in July; he flashed the great idea of how to meet it, on the public in September—just as events were ripening to a crisis. However, determined to do nothing prematurely, to put the Austrian government as much in the wrong as possible, he had another deputation sent on the 8th of September, to Schönbrunn, near Vienna, where the Imperial Court resided at that time. The deputation was to protest against the evident sanction of the Croat insurrection by the Court, to request the Emperor to visit Pesth, and to ratify the paper-money. It consisted of 160 magnates and deputies. *Again merit was claimed on the ground of the Hungarian troops, who were murdering the democrats of Italy*—but the Emperor dismissed the deputation coldly—and the deputies leaving his presence in solemn silence, without the customary *vivas*, tore the plumes of Austria from their caps, mounted the red cockade, and hoisted the red flag on board the steamer, that bore them down the Danube back to Pesth.

Indignation reigned in the Hungarian capital—but the old constitutional opposition, encouraged by the knowledge of the armed deluge long gathering, and then about to burst, behind the Danube, rallied once more—and carried a motion to mediate with the Emperor through the Archduke Palatine.

Kossuth now saw the time was come—HE RESIGNED, with his colleagues. Count Bathyany, (so vaunted by the press!) undertook to form a *moderate, re-actionary* cabinet—but the Ban had already marched down from the borders—and the public demanded the return of Kossuth to power.

As soon as Kossuth had resigned, the Archduke Palatine thought opportunity served for a bold stroke of policy, and at once stepped forward, saying, that since there must be a head and a government, he alone would govern till the new parliament was formed. It was a clever attempt to step in the gap between despotism and revolution.

Kossuth, ever watchful of proceedings, alive to the danger, and adequate to the emergency—at once declared the Archduke's assumption of power illegal, the royal rescript not being counter-signed by a minister. "Therefore," said he, "I recall my resignation, and *being* a minister, will remain in office till a new cabinet is formed."

If the Palatine's stroke was clever, that of Kossuth was cleverer still. The nation had to decide between the Archduke and Kossuth—it chose the latter, as Kossuth well knew it would.

It is one of the qualities of a great man to feel his own power, and to know how far he may go in the use of it.

Kossuth and Szemere were instructed provisionally to govern the nation.

Meanwhile, the Ban, as already stated, was marching (thanks to the treachery of bribed generals) almost unopposed into the heart of Hungary. The Diet, therefore, resolved on the 17th of September, again to try the effect of mediation. But, this time, instead of appealing to the Emperor King, it appealed to the constituent assembly, then sitting in Vienna; denouncing the treacherous conduct of the Imperial Government, and applying directly to the representatives of the empire for aid against the Croats.

The old and constant cruelty of the Magyars against the Slavonian race was now to be remembered in retribution. The Bohemians are of the Slavonian race, and deeply imbued with the *Panslavistic* element.* They dreaded, and *justly*, nothing more than a union of the Austrians, with their old oppressors, the Magyars. The Viennese Assembly decided by a majority of 186 against 108, against the reception of the Hungarian Deputies. The Bohemian Deputies decided the vote.

The Democrats and Students of Vienna, on hearing the result, crowded round the Magyar deputies, and offered to present a "Sturm Petition"—that is, a petition escorted by armed masses—to the Diet, to coerce their support of the Hungarian movement. But the Magyar Deputies, averse to, and fearful of, democracy, refused their consent, and left Vienna. Had that petition taken place, Hungary would have been free—and Austria a republic!

The indignant Diet in Pesth now gave up all thought of peaceful mediation, and conferred Dictatorial powers on Kossuth.

The Palatine, who had but recently assumed so bold an attitude, now sought safety by as cowardly a flight. On the 25th of September he quitted Hungary, forwarded his resignation to the Emperor, and retired to his Moravian estates.

Meanwhile, the easy march of the Ban

* *Vide* "NOTES," No, 2, p. 33, article "*Panslavism.*"

through Hungary, led the Emperor to believe that the subjugation of the Magyars was certain, and effaced the impression which the flight of the Archduke might have made. He threw disguise aside, and sent Count Lemburg, a creature of the Court, to take command of the entire kingdom of Hungary, even while the armies were contending in the field, and instructed him forthwith to dissolve the parliament.

Lemburg proceeded without escort to Pesth. In that city excitement was at its height—the continuous and conflicting news from the seat of war—the accounts of one act of treachery after the other, had driven the people to desperation. On Count Lemburg's arrival, he found a decree of the Diet declaring his appointment illegal—but he found more—he found the indignant populace in the streets awaiting him—and in a few moments the new governor had ceased to exist.

On the following day, Kossuth had an address to the Emperor carried in the Diet, deploring the circumstance,—while the authorities of Pesth were instructed to arrest and punish the "assassins."

But the concession was useless—the Emperor ordered the kingdom to be put under military law, and gave supreme power to Jellachich.

In return, the Diet declared itself *permanent*, and appointed Kossuth governor, with a committee of public safety for his council.

Thus doubts and difficulties were solved in open war—either party were taken from a false position, and the issue rested with the fate of battles.

X.—THE MISSED REVOLUTION.

Every day had become pregnant with events on which hinged the fate of empires. The long slow course of discontent and agitation had given way to rapid action. The electric battery which had been fed in silence and suffering for so many years, was now discharging itself in a quick succession of fiery shocks. That glorious flame might explode with the mine of popular strength the superincumbent mass of old oppression—or it might waste itself innocuous in thin air. Woe to the hand that guides it wrong!

The conduct of the Austrian government towards Hungary, opened the eyes of the Austrian people. No sooner did the Court think itself strong enough, than it proceeded to carry out its diabolical plan—and the Austrian armies were ordered to march into Hungary, no longer as false allies, but at last as open foes. The treasonable correspondence of Count Latour, the Secretary at War at Vienna, with Baron Jellachich, was published—the Viennese saw through the whole scheme. The Court, moreover, had tried to crush the University and the Academic Legion by a sudden attack and unexpected massacre—but it had failed—Vienna was a volcano, and Court, Emperor and Cabinet, stood blindly on its yet unopened crater.

The news had now arrived of the discomfiture and flight of the Ban, and of the retreat of his shattered army on Vienna. The garrison of the capital was accordingly ordered out by Count Latour, to the rescue of the flying Croat and his hordes—this was the signal for the explosion. On the 6th of October, 1848, the people of Vienna rose, and intercepted the march of the troops—not like the cowardly populace of some other capitals of Europe, that would be glad to see the troops depart in order to fight more safely—these brave citizens would not allow their garrison to march against their brothers—they attacked them, drove them in in confusion, beat their reserves, stormed the arsenal, and captured their cannon, while Count Latour himself was massacred in the streets, and the craven Emperor fled with an escort of 5000 cavalry!

The Austrian Assembly declared its sittings permanent, and issued a proclamation to the people recognising and extolling the insurrection of October, as one of the greatest events in Austrian history, while, at the same time, it invited the Emperor to return to the metropolis, among his "faithful subject." This was, on the one hand, declaring the right of insurrection, on the other degrading that insurrection into a mere ministerial riot.

The assembly, however, was forced to take some measures for its own defence. Accordingly, it issued instructions to the directors of railroads, forbidding them from transporting troops on their lines—but the order was waste paper, they never saw to its enforcement—not a rail was torn up—not a commissioner placed on the watch,—and, accordingly, while the assembly was sitting self-complacently with folded arms in Vienna, regiment after regiment was gliding up from the remotest confines of the empire, noiselessly, secretly, and rapidly concentrating around the capital.

General Auersperg, commandant of Vienna, withdrew the beaten garrison from the streets on the 8th of October, two days after the insurrection—seeing that it was impossible to maintain the city. But, without submitting to the assembly, he wheeled them round in sullen silence, and assumed a threatening attitude on the *glacis*. Subsequently he retreated to the Belvedere villa, and took a strong position under cover of ten batteries!

His ominous reserve, his armed stand, and his determined stay, might have told the assembly that a combined movement was in preparation against them. But that assembly consisted of middle-class liberals—timid men averse to extreme measures. Oh! ignorant

that *extreme measures alone fit extreme times.*

They kept negociating with General Auersperg, who, of course, returned the kindest and most conciliatory replies!

The Vienna national guards and the armed democracy outnumbered six times the troops of the Belvedere. They could have, moreover, doubled their ranks in twenty-four hours by the malitia and country levies; they had the town artillery and the guns taken from the garrison—and so ardent were they, so eager for the fray, that the greatest exertions could scarcely keep them from attacking the troops.

But no! the assembly was averse to bloodshed! imbued wiht that sentimental mercy, that wastes more blood in after massacre and judgment by ten times, than early battle would have causedto flow.

Soon the intelligence was forwarded to the President and Provisional Committee, of the arrival of Baron Jellachich and his Crotians in the neighbourhood of Vienna. His flight from Hungary has been already mentioned, after his breach of the armistice and the sacrifice of his reserves. It was just at this crisis that he reached the insurgent capital of his master. The academic legion and part of the national guards pressed for leave to attack the fugitive hordes. But those fugitives were Croats—they were *Slavonians.* The Bohemian members (*Slavonians*) in the assembly, voted against, and negatived the proposition for an attack. The old cruelties of the Magyar race, HISTORY, like an avenging spectre, rose up in judgment against the descendants of the murderers,—and an amendment was carried that a M. Prato, a deputy, should be sent to *negotiate* with the Ban. He found the latter surrounded by 2,000 wretched Croats, all in rags, half starved, and utterly exhausted. These were all that had been able to keep up with their general in his flight—the remainder of his shattered army arrived in disorganized, straggling detachments during the ensuing days. The utter defeat and capture of the Baron and of his entire horde of brigands was inevitable, had but a few companies been launched against them. Had the rein been given for two hours to the fine populace of Vienna, Auersperg, Jellachich, and all their lines would have been swept like dust before a hurricane. But no! the Vienna "Liberals," who formed the government, thought to make their revolution with rosewater.

Soon, the fatal effects of the delay became apparent. Large masses of troops, drawn together as if by magic, under the command of Prince Windischgrätz, were found to have arrived in the neighbourhood of Vienna, and might be seen from its steeples, like ominous thunder-clouds brooding along the horizon.

Thus wavering, pussillanimity, and national revenge for centuries of past suffering, had thwarted the best chance of present prosperity. One more opportunity was to be granted yet. It is not often that the favourable opportunity, once lost, it is suffered to return again.

The Hungarian army was in hot pursuit of the Croatian hordes. Fierce, ardent, flushed with victory, it reached the Austrian frontier. It needed but a word, to dash on to the walls of Vienna, sweeping all opposition before it, crushing in detail the remnants of the Croats, the hesitating batallions of Auersperg, and the slow, and isolated march of the several corps of Windischgrätz, which had not then arrived before Vienna. Resistance would have been impossible—victory was morally and physically certain—besides which there was the brave, armed, and immense population of the Austrian capital. Now was the time!

But Kossuth and the Hungarian Diet were determined to keep within the letter of the law—they would not invade Austria, *unless legally invited by the Austrian Assembly,*—as though the best law was not to do that which is best for democracy, and to disarm an enemy who essays to murder you! *Self preservation is the law of revolutions.*

Perhaps, too, the previous vote of the assembly in September, when it refused to receive the Hungarian deputation, rankled in the mind of the Magyar—or perhaps—in the words of Kossuth himself * "he had the house of Hapsburg in his hand—he opened his hand —and *he let it go!*"

Posterity will judge!

The assembly, on the other hand, never gave the "legal invitation" Kossuth waited for; this proposition, too, was negatived—for the majority of that assembly had become REACTIONARY. It consisted of the rich and middle-class. They could be liberal, when they thought that it was merely a battle against despotism and aristocracy that was being fought—but as soon as the movement took a broader meaning, and a deeper import, so soon they would rather have seen the imperial eagle flapping its black wings upon the Kaiser-burg, than the tri-colour of democracy floating from the senate-house.

The armed, indignant people of Vienna cried loud to open the gates to the Hungarians—they murmured loud against the assembly—but they had not the courage to dissolve it! Had there been one man with sufficient spirit and sufficient influence to have given the signal, the assembly would have been dissolved—the Hungarians invited—the emperor deposed —and the republic rendered certain.

But, as yet, (barring the insurrection of October 6, which was but levelled against a ministry and its measures,) everybody was within the letter of the law. The Hungarians

* At the Winchester Banquet, *vide* the "*Times.*"

were not. They feared to league with "rebels." In the words of General *Klapka*: "All and everybody wished to keep on the safe side of the law, and impelled by this laudable desire, they permitted the enemy to out-number and ensnare them."

Thus, on either side, half-measures strangled a great movement, and signally, as half-measures always do, failed in their object.

As usually happens in such cases, the Hungarians were soon obliged to do, under disadvantageous circumstances, that which they might have done under the certainty of success. Having refused to cross the frontier on the 18th of October, they were compelled to cross it on the 28th, or forfeit their position, expose themselves to a disadvantageous attack, and demoralise their army.

But by this time, the armies of Auersperg, Jellachich, and Windischgrätz, had formed their junction, and 70,000 men strong, stood ready to oppose the 25,000 Hungarians, of whom 10,000 were but raw recruits.

On the 30th of October the battle was fought. Prince Windischgrätz, aware of the pusillanimous character of the Viennese government, threw a few detachments before the walls to keep the populace in check, and took up his position at Schwechat, Mannswörth, and Kaisers-Ebersdorff.

The battle raged during many hours, and the most brilliant courage and heroism was certainly displayed by the little army of Hungarians. Every moment they expected, and they had a right to expect, the gates of Vienna to open, and its armed thousands pour out upon the rear of the imperial force: but not a man appeared—not a blow was struck. The livelong day the assembly saw their natural allies and protectors, their only hope, being butchered before their eyes—and yet, the livelong day, they kept the fierce, brave populace in check, cooped up within their walls!—and, despite some brilliant achievments at Mannswörth, the Magyars were decisively defeated, and their routed batallions were in full flight towards Presburg long before the sun had set.

Then the triumphant tyrant turned his guns on Vienna—reinforcements streamed up from all quarters—and he had full leisure to bombard, assault, and carry the devoted city.

The revolution was missed.

XI. THE INVASION.

Prostration and slavery in their rear, the Austrian armies now turned their sanguinary front against their defeated, but still unconquered, foe. In the beginning of December, the Imperialists invaded Hungary.

Prince Windischgrätz advanced along the Danube; General Schlick was marching from Gallicia; General Puchner entered by Grosswardein; General Nugent bore down along the Drave, each with a large army, while a simultaneous insurrection of the Razen, Wallachs, Saxons, and Slowaks was to support the movement.

To meet this, the Magyars had but 30,000 men on the Upper Danube, under Görgey and Perczel, 8,000 undisciplined troops in Upper Hungary, and scarcely 6,000 in Transylvania. The best forces were still entangled with the Razen in the Bats Country, and the Banat.

With the most overbearing and insulting proclamations, Windischgrätz poured his legions into Hungary on the 16th of December—broke through the Magyar lines, drove back the opposing corps, took possession of Raab, and defeated the Hungarian rear-guard at Babolna, while Jellachich completely routed General Perczel at Moor.

The progress of the Austrians seemed irresistible. Kossuth, accordingly, sent a deputation to Windischgrätz to sue for peace. The deputation met an insolent and contemptuous refusal. This was, probably, what Kossuth expected and desired. Amid such dispiriting disasters, he wanted some insult to rouse the flagging energies of the nation. If this was his object, and his subsequent spirited measures justify the conclusion, it succeeded fully. The last hope of negociation over, nothing but the sword remained. He had thus succeeded in impressing this on the people better than by a thousand proclamations. Accordingly, he forthwith made preparations for the most extreme resistance. The government and parliament were transferred to Debrezin, and the strong barrier of the river Theiss placed between them and the enemy. Behind that river Hungarian nationality stood entrenched to fight its last great battle; while General Görgey, with 20,000 men, was sent to Upper Hungary, to divert the attention of Prince Windischgrätz from the real centres of defence.

Soon after their evacuation by the government and army (January 3rd, 1849), Pesth and Buda were taken by the Austrians, and on the 4th, General Mezsaros was defeated at Kaschau. The fortunes of the Magyars would have been desperate, had not General Klapka, by the battles of Tarczel, Bodroy-Keresztar, and Tokay (January 22, 23, and 31) stopped the advance of the Austrians on Debrezin, and covered the seat of government.

Availing himself of the breathing-time, Kossuth established depots, factories, and foundries behind the Theiss, and kept raising the new levies of Honveds (Home-defenders) with admirable energy. Everything depended on delaying the enemy's advance, for under such active management, every hour gave strength to the Hungarians.

The march of Görgey through Upper Hungary succeeded admirably in its object—that of blinding Windischgrätz as to the real posi-

tion of the Magyar force: he sent merely a few detachments to the Theiss, and threw the weight of his arms on Upper Hungary.

This enabled the scattered division of the Hungarian army to concentrate. Görgey, Klapka, and Dembinski (then appointed Commander-in-chief) formed a junction [at Kaschau (Feb. 10); the Austrians having been defeated towards the end of January by the latter and Perczel at Czegleg, and the character of the campaign was thus entirely changed. Instead of a concentrated force, well in hand, advancing against scattered divisions of a retiring army, the retiring army had re-established its communications, concentrated its movements and was intent on cutting off the now scattered and entangled divisions of the enemy; while a strong line of defence, and the active preparation of supplies, had been established behind the Theiss.

The tide now turned—the wave of war ebbed back towards the west, and the steady stream of Hungarian arms poured in on its retreat.

The bulk of the Austrian force, however, under Windischgrätz, still advanced, after absorbing the retreating and returning divisions it had thrown forward—and the two armies met to decide the fate of the campaign by a pitched battle at Kápolna, (Feb. 26). The engagement lasted six hours—at nightfall, the Hungarians remained in possession of Kápolna and Kail. On the 27th the battle recommenced; all day the carnage lasted. When darkness parted the armies, the advantage inclined towards the Austrians. The Hungarians fell back on Kerecsend and Mezökövesd—and there, concentrating all their forces, once more awaited the enemy. But Windischgrätz was afraid to wither his laurels. He could say he had gained a victory—another trial might prevent it, and he remained inactive, except writing a highly-coloured despatch to the Imperial Court, which so much exhilirated the latter, as to encourage the issue of the "New Constitution" of March 4, 1849, by which the Emperor flattered himself he had for ever settled the question of Hungarian and Austrian liberalism.

Dembinski, however, the Commander-in-chief, who was old and timid, failed to profit by the Austrian's inactivity, and, after a sanguinary rear-guard fight, retreated back again across the Theiss.

Public opinion forced him to resign.

General Vetter succeeded him—but, falling ill, the command devolved on Gorgey, as next in seniority.

We have now seen the tide of the Austrian invasion turned back—its foremost waves driven homeward—and the great bulk of its power brought to a standstill.

The next step was to endeavour to roll back that unwieldy mass itself, off the Hungarian soil,

Masterly combinations of the corps of Damjanitsh, Klapka, Aulich, and Gáspar (late Görgey's) effected this great object. Jellachich's rear-guard was defeated by Görgey at Isászeg, on the 4th of April; and Prince Windischgrätz himself, after sustaining a sanguinary day, retreated, in slow and sullen order, to Pesth, where, gathering all his forces on the Rakosfeld, he stood awaiting the attack of Görgey.

A council of war was now called at Gödöllö; Kossuth attended it, and it was resolved not to attack the Prince, but to operate against the Austrian army, which was then blockading the fortress of Komorn, the key of Hungary from the Austrian side.

Aulich was left with 10,000 men to blind Windischgrätz, while three Hungarian divisions marched to Waitzen and Komorn. On the 9th of April they carried Waitzen, and the Austrians were driven back, leaving their general, Götz, dead upon the field of battle.

On the 19th the Hungarians reached Nagy Sarlo. There General Wohlgemuth, with 20,000 men, opposed their progress. After a twelve hours' fight the Austrians were beaten and dispersed, and the news of the victory induced General Welden (who had been sent to replace Windischgrätz, the Court being indignant at the sudden reverse of the imperial arms,) to evacuate the cities of Buda and Pesth, and give up all thoughts of opposing the Hungarian march on Komorn.

On the 23d of April Welden withdrew from Pesth, and, leaving General Henzi with a garrison in Buda, took up a position at Raab,—recalling all the advanced divisions of his army, and floating immense quantities of military stores down the Danube.

On the 24th of April, 1849, the Hungarians, under Aulich, re-entered Pesth.

Meanwhile Generals Bem (a veteran of the old Polish revolution), and Perczel, cleared Transylvania, the Bats country, and the Banat—drove Puchner's superior force across the frontier, routed and dispersed 15,000 *Russian* auxiliaries, carried Sz-Támas and the Roman entrenchments by storm, drove the Razen to Titel, and relieved the garrison of Peterwarasdin.

Görgey's army marched with flying colours into Komorn, and turning his gallant army—flushed with victory, and strong with patriotic ardour—on the Austrian lines, the baffled Imperialists raised their camp at Raab, and once more retired behind the Austrian frontier.

Emancipated Hungary hurled after them the declaration of her Independence, and her repudiation of the House of Hapsburg—ratified by the voices of the people, and the acclamations of the army.

———

The brilliant acts of this eventful campaign have been thus rapidly sketched, to afford scope and time for a narration of the grand and trying scenes that now await the reader. The struggles of armies part before our view, to disclose the deep passions working in the hearts of those that move them.

Our attention is first challenged by a man, whose strange and wild career—whose magnificent and fitful intellect, has exerted so paramount an influence on the destinies of Europe.

(To be continued.)

TRADES GRIEVANCES.

To the Working-men.—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labour. in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent; but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all strikes and trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand London.

All reports and notices, if intended for insertion in the current number, must be at hand by Monday at latest.

Seamens' Grievances. *The Ticket-system.*

[It is with great pleasure the following letter, the first of a series, is inserted, and I herald it with these words, in order to claim the promise made by the esteemed correspondent, that he will send a weekly report of the progress of the seamens' movement, and a statement of the further grievances of this important body of our brethren. I promise the most full and regular insertion of their complaints and progress.—E. J.]

The Register Act, which came into operation in 1844, compels every seaman to be ticketed like a slave, with his height, age, date of birth, colour of eyes and hair, the marks on his person, &c., and without such badge of slavery, he cannot procure employment. Why, the seamen ask, are they to be thus numbered, and no other class of men to be subject to a similar process? This ticket system proves most expensive. If a seaman loses his ticket, he has, according to law, to pay 10s. before he can procure another, —and often 3s. 6d. costs, and all this without the slightest shadow of benefit accruing from the possession of a ticket. Tickets, say the government, are to prevent *desertion*—yes! But that is not all. In the first place, I deny that it acts as a preventative; for there have been no less, this year, than 1,400 seamen deserting at Quebec alone—and I don't wonder at it when their treatment is considered. But of this anon! There is, however, something worse at the back of this ticket system—and it is this:—having your number, in the event of war, government can pounce upon you, and drag you from your wife and family to fight for them—to give them greater power to oppress us. After toiling on through danger and poverty, you can, at a moment's notice, be forced on shipboard to be blown to atoms for the cause of others, leaving your wife and family to starve. Will you, or any man, say that seamen ought to be treated thus? Would the shoemakers, the tailors, the blacksmiths, or any other tradesmen, like to be ticketed like a West Indian slave, and be liable, at a moment, to butcher and be butchered on the high seas? Then, working-men of all trades, to you we appeal for your kind sympathy and assistance. Too long have we stood aloof from each other —let us throw off that apathy which we have hitherto been subject to—let us unite in one common bond of brotherhood—for, depend

upon it, that unless there is a national union, we will all of us—I mean not only seamen, but all working-men—be trodden under foot.

Yours in fraternity,

JOHN SMITH,

South Shields. *Seamens' Delegate.*

P.S.—The seamen and miners having united together, are getting on exceedingly well. But at a recent joint-meeting of seamen and miners, held at Newcastle, when 4,000 men assembled, the pit-owners threatened to discharge the men that should attend the meeting. We have every reason to believe had that not been the case, at least 8,000 men would have been present.

THE LONDON JOINERS.

Of all branches connected with the building trades, taking them as a body, I do not think you will meet with any so opposed to the progress of democracy as the *joiners*. And yet they suffer as much from the undue influence of capital over labour as any portion of the building trade. In the first place, their tools, which are very expensive, rapidly wear out, and nothing but moulding planes are provided by the employer, and of course, benches upon which to work.

Joiners' time is from six in the morning till half-past five in the evening, allowing half an hour to breakfast, and one hour to dinner, which leaves ten hours for labour, hard and incessant. The pay is five shillings per diem. The general practice throughout the whole of the building trade in the metropolis is for the men to *knock off work* at four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, which privilege is enjoyed alike by smiths, masons, machinists, carpenters, bricklayers, and labourers, for which they are paid full time. When working upon the railways an hour is allowed to the men on Monday mornings—that is to say, the men knock on at seven o'clock instead of six.

But there is a plan adopted in some firms to the effect, that if more than two hours be lost by the operative in the course of the week, or if he lose one hour on the Saturday morning, he is mulcted of the hour and a half on Saturday, making his loss in one case three and a half hours, instead of two; or in the other of two hours and a half instead of one. By this means these conscientious employers, who calculate for full time in their contracts, pocket ninepence from the wages of every unfortunate mechanic so offending. The uncertainty of work, and the place of work, is a great annoyance. I know many who reside two and three miles, and much longer distances from the factory where they are employed, yet if they were to change their residences, scarcely know from one day to the other whether they may not be discharged, in which case the next employment they obtained, might in all probability be at the very opposite end of the town. It therefore, especially in inclement winter weather, becomes difficult to keep exact time—and the long journey is so much added to a man's labour and his time. Notwithstanding this, when punctual, the bell is rung *designedly too soon*, in numberless cases, and upon arriving at the gate, wet, weary, and perspiring, he is refused admittance, although the bell has but just done ringing; this has likewise occurred to me; and a man being thus compelled to lose an hour, is also robbed of an hour and a half, which, as it is customary, he is justly entitled to.

Beside this, when the men are rung off the bell is very often two or three minutes *behind its time*, which, where ninety or a hundred men are employed, puts three or four hours extra into the *master's* pocket, making a day and a half, or two days, in his favour weekly.

Again, a man gets a job on the Monday or Tuesday, the books are made up to Friday night, but on Saturday a day's pay is stopped from his earnings, the next Saturday he receives it, but that day's pay is left in arrear. Thus it continues week after week, five shillings of the man's money remains constantly in the master's hands, upon which he has the interest while the man is deprived of its use.

Five shillings from one man may not seem much, but five shillings each from five hundred, leaves one hundred and twenty-five pounds to work in his, the employer's, business. Now, mark this! when the man is discharged—which is often at an hour's notice, and on any day in the week, as soon as his services are no longer required—the back day, which was deducted from the three or four full days that he worked on entering the employ, is brought forward *as Saturday*, for which he is only paid eight hours and a half; thus, he is robbed of another ninepence.

When men are at work on buildings, another scheme is adopted to cheat them. All being at work as usual at six o'clock, no one having lost any time during the week, a change in the weather may take place—a shower comes on—it may last two or three hours—during which time the men are knocked off, and although *compelled* to lose the time in the master's service, while waiting at his work, yet the amount is deducted from their day's wages—but not this alone; it is made an excuse for deducting the hour and a half on the Saturday previous, also! Or if it occurs on the Saturday that an hour is thus lost by rain or bad weather, and no more during the week, the result is precisely the same, *two hours and a half being deducted from their pay!*

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

A new mode of reducing wages in one of the better paid trades.

The preceding article has shown that it is customary in the building trade to allow the men an hour and a half on the Saturday afternoon, without making a deduction from their wages in consequence. This custom has existed during four years.

Mr. Jay, the contractor in this railway, apparently determined to break through the rule, and thus reduce the wages of his men. But how did he set about it? He did not openly say he would mulct the hour and a half's wages, but he laid down a rule that, if the men lost more than two hours during the week, or any time during the Saturday, he would then stop their wage for the customary one and a half hours.

This was merely the prelude: for matters were so contrived that they *should* lose the two hours. If a shower came on—(vide preceding article)—the men were knocked off, and, the foreman having his instructions, he kept them regularly so long idle, that they exceeded the two hours during the week. Now, though these two hours were lost, not by the men's neglecting to come to their work, not by their running away from it—not only was the time thus lost deducted, but it was made an excuse for deducting the one and a half hours' wages on the Saturday.

The men felt indignant at this shameless trickery, and the carpenters were the first to strike against it. The foreman told them to return to their work, and it should be settled. The bricklayers, plumbers, and labourers, now struck also, when the foreman, having no authority to treat with them, recalled his promise altogether. Subsequently, the men were informed that Mr. Jay wished to see them. They proceeded to the counting-house, and stood before the window *en masse*. Mr. Jay opened the window, and asked them what they wanted. One of the men stepped forward and told their grievance. Mr. Jay offered some trivial concession, which would have left them at his mercy still. The spokesman put it to the vote, and Mr. Jay was obliged to see every man of the crowd hold up his hand against it. This morning, intelligence was communicated to Mr. Jay that the men on the North Western had also struck on the same grounds, which would doubtless have been followed up by those working at the cemetery and the gas-works. Had such been the case, I do not doubt but that they would have stood out for the hour and a half on Saturdays without any exceptions. In which case the shop hands would also have joined them. As it was, the employers, no doubt, fearing that the strike would assume this form, and having several large contracts to complete by a certain time, deemed it advisable to make a concession to the effect that the men should not lose the hour and a half in consequence of being compelled to lose time through *him*, but if time was lost by their own inattention, the ninepence would be deducted as hitherto. This being all that was asked, the strike has terminated, and the men resume work at six to-morrow.

A JOURNEYMAN JOINER.

Tuesday morning, Oct 21st, 1851.

[Wait a little longer. You have gained the day because your employer had some large contracts on hand, and no competitive reserve ready to fall back upon. *He will be better prepared next time*—he will lie on the watch to revenge himself, and your wages must fall, either directly or indirectly, as soon as your numbers grow larger, or the demand for you grows smaller.—E. J.]

LAW AND WAGES.

[The following case was forwarded without the real name of the writer being duly verified—therefore I cannot vouch for its accuracy. However, I insert it, because the letter bears the appearance of truth upon its face, and because, at all events, it represents a common case. The town, where this occurred, is in the north.—E. J.]

Two shoemakers came into this town on look out for work, and at last on a Monday got promise of work at a shop. They were to commence work on the Tuesday—but, on arriving, they were told the master was out, and would not be at home till night. This continued till Saturday, when at length they saw him. They had run into debt for board and lodging, and now, at the end of the week, he gave the two men 3s. worth of work each, and from that time for four weeks after they earned 1s. 7d. each! Now, I would ask, if it is possible to live on that? But the master apparently thought it was too much, for when the men went in with their work, he paid the one man 1s. too little, saying he had given him one the week previous. The man denied this—whereon the master would pay him nothing, and discharged them both.

The plundered man applied to the trades' union, but the *trades' union could not help him*, because they had *exhausted their means* by supporting a previous strike. The man, therefore waited until Monday to bring the case before a magistrate; but, at the court the clerk informed him that *the trial would not come on till the 7th of November*. The man could not, starving and without work, stop in the town for four weeks—he was, therefore, obliged to give up the case—to lose his money, and let the master rob him with impunity.

[Indispensible requirements of justice are :—

1.—That it should be obtainable without fee, money, or expense of any kind—all necessary expenses being borne out of taxation—a sufficient check on undue litigation would be a penalty on vexatious and unfounded prosecutions and actions.

2.—That the courts of justice should be open every working-day in the year, and so numerous as to be easily accessible in all parts of the country.

The additional expense could be more than made up by cutting down the sinecures about the royal court, or the salaries of the bishops, or the pensions of the Royal Family.]

THE BUILDING TRADE.

MR. MYERS AND HIS MEN.

It is manifest that a systematic crusade is being launched against the high-paid trades. They stood by and saw the low-paid crushed without helping them. The aristocracy of 30s. per week looked down upon 7s. per week, saying, "we are safe! our *skilled* labour can never become a drug!" and now, alas! the skilled labour is to be brought down to the level of the "common." Let this be a lesson to us, to form one band of brothers—all who are connected by the natural link of labour. The masters are effecting the reduction of wage among the high-paid trades in a two-fold manner: 1stly, by open, barefaced reductions; 2ndly, by sly, underhand modes of clipping their earnings.

Such is the plan of Mr. Myers. In common with other employers, Mr. Myers granted his men the "four o'clock," (that is knocking off work at 4½ p.m. on Saturdays,) in 1847. Now, in the previous case of Mr. Jay's men, it has been seen that a shower would cause the loss of the one and a half hour's pay on the Saturday. In this firm, it seems, *a slackness of material* was a sufficient cause, and thus the master succeeded, whenever he chose, to take ninepence from the earnings of his workmen. [A curious feature in the case is that when the men went to the exhibition, to see their own work, Mr. Myers being one of the principal exhibitors in the mediæval court, they were mulcted ninepence for being behind time.] The result of this continual practice is a strike. The men employed on the New Consumptive Hospital struck first. The rest followed the example. They meet daily at the Craven Arms, Drury Lane, Mr. Alexander Anderson being their chairman. The delegates have had several interviews with Mr. Myers, but to no purpose.

Mr. Myers has sent a letter to the *Morning Advertiser*, stating that he never stops the one and a half hours' wages if the men lose time from showers or sickness. This is untrue, as he has placards up in all the different jobs, to the effect that, if any man lose more than two and a half hours in the week, he loses the benefit of the short time on Saturday.

It deserves to be remarked, that Mr. Myers undersells others in the trade, and he can do so, because he prepares three-fourths of his soft stone work at his quarry at Box, six miles on this side of Bath. He thus saves so much carriage by rail, because one man buys his block up here, and has to pay for all waste, (about ten or twelve per cent.); in addition he has generally 100 or 200 *apprentices* at work. Thus it is again proved that cheapness in the price of an article is based on the cheapness of the price of labour, and that the master always pays himself the difference between high and low profits out of the pocket of the workingman. The wages at Box are one third less the hour. Mr. Myers is now making efforts to get the wage-slaves from Box up to London, to frustrate the strike of the London men.

All the building-trade are particularly interested in this. This is not an isolated case There is an evident simultaneous action on the part of master-builders to drive down the wages of this branch of industry.

The Co-operative Movement.

[The articles on Co-operation in the "Notes" have been exciting considerable attention, and sundry attacks. It would be desirable that those who make these attacks would be kind enough to send a copy of the papers containing them to "The Editor of the 'Notes,'"—as attacking a man's principles and arguments, without letting him know anything about it, is something like stabbing in the dark. However, truth raises up defenders far and near, and thus has the attack inserted in the *Preston Guardian*, been answered in a most argumentative letter by Mr. B. Pilling, of Padiham. It is impossible to give that letter in its entirety, but the following important extracts are submitted for the consideration of the reader.]

"*To the Editor of the Preston Guardian.*

"What are the errors of the present co-operative movement as pointed out by Mr. Jones?

"1st. That it is an error for the working classes to subscribe their pence under the con-

viction that by so doing they will soon be enabled to beat the monopolist out of the field, and become workers and shopkeepers for themselves. Your correspondent says that they, the working classes, have plenty of funds at command for co-operative purposes; but the truth of Mr. Jones's position, and the fallacy of your correspondent, is proved by the fact, that out of the annual income of the empire, a by far greater portion is absorbed by the rich than by the working classes—a fact too well known to need statistics—a fact most forcibly conveyed to us by the recollection that during the thirty years ending 1845, the increase of personal property among the higher classes was 1,000,000,000*l.* Estimating the possessors of this property as numbering not more than a quarter of a million, this increase shows a gain of 4,000*l.* per head in thirty years. The increase in the value of landed property is still more striking. Between the years 1803 and 1843 the amount of increase in the value of that species of property was no less a sum than 56,593,000*l.*, representing a capital, at twenty-five years' purchase, of 1,414,827,000*l.*, nearly double the amount of the national debt. On the other hand, the savings of the working classes, since the year 1800, amount to 11,300,000*l.* in friendly societies, and 31,700,000*l.* in savings' banks; that is 42,000,000*l.*, against an increase of 2,414,827,575*l.* gained by the higher classes. Assuming that the whole of the investments in the savings' banks really belonged to the working classes (which is not the case), it follows that, while the wealth producers have saved about thirty shillings per head in fifty years, the idlers have contrived to accumulate not less upon an average than 10,000*l.* per head in considerably less time. It is therefore an error, as Mr. Jones says, to say that capital against capital—pence against pounds—the co-operation of the working classes can beat down the combinations of the rich. If their power of so doing is argued on the ground that they possess more money collectively, the struggle between co-operation and monopoly cannot be doubtful, for where there is such great disparity as the above, the weaker must go to the wall in the long run. That co-operation will be the weaker is proved by the fact that where co-operation takes one step, monopoly takes ten.

"As regards Mr. Jones's second assertion—that the present system of co-operation creates competition, and must result in monopoly, its truth is evident on every hand. How can it be otherwise? for each store or club stands as an isolated body with individual interests. Firstly, they have to compete with the shopkeeper, but, secondly, they are competing with each other. Two or more stores or co-operative associations are now frequently established in the same town, with no identity of interest. The 'friend of progress' gets out of this by saying that they could exchange with each other, and thus do away with competition altogether. Does he not know, or he has forgotten to tell us, that the co-operators buy for as little as they can, and sell for more? But he has discovered that this exchange is no ideal thing, that the co-operative hatters of Manchester have already begun to exchange with the co-operative tailors of London; but they do not do away with competition and monopoly altogether. As your correspondent says, unfortunately, they re-create both, for it is an admitted fact that all the co-operative bodies (with the exception of one) will not sell the hats belonging to their brother co-operators in Manchester, *unless they will allow them a commission of ten per cent. for so doing.* Now is this not monopoly? That a small compensation for the trouble of selling (say one per cent.) should be accepted, might be no more than reasonable; but ten per cent. (besides the advantage on the purchases of their own members) on the wholesale prices of the men of Manchester, is preposterous. Yet we find that all the co-operative bodies, with the exception of one, have very quietly pocketed this enormous profit in their dealings with the poor working co-operative hatters of Manchester. Even these co-operative tailors in London, mentioned as doing away with monopoly altogether, have given way to the money-grubbing spirit so far as to accept it; and what will be the result if another co-operative hatters' association starts up? Why, that this last association will be compelled to allow more than the other in order to sell (say twelve per cent.) to their brother co-operators, and then the original association, in self-defence, must allow thirteen per cent. Now comes the time when they touch each other, and then rivalry will turn to *competition;* then they will undermine each other, and be either mutually ruined, or the one will rise upon the ashes of its neighbour; and there you have all the old system of competition, with its necessary consequences—wages—slavery, plunder, ruin on the one hand, and monopoly on the other."

THE DOCTRINE OF VALUE.

What is the value of an article, by which its price ought to be determined? This is the question which ought to determine our relations of commercial exchange. On this depends the honesty of commerce—and, indeed, the liberty of man; for on it depends, whether enormous profits shall be accumulated by individuals; and thus enormous wealth be created on the one hand, and terribly contrasted poverty be engendered on the other. On this depends, whether the present co-operative movement is justified in heaping up vast profits in the hands

of isolated stores, or whether those profits are money-mongering and plunder. What, then, is the value of an article? or, in other words, what price have the co-operators a right to ask for their goods?

Mr. Vansittart Neale says, "*the value of an article is determined by the want of the purchaser.*"*

In these "Notes" it is asserted, on the contrary, that the value of an article ought to be determined by the amount of time and labour employed by the producer, and on the satisfaction of his just wants—that, consequently, the price of an article should never fall *below* that standard, which would give a comfortable maintenance to the working man who produces it,—nor rise *above* the standard which secures that remuneration, and covers all the costs attendant on production.

It must be manifest that all charge or "profit" beyond this is a robbery on society—for it is unnecessary for the comforts of the *producer*, and it is an *impediment in the way of the comforts of the consumer*; it is founded on the weakness of the former, and on the necessity of the latter, and is merely of benefit to the usurer, the regrater, and the monopolist, who enriches himself out of the injury inflicted upon both.

I challenge Mr. Neale to confute this.

But even in his own publication, in the organ of his own movement, his erroneous views of value have been refuted by the talented pen of *Mr. Ludlow*.

This gentleman says, in his article on the Prospective Review:—

"I am not aware that any Socialist has ever denied that competition is actually an element in *price*. Every time that a garment is made up by a sempstress, and sold at a figure which will hardly do more than keep body and soul together, because it will not fetch more, every Socialist feels well enough that competition is such an element. But they do deny that competition is any element in *value*, whatever element it may be in price; and without hoping ever wholly to eradicate from the hearts of men those selfish feelings which tend ever to raise the price to the purchaser, to diminish it to the seller, they assert that there *is* a natural *value* for every article, and that such value ought to be ever more and more perfectly realized in its price.

"We say that things are worth something, not because men will or will not buy them, but because *men* are worth something, whether others deem it or not. We place, and deliberately so, the man,—with his rights and duties,—before the thing, with its accidents. We say a man *ought* to be able to 'eat his bread in the sweat of his brow,' and that therefore the price of his labour *ought* to be adjusted to the scale of his necessities, and not his necessities to the market price of his labour.

"When plutonomists admit that the cost of production does form an element in price, that there is a minimum price for labour, and consequently for all commodities, they agree with us in principle. For what does their position mean, but that there is a point at which, the man and the thing being pitted against one another, the thing must yield, the man have the upper hand?"

Here, then, Mr. Ludlow asserts that I have no right to drive the price *down* below that standard which enables the producer to live—and, in so asserting, he has at once decided what is the value of an article, for he might have added, no one had a right to drive it *up* above that which will enable the man, to whom the article is a *necessity*, to buy.

This last, I am aware, seems open to exceptions, inasmuch as possible cases may be supposed, in which the one condition contradicts the other—but, I submit, that such contradiction could never take place in a well ordered nation—for the price that enabled the producer to live, would, by a necessary compensating power, enable the consumer to buy.* And inasmuch as I have no right to disable any portion of the community from satisfying its wants by imposing an *artificial* price—I have no right to charge for an article beyond that amount which covers all the charges of production—of course, the labour and the comfortable maintenance of the labourer included—all such overcharge constituting an *artificial* price.

NEWS FROM PADIHAM.

"I challenge you to produce a single working association which has not been started with the object of admitting additional members to share the benefits it is capable of conferring, as fast as its capital and connexions render this possible. I challenge you to produce *one, of which the members have not made, and are not making at this very time, such efforts as they can to realize this object.*—*Vansittart Neale, Notes, No. 32.*

There is a Co-operative Manufacturing Society in Padiham, called the "Redemption Society," the number of members is 77, *and they have long since come to a resolution not to admit any more into their association.* So that instead of the members of this association making all the "efforts" that they can, to get additional members, they have by their resolution and their acts, openly declared their determination to secure all the benefits they can,

* See Mr. Vansittart Neale's letter, and the reply thereto, "Notes," No. 32, p. 470.

* The reader will, of course, perceive that the cases of unwilling idleness, infirmity, and old age, do not militate against the position.

to establish as far as they can a monopoly, and to prevent the spread of the co-operative principle. Perhaps Mr. Neale can explain away that.

Such is, indeed, the general tendency of most co-operative concerns as at present carried on—but their rules are so loosely framed, the power generally vested in the directors is so great, and their proceedings are kept so close, that it is difficult to lift the veil from this second-hand profitmongering, that burrows among the credulity of the masses.

A NOTE FROM CASTLE STREET. *

Sir,—You are challenged to produce "a *single* working association which has not been started with the object of admitting additional members to share the benefits it is capable of conferring, as fast as its capital and connections render this possible." In reply, sir, to this, it is a melancholy fact, that some time since nine *Associates* were expelled the Castle Street Association, because they wished to admit additional "members" to share the benefits it was capable of conferring.

You are right Sir, when you assert the number of members are kept almost stationary, the present associates do not like to share the loaves and fishes. I ask in return what safety has the workman for his capital—labour—in the present movement? None. The promoters can at any time, as they did twelve months ago, "*virtually dissolve*," the associations, and rob the workmen of the proceeds of their accumulated labour.

There are tyrants in the Master Class, and there are tyrants in the present co-operative movement.

Again, "The transmutation," says our correspondent, "of the master into a director of the work carried on for the *common benefit*, chosen *freely* by the body whom he has to govern, and having the *same interest* with it, &c." So far so good.

But I deny that this is the case in the present movement, and Mr. Neale knows this, hence his avoiding to notice your assertion, "that it is robbery for a man to take *more from* society than the value of what he gives to it." "The *common* benefit" is that a *portion* of those employed in the different Associations receive *regular fixed* weekly salaries, whilst the remainder are paid *casually*. So then, if an association remain idle for one week, *three or four* would receive *more* from that society than the value of what they give to it, the others being sent empty away. Alas! for common benefit!

It is also erroneous that those men employed as helpers get "the same wages and receive the same share of profits as if they had been associates." Supposing that every quarter, after paying all expenses, the profits are shared, a portion of these profits goes to stock, those men who are not associates are *liable to discharge*. THEY GET DISCHARGED the following week, and are never recalled, *the associates benefit by the use of these men's portion of profit*, so in no way is the labourer allowed his *full* share of the so-called benefits.

GEO. E. HARRIS,
One of the Castle Street Victims.
4, *Gt. James Street, Lisson Grove,*
Oct. 23, 1851.

* "I trust our esteemed Correspondent will pardon the curtailment of portions of his letter, as it was wished not to delay its insertion, and the space of this number was almost entirely pre-occupied.—E. J.

The People's Comforts.

THE LARDER.

We have heard much of the progression of man—of the feudal servitude of the dark ages—and how happy we are under our glorious constitutional freedom, compared to our ancestors.

What the constitutional freedom is, "Trades Grievances" in this periodical have shown. It is the substitution of commercial vassalage and villeinage, for the feudal—and though nominally recognising the freedom of the subject, really holds him under bondage just as keen, to which is added an extent of physical misery then unknown.

The following statement will shew what was the physical condition of the working man in the age of praedial servitude, under the reign of Richard II. :—

"The services of the serf or villein were—ploughing the lord's land with one or more ploughs a certain number of days; sowing, harrowing, reaping, weeding, and gathering the lord's corn; mowing; and (on days when summoned by the bailiff,) the villein, his wife, servant, and whole family, except *the shepherd*, were required to assist in making the lord's hay, and getting in his harvest. The only remuneration allowed the workman daily, was

a bundle or faggot of the grass, corn, wood, or furze, while cutting, for the use of his household on those days when the lord did not supply them with food—but they were bound to find *their own horses, ploughs, harrows, waggons, and other agricultural implements.* In like manner they were also bound to make their lord's malt; to thrash, and carry his corn to market; bring from thence to his mansion the goods purchased for his household; fell his trees; cut his woods; clean out his ditches; repair his hedges; mend the highways; gather his fruits; and go nutting in his woods. *They supplied* him with eggs *and poultry;* were required to grind *their corn* at the lord's mill, for which heavy toll was exacted; to bake *their bread* at the lord's oven, and pay in proportion. None of them were allowed to bring up their sons to learning, lest they should become priests, and the lord lose their services; neither were they allowed to give their daughters in marriage, nor sell a stallion, without leave of the lord. They were required to attend their lord's court, and therein do service. None of them were permitted to remove from the land whereon they were born, and in many instances their persons and goods were at the mercy of their lords, who could dispose of them at pleasure." (*Hund. Rot. Paroch. Antiq.*, 2, 120.)

Grievous despotism certainly! But (*vide* "Trades' Grievances") do we not find that the manufacturers now make their weavers dig potatoes, harvest hay, carry burdens, convey goods, reap their corn, &c., *for nothing?* taking them away from their daily work, and giving no equivalent. Nay! they go beyond the extent of feudal tyranny in the barbarous ages—for then the serf was merely taken away from working for himself: so the factory serf is now, with this additional and monstrous aggravation—that *he is compelled to pay for the machinery he is not allowed to use.**

But what appears from the above extracted statement? It is proven that the feudal serf had *a farm of his own,* that this farm was well stocked, that he had *sheep,* (*and cows, of course,*) *poultry, ploughs, harrows, waggons, and agricultural implements* of his own; he had *corn of his own* to grind, and *bread of his own* to bake. Now then, let the teacup-and-saucer-penny-postage-and-government-train-philanthropists talk of the progression of their comforts. Give me the open, honest, bare-faced oppression of the feudal ages, sooner than the keen, sharp, grinding tyranny, the idle mockery, and the destroying want and misery of these!

* See, for illustration of this very general system, "Trades' Grievances," "Notes to the People," No. 24, pp. 462 and 464.

Let us contrast this state of things in those "bad," old times with the position of the workman now. Take the case of the weavers, (one of the most numerous class of artisans): it will take the weaver a fortnight of hard labour to weave a web of 93 ells—the ell of 45 inches—for which he will receive 1¾d. per ell. This amounts, in the fortnight, to 13s. 6¼d. This would be 6s. 9¼d. per week. Who can live on that in comfort and decency? But don't imagine that the poor weaver gets this. Every weaver knows that off this the following expenses have to be deducted:—

Two week's loom rent, at 1s. ...	£0	2	0
Starching	0	0	6
Beaming	0	0	3
Twisting	0	0	6
Two weeks' light...	0	0	6
Fire	0	0	2
Two weeks' rent for dwelling-house*	0	2	0
And say for fire, light, shop, and other indispensable articles, 1s. weekly	0	2	0
	£0	7	11

Which leaves 2s. 9¾d. per week to feed and clothe a wife and three or four children, including educating the latter.

You may say the wife and children (if old enough) earn something too. In some cases—but then recollect, it is ten to one but what they are both out of work two, three, or even four months in the year. And what is the result of the wife's being driven to the factory? That she dies young—that her poisoned milk kills the sickly child†—that the child, neglected, meets accidents, crippledom, and death; and that an *immense* per-centage of the children born of factory mothers, perish before they are five years old. What is the result of the children being set to premature work? Disease, and early death, ignorance and vice. The fountains of society are poisoned, and a still more decayed and vitiated race is prepared for each ensuing generation.

Talk to us, after this, of the improved condition of the poor! Tell us, after this, that penny postage, railroads, gas, tea, sugar, (of which they get so little in proportion), and balloons, are an equivalent to the working-classes for farms, cottages, horses, cows, sheep, pigs, poultry, beef, and bread!

* In the feudal age it will be remembered, every peasant had his own house rent-free.

† Vide the Commissioner's, Dr. Stevens, Reports. This statement is not exceptional—it is a type of the whole. Many trades, as combers, lace-makers, &c., are worse off still.

WOMANS' WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

III.—A NIGHT SCENE.

About eight months had elapsed since the birth of Margaret's second child.

It was one of those nights of early spring, replete with fog and frost, so prevalent in London; while the dull sound of a half awakened tempest moaned along the sky. The Abbey clock had just struck eleven.

Margaret sat cowering over the grate, where the faint embers of a fire glimmered. The young woman had retained no traces of her pristine beauty. Her face was sallow and wrinkled—her haggard eyes shone wildly through swollen lids that tears had furrowed. Little Mary rested on her knees, but the child's hoarse, uneasy respiration, was interrupted by a deep convulsive cough. In the midst of the silent gloom of the apartment, the weak struggles of the child sounded like the rattle of the dying. At last the fire went out entirely, and the room remained in darkness.

Then Margaret heard in the corner farthest from the fire-place, a chattering of teeth, mingled with plaintive moans.

"Catherine! Catherine!" cried the mother in alarm—"What is the matter?—What makes you cry?"

An almost inarticulate voice was heard to answer in the darkness: "Mother! I die of cold!"

"Come to me, Catherine! Press yourself against me. Give me your hand, my child—your hand—I don't feel it."

"It is in your's, mother!"

"Then I, too, must be very cold."

"Oh yes! your hands freeze me!"

"Oh G—! If I had but the fever I had yesterday, I could warm her!"—cried Margaret. "I am very wretched!"——

"Where is father?" asked the child, pressing against her mother, and folding her dress around.

"I don't know, Catherine!"

"Will he bring us something to eat?"

"Are you hungry also, child?" asked the young mother in a mournful voice.

The little girl noticed something plaintive in the tone, as of a breaking heart, and said in a low accent—

"Not very, mother!—If I could but sleep, I should not think about it."

Margaret took a handkerchief from her neck and tied it round that of her daughter, then—seeking the most sheltered nook, placed her there, gently exhorting her to sleep. The little nurse babe, Mary, had also just dropped to sleep, and once more all was wrapped in deep, funereal silence.

At this moment, a heavy, vacillating step rung on the pavement of the street without.

The door flew rudely open—and Haspen entered, drunk, and pipe in mouth.

He advanced, stumbling, to the middle of the sombre room, his sight yet unaccustomed to the transition from the gassy glare without, and sought with outstretched arms, the fire-place that showed no signs of warmth.

"Margaret!" he cried in a voice evidently indicative of irritation.

He called her thrice without receiving an answer.

At last a voice was heard as harsh as his: "well!"

"Why, you child of the devil! is there neither fire nor light?"

"Because I have none!"

"And why have you none?"

"Because John Haspen drinks and sings at the public-house, while his children die of cold and hunger."

"That'll do, Margaret!"—cried the bricklayer, dashing his foot upon the floor—"that'll do, unless you wish me to stave in your skull like an empty barrel."

"John Haspen, the children are starving!"

"Then give them your tongue to eat, viper! and be silent! So there is no wood here to light a fire. Where's the hatchet?"

He took a hatchet from the floor, and at a blow smashed one of the two only chairs remaining in the house—threw the fragments on the grate, and a few sparks communicating with the dry wood, soon kindled it into flame, and cast their lurid light on the melancholy scene.

Margaret had never left her place, and sat motionless, with fixed eyes, her child pressed in her arms, and but feebly concealing beneath an assumed indifference the indignation that boiled in her veins, stretched her nostrils, and flashed from her eyes. Haspen, standing before the grate, held his feet alternately over the flame, that lit up the evil aspect of his harsh and hardened features.

All the rest of the room was lost in darkness.

For a time, the actors in this strange scene were silent—then Haspen, taking his pipe out of his mouth said, turning to his wife: "to-morrow they'll come and sell all we have to pay the rent. That scoundrel Stonage, won't let us remain here any longer."

"And, pray, where shall we go to?"

"To the street. That will be good enough for your ape and you. Besides, we must quit London. I have no more work. I left Barrowson's three days ago, and could not get a job anywhere else."

"Serve you right, Haspen. What's the use of a man who's not fit for anything—whose hand trembles with gin, and who can't see where he lays his trowel?"

"Silence, woman!" cried the bricklayer, in ungovernable fury, and crushing his pipe between his fingers; "silence! or I'll teach you that my hand is strong enough for you still."

The woman tossed her head in scornful defiance.

"That's not what you promised me, John, when you came of evenings to speak with me at master's gate. If I drew back from your hand, then, it was to avoid a caress, and not a blow. I thought I married one who had the arms of a workman, and the heart of a man. Why did you not tell me then, that you could not work well enough to keep two little children? You want us to leave London! And, pray, what for? Do you suppose I'll go, with two girls around my neck, begging from door to door for you? You want to make a trade of the misery of your wife and children, do you? You're out in your reckoning, sweetheart! Follow you I will—but it shall be to cry to the passers-by: 'Do you see this man? He is strong—he is well—but he will not work to give us food.'"

"Have you done, Margaret?"

"Presently, Haspen! I must tell you all. I've held my tongue too long—but mark you! I suffered too much hunger in the hunger of these poor little innocents. Go and swill in the beer-house if you like, but I'll not quit its door. While you drink, you shall hear us cry for bread—when you come out drunk, you shall have to stagger over the bodies of your children that I'll cast in the mud before the threshold. Its time you shared a little of our misery. They're not my children only. Do you think my arms are strong enough to carry them always, without you taking your turn? I've had my share of suffering—the rest shall be for you."

Haspen had listened to this long tirade, at first with a scornful indifference, then with fast rising wrath. His features became inflamed, his chest heaved, his breath hissed in his throat that tried to compress its fury.

He advanced one step towards Margaret with clenched hands—then drew back—containing himself still.

"I, too—I've had my share to put up with—and with you," he said, at last, in a low, dull, stifled voice. "Silence! unless you wish to see blood flow to-night. I hate you, woman! for since I took to you, my miseries crowded on me. Before—I never wanted—I worked all the week, and I played all the Sunday—but you—you have come across me like my evil genius—you, and your children! Do you understand me now? You are a nest of vipers that I'll crush under my feet!"

In speaking these last words with the rise of thunder in his voice, he stamped his heavy foot upon the remnants of the burning chair that laid before the grate with such a terrible force that the blazing splinters showered about the room.

A sudden cry was heard, and little Catherine darted up from the chimney corner towards her mother—her clothes had caught fire.

The terrified Margaret raised her in her arms: "John! John! water! for the love of Heaven! water; the poor child is burning!"

But the angry man never moved.

His foot upon a brand—his head erect—with the delirious excitement of rage—he looked rigidly and terribly silent upon the child writhing in its mother's arms—and the mother trying to extinguish the flames.

During three minutes the struggle lasted—it was a fearful sight to see those two weak creatures wrestling for life amid a circle of fire—and the impassive stillness of the strong man who stood gazing on them.

At last, Margaret surrounded the child with an embrace so close and complete, that the smothered flames expired.

"G——! my G——! she is burnt! burnt to the bone!"—and then turning to Haspen, whose angry quiet goaded her to madness: "look here, villain! look—this is your work!"

She raised her wretched daughter, yelling with pain, in her arms, and held it close before the face of its father.

"Back, woman—back!"

"Finish your murder, then!"

"Margaret! *won't* you be silent?"

"Kill her, then—assassin! Look—see!—don't her blood make you thirst?"

The hideous wounds of the victim nearly touched the face of the man—he could no longer master his passion.

"Back! I tell you, Satan!" and, quicker than the word, a blow was given. It was aimed at the mother, but it hit the forehead of the child, who fell on the floor with a fearful moan.

That moan was followed by a hoarse and savage cry, as the mother's eyes wandered round in search of something; she stretched her hands—stooped—and suddenly rising—the husband felt the sharp, cold blow of a hatchet strike his cheek, and glide off into his shoulder.

Pain made him utter an oath—he was about to dart on Margaret, but with the agility of a tigress, she had already darted into the darkest corner of the room, her child in one arm, the hatchet in her hand. The gleam of her hatchet and of her angry eyes was alone visible in the darkness—the hoarse hissing of her quick breath was alone audible in the silence.

The man paused suddenly before that fury of the tigress defending its young—he felt fear.

For a time there was silence such as might make one's blood creep!

It was interrupted by the noise of some one pushing open the badly closed door.

Latchman entered.

"What's all this?" he said. "I passed before your door, Haspen; I thought I heard cries, and feared some misfortune had happened."

"Yes—two great misfortunes! The one, to have been born—the other, not to have drowned myself twelve years ago! Go away; this is a matter between me and that viper there!"

"What are you going to do?" cried Latchman, who had just perceived Margaret amid the darkness, and understood all at a glance. "Haspen, leave your wife alone."

"I'll crush her head between my fists!" he roared. "She has struck me—she has raised her hand against me!"

"I defended my child," said a dull voice.

"I'll throw you on your knees to ask my pardon."

"Try it!" said the same voice—and the eyes and the hatchet glistened in their dark corner.

Latchman saw it was time to interfere, or the scene would turn to blood: he seized Haspen, struggling with rage and drink, with his wiry arm—and, soothing him all the while, dragged him to the door, and then over the threshold, despite his struggles.

Margaret hastened to bolt the door inside. For some time the struggles of Latchman and Haspen, who wanted to re-enter, were heard outside; but at length the latter appeared to yield to the representations of his companion, and their voices were lost in the distant street, in the direction of Whitehall.

IV. TEMPTATION.

"Poverty is the mother of Crime."

WHITEHALL was a blaze of racing meteors, when Haspen and Latchman entered from the dark Sulley-like street that opened out into it from the slimy depths of Westminster. There was a party at the Duchess of Buccleugh's, and some hundred equipages, with their shining lamps, were drawn up in glittering rows, or flitting about with rival speed along the broad pavements of Whitehall and Palace-yard. The waiting lines around the Lords and Commons increased the gaudy bustle, and groups of spectators stood here and there upon the causeway. From the Duchess's windows came streams of light; wide, variegated awnings stretched over the porticoes and across the street; the shining liveries of tinselled, powdered lacqueys shone on every side; the bayonets of the sentinels bristled over the throng; the harness sparkled on the stately steeds, whose fiery pawing and indignant tossings scattered the white, snow-like foam of their hot mouths as though in scorn upon the passers-by. The windows of Downing-street were silent and lightless, but from the opposite side, from the Duchess's mansion, floated strains of low, voluptuous music, now and then maddening up into the thrilling whirl of the electric waltz. A rich faint odour came from the princely portico and the light draperied windows, while a subdued murmur of gentle, animated converse, or the light musical ring of a silvery laugh stole amid the pauses of the minstrelsy. What a pomp of riches, might, and pleasure! But like the skeleton at a Roman feast, the poor stood here and there shivering in rags, and hunger, and cold upon the pavements. Squalor, wretchedness, misery were writing their silent protest on the pageant. The skeleton was at the rich man's feast!

"Move on! move on!" cried the policeman, for rags must slink into their hiding-place when riches walk abroad. They are offensive—pho! away with them!—how dare they parade their misery! Go, vanish into corners, till the bone and sinew you cover is wanted to do some work for your master. There, away with you—away with you; you have no business in the pleasure-light of life. "Move on! move on!" but the liveried slave might keep his post, and the young debauchee might stand upon the watch for falling innocence in some fair child of toil!

"Move on! move on!" Yes, we will move, and onward!

As Haspen and his friend advanced, the scene became more lively. One by one, and two by two, Peers and Commoners hurried from St. Stephens, leaving the nation's business undone, to dance at the Duchess's and waltz the more.

In Downing-street work had ceased eight hours ago—or, rather, the mockery of work had ceased since then—the care of government seemed lost, its brute force lived alone in bayonet and bludgeon, guarding its bright outrage against God and man.

"The fashion's out to-night," said Latchman.

Haspen answered not, but moved on.

"Stop," continued Latchman, "let's look at it. What a beautiful sight! It must be very splendid inside there—I should like to see it."

"Come on! What's it to us?"

"Well, nothing; only there's no harm seeing how others enjoy themselves."

"Isn't there; well, I don't want to see it."

"I wonder what your wife and child are doing now?"

"Devil! will you hold your tongue? What's that to you?"

"Why, I was thinking if some of these people would give you something for them——"

"Ah!"

"Why don't you ask them?"

"What—*beg?*"

"And why not? They're so very rich—they're wasting so much—they'd never miss it. You musn't be proud, John; it won't do for one like you; it's not your place."

"And why not? Proud!—I'm not proud; but by —— I'm as good a man as any of these in——l flunkies, or their masters either. Beg! —I'll see them —— first."

"But, John, if you could get a shilling,—you know you're starving—they're starving at home—nobody'll know anything about it. Think now, if you could go back with a big loaf—there's your little Catherine, and Mary, poor little things!—it would save their lives. Now try—nobody'll ever know—it's done in a moment. Look at that old gentleman there—it's only speaking a word, and—just think now, to go home and give them a meal!"

The bricklayer's countenance grew troubled; he looked down, and never marked the sinister, leering look, that bespoke scorn and triumph, in the eyes of Latchman. The thought seemed to grapple his heart, and involuntarily he moved towards the man Latchman had pointed out. Just then there was a commotion around them.

"What's that?" asked a bystander, as a stalwart policeman dragged a poor little boy of about ten brutally by the arm.

"Oh, he's only taking that young vagabond to the station-house."

"What's he done—*robbed?*"

"No; he's *begged* of that old gentleman."

"Come on, John Haspen," said Latchman; "begging won't do, after all;" and the twain were once more engulphed in the dark streets of Westminster.

They stopped at a low dilapidated house—numberless in a nameless alley—it was an asylum of thieves, deserters, and fugitives from the arm of the law. There the unskilful were trained to rob—there the initiated met to plot, or to divide the spoil. After Latchman had knocked in a peculiar way, he and Haspen were admitted. A fat-lamp burned in the foul passage—the house was silent. Latchman ushered his companion into a low, large room, furnished with tables and benches. A mute attendant placed a bottle of gin and two glasses on the table, and left them. The two men seated themselves at one of the tables.

"What the deuce was the matter with you and your wife, Haspen? When I left you, you seemed to be in a very good humour."

"Haven't I told you she struck me?"

"But what for?"

"What for? Because she's a ——! whose complaints drive me mad. I've nothing to give the children—I'll never go home again!"

"Well, it's a hard case to be sure, to see one's child want bread. Let alone, that it'll go from bad to worse with you. That's been a bad job for you with Barrowson. You were wrong to strike him."

"Do you suppose, then, I'd allow him to raise his hand against me, without returning it? Pooh, what do I care! I've lost my employment—I know no other master'll take me now; but I don't care that for it. They shan't think they're going to trample on me, I can tell them! They always had a spite against me, because I didn't consent at once to the reduction, as you did. You've feathered your nest pretty well. You were an infernal coward, Latchman!"

"Stuff!" replied the latter, emptying his glass very quietly, "as though they had not a right to lower wages whenever they chose!"

"No, by ——! they have not the right. Have they the right to kill a man, eh? I tell you from that time bread fell short—my children fell sick—they'll never recover it! It's the life of my wife and children the thieves have robbed me of!"

Latchman shrugged his shoulders with a most provoking indifference.

"What would you have? They're rich—they're the masters. What is it to them if you rot alive!"

"But, by ——! I don't choose to rot!" cried the bricklayer, starting up, and striking his heavy fist upon the table that the glasses jingled. "Have I not got as good a right to live as they? If they won't give me food, by G—, *I'll take it!*"

"Why have you not done so, then?"

This question was asked in a very calm tone, but in so direct a manner—so full of meaning—that Haspen felt embarrassed.

"Why?—Why?——"

"Yes, *why?* Have you a right to the same pay, if you give the same work?"

"Why of course I have."

"Well, then, if your wages are cut down, why don't you take back what is stolen from you. *Would you allow* one of your fellow-workmen to seize on a portion of your wages on pay day?"

"Thunder and lightning, I should think not!"

"Then why do you let your master do it? When a rich man robs us, Haspen, we can't seek justice, as if it was a poor one; but one can take it—one seizes on one's stolen property as one can best get it. Do you understand? What do you say to that?"

"I?—Nothing!" replied Haspen, thoughtfully and sullenly.

Latchman called for more gin.

"I say! hark'ye, Haspen! the question is, whether you mean to live in misery, or to live at your ease, with a bob in your pocket, and a bottle before your nose."

"And how should I manage to live so?"

"I told you already. If you hadn't your ears at your elbows, a month ago, when we were in Barrowson's counting-house, you wouldn't have been in this plight now."

"But prison!"

"Prisons are for the stupid. Besides, d'ye see, you if you don't get any work, you will be obliged to beg, and you will be sent to prison all the same as a vagrant. So, you see, you must go to prison at any rate."

"By G—! that's true!" cried the bricklayer, dropping his hat upon the ground. "When one's down, everybody gives one a kick."

"Then help yourself on to your legs again."

"Silence!" roared Haspen, "or you'll make me do something wrong."

"Pooh, you're too frightened. Well, have your own way. Go again to Morley, or Achren, or Shell and Co., to ask them to let you work, or perhaps Barrowson——"

"Latchman! haven't I told you to hold your tongue!" cried Haspen, grinding his teeth with rage.

"And if I did hold my tongue, would that make things better? You want to work—do you know you have not even got any tools?"

"Tools! no tools? why my tools are at the premises."

"Aye; but master said he'd keep them for the deductions that were due from your wages. You was a week in arrear. Do you hear?"

"He said that? the thief!"

"And this morning your tools were sent to the forge, along with a lot of others."

"Is it true?—Is that true? By G—, I'll tear him into mince-meat!"

"And a nice meal you'll have of it!" said Latchman, smiling with provoking coldness. "Besides that wont last you two days;" and he quietly lighted his pipe.

"Don't forget, my boy, that to-morrow you'll be without work, without tools, and without lodging!"

Haspen answered not a word. His head sunk on his chest, his eyes were fixed on the ground; his heart and brain, worn out with the angry storms that had been racking them so many hours, at last gave way, and when Latchman turned on him his cunning side-long glance, *the hard, strong workman cried!*

A gleam of joy passed over the face of the tempter; he advanced to the bricklayer—he took his large hand in his own skeleton grasp, and whispered:

"They've stolen your tools, Haspen! but there are others at the warehouse. To-morrow evening come here, at nine o'clock, and we will arrange it all."

Haspen raised his head without speaking, heaved a sigh, deep, harsh, and bitter, emptied his full glass at a draught, and casting around him a wild, savage glance, said:

"I'll come!"

The two working-men went out and parted.

V.—A NIGHT ROBBERY.

"The world calls that man a *robber*, who presumes to take another man's property, without, himself, possessing a thousand pounds a year."

Some months after the above scene had occurred, on a cold November night, just as eleven o'clock had pealed from the tower of the Abbey, two men might be seen gliding along the wall that encompassed the premises of Barrowson.

The night was dark and rainy, the wind whistled through the few leafless trees that dotted the muddy quays of the Thames, and the roll of the river came up at times, like the sad and solemn voice of some strange warning.

"Wait here, John," said one of the men to his companion. "The rest will soon be here."

"You're sure you told them of the hour?"

"Never fear!"

"Are you sure he keeps the money in the counting-house?"

"Yesterday evening, when I gave him the keys, they were busy counting the rouleaux."

"Hush, here's some one!"

In truth, two men were seen advancing through the gloom. They soon made themselves known, and, after a short and whispered consultation, all four proceeded towards an angle of the wall. One leant against its base, another climbed on his shoulders, and the third, with the assistance of the two first, reached the summit. Once there, he helped his three companions up—they glided down into the yard, and proceeded among piles of timber and building-materials toward the interior of the premises. There the foremost halted.

"Two of you here, plant the ladder; above all, be mum—the Governor sleeps in that room overhead."

"But the dog?"

"Never mind the dog—I'll manage him."

Latchman, for it was he who had spoken, waited till his companions had secured the ladder, and then advanced at their head.

At the corner of a shed he stopped.

"Now silence! Stop there, Castor's about to wake up."

A low and angry growl was heard, such as precedes the open bark of a huge watch-dog.

"Well, Castor! Old boy, Castor, don't you know me?"

(To be continued.)

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle. The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(*Continued from No.* 28, *p.* 539.)

XII. GÖRGEY.

History but too frequently presents to our view a train of events leading onward to some great natural solution—growing powers culminating to a certain point—the forces of nations, the development of centuries preparing for a vast result—and then all the mighty machinery breaking against the unexpected will, passion, or bias of an individual.

Such was the case in Hungary. A great drama of history was brought to a sudden catastrophe by one man; the rude, giant forces of contending nations sank as nought before the little passions of a single heart! Wonderful! that the black thought of a single brain should wither things of such inconceivable magnitude and strength.

But so it is—so it was in the great Hungarian struggle—for Görgey willed it!

The family of Görgey dates as far back as the house of Arpad—even then it was one of the richest and greatest in Upper Hungary—and enjoyed through long generations the dignity of Counts of Zips. Under the foreign dynasties it still retained its grandeur. At Rozgeny, in 1309, a Görgey's superior valour secured the crown for the House of Anjou by the defeat of Matthew of Trentschin.

Subsequently, however, it was somewhat curtailed in its possessions by the subdivision of the estates among the younger sons—the law of primogeniture and entail (a law peculiarly repugnant to the Magyar,) not having been introduced till the year 1687. It lost in influence, too, by its adherence to Protestantism, being thence precluded, under the Romanist House of Hapsburg, from participation in public affairs—and the enjoyment of official dignities. During this period of comparative obscurity the Görgey family resided on its estates in the counties of Zips and Torna, where they were still looked up to as some of the most influential nobles of the district.

General Arthur Görgey, *the* Görgey of the recent insurrection, is descended from this family. He was educated in the Protestant schools of Miskolcz and Kasmark, and on leaving them, entered the Hungarian Noble-guard at Vienna. After the customary five-years' service, he received his commission as first Lieutenant in the Palatinal Hussars, and acted as adjutant to Prince Windischgrätz, then commanding in Bohemia.

Windischgrätz was a military martinet, eternally drilling his troops, and taking a pride in being surrounded by a brilliant corps of officers. Moreover, he desired these officers to belong exclusively to the high nobility. To effect this, he forced them into the most expensive habits of living, which effectually prevented the lesser and poorer aristocracy from remaining in the corps.

These reasons, joined, it is said, to a personal dislike of the Prince, induced Görgey to quit the regiment.

He, accordingly, went to Prague, and there betook himself to the study of chemistry, in which he became so great a proficient, that he was proposed as supplementary professor of chemistry at Lemberg—an appointment he refused, as being out of his own country.

There he applied to Kossuth, when the movement of 1848 had raised the latter to the Ministry of Finance, for the place of an assayer at the mint.

Kossuth refused it, with the intimation that he designed him for a higher post—that of the War Department, which a few months would place in his hands. It is part of the attribute of genius, to recognise genius in others. To select his ministers well, was the chief secret of Louis XIV.'s success and celebrity; so Kossuth beheld with prophetic eye the military genius of the man he raised. Unhappy! that his eye could pierce no further, and see the lurking shadows in the character of him, to whom, in refusing the obscure place he sought, he gave the brilliant weapon that should destroy his country and him alike.

As a preliminary step, Kossuth had Görgey appointed to form a National Guard; and, subsequently, when the attitude of Jellachich became more threatening, in the month of August, 1848, raised him to the rank of Major, and commissioned him to levy a battalion of volunteers. In September he gave him the command of the Landsturm. While

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

acting as such, Görgey laid down the plan which resulted in the capture, at Ozora, Oct. 5 (by Generals Perczel and Csapot), as already stated, of the 2nd Croatian corps, under Roth and Philippovich. Görgey was made Colonel in consequence, and entrusted with the command of the Hungarian vanguard when it invaded Austria, after the flight of Jellachich. The defeat of Schwechat was gilded by the glory achieved in some brilliant attacks made by Görgey and Guyon (an Englishman); and Kossuth, appointing Görgey general, in reward, made him commander of the army on the Upper Danube.

This army formed, at the time, a strange medley: it consisted of Honveds; volunteers, variously equipped, sent by the counties for six weeks only; national guards, and landsturm in their civil dress, badly armed, and worse disciplined. Görgey soon moulded this army in his hands like wax. He devoted the time from Nov. 1 to December 16, to its organisation—threw the men into ceaseless skirmishes to accustom them to stand fire and manœuvre in action, and replaced the volunteers and landsturm by the sturdy Honveds. By these means he soon saw himself at the head of 25,000 gallant troops—and he had need of them, for Windischgrätz advanced with 75,000 veterans, and the hard frosts of a dry winter smoothed the path of the invader. The reader has already been told of the defeats of the Hungarians, (at Tyrnau, Dec. 17; Babolna, Dec. 26; at Moor, under Perczel, Dec. 30). He has also been informed of Görgey's march in the north with two corps, to draw off the Austrians from their advance on Debrezin. In that expedition Görgey turned the fortune of the war—he defeated Götz and Jablonowski at Shemnitz, in February, 1849, surprised the divisions Schlick and Degru at Eperies,—and at Kapolna forced Windischgrätz, after a bloody battle of two days (Feb. 23 and 24), to retire upon Pesth. At Waitzen, Parkany, Neuhaüsel, Görgey drove the Austrians off Hungarian soil—(in April, 1849); and when, at Waitzen, the body of the Austrian general Götz fell into the hands of the Magyars, "Görgey caused him to be buried with all the military honour appertaining to his rank, sent a *parlementaire* to Pesth, to invite twelve Austrian officers to the funeral, and himself followed the bier of his enemy as a mourner. At Parkany he captured the baggage of the Austrian officers; this he sent back by the hands of Honveds, wearing white ribbons."

This trait of generosity is the more to be admired, since Windischgrätz had caused the bosom-friend of Görgey, Major Szell, when taken prisoner at Bebolna, to be shot by sentence of court martial.

Such was the early career of Görgey, and such his rise to eminence. We behold him, at this period, the leading warrior of Hungary—popularised by victory in town and country, and idolised in the camp by the soldiers he had made.—A halo of generosity mantling around his name, and the loud pœan of a nation filling his breast with hope, ambition, pride. Görgey was a soldier in the fullest sense of the word—rough, haughty, and intractable—and in those times of war, when Hungary could be saved by the sword, and by the sword alone—we can easily understand his belief, that her greatest warrior should be her greatest man, and his indignation that a "mere" civilian should wrest the palm from his victorious hand. It was a struggle between pen and sword—between mind and force—between Kossuth and Görgey.

XIII. THE TWO ROADS.

The successes of the Hungarians had astonished Europe—which had expected momentarily to hear of the extinction of the last spark of insurrection. The turning of the tide, turned by the sheer bravery and self-reliance of the Magyars and their leader Kossuth—turned by the discipline of her army, and the strength of that great military genius, Görgey, which had suddenly arisen in their midst, was long concealed by the imperial governments. Belted round—literally blockaded with despotisms, the adits of the world were closed to Hungary,—she could expect no help, communicate with no allies—she strove inaccessible, and having no access, except to the mother-earth on which she stood, and to the great heaven and its Providence above her—and so she battled.

At first, tidings of imperial victory after victory reached Vienna, and reverberated thence across the world. The insurgents were described as a wild rebel rabblement, flying before the very flutter of an Austrian cloak—whose government was in an obscure little village among the swamps and reeds. But, when the war continued, when it was known that troops were still marching, and reserves advancing—people began to wonder why great Austria should be taking all this trouble against a handful of craven fugitives. Soon it could not be concealed that a sanguinary strife was going on in the interior—that the Magyars were still able to place armies in the field—and that those armies were holding Austria in check. Next, it became known that the Austrian armies were getting further *from* the interior, instead of deeper into it—nay! that they were rapidly retreating before the enemy. The Austrian War Office now admitted this—but stated that it was merely a clever military trick, to lure on the rebels to their destruction—tho'

men thought it strange, that a government which had just boasted of having exterminated a rebellion, should afterwards be obliged to resort to "tricks" to draw it into danger. Next, the fault was thrown on the climate, the season, the want of communication, a mistake—but, when the evacuation of Pesth and the retreat across the Danube were reported, the Vienna Cabinet boldly asserted that these were but the unfounded rumours of rebellious times.

At last the full truth shone forth. The sun, so long concealed, burst through the riven blackness of the clouds. The process of victory had been concealed—but the result stood there—the intercepting armies were dispersed—truth clove itself a path through their dark masses, and the full blaze of Hungarian victory flashed upon the world.

The imperial court was silent with shame and vexation. Vienna thrilled with emotion to its heart of hearts. The people heaved and fermented beneath the glitter of their tyrants' bayonets—the flash of whose steel might set fire to the popular indignation which its edge was vainly intended to coerce. "The Hungarians are coming!" was the whispered prophecy and prayer—"this time no mistake!" was the echo-like warning and resolve—and all the world expected the advance of the Hungarian arms. The fate of empires trembled in the balance.

On the 26th of April, Komorn had been relieved. The border insurrections were smothered, the inviolability of the Hungarian soil was vindicated—except where one black spot still weighed upon its breast—the occupation of the royal castle and town of Buda by an imperial garrison.

It will be recollected that the retiring Austrians had kept possession of that fortress—partly, perhaps, because they could not otherwise secure their stores on their rapid retreat; partly to ensure a resting point for future operations—partly, and most probably, to act as a bait for the detention of the Hungarian arms, the same as a fugitive huntsman throws a portion of his prey behind upon his track, to delay the pursuit of a stronger and more dreaded foe.

Two paths were now open to the Magyars: the rapid advance on Vienna—the dethronement of the House of Hapsburg, by the annihilation of its flying, dispirited and jaded armies, and the co-operation of its revolutioning capital—or the erasure of the last imperial footprint in Hungary, by the capture of Buda.

Buda, however, was sure to fall without any regular siege, or any delay of the national arms. A small blockading corps was quite sufficient, since—in the heart of Hungary, inaccessible to succours, the garrison must have surrendered soon to famine, without the loss of blood or the danger of procrastination.—General Görgey had to decide.

Three days he paused at Komorn—from the 26th to the 29th of April, 1849.

Three precious days—adding strength and restoring confidence to the stricken Austrians.

On the one hand lay Vienna—the key of victory, independence, and freedom. True it was a vast undertaking to assail it—the full force of Austrian arms—the gathering reserves were there—the city was strong—the government determined in despair—but the population of the city would, it was well known, become the allies of the assailants, if they ventured to advance—and, at any rate, it was better to attack the Austrian force while yet dispirited, before it completely rallied, and while still close upon their rear lay an ill-subdued and angry metropolis, than to give those foes the leisure to trample out the sparks of insurrection at home, secretly and cautiously to fetter down the people, to get up their supplies, recruit their numbers, and then have all the advantage of taking the offensive in a fresh campaign. It was better to meet the foe at his own threshold, and at his greatest disadvantage, than to await his own time and let him play the war remote from his own doors. Besides this, the occupation of Buda by the Austrians was of little consequence in either a military or political point of view.

But the storming of Vienna would close the war—it would establish the government of Kossuth—there would be need no longer for the services of Görgey, he would be meanwhile absent from the seat of government—they would do as they choose without him, Kossuth would firmly establish his Dictatorship, and though the absent general would crown himself with glory, he would have to rest upon his laurels, and those laurels would be overshadowed by the administrative greatness of his civilian rival.

Whereas Buda was interwoven with the hearts and history of the Magyars—its royal castle was a monumental tablet of their annals—the storming of it would be an achievement of daring and brilliant gallantry—Görgey would be popularised as a hero—he would personally lead the government into the capital of the nation—it would be he who raised them from an obscure town to an historical metropolis—surrounded by the army that idolised him, he would reinstal the Diet,—and, before his present greatness, the more quiet light of his rivals would sink into the shade.

Then, too, he would become more necessary than ever. The Austrians would be advancing—who could meet them?—who could repel them, and wield the armed power of Hungary, but their previous conqueror, and the victor of Buda? And who would dare to thwart his desires and wishes, with the mighty foe before them, and the

devoted troops surrounding them? Kossuth dictator? No! Görgey must be dictator—but that depended all on being on the spot—on overawing the Diet and the Cabinet—on prolonging the war—and on doing some act captivating and dazzling to the people's eye.

Such was the attack on Buda.

The two paths were open still—Buda or Vienna—the fate of Hungary lay in the choice—three days the general doubted—he has been accused of receiving a bribe, and thus turning the Hungarian arms away from Austria—there is neither evidence of this—nor probability for it—the bribe was ambition—the ambition of a young soldier of 37 who held the destinies of a country in his hand. Three days he doubted—and then resolved on Buda; the growth of ages, the might of nations, sank to nought, before the small passions of one selfish heart.

XIV. MEN AND MEASURES.

The ancient metropolis of Hungary—the city of Pesth, was in a fever of delight and exultation at the expulsion of the invaders. That gallant populace, that had first proclaimed independence and freedom, —that had backed Kossuth in hurling the lingering despotism in the dust, and had enacted bloody retribution on the unhappy Lemberg—was almost mad with joy;—the feeling of nationality was intense—clusters of Hungarian flags fluttered from every steeple, or drooped and waved from almost every window in the streets. The town was a perpetual carnival—the national troops were cheered wherever they appeared—each individual soldier was an object of enthusiasm.

But on the opposite bank of the Danube, (the right) towered the fortress of Buda. Not a sound came across the waters in answer to the loud jubilation of the sister city—whi the great banner of imperial Austria waved sullen and haughty over its stern and silent towers. The black range of its artillery was pointed downward, over Pesth, and a shower of death might momentarily cool in blood the fierceness of that patriotic joy. That banner was an insult to the pride and power of the people. And day by day, and hour by hour, anxious and indignant eyes glanced upward at the overhanging outrage and impending ruin.

Görgey well knew this feeling, and understood the impression his advance and the fall of Buda would effect.

Kossuth, who knew of how little value in a strategical point of view that event would prove, and who felt the full and fatal force of the delay in operating against the Austrians—urged strenuously the abandonment of the design—but in vain—Görgey refused to obey—and the feeling of the army and the populace was with him.

Every general acted on a plan of his own —each trying to outvie the other, and become *the* hero. Bem would take no instructions, except from Kossuth. Perczel refused obedience to the War Office. Dembinski, the veteran general of Poland, who commanded in Upper Hungary, would take no orders from any one at all, and threatened to throw up his command, if interfered with. And Görgey was but the more resolved on carving out a line of independant action for himself—by the attempted interference of Kossuth. He would not owe his actions to the inspirations of another—let another have the glory of the plan, and be merely the machine to carry it into execution.

The Diet, too, which had dwindled into insignificance during the period of danger, now rapidly rose in numbers and assurance —the Halls of Debrezin were full—and even the Upper House, the Magnates, condescended to take their places, since success had sanctified the movement. They forthwith set about debating, and passing resolutions —and the democratic and aristocratic elements began to clash. The Magnates, who had borne no part in the great movement, now came to interfere, for the purpose of crushing whatever of democratic elements existed in the new Assembly. The deliberations of this body distracted, and, therefore, weakened the public mind—and, while themselves mere tools of individuals, they assumed an obstructive power which cramped the operations in the field, and might justly disgust the bold, firm, soldier-like views of Görgey. Indeed, the latter might see that crippled and controlled by such men, little was to be effected in the field, and might excuse his own ambition to himself, by the desire of freeing the military arm of his country from everything that could intercept the vigour of its blows. An important truth is here read us, that *in times of crisis and rapid action, all deliberative bodies, all assemblies, and conventions entail the certain ruin of a movement.*

Kossuth, on the other hand,—saw equally that distracted and divided councils must ensure destruction. He, too, desired to produce the harmony of universal obedience to a central authority, and that uniformity in the plan and execution of military operations, which could alone bring the national power with effect upon the enemy. When, therefore, he found the mutinous spirit, the conflicting plans, of the generals,—when, above all, he found that Görgey, whom he feared, persisted in disobeying him; when he found that, by turning on Buda, the end of the war was thrown off to a distant and indefinite period—he issued a proclamation of which the following are the principal features.

(To be Continued in our next.)

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

To the Working-men.—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent; but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all strikes and trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to ERNEST JONES, care of Mr. PAVEY, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

I. THE FACTORY MASTERS AT PUDSEY.

Fresh modes of oppression, extortion, and downright thievery from the working-man, are brought to light every day. In the Pudsey factories it is a practice to fine a workman (or woman) for being five minutes behind time, one penny; ten minutes, two-pence; half-an-hour, three-pence, and if till the next meal-time, three-pence—besides being brought up before those in authority, to account for your absence! *According to the two first standards*, putting the day's work at ten hours, *the weaver's work is worth ten shillings the day*' or THREE POUNDS *the week, instead of which he receives* TWO SHILLINGS AND NINE-PENCE, as shown in the last number of the "Notes."

But, while the "free and independent workman" is so punished for being five minutes too late, there is no punishment for the master for keeping him five minutes (or thrice five minutes) too long. It is customary to *run overtime*, perhaps A QUARTER OF AN HOUR each day, which will amount to a great deal of time in a year, where so many workmen are employed.

Not one farthing is allowed the workman for that over-time! So the master gains by the loss of time in the morning—and then, after taking money from the workman for short time in that morning, takes over-time in the evening, and gives him nothing for it!

Another mode by which the grossest extortion is practised, is by means of a rule that, "if a weaver put too little weft in a piece, the wage shall be deducted according to the deficiency." But who are the judges? the masters themselves, to be sure! The protestations of the poor weavers go for nothing. The vilest and most insulting tyranny is enacted in this way, and the wage of the weaver is reduced at will.

A new kind of extortion began in Pudsey about a month since, and is now in active operation. A holiday was going to take place, that the mill might be cleaned down. The foreman sent a person round to gather in the weavers' measures, "that," said he, "they might not be lost during the confusion: but when the mill went on again, each weaver was given *a new measure*, and behold, *each measure was two "picks" too small!*—"and," said this very conscientious foreman, "we want all our goods lighter, therefore you must put one pick less in,"—that is, for every half inch. As a matter of course, the wages were lowered accordingly—the weavers are, by these shameless means, doing more work for less wages, and yet all is so ordered, that there is no appearance before the public eye, of a reduction of wages having taken place in the factory.

The systematic plunder is carried on further: the COTTON-WARP-DRESSERS are paid by the "Cut." A "Cut" is thirty yards long. But they are *regularly* defrauded in the following manner: the masters buy warps TWELVE cuts long, instead of *ten*, which is the proper length. *These the work-people have been compelled to divide into ten parts*, each cut being of course several yards longer than usual, and yet *they have got paid only for ten!* But further still is this robbery carried: in this state they have been handed down to the weaver, who has thus to weave *twelve* cuts, or pieces, for the price of *ten*. * * *

Our correspondent graphically sums up the lamentable position of the weaver in the following words:

"His first grievance is, that he toils to enrich others, and yet remains poor himself.

"Secondly, that he is placed in such circumstances, *that he cannot bargain for terms*, but is compelled to take what the factory lord offers.

"Thirdly, that the wiest of men, the most obsequious tools of tyranny,—men who will stoop to the meanest and dirtiest tricks, are too generally made foremen, and receive their £2 or £3 per week, to enable the employer to rob his hands.

"Can we wonder at the sufferings of the poor, at the plunder of the rich, when men of the most intense selfishness have the most unlimited power? How many will be the pilferings to pile up those colossal fortunes—how cunning the trickery to hide the means! Our social system gives free play to the two vilest features of sin, selfishness and oppression on the one side, and hypocrisy and meanness on the other!"

II. THE FELLOWSHIP PORTERS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Another labournote rises in complaining. Section after section of the better paid trades are being swept into the gulf of destitution. More and more we are approaching to A UNIFORM LEVEL OF WAGES, *measured by the lowest standard*. In recent numbers we have shewn some of these onslaughts on the better paid trades, as, for instance, the London Building trades, the Tin-plate-workers, the Miners, &c. Entire trades are being swept away, and an amalgamation of their work is being effected with that of others,—making one set of men do the work of two sets. Of course, the encroachments are made very slily and quietly—by *indirect* reductions and innovations, and by swamping the more obscure portions of the working orders. We instanced the Coal-whippers of London in a recent number—this week we can record the superseding of another body of men. The "Fellowship Porters" of the City of London, are a body of men numbering 2,800, whose existence (though of immemorial standing as a body of working men) is hardly known to the working public. Their duty is, to be in constant attendance to assist the City Meter, in the just admeasurement of all corn and merchandise admeasurable, arriving within the port of London. They are under bond for good behaviour and the skilful performance of their duty. Their wages are fixed by the Court of Common Council.

The uncertainty of arrivals, and the loss of time, leaves them subject to great privations; they are compelled to go to any distance, and pay the expense of waterage, without making any extra charge, whether the quantity be large or small; and are left at last without the means of providing for old age. Precarious as is their livelihood, it is being taken from them, and the dock labourers are employed to work with the City Meter, and strike the bushel. Thus another body of men are thrown from a superior position into the gulf of low-paid, precarious labour—another wave of competitive surplus is thrown into the still greatning lake of toil—ruined themselves, to help to ruin others.

The Fellowship Porters are appealing to the public for support and sympathy. Hopeless effort! The only public that will *sympathise* is the working public, and their isolated plaint is drowned in the great sigh of suffering. May they, however, take their place in the new, the great, crusade of labour against capital.

III. THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLLIERS AND MINERS,

WITH AN ADDRESS TO THE ASSOCIATION.

The Colliers and Miners of North Staffordshire have laid the basis of a "National Association for the promotion and welfare of Operative Colliers and Miners in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Berwick-upon-Tweed."

The plan of government is admirably arranged. It is to consist of a perfect parliament, and an executive, elected and delegated by the entire body. Each colliery is to form a constituency, and to send its representatives. Local and general boards are to keep the organized machinery in active, constant operation. Each collier, or miner, receiving assistance, is to consider himself, for the time being, a servant of the Directors, and bound to obey their instructions. I need not enlarge on the rules, as they are probably already well known to the public. Suffice it to say, that the basis is laid for a gigantic and most powerful organization of one of the great branches of national industry

All friends of progress must hail with delight the power thus called forth. We now wait to know what that power is to be directed to.

It is to counteract, in the words of the Associates, the "system of competition, the dire effects of which have fallen upon the hard-working collier and miner, producing a degradation so unworthy and undeserving such a dangerous and laborious calling, creating in the minds of sensible men a commiseration for their sufferings, and shewing the great necessity of a powerful arm to rescue and raise them to the same sphere of life which the importance of their calling demands."

There could not be a more laudable or more important object. But, permit me to drop the editorial "we," (a fashion I detest,) and to speak plainly man to man—how do you mean to achieve this result? You are, I repeat, evoking a great power—you justly admit that competition, that is, a surplus of colliers and miners have brought your wages

down—and you intend to raise your wages and to keep them up,—in one word, to do away with the effects of competition.

Now, how do you mean to connect those two things together; your power, and the doing away with the evil effects of competition?

Do you mean to combine together for the purpose of resisting a decrease, or demanding an increase of wages, and supporting those who may strike against a reduction, out of the general fund?

That is the old plan of the Trades' Union. That plan must fail. It may now and then achieve a temporary victory, but you will soon be worse off than before.

Let us then, trace the working of the plan. We will suppose your association is in full vigour, and widely extended. Competition is reducing your wages. You stand out against it. You *strike*. Now, two things are to be considered. If you stand out, the master stands out too. *Which can stand out longest?* The master, of course, as he has accumulated a fortune—and you have accumulated nothing. You would, by clubbing pence together, be able to hold out for a time—but this could not last long—since, *if the strike was general*, your body would be paying away without receiving, and that would soon come to an end; *if the strike was* NOT *general*, the master would be enabled to hold out against the men who struck, by means of the men who did *not* strike. You might calculate on the impatience of the public at the scarcity and raised price of coals and iron—but you would be relying on a reed—for ten thousand speculators would soon rise up to import coal from other quarters, or to find substitutes—the masters would meet help on all sides—and government itself would interpose to secure the production of the necessary article. This is putting the case in its most favourable light: this is supposing that every collier and miner in England struck at the same time—and this is supposing, further, that there always would remain just so many colliers and miners, and no more—that their number always continued stationary—and that this number had, as it were, a sort of monopoly of colliery and mining work. Even in this, the most extreme and favourable case for resistance, supposing that your numbers would not be increased, and that every man struck, you must be overpowered—*for you would soon starve*. Whereas, I repeat, if only a part of you struck, the working portion would be a leverage in the masters' hands to destroy the turnouts.

But, is it likely, even if every man strikes at the outset, that such perfect union should continue among you? Is it not much more likely, as has so often been the case, that detachment after detachment of your army will fall off—as cheek after cheek grows more hollow, gaunt, and pale, with hunger. They may struggle long and manfully—they may refuse the very bread of life day by day, in order not to destroy the movement—but human nature must give way at last. The wife faints by her fireless hearth, the babe dies on the milkless breast—"bread! bread!" is the feeble cry of those you love best—"My terms or death!" is the inexorable fiat of the masters. If you yield, you will at least have food and shelter—you will snatch your wife and children from the grave—Will you tell me that human nature will not conquer there?—When the question comes: "which do you love best—your brother-workman or your wife and child!"—When the question comes: "shall your brother-workman work for a little less wages, or will you bend over the cold corpses of your wife and children?"—Which do you think the working-man will choose? By heaven! he would hardly be a man if he hesitated—and your strike will go to the winds—your union will be broken up!

But I am still putting the most favourable case. I am still supposing that there are a given number of colliers and miners in the world, and that this number can never grow larger. But you *admit* that competition, or surplus hands, have brought your wages down. What will you do, if MORE HANDS are brought into your labour market? Suppose that, when you strike against a reduction, a thousand new hands are introduced into some collieries in the north, and another thousand in the south, and another thousand in another place, and so on. What will you do then? Can you prevent their coming? PREVENT *Misery in other trades, before you think of preventing men from other trades supplanting you in yours.* Now, what will your combination to keep up wages do? Ask yourself this question! Answer it for the love of heaven! and till you have answered it satisfactorily, pause, lest you should misdirect your energies!

Remember, the masters will go into the rural districts—there machinery is driving the agricultural labourers from work. The labourers are starving and dying. They will offer them work in the mine at wages higher than the landlord gave them—yet lower than yours—they will seize the offer with avidity—they will be bound in contracts—they will come in troops—how will your union prevent it?—how will your strike be able to beat that competition down? Will your going *from* work, prevent their coming *to* it?

Remember! the gradual completion of the railways will throw the "navvies" out of work. They will be hanging over the abyss of destitution. They too will be engaged in any numbers required.

Remember! the railways are throwing the sailors of the coasting trade out of work—they too will soon be verging on the workhouse door; there again your masters can dip their hands into the competitive reserve.

Besides all this, there is the constant displacement of the factory operative—there is the driving down of the small farmer and shopkeeper into the ranks of labour—all contributing to swell those vast battalions of the surplus—which the living money-curse of England eternally marches on against the lines of labour.

Remember too,—that if you organize and combine against the masters—the masters organize and combine against you. When they attempt a reduction of wages, it will not be the mad impulse of a moment—they will have laid their plans, and made their preparations long beforehand. They will have been looking out for their reserves of labour—they will have laid in a reserve supply of coal or ore—they will have been raising more than the usual amount of scores—they will watch a suitable state of the market—they will be able to choose the time and ground of battle *most* convenient to themselves, and *least convenient to you*,—and at that hour, and on that battle-field you will have to wage the unequal and hopeless fight.

Now then, my dear friends! weigh these observations well! While *they* are bringing new elements into the field, *you* are merely combining the old—*they* strengthen themselves every hour—you weaken yourselves because they cut the sinews of your power, (wages)—you spend from a purse that is unreplenished—they *add to the competitive surplus*, while you do nothing to diminish it.

But, let us now consider, whether this noble union you are planning cannot be turned to some better account than the hopeless attempt of *doing away with the effects of competition, without doing away with the competition itself.*

There being too many miners and colliers already in existence, and plenty of workingmen from other branches of industry *ready to become colliers and miners*, enables the masters to drive your wages down. But can your association not be directed towards preventing this? Firstly, you can't prevent labourers, navvies, sailors, &c., becoming colliers and miners—that is certain. But this you can do: at the same time that these march into your field of *hireable* labour at the one end, *you can march out of it at the other*, not by giving up your calling—not by RESIGNING the field—no! far from that—but by conquering that field for yourselves — by ceasing to be hired slaves, and *by becoming your own masters*—by employing yourselves, by becoming a man on the very spot where you have been a slave.

To effect this you must look to CO-OPERATION. Instead of clubbing your pence together to support men in *idleness* on a strike, club those pence together to *set them at work.* IDLENESS IS WEAKNESS, LABOUR IS STRENGTH. Apply that money to set them at work *for themselves* in mines and collieries (I don't see why there should not be co-operative mines as well as co-operative factories), and if you cannot do that, on the land, in shops, stores, &c.

By this means, and this means only, you can thin the competitive labour-market—by this means only you can keep wages up, for the bringing surplus hands into your market drives your wages down, and by this means while your masters are bringing new hands *into* the wages-market, you will be taking *old* hands out of it; and thus, by preventing a surplus, also prevent the *effects* of a surplus—competition for work, and reduction of wages in consequence. By this means you have a prospect of emancipating some from wages thraldom altogether, and stopping the destruction of the others; and if you extend your union,—if you embrace the seamen and the "navvies," and the agricultural labourers (but this would be an after-step), you may render it unnecessary for them to walk into your shoes, and make them able to refuse the offers of your tyrants to supplant you.

Secondly, to carry these points, we must have improved laws of partnership, remove the restrictions in the way of associative combinations, and break down the laws of primogeniture, settlement, and entail, which lock up the land.

Thirdly, to enforce this, and to guard against *anti*-co-operative legislation, you must send representatives to the House of Commons, pledged to carry these measures.

Fourthly, to send such representatives to the House of Commons, you must have the vote.

Therefore, most solemnly and urgently do I implore you, now that you are starting this great National Association, not to let its strength be wasted, as has hitherto in similar instances almost always been the case; but to direct its funds, numbers, time, talent, and energy to A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL MOVEMENT, upon a National basis, instead of a mere union of your trade, based on the machinery of strikes.

Just imagine the power you would have, if all the colliers and miners of Great Britain were to form ONE GREAT CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, having one common fund, one common centre, and every month emancipating *some* wages-slaves, at least, from the thraldom of capital.

Just imagine the result you might obtain, if you were by these means to seat some real democrats in the legislature, to urge laws in

the interest of Co-operation. Think, how class-influence would stand in awe of the growing social power *which was backed by a growing political power at the same time.*

Pardon me for having thus drawn your attention to the position of your body. I trust you will not accuse me of presumption in so doing—I have but responded to your own invitation. The two paths are open to you: to follow in the old jog-trot road of previous Trades' Unions—to commit the old error, ending in the old defeat, waste, apathy, and prostration,—or to start a movement based on a right principle, which must infallibly insure a great result—a movement such as you have the means of starting, which might shatter monopoly to pieces down to its very foundations.

Moreover, seek to extend your association—to embrace other trades—don't make your Union exclusive. Send off delegates, at least to the seamen and railway labourers, and address the agricultural labourers who dwell in your mining districts.

Make your movement national indeed! A giant of labour has at last awakened—a strong, healthy stalwart arm of toil is raised above the dull level of the sleeping masses. The elements of a vast union are there, for already colliers and seamen have united in the north. Let the link spread to the mines of Wales and Cornwall—to the seamen of Devonport and Yarmouth—of Liverpool and Sunderland—of London and Aberdeen—my word for it, the factory slaves of the north and midland will be marching at your side, and then capital is at your feet.

But oh! the value—the inestimable value—of a right understanding now—of a start in the right direction. The noblest relic of down-trodden stalwart labour may be saved to progression, or frittered away in a misguided organisation, useless to itself, and a drag-chain on all the rest.

Oh God! that I had a tongue of fire and a voice of thunder, to make you hear these truths! for TRUTHS THEY ARE!!

As it is, I use the little means I have. Command these pages and their author, as if they were your *own.* All you that read these remarks, and agree with them, don't rest satisfied with quiet, silent sanction; but go abroad, and preach, and warn and guide: argue with the doubter, urge the wavering, rouse the apathetic. The last, greatest, strongest field of labour is opening up to action; let its strength not waste itself in idle weeds.

ERNEST JONES.

The Co-operative Movement.

[Much matter it was very desirable to have inserted this week is omitted to make room for the following letter, owing to its rather unusual length, being wishful of not allowing the least delay in admitting Mr. Neale's second reply. To that reply I now invite the careful and deliberate attention of the reader. The length of the letter precludes the possibility of answering it in the same number, without detriment to the other features of this periodical; but the reader will thereby have the advantage of considering Mr. Neale's arguments by themselves, without any other claim on his attention relative to the important question of Co-operation. Next week I will endeavour to answer Mr. Neale.—E. J.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "NOTES TO THE PEOPLE."

SIR,—In consequence of my absence for a time from the neighbourhood of London, I have but just now seen the observations which appears in your 24th No. upon the important question of Co-operation, in reply to my remarks upon the same subject. I have to thank you both for the ready admission which you have accorded to my letter, and for the courteous invitation which you give me to address to you any further communication I may think proper upon the topics contained in it. I avail myself with the more readiness of your offer, because from the character of the article in your second number, to which you refer me, but which had not before fallen under my notice, as well as from the nature of your reply, I think that I see the grounds of the difference between us, and as I, like yourself, wish to be refuted if I am wrong, and to write not for victory but for truth, I think that the cause of Co-operation may be really benefited by continuing the discussion.

The difference between us rests, I believe, at bottom upon two grounds. First: You look upon the Co-operative movement from the point of view natural to a man so long familiar with the antagonistic feelings engendered in political contests—as a hostile move of the poor against the rich—a "holy crusade of labour against capital." I look upon it as a movemnet essentially conciliatory, growing out of those

noble aspirations of true charity (*not almsgiving*) which form the glory and the strength of Christianity, tending to bind together classes now opposed, to blend interests now divergent, to build up without roughly pulling down, to transform without destroying, and in the beautiful language of our greatest living poet, to

> "Ring *out* the thousand wars of old,
> Ring *in* the thousand years of peace."

To you the Genius of Co-operation is Minerva with helmet, spear, and ægis; to me she is the same Goddess of Wisdom, but bearing the olive-branch twined with wool.

It is not wonderful that one to whom Co-operation appears under so warlike a garb, should dwell much on the strength of the adverse party, and ask his friends eagerly, are your weapons good enough and abundant enough for the contest? Are your ranks sufficiently closed? Are you ready for the attack? Such accordingly appears to be the object of those remarks, by which you endeavour to show that the co-operative movement is in danger of being destroyed by others; and I confess, that if I believed that there was much likelihood of your attaining the political changes which you seek, I should be very much disposed to share your apprehensions. If the feeling of stability and security which our existing institutions produce among the classes who have most to loose should be materially shaken, as I much fear that in the present state of English society it would be, by such measures as your political allies propose, I should apprehend what I see in France,—vexatious laws or legal proceedings directed against the associations, commercial combinations formed with a view to destroy them; while the evils under which the workmen of the present day suffer would be aggravated, by the want of work arising from the paralysis of trade, and the increased burdens of taxation arising from the enormous increase of the military force, to which history with one voice tells us that political convulsions invariably lead. I augur a better destiny for England, in great measure because I believe that the good sense of the majority of the population, now alike destitute of political power and social rights, is teaching them rapidly, and surely, the vastly great importance of the latter over the former; that they are daily becoming more alive to the comparatively little good to be derived from the possession of the "ten thousandth part of a master of tongue fence," in what Carlyle too disparagingly calls "the great assembly of palaver;" more satisfied that, in the words of Tenqueray, the true republic for them is the *republic in the workshop*,—more convinced, that the *most certain*, if not the quickest road to that political power, which the thoughtful reasonably desire as the natural inheritance of freemen, lies in working out their own social emancipation, by the wise and persevering use of the resources which they possess their in own industrial energies; aided, as assuredly such exertions, if made in the conciliatory spirit of true socialism, will be, more and more during each succeeding year, by the mighty stores of accumulated labour, the capital now in the hands of numbers of our own countrymen of various creeds and divers political sects, but to whom the elevation of the mass of the population to a position worthy of freemen lies close at heart, if only they could see the way. Oh, Sir, believe me, the divine lessons of Christianity have not been preached so many centuries in our country wholly in vain. The spirit of *genuine fellowship* is spread among the richer classes of this land, far more widely than you appear to think. Witness the magnificent array of benevolent institutions,—the hospitals, the asylums, the churches, the schools, the libraries, the scientific institutions,—reared within the last half century by their voluntary exertions, administered by their persevering unpaid efforts. Facts everywhere are against you when you speak of the probability of a systematic attempt in England to suppress the associative movement by legal means. So far from it, there is every probability that another session will not pass without laws being enacted to facilitate it. A Bill is at this moment in the hands of the President of the Board of Trade for that very purpose,—a Bill which he has pledged himself to introduce, though the period of the last session at which the promise was made prevented its being then fulfilled. Look at the Report of Mr. Slaney's Committee on the Law of Partnership, the evidence given before it, and the names of those who composed it. Consider the variety of notices favourable to associative progress which now begin to show themselves in the public papers, and of which you may see a collection almost every week in the *Leader*. Weigh well the important conclusions of Mr. Stewart Mill, the first of modern political economists in favour of association, and the admissions even of the *Economist* newspaper that facilities ought to be given for the trial of the plan. Consider the degree of encouragement given to Mr. Minter Morgan's proposals for the establishment of his self-supporting villages, or the published list of noblemen and others influential by wealth, station, and talent, who have come forward as the promoters of an association of needlewomen on a scale large enough to afford a reasonable hope of success in that most difficult of associative enterprises. Consider these "signs of the times," and I think you will see reason to modify your apprehensions of systematic opposition on the part of the wealthy and powerful classes of this country to the elevation of the poorer class by means of associated efforts.

But why speak of these signs of approval only,' when we have actual evidence in the

support obtained from these richer classes of associations already formed, that there exists a strong disposition to encourage them? You reply, if the associative movement has found support, so has its opposite; if the Castle-street tailors have flourished in the last year, Moses and Son have flourished yet more. Surely there lurks a fallacy in this argument. Moses and Son are in possession; their establishment is of long standing; it commands a capital probably of as many thousands as the tailors in Castle-street have tens of pounds. Doubtless their establishment is conducted with great administrative ability. To tell me that Moses and Son increase, is to tell me what, in the natural course of things, I should expect. Who could imagine that the existence of a union of some thirty tailors with a capital of a few hundred pounds would check their progress, in a town which gives employment to at least 30,000 tailors in the spring, of whom probably 15,000 are out of work, "food for powder,"—fit materials to keep up the sweating system in the autumn? Before such a change can be produced through association, in the condition of the mass of the population, as would render the sweating system impossible, by leaving none who will submit to be sweated, long years must elapse, and many such associations as that in Castle-street must have arisen, and grown, and continued their efforts, as under the free development of the associative principle, if it be not impeded by the convulsive movements of political agitation, they will arise, and grow, and combine. *The question really is, not what may now grow up besides associations of working men, but whether these cannot grow up;—whether, if they grow up, they will not have the beneficial effects which those who advocate them say that they will.* That there is no probability of the richer classes preventing their growth by laws directed against them, but quite the contrary I think that I have sufficiently shown. That without such laws the individual opposition of those who may have an especial interest in opposing them *cannot* stop their progress, is proved by the growth of the French associations in spite of the bitterness of feeling engendered between the different classes of society by the political revolutions through which that great country has recently had to pass, in its progress, I trust, towards a state of things where personal liberty shall be as happily combined with deference for authority as is the case in our own country. I have under my eyes a recent notice of some of the most remarkable of those most encouraging bodies, written by Mr. Andre Cochut, one of the editors of the *National*, which brings the account of their progress down to a very recent date, and were it not that I am afraid of extending this communication to an unreasonable length, would extract some of the interesting statistics of their growth. As it is, I will observe only that they answer at once two of your positions,—the notion that associations cannot arise and flourish except under the fostering care of a legislature bent on promoting their extension, and the notion that if left to develop themselves freely, they must necessarily degenerate into small exclusive knots of workmen, who endeavour to acquire wealth for themselves at the expense of others.

The last remark leads naturally to the second ground of difference which exists between us, in our judgment of the present associative movement, your idea of an inherent iniquity in the taking of what you call profits, with the kindred notion that there is something itself wrong in competition; and your proposition, in consequence, of a species of union by which you hope to extinguish the one and the other of these evils.

Now, Sir, as to your plan, it is not a novelty. It has a well-known name, and that name is *Communism*; though I confess, that few, if any, so far as I know, have had the boldness to propose *Communism on such a gigantic scale of impracticability.* Mr. Owen at least had no such audacity. *His* Communism is limited to unions of at most 2,000 persons, living together under the same external circumstances, forming one family, with united interests among themselves, but who, as to all the rest of the world, were free to act as they might judge most for their own advantage, under certain general rules. *Your* Communism proposes to embrace indefinite numbers, scattered over an indefinite extent of country. *He* was contented with modifying human nature. *Your* system would require also the recasting of the physical constitution of the earth. Let me follow the plan in anticipation, for a moment, into detail, and, comparing myself modestly to the United Kingdom, suppose Devonshire and Galway having a common purse, out of which the inhabitants of both are to have a "decent maintenance" in comfort and competence. Very pleasant, doubtless, for Galway, but less so for Devonshire. "We give you all we have," says Galway, "our rags and our potatoes; we take all we want of your beef and your money, your cider and your corn." Lincolnshire, again, we may picture with its alluvial plains, standing in the like pleasing relation to the stony pastures of Wales as Devonshire to Galway, so Midlothian to the Hebrides. And in either case the inhabitants of each country are of course to be satisfied that the inhabitants of the other are giving to the common society all they ought,—all their time and all their energies. Certainly, to borrow your expression, your scheme partakes of the comic. But to be serious. The arguments for and against Communism, when divested of such exaggerations, have been so often discussed, and involve so many considera-

tions, that I am unwilling to enter upon them here. Nevertheless, that I may not be misunderstood, I wish briefly to state what I approve and what I disapprove in the system. I conceive, then, that Communism asserts a great truth, a great principle of *individual* action; the principle that every man ought to devote all his faculties of mind, body, and estate to do good to the society in which he lives, working *from* himself *outwards*, not *inwards to* himself, benefiting indeed, from the necessity of the conditions under which he works, his own immediate circle first and most, but striving always to extend his sphere of action as widely as his opportunities allow, so as to include a greater circle of good within it. You have said the same thing when you say, "Every man owes to society all he has." But the whole value of this principle depends on its being *willingly* accepted. It has its home in the spiritual depths of our being. It is the utterance of *Love*, which "is not strained;" which cannot bear constraint. Now Communism attempts to conjure down this subtle spirit—this Promethean fire—into the iron form of *Law:* and in so doing annihilates it; substituting for the living body, social, with its manifold members, each with his separate office, its diverse operations, its peculiar dignity, the foot to walk, and the hand to handle, and the eye to see, and the brain to think, but all with a common sympathy, * a mass of atoms mechanically held together, by pressure from without,—for conscience, the will of the majority—for the sense of duty, pains and penalties. The Communistic *spirit* is beautiful in the individual, who *freely* imparts what he possesses to others; but the Communistic *law* is odious in the body who would *compel* the individual to impart what he possesses to them, without considering that if it is his duty to serve them, it is no less theirs to reward his services according to their greatness.

I object, then, to your plan from the principle involved in it. Were it not so, I should object to your proposal for laying out the profits arising from the business carried on by the associations in land, as the least advantageous way in which they could possibly be invested; land being one of the dearest commodities which exists in England. But enough on this head, I proceed to the question of value.

You have deduced your definition from your communistic principle, and have done well to do so. In no other state of things than one in which the arbitrary sameness of communism was substituted for the free variety of nature, could it hold good for a moment; and even under that system nature would beat you.

"Pitch her out if you will; she will ever return."

Yet, as in your communistic plans, so here there is, in my judgment, a portion of truth. I expected you to give the definition you have given. I am ready to admit that the labour bestowed upon producing any article does constitute the natural standard of its value to the maker, if he is disposed to part with it, and conscientiously wishes to ask no more than he thinks it worth. But you forget the proverb, "there go *two* to making a bargain." The labour which I have bestowed may limit the amount which I ask, but how can it be sure that it will determine the amount which you will give. To make a pair of boots costs A 40 hours, but B can make an equally good pair in 20 hours. Suppose time introduced, and I believe that in association it will ere long be introduced, as a standard of comparison for the purpose of exchange; yet is it not clear that if A and B each asks only the time it cost him, as the condition of selling the boots, A will not sell his at all. Again, B and C make, indeed, their boots in the same number of hours, but C's boots are better made than B's; still the same difficulty; if B asks the same price as C, he will not obtain purchasers, provided that they can obtain C's work. But suppose this not to be the case; suppose only A's or B's boots are to be got, the purchaser, rather than go without boots, might be willing to give A's or B's price. On the other hand, even if there were no competition between A, B, and C, but all made boots equally well, and equally quickly, yet if any circumstance had induced them to make more boots than they could easily find a sale for, they might be induced, rather than let them lie on hand, to offer them at less than the cost price, and thus the old principle would be found at work, the value of the boots *i.e.* the price which could be obtained for them would depend on the wants and means of the buyer.

But if the seller must thus necessarily be liable sometimes to obtain less than the labour price of his articles, if, after all, the comparative excellence and abundance of the article must determine the price which he can obtain, where is the injustice of leaving it to determine also the price which he shall ask? If he is compelled to submit to the law of supply and demand *when it tells against him*, why is he to be precluded from availing himself of it *when it tells for him;* why is he not to reap the advantages which his superior judgment, or knowledge, or skill, enable him to derive from the *free* acts of those whom he offers to supply, when he must bear the loss which the want of those qualities may occa-

* So that the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of thee, &c. See 1 Cor. xii. 12 to 26,—a passage, as well as the succeeding chapter, full of the profoundest instruction.

sion, from the like exercise of their freedom? Now this advantage would be his profit.

I do not deny that in a system of associated labour, the desire to deal with perfect justness, and to avoid all temptation to the higgling of the market would probably lead to a general custom of adding in *all cases*, to the actual labour cost, an uniform per centage according to some agreed rate, in order to cover the risk of loss; and that the advantage derived from successful enterprize would depend mainly upon the quantity sold, not on any large addition to the price. The French associations of cabinet-makers has, I know, adopted such a rule, taking the customary earnings of those employed in their trade when they commenced operations, as the measure of the value of their labour. This conduct is very creditable to them as a moral body; but as earnings are estimated by money which is in itself a changeable standard, having its own value fixed by the same law of supply and demand, and bearing no fixed relation to the labour employed in any case, the attempt to arrive at anything like a true standard of value by any other means than the market price of the article becomes at the present time utterly impossible. The needlewoman's time measured in money, is valued at less than ½d. an hour, the slop-working tailors at 1d. to 1½d., the food producing agriculturist at 2d., the artizans at 3d., 4d., 6d., up, perhaps, to a shilling, to say nothing of those occupations in which the work is more of the head than of the hand; which of all the varied rates of value assigned to time, as measured by money in the United Kingdom, are we to take as the true standard of the price lawful to be asked, while to ask a farthing more is robbery? Are we to take the standard now prevailing in each case as the just standard in that case? But this is dependant mainly upon the price generally obtained for the kind of article which each set of workers is employed in making; and the price has been fixed by the law of supply and demand, under the pressure of competition, so that the price which it is *robbery to ask*, will, after all, be fixed by the same rule as the price which I suppose you would say it is *robbery to refuse*. Certainly the operation of your principle, if followed out in its details, leads to results "partaking of the comic." The bricklayer and carpenter build a house for the shoemaker, and charge him for their time 5s. a day, their average rate of wages. The shoemaker's day, valued at his usual wages, is worth 2s., but there has been another 6d., which has been used to go into the pocket of his employer as profit. Now, that he works for himself, he seeks to put this into his own pocket, and forthwith you raise a hue-and-cry against him as a ROBBER. It is no robbery for the bricklayer and carpenter to ask him 5s. a day for their labour, but because the shoemaker has been driven down by adverse circumstances, to accept 2s. only for his day, he his a robber for asking of them 2s. 6d.! Surely you cannot seriously maintain such absurdities; yet, unless you can persuade all the working men of England who enter into association to reduce their wages to one level, namely, that of the worst paid trade, such must be the consequence of your positions as to that part of the price of goods called profit, if the good sense of the people allowed them to be led away by such fallacies.

As it is with your outcry against profits, so it is with that against competition. There is, no doubt, a false competition,—false because conducted in a spirit disregardful of the welfare of others, in which one powerful trader or manufacturer strives to crush a weaker rival. To this sort of competition, from which the working-class now so cruelly suffer, owing to its tendency continually to reduce their earnings, for the same amount and kind of work, the fact that in association, the associates by whom the competition must be carried on, would be themselves the direct sufferers from it, that there would be no governing class interposed who might gain while they lost, must alone be a sufficient check. While in the central institutions, to which the spirit of association naturally leads, a further way of escape can be provided, without falling into communism, by placing within the reach of all facilities for procuring materials, and the sale of products, so that the stronger associations may cease to have any unfair advantage over the maker.

But there is also a *healthy competition* arising from the comparison of different objects consequent upon freedom of exchange, which is an indispensable accompaniment of improvement, if not a condition of it. And from such a competition the associations ought not to wish to be delivered if they could, and could not if they would. A few words, before I conclude, upon the objection which you raise to my doctrine as to principle of exchangeable value, from its supposed operation in such a case as that of a scarcity of food. It is a common error on the part of those who attack this doctrine, which rests upon the assumption of a *free* choice by those who make the exchange, to put a case in which the one party is *not free*, and then declaim against the barbarity of the doctrine. Not that, even in that case, the doctrine ceases to be true, if applied abstractedly to the value of the object. For the value of the necessaries of life is infinite to one who

wishes to live. "All that a man has will be give for his life." But when the condition necessary to make the wants and means of the buyer a *just* measure of value, namely his freedom to take or leave, is wanting, it becomes a moral duty on the part of the seller not to avail himself of this accidental value, given to the goods by the position of the buyer: or if, to avoid greater evils, he is obliged to ask it, to compensate the buyer in some other way. Parallel cases may easily be adduced. I presume you will not contend that the owner of a merchant vessel can be required, in general, to admit passengers on board, on any other terms than what he thinks fit to ask. You will not allege that one man is bound to build a ship in order to convey other people. But what if he fell in with the crew of a vessel sinking in mid ocean, and refused to take them on board unless they gave him up all their property?

The remarks just made apply to the case now put of the wages of the workmen. They are often no just measure of the value of his services, because the alternative of refusing them is starvation. But let the workman have other means of obtaining the necessaries of life, and the case is altered. Abuse in the application of a rule is no argument against its use. To sum up shortly the questions between us, I defend the present associative movement, because it is thoroughly peaceful and practical; because I believe it to be capable of conferring very great benefits on the mass of the population, even in its present condition; and because I conceive, that by means of the central institutions which will naturally grow out of it, it may be made to confer upon them benefits greater still.

I have complained of your attack upon it as an utter misrepresentation of the spirit in which the movement has been commenced, and is being carried on.

And as displaying an ignorance of the conditions under which, from the nature of things, commercial exchange must be conducted.

You have certainly adduced nothing in reply, which alters my opinion.

You refer me to arguments by which you attempt to demonstrate that associations cannot be formed, in face of the facts that they have been formed and are prospering.

You leave untouched the arguments by which I show that, even tho' the associations should compete with each other, they would confer great benefits upon the working population, and merely repeat that competition among them is possible.

I ask you, as the accuser, to produce me any association of which the rules do not provide for the admission of new associates. You reply by saying that the managers have generally a check on their admission, and by asserting that the number of members "is kept almost stationary, at least among those that have flourished, because the members do not like to share the loaves and fishes," an assertion of which you adduce no proof; and which, if true as to the fact of the numbers in any case, will, I believe, always be found to have arisen from the want of sufficient capital to procure employment for more.

Lastly, in your attempt to answer what I have said as to value, you leave my argument untouched, and amuse yourself principally with the repetition of your former assertions, or with pleasantries, of which the point consists in imputing to me the positions I am endeavouring to refute, and then charging me with the inconsistencies in which I have shown that they involve you.

I had hoped for a more earnest treatment of the great questions involved in the present Associative Movement from you; I hope my present letter may elicit it.

In some respects, indeed, I would thank you for your energetic denunciation of the mistaken remedy of strikes; for keeping before the associates the moral duty of using their newly acquired gains, to extend the advantages which association can confer as fast, and as widely as possible, and for urging upon them the great importance of union. You would do then a further kindness if you would press upon them also, the necessity of allying themselves with capital on just terms, and of duly remunerating head work.

But the union under which associations can flourish must be consistent with individual freedom. It must be no slavery under the name of unity. In a combined fleet each vessel should be always ready to support and assist the rest, all will thus gain in power and security. But each must be distinct, the advice that they should be *lashed together*, in order to avoid all chances of separation or collision, may be the advice of a sincere friend, but clearly of no sailor.

I am, Sir,

A friend to Co-operation,

EDWARD VANSITTART NEALE.

Lincoln's Inn, Oct. 28th, 1851.

A PEDLAR, calling on a old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar had ever travelled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, which no pedlar has ever travelled (the pedlar's countenance brightened) and that's—the road to heaven."

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.

II.—The Young Milliner.

III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

IV.—The Lady of Title.

(Continued from page 552)

These words were spoken in a subdued and cautious tone, which, probably, was the reason why the dog did not recognise the speaker, for he darted towards Latchman, but suddenly his head was bowed to the ground.

"Here, Castor—here, my boy!"

The noble animal raised its head without misgiving; the next moment it uttered a faint, broken cry, and rolled over dead.

"On!" said the robber to those behind.

"Is it really dead?"

"Look!" Latchman had cut its throat.

They were now under the window of the counting-house, which was on the first floor.

"Plant the ladder," continued the same voice that had hitherto issued every order; "and you, Jack, mount first, because of the glass."

One of the three men mounted forthwith.

"You remain on watch, Peter. Give the alarm at the least danger."

"Never fear."

"Lest you should be seen, hide yourself in that tool-house. You can see all about you, from there. You, Haspen, come with me."

They mounted the ladder, Haspen first.

Jack had in the meantime reached the window, and a pane of glass was taken out by him with marvellous dexterity.

"None but a glazier could have done that!"

"Silence, Haspen!"

The glasier had entered the room through the window, the other two followed in their turn, and vanished in the interior. The window was forthwith closed behind them.

During several minutes the yard remained in complete silence, save the perpetual dropping of the rain from the roofs, and the whistling of the wind around the deserted sheds.

The clock struck one.

Suddenly the sound of hurried footsteps reverberated against the walls—a key grated in a lock, and a man entered the yard.

A quick and slight whistling resounded from the shed where Peter watched, and straightway human shadows appeared against the casement of the first floor; a head even became visible,—leant, listened, and as swiftly disappeared.

All sunk in the same silence as before.

Meanwhile the man who had entered the yard passed across it, in the direction of the house. The human shadows reappeared at the window, but another whistle as slight and wild, it might have been taken for the wintry wind, was heard from the shed, and the shadows vanished.

The stranger had now arrived in a line with the tool-house where Peter was concealed. It was Barrowson's partner, who lived on the premises, returning from a party.

"The careless scoundrels!" he muttered, seeing the door of the tool-house open; "there are tools there that the rain would rust," and he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

A few steps further on, he knocked against the ladder by which the robbers had mounted.

"A ladder too! Haven't I told them always to put them away? Leant against the wall too, as though it was to show thieves the road!"

With these words he took the ladder down laid it flat upon the ground, and entered his lodgings to retire for the night.

More than ten minutes now elapsed without any signs of life, when a quick, short whistle again sounded from the tool-house. Forthwith the window of the counting-house opened.

"Curse it, the ladder is gone!" said Haspen, leaning over the wall.

"And Peter is shut in—we can't get down."

"Then we're taken!" exclaimed the glazier.

"Twenty feet at least—we can't jump it."

"We're lost!"

"What shall we do?"

The three men looked at each other in utter stupefaction.

"It's you—you cursed glazier, who planned our coming here," cried Haspen, clenching his fist. "If we're nabbed, you shall die by my hand."

"Don't I risk as much as you? Why did you come, if you're such a chicken-hearted rascal?"

"Silence!" said Latchman, who was the first to regain his presence of mind. "Is this a time to quarrel? Let's sooner see if we can't save ourselves."

"How? there's no chance!"

"One—and one only. This wall forms one

side of the store-room, which runs up two storeys. If we break through it, we can jump down on the heap of stores piled against the side, and we can let ourselves out that way—the outer door fastens on the inside."

"But how shall we break through the wall?"

"There are always tools kept in the little room there; give me the glim. There—d'ye see—we can set to work now."

"Shall we have time?"

"Three hours before us, at least. Quick—to work."

"And Peter?"

"We can open the door of the tool-house, when we're once below. But quick—not a moment's to lose!"

The three thieves set to work in good earnest. The loosened stones began to give way, but, for fear of making a noise, they were obliged to progress but slowly. An hour was spent thus, in nervous, anxious terror; at last, a huge stone, the removal of which seemed to ensure a passage, was pushed too heavily, and fell down into the store-room with an appalling noise.

The three men stood panic-stricken.

"It's nothing! everybody's sleeping," said Latchman. "Let's see if we can pass."

"I'll try," replied the glazier, and put his head through the opening.

Without losing time in disputing precedence, his companions began to push him by the legs, but the narrow opening refused passage to the stout and thick-built robber, who struggled in vain to extricate himself.

"He'll never get through," said Latchman.

"But he must," growled Haspen, pushing him with his colossal strength.

"Help! help! you're crushing me!" exclaimed the unhappy man.

"Through! through!" cried Haspen, jamming him with terrible force.

The stones which held the glazier's body wedged, were loosened by so many efforts, and the wall from above suddenly giving way, half buried the wretched victim in the narrow opening.

"Good G—! he's crushed!" the two men cried simultaneously.

The glazier uttered no sound—his limbs became motionless.

Latchman and his companion looked at each other in silence—a terrible silence, compassing all that man can feel of agony and terror.

The legs of the body protruded into the counting-house, but the trunk and bust were hidden and wedged in the wall. The two workmen tried to release it by removing some stones, but the vice-like grasp of the masonry remained, and they vainly sought to draw the body back towards them.

More than an hour again passed, in a frenzy of despair and fear.

And already the morning twilight began to whiten in the air, and the first soft effulgence streamed across the casement, while a delicate rose colour fell upon the distant spires.

A blind fury seized Latchman and the bricklayer; the foam flaked from the mouth of the latter, the blood trickled from his hands, bruised with his long and useless efforts.

"Latchman!" he cried, mad with rage and fear, "if I dash my brains to pieces against the stones, I'll get through."

Latchman was silently busy in removing the loose masonry. His efforts shewed the more plainly their position. A large mass had formed a sort of keystone that supported the remainder. To move it, would bring down the whole, and rouse the house. Sufficient space remained for a man to pass, but that space was entirely occupied by the body of the glazier.

The two workmen saw, at a glance, that they must either withdraw the body, or wait there to be taken. But every effort to withdraw the body proved vain.

The thieves drew back discouraged.

"Impossible to get him out whole!" said Latchman, with a frenzied look. "Haspen! our life's at stake! that man is dead! *we must get him out in pieces!*"

"What do you mean?"

"There's nothing else can save us. Take your knife, and help me!"

"I cannot—No! Latchman."

"Then I must alone."

The knife flashed in the hand of the robber, and plunged into the body.

But scarcely had the blade gashed the flesh, ere a smothered shriek burst from beneath the ruin,—the body writhed convulsively, and, at a bound, disappeared through the opening.

Roused from his swoon by the sudden pain, the glazier had made one of those almost superhuman efforts, attempted only in the hour of agony, and had succeeded in forcing his way.

Haspen and his companion uttered a cry of joy, and precipitating themselves through the aperture, were soon in the store-room below. There a horrible sight awaited them. The glazier was seated on the floor, half naked and bleeding, and trying to fold up the skin of his head, which had been entirely torn down over his face. But no time was to be lost in idle pity, and the two workmen, assisting their comrade to walk, unloosened the door of the store, and were soon standing in the open yard.

Already Haspen was advancing toward the tool-house where Peter was imprisoned, his repeated signals becoming dangerously loud, as his anxiety increased with the delay—when a cry burst from the street without—a rattle was sprung—a sudden commotion arose in the

house. The bricklayer paused in fear; he looked back—the counting-house was in flames! —they had left the lantern behind them, and it had fired the wood-work.

The tread of many feet was close at hand—the keys were turning in the great gates—Latchman, Haspen, and the glazier had barely time to glide behind a shed, and escape across the wall at one end of the yard, as the police and workmen entered at the other.

But Peter remained a prisoner in the tool-house.

VI.—THE ASSIZES.

It was the middle of the assizes. The court was re-opened after an adjournment of an hour —and a dense crowd was assembled to hear the trial of the burglars who had broken into Barrowson's counting-house. The jury were resuming their places, after having copiously replenished their inner man with the relics of a substantial meal—and a throng of workless workmen, of curious loungers, and of interested thieves, were congregated on all sides.

The judge was a fat good-natured looking man, of about sixty, with a fresh colour, and a frolicsome eye; very fond of cracking a joke, and passing even sentence of death so pleasantly, as though the criminal ought to feel excessively obliged to him. He was the perfect type of that fat, round, easy, middle-class justice, that most complacently sets about vindicating public morals, and avenging public order, with the most comfortable calm of conscience, on four thousand pounds per annum.

Baron Snobtape was born of a legal family—his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been lawyers before him—and he was considered the cleverest man upon the bench. No one, like him could disconcert hardihood, or throw artifice off its guard! His great, jolly, good-natured face disarmed suspicion. No one, like him, could feign an interest in a prisoner, or put a captious question with seemingly careless indifference.

There was a great rivalry at this time between Snobtape and Baron Papergules—and, accordingly, the former had exerted all his ability on this occasion. As he shone in proving guilt, not innocence, the fate of the prisoner was certain.

In vain was the assumed stupidity of innocence—so difficult to convict of hypocrisy. In vain Latchman, who defended himself with the most brilliant cunning, had upset one piece of evidence after another, and explained away the most damning circumstances. Snobtape succeeded in making the witnesses contradict each other. In vain Peter, with heroic constancy, refused to turn queen's evidence! (what heroism and self-sacrifice there is in the world, and wasted — wasted worthlessly!)— Snobtape disconcerted cunning and courage alike—link by link he soldered the manacles around the limbs of the prisoners, and in this race between the cunning of justice and the cunning of crime —the former was gaining rapidly the victory.

An intense interest was excited by the trial —but what was its effect upon the public? That interest went with the accused, and not with the accuser! The public came to hear this struggle of intellect against despair—for life on the one side, for gain upon the other—with feelings kindred to those that take it to the playhouse. Justice was strong—and impulsive generosity took the weaker side. The narration of that night of agony in the counting-house, the thrilling tremor of the hair-breadth escape—the subsequent capture—the refusal of Peter to implicate his comrades—all caused greater interest in the criminals than horror of the crime. *Did justice gain here?* No! public feeling, like a retributive conscience, avenged in its impulsive sympathy on the stern justice of the rich, the social injustice that had forced the poor to sin. This feeling was heightened by the presence of Margaret with her two children—and grew more deep as one by one the folds were raised from that dread drama of domestic misery. But the evidence of little Catherine sealed her father's fate. The poor child was placed in the witness-box. It was a terrible sight to mark the keen, cold, long-practised intellect of the hardened lawyer, wrestling with the fond innocence of the faithful child who strove to save her father. It was hideous to hear the bland, singing tones of the old man, surprising her unguarded innocence, and breaking through her weak and fragile caution. Every confession wrested from the young girl's ignorance tied the halter closer round her father's neck.

That evidence decided the case. It is true the judge and court listened to the defence with complacent kindness. Indeed, a young barrister had received his maiden brief to defend Haspen. He was a friend and protege of Snobtape. Descended of a rich family, with large expectations, he danced and sung with the Misses Snobtape—he was a good match—and Snobtape was pushing him. Some ladies were accommodated with private seats to hear him—they were members of both families—Laura Snobtape was among them! The young lawyer made a truly pretty speech—he spoke for the ladies—he awakened tender sympathies—he delivered himself of rhetorical passages, but as to anything that could save his client's neck, not one word of the kind did he utter—or ever think of uttering. On concluding, his friends gathered round him—he was complimented on his excellent debut, and Laura Snobtape tapped him with her fan, while the jury said, "guilty," and the strong heart-broken man was called up for judgment in the presence of his wife and children.

The sentence of the court was transportation for life—and hard labour at the hulks for the first ten years. The convicts heard the sentence in motionless silence, and the public—the play once over—went away in careless hurry to seek other pastime or more profitable employment.

One woman, with two children, remained alone of all that crowd of strangers, besides the officers of the court, and one or two lawyers arranging for the next case. The prisoners were to be removed at once to the hulks. In an ante-room they were allowed to see their friends once more.

Margaret advanced to Haspen with little Mary in her arms.

"John," she said, kindly, "here are your children. Kiss them."

"Leave me alone, Margaret!" the bricklayer replied, hurriedly without raising his eyes. "Get away! Don't think about me!"

"Haspen—for the love of heaven! kiss your children!" and she pushed Catherine and Mary into their father's arms.

The latter raised his head—a savage glare shot from his eyes—the muscles of his face worked, and his large hand roughly repulsed his little children.

"Get away, woman! You have been my ruin! Away with you, all! It was to stop your cries for bread that I robbed. You have been my black angel! Get away—get away, I say! Leave me! Go—go!"

And he staggered out with his goalers.

The counsel who had defended Haspen, had entered during this scene, and beheld it with astonishment. He thought it would make a capital article for the *Legal Times*, to show "the depravity and heartlessness of the poor"—for he was a literary man as well as a lawyer. Accordingly, to glean more, he approached Margaret, who had remained, erect and motionless, before the vacant space where Haspen had just stood.

"Your husband seems to be rather rough, my good woman," said the young lawyer, carelessly twirling his golden eye-glass.

"That's true," sir," she replied, as one half-stunned, "Haspen has a rough tongue and a heavy hand."

"Then you need regret it the less, that society takes him from you, and screens you from his brutal treatment."

Margaret raised her dark eyes on the young lawyer.

"Oh! then it's society that takes my husband from me, sir?"

"Yes, my good woman—to punish and reform him."

"Then society will take care of my children, won't it?—as it takes away Haspen, who alone enabled us to live, it will replace him to us, won't it?"

The lawyer smiled.

"You don't understand, my good woman; society means all the world. All mankind are united like one great family—this family is called society,—and punishes any one of its members who injures another, the same as you would punish your little girl if she hurt her sister. Haspen has hurt a member of society, by robbing him of his rightful property, and to punish him he is sent to the hulks. Do you understand it now?"

"*Oh, yes, sir. But then why are my children and I punished, who never did any harm to anybody? For now we're without bread. Haspen will be in prison, and there he will get plenty of food; we shall be at liberty, and there we shall die of hunger.* D'ye see, we shall be worse punished than he!"

The lawyer kept twirling his eye-glass—but seemed rather at a loss for an answer.

"At last he said, "It's an unavoidable misfortune."

"But, sir, if we're all one family, as you said just now, surely this shouldn't be, If I punish my little girl because she's done wrong, I don't throw a part of the punishment on her sister. For, d'ye see, sir, taking my husband away from me for life, is the same as if he died. It would have been better had you killed him, for then I might, perhaps, have found another father for these children."

"Your husband *is* civilly dead," rejoined the lawyer, delighted at having found a means of turning the question. "You may look on yourself as a widow. If you had children by him now, they would be bastards. If he earns money before he dies you wouldn't inherit it. Henceforth, society looks on him as dead."

"Oh, then I can marry again, sir, can't I, if I find anybody who'll work to give these children bread?"

"No! not a bit—of course not," cried the lawyer, impatiently. "How stupid these working-people are!" he added, in an under tone. "They cant understand anything."

And, in truth, Margaret was too simple to understand the justice of our laws. Her learning was only COMMON SENSE!

VII.—RESULTS.

The trial of Latchman, Haspen, and their accomplices, had revealed the underhand dealings of Barrowson—had brought many things to light, of which nothing was publicly known—and had shewn the various infamous means by which he robbed the earnings of his men. He had received many public slights on this account, and altogether, a very disagreeable impression was made on the public mind.

Barrowson saw the necessity of doing something to efface it. He had not lived so long in the world without having learnt that it was

necessary to sacrifice, at times, a little to appearances. He well knew that public opinion looked on virtue as a very troublesome lady, but one, nevertheless, with whom it would never do to break entirely—and with whom it was necessary to be at least on bowing terms.

Accordingly he offered Margaret the place of porteress on his premises—which favour conferred on the wife of the man who had robbed him, was looked on by all the world as an act of the most sublime generosity, and perfectly re-established him in the good graces of society.

Margaret, pursuant to this arrangement, took up her abode on Barrowson's premises.

But the name of a convict's wife marked her like the brand of a red-hot iron. She had to suffer every humiliation that could reach so humble and obscure a life. The people have their nobility of honesty,—the noblest that can be!—but alas! just as haughty, as exclusive, and as unjust as all the others!

Margaret was placed in a position superior to that she had hitherto known; but, obliged to renounce her old acquaintance, she found no countenance from the new; gone were her pleasant chats at the street corner—as attractive to her as the ball-room and converzatione to the child of fashion. And the children! No more sports and games—the very children, glad to have a triumph over a weaker sister, insulted the children of the convicted burglar. All was lost for that unhappy family. If Catherine or her little sister tried to mingle in the sports of their former playmates,—all hands closed before theirs outstretched to form the merry round—and they were forced to sit on a stone at the opposite side of the yard, seeing, with big tears on their cheeks, the others laughing in the sunlight, free, unstained, and frolicsome. It was long before Margaret could accustom herself to her new fate, and accept her badge of misery. As to Catherine, she fitted herself into her new position with greater courage. The first tears once shed, she determined to take life as she found it. The child inherited much of the firm, haughty, nature of her father—much of that disposition to brave public opinion, which makes either a hero or a criminal, according to the force of circumstances. Meanwhile, as she grew up, she became more and more careless of the scorn of others—more hardened against the censures of the world. Her strong, bold spirit soon persuaded itself that, where honour was once gone, virtue was an unnecessary luxury. Repulsed for a fault not her own, she made up her mind at once—and instead of useless fretting against the prejudices that destroyed her, she accepted her disgrace complacently, and placed herself at ease amidst her shame.

This callous and depraved reasoning was but strengthened by the intercourse of dissolute young men and abandoned women, *the only society the prejudice of the virtuous allowed her!* Her heart was prostituted by the impure contact—long before she had committed any actual sin; she needed now but an opportunity for the latter. That opportunity soon offered.

Catherine was beautiful—with that rich, full, solid beauty, so enticing to the sensualist. Barrowson had not failed to notice her. She was exactly to his taste. He had little difficulty in succeeding with his victim.

The situation of Catherine soon demanded secrecy—and Barrowson, who was a most punctilious observer of the decencies—sent her off privately to a village a short way out of town.

Her mother heard of her dishonour and of her departure at the same time.

She uttered no reproaches—she knew they would have been laughed at—but she determined on forthwith quitting the neighbourhood, and going somewhere where her misfortunes would not taunt her in the public street.

A year, however, had elapsed, before she could realize her intention.

During this time, Catherine had followed her course, and had arrived at the goal: *she was on the streets!*

This was too much. Margaret Haspen sold all the little she had gathered together since her husband's "death," and set off for the country, where Barrowson granted her a lease of a little public-house, halfway between town and his country seat.

The worthy man placed the crown on all his kindness by giving her a letter of recommendation to his brewer and spirit dealer, and promised to bait his horse at her door whenever he passed that way. This was, indeed, remarkably convenient to him, for he was in the habit of riding or driving down to this house of a Saturday evening—and frequently either alone, or in very questionable company—this half-way house being a place of rendezvous—not used for the most laudable purposes by our worthy merchant. It happened just to be vacant, and he thought he could not place a more ready tool to keep it than Margaret, the convict's wife.

After all, Barrowson was an excellent creature!

VIII.—THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

It was six o'clock in the evening; the weather was sultry; a grey mist covered the sky—and a hot wind lifted the sand fitfully along the broad and dusty road. A little girl of eight stood at the door of a lonely public-house, some ten miles on the road from London, and about a mile distant from the nearest village. She had been gathering some wild flowers in the fields, and they drooped withering in her hand, while, singing a monotonous song, but with a sweet and mournful voice, she stood intently gazing down the long and arid highway, and

evidently expecting some one. In the distance down the road, the granite spire of a market town just beckoned over the trees. At last, with a cry of pleasure, she let her flowers drop, and bounded forward.

"Good evening, mother—mother!" and Margaret Haspen was obliged to stop, as little Mary dashed against her in her exuberant joy.

"Get out of the way, you plague! or I shall throw you down," said Margaret; but in a kindly tone, at variance with the words, and taking little Mary in her arms, pressed her fondly to her breast.

"What news, Mary? Has anybody been?"

"Oh, yes; lot's of people! Three men and a woman—all at once!"

"Did you give them to drink?"

"Yes. But they'd drank too much already—for they could scarcely walk."

"Did they pay you?"

"Oh, yes. Then the woman asked my name; and when I said Mary Haspen, I don't know what was the matter with her—she grew quite white—and then began to cry."

"What's that you say?"

"And after having cried a good deal, she took me in her arms and kissed me. Then she asked me if we were all well, and if we were poor."

"And did she tell you who she was?"

"Oh, no. She would have said more, but the men came, and laughed at her because she cried. Then she began to laugh and sing. She drank a great deal of gin, and then they all left together. Oh! I'd nearly forgot—*she said she would come back to-night to see you.*"

Margaret grew thoughtful, and asked no more questions. She had soon recognised, by a description which the child had given, her long-lost daughter Catherine. The men were evidently strangers she had enticed away to the public-house. Bitter thoughts crowded on her brain, and she sighed heavily, and then mechanically set about setting the house in order.

Margaret Haspen had put little Mary to bed—the sun had set—it was growing dark—she sat alone before the fire, listening to the hollow, melancholy wind that moaned sadly through the dry foliage of the sunburnt trees, when suddenly the sound of steps were heard before the door.

TO MY SISTER.

Love thee! yes, I love thee still;
Love thee! yes, and ever will;
Love thee! ay, I loved thee more
Than woman e'er was lov'd before.

How first we lov'd? how parted then?
That tale may ne'er be told again:
Some spirit led, no earthly power
Guided me in that fatal hour.

Fatal! Our lots we cast apart,
We who were joined heart to heart;
The die was thrown, the word was spoken,
And plighted faith could not be broken.

I saw this, yet stood idly by,
Curse on my false philosophy!
Thy glistening eye and paling cheek,
Spoke what thy tongue refused to speak.

Too oft since then, that bursting heart
Has beat on mine; and, oh, to part
Was misery, those alone can know
Who've drunk that bitter cup of woe.

Yet I seemed calm, and woman's pride
Brought to thy cheeks life's rosy tide;
For eyes were there to mark us well,
And tongues, each passing glance to tell.

We parted, and for what? a—dream
Of wild ambition it did seem.
Learning love vanquished, donned the gown,
With holier aim than earth's renown.

And was love vanquished? Oh! that night
Seems like a spectre to my sight:
That speechless woe, that wild embrace,
Time ne'er shall from my memory chase.

'Tis past—we've met again, but how
Each feels to each we tell not now,
Or think we do not, though there lies
A language deep in human eyes.

"KEEP YOUR RESATES."—A stout, good-looking man called at the post-office, Burnley, the other day, and rather warmly accosted the postmater as follows:—"Aw say, mestur, that chap hesn't getten that brass yet." Postmaster: What brass? "Wha that at oi send to Skipton aboat foives week sin." Postmaster: I don't know anything about it. Where did you pay it? "Wha yo know varra weel at oi paid it here, and oi hev't resate for't at whoam." Postmaster: Why, do you mean to say that you still hold the order which you received when you paid the money? "Oi, a hev't resate at whoam." Postmaster: Well then you had better lose no time in sending the receipt to Skipton. "Wot? mun a send it to't chap in a letter?" Postmaster: Yes. "Oh."

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle. The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(Continued from No. 29, p. 556.)

"The military forces of the nation are to act in concert, and co-operate with the combined plan of defence *adopted by the Government.*

"The arbitrary and fanciful character of operations which some commanders, regardless of the direction of the campaign, have adopted, must be done away with.

"For this purpose, the commanders of forces shall have the general plan of the campaign *communicated to them.* Each commander will likewise *receive his separate instructions, informing him of the part his corps is to to take in the operations.*

"Immediately after the capture of Buda, or in case of a failure, immediately after the establishment of a blockading corps around that fortress, and the arrangement of the other corps on the Upper Danube, *General Görgey will proceed to this place to take the lead in the* WAR OFFICE, for the purpose of establishing the preparations for the defence of the country on a broad and solid foundation."

This was virtually deposing Görgey, and removing him from the scene of glory, and the harvest-field of greatness.

The proclamation proceeded :—

"The commanders of the various corps have hitherto taken it upon themselves to remove, translocate, appoint, and grant medals and orders to military officers. For the future they are bound to *appeal to the War-office,* and, in the higher grades, *to the governor of the country,* for confirmation. On the field of battle alone shall the commanders be entitled to reward the merits of individuals, according to the best of their opinion.

"*May* 20, 1849. "KOSSUTH."

By this means Kossuth thought to bring centralisation and unity into the military operations; but by this means he estranged the generals all the more, and confirmed Görgey in his resolution to make himself independent. The proclamation turned the generals into mere machines, and struck at the very root of their influence with the troops. Besides, the planning of a campaign by mere penmen, in a closet 100 miles from the scene of action, is preposterous, and always fatal. No positive plan can be laid down for a campaign with the certainty of its practicability. Nothing is more mutable than the event of war; and it may be advisable and necessary in the exigency of movements, to act diametrically opposite to the finest plan that ever yet was modelled.

In a revolution based on war, the man that plans should be the man that fights.

It was a lamentable error for Kossuth to suppose that, seated in his study at Debrezin, with a few strokes of his civilian pen, he could guide or silence the fiery beating of heroic hearts amid the maddening fever of the battle-field.

In time of war, one pulse of blood outweighs a sea of ink.

The generals were disgusted; several protested in so many words—Görgey protested in his actions.

For Kossuth to have had a chance of success, he should have taken the field himself—side by side with the principal mutineer he should have marched, fought, shown himself to the troops; and, if he did not possess the talent of the general, he should, at least, have shewn the ardour of the soldier. By this he would have thrown Görgey in the shade; as it was, he only confirmed the latter in rebellion, and divided the sympathy—and, by that means, the power—of the people.

XV.—THE SIEGE OF BUDA.

The General Henzi, whom the Austrians had left in command of Buda, made the best of what little time was granted him for strengthening the fortress.

The battlements had been allowed to crumble ever since the last Turkish war; they were now repaired, and fortified by double, and even triple rows of palisades, while parapets and batteries rose, as if by magic, on all sides. Especial attention was bestowed on strengthening the aqueduct along the Danube, for, on the

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

maintenance of that, depended the existence of the garrison.

Reports had been spread of the disaffected condition of the latter, and of the despondency of its officers; but both, on the contrary, were animated by the utmost ardour, and resolved to make that, which they accomplished, one of the most obstinate and brilliant defences upon record,—while their numbers, and the accumulation of their warlike stores, sanctioned the bold, proud attitude they took.

It was ruinous to waste the bulk of the Hungarian force, at such a moment, in the siege of a place so well and gallantly prepared for resistance—a place that hunger would soon or late have conquered, and whose capture was of no immediate value.

A last voice of warning and expostulation was raised to Görgey by General Klapka, who, in person, had witnessed General Henzi's preparations.

But Görgey was already on his march—to retract now would have been derogatory, even had he felt otherwise disposed—he replied he could not now alter his arrangements, and, accordingly, in the first days of May, took up his position before the walls of Buda.

He never contemplated a regular siege. He knew that the delays of a siege would disappoint the ardour of the people, give Kossuth time to impress his own convictions on the public and produce a general reaction against his disobedient conduct. Success—and success as rapid as decisive—could alone sanction that disobedience, and ensure his object. Therefore, he resolved on carrying Buda by assault, reckless of the immense cost of life such an almost impossible achievment must entail.

However, on the 4th of May, before any serious movement had occurred, Görgey addressed the following letter to the commander of the fortress, which, with the reply, is subjoined, as characteristic of the men and of the modes of modern warfare:.

"General!

"Buda is surrounded by Hungarian troops, who wait but for the signal to attack the fortress with that energy, which a desperate war of self-defence alone can give to each individual soldier. Your post at Buda is a forlorn position. Accept, therefore, the offer which my feelings induce me to make to you. Capitulate! my conditions are the following:—Your officers and men are to be my prisoners of war; the officers shall retain their swords and baggage, but the soldiers must surrender their arms and accoutrements. My authority in the Hungarian army, the subordination which I enforce with an iron hand; my own personal honour, which no one, not even Austria, has to this day dared to impugn, (as the successes of the 'rebel hordes' may perhaps have proved to you,) will serve you as guarantees for these conditions. Raab, Stuhlweissenburg, Komorn, Neutra, Hansabég[h], the mountain cities, and the banks of the Waag, are in our hands.

"Buda is closely blockaded. Buda is not a real fortress, and you, general, have most inexplicably been selected by the Austrians for the performance of a Don Quixote trick, even the tragic end of which can hardly preserve you from ridicule.

"But, if these considerations cannot move you, you will relent when you consider that you are a Hungarian—that you owe a heavy debt to your country—and that I offer you an opportunity of liquidating that debt. If, after mature consideration, you still persist in your purpose to defend the so-called fortress of Buda to the last, I cannot guarantee you safety, and the safety of your troops, against the passionate excesses of my victorious soldiers. But if, neglectful of all warnings, you were to carry your defence to the length of destroying the suspension bridge, and of bombarding the city of Pesth, from whence, according to the terms of the Convention, no attack is meditated against you,—if, I say, you make yourself guilty of a course of action which I am justified in stigmatising as disgraceful, I give you my word of honour that Buda, once taken, the whole of its garrison shall be put to the sword, and that I will not, in that case, be answerable for the safety even of your own family. You are the commander of the so-called fortress of Buda, but you are no less the protector of your family, and a Hungarian.

"Consider what you are about to do. I appeal to you in the name of your country, and in the name of humanity. I expect your answer at three o'clock, P.M. of this day. Your party have most disgracefully acted in arresting and ill-treating the bearer of our flag of truce. Warned by such precedents, I entrust this letter to the care of a captive Austrian officer.

"General Arthur Gorgey.

"*Head-quarters of Buda, 4th May*, 1849."

To which Henzi returned the following cutting and sarcastic answer:—

"General,—You have thought proper to send to me, as the commander of the so-called fortress of Buda, a peremptory summons to capitulate within three hours, to give that fortress into your hands, and to deliver myself and my gallant garrison to your keeping, as prisoners of war. This is your proposal; to which I reply, that the fortress of Buda was not, indeed, a fortress at the time of your precipitate retreat from it on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of January of this year—a fact which is satisfactorily proved by the flight *en débandade* of the Hungarian army. But since that time Buda has been turned into a tenable position, and one which will have the honour to oppose to you, General, the most decided resistance. I summon you, therefore, imme-

diately to put a stop to your ineffectual fire upon the walls of Buda; for unless you do, I am determined to direct the fire of my own artillery upon the city of Pesth; and so colossal are the means which I can devote to that purpose, that the ruin of that city is inevitable. And to work that ruin I am forced, for your batteries on the Pesth side of the river are actually playing against me.

"I have also the honour of informing you that I am not a Hungarian, but a native of Switzerland,—that I am naturalised in Austria —that I owe Huugary no duties,—that my family is not, as you suppose, in your power; and even if they were, that I cannot condescend to consider that circumstance; and my last word is, 'Obedient to my duty and the dictates of honour, I mean to defend this place to the last man; and if destruction is to be the lot of the twin cities of Buda and Pesth, it is you, General, who are responsible for them."

"HENZI,
"Commander of the Fortress.

"*Buda, 4th May*, 1849."

Despite the urgency for rapid action, Görgey was constrained to waste 14 days in comparative quiescence before the place, the breaching artillery not having arrived before that time. Meanwhile, to amuse the inhabitants of Pesth, he had established his common field-batteries on the heights surrounding Buda, and kept up, on one occasion, a useless cannonade of two entire days. The thunder of the national artillery delighted the popular ear in Pesth; it was like the collective defiance of the Hungarian voice against the Austrian tyranny—but Henzi could afford to smile at the innocuous balls of so inadequate a battering train.

At last the heavy guns arrived, and five pieces were mounted opposite the Stuhlweissenburg gate, at a distance of 800 yards; and the remote spectators could already see the time-worn masonry crumble, flake by flake, beneath the crashing shot. The fortress returned the fire with great spirit; but Görgey having had his works constructed of loose earth and sand bags very little effect was produced. The breach was expected to be practicable in a few days. Meanwhile, it became manifest that Görgey's means were very inefficient for the reduction of the place. What was the reason? We already know that Kossuth had collected immense military stores and munitions of war behind the Theiss. Why were they not sent? Was it from a desire to cripple the operations, and thus destroy the influence of Görgey? The supposition is merely made on the superficial appearance of events, but the historian has no more cogent arguments to prove its truth.

The delay, indeed, began to tell very disadvantageously for Görgey. General Klapka was sent down, as government commissioner, to watch his proceedings, for reports of treachery, and playing into the hands of Austria, were busily circulated against the apparently dilatory leader; whereas, in truth, no one was more anxious, no one more personally interested, than Görgey, in the speedy reduction of the fortress.

The clamour grew—longer inaction and delay would be fatal to personal ambition; and, heedless of the lives he sacrificed, Görgey ordered the assault for the night of the 16th–17th of May. Buda was to be carried by storm at the point of the bayonet!!

The time appointed was one in the morning. General Aulich, one of the best and bravest of Hungarian patriots and generals, was to advance through the Razenstadt suburb, force his way through the castle gate into the park, and thence into the fortress. The breach, very imperfect as yet, was to be stormed by the first corps, under General Nagy Shandor; the Vienna-gate, and its bastions, were to be attacked by General Knezich and the third corps; and Colonel Kmetty was to assail the strongly-fortified aqueduct.

At two o'clock in the morning, the general arrangements being completed, the storming columns advanced amid a breathless silence. All was mute expectation. Suddenly, a terrible discharge boomed over the river and the cities, and a hail of bombs, grenades, and *red-hot* balls poured on the Wasseratadt suburb, and soon belched forth from every side of Buda. Meanwhile an intense light began to flicker over the scene; the Austrians had set fire to the large stores of wood, and by their constantly increasing blaze, every man of the advancing column became as distinctly visible as in the noon of day, a mark to the practised musketeers of Austria. Simultaneously a little flotilla of fire-ships was seen floating down on the pontoon-bridge of the besiegers, while high over their heads a murderous shower was flung from the lofty castle on the devoted city of Pesth—the threatened bombardment had begun, though no Hungarian troops were stationed on the left bank of the river.

Görgey stood on the heights of the Schwabenberg, watching the storm. By his side stood the government commissioner, watching *him*.

The storming parties advanced beneath the murderous cannonade with frightful loss, and with heroic constancy—but in vain—they wavered—turned—fled—again they formed—again they advanced—but none of them could stand the withering, concentrated fire, or force the impracticable breach—while an escalade with ladders proved more hopeless still. Time passed—the day was breaking—exhaustion stole on the combat—the cries of the besiegers and besieged—the thunder of artillery—the clash of arms—became more faint—the assault was failing. Görgey beheld the dictatorship melting from his grasp—and, without

a word, the discomfited leaders of the storming columns withdrew their shattered and dispirited divisions,

The government Commissioner returned to Debrezin with a sinister report—backed by the words of General Nagy Shandor, who accused his commander of positive dishonesty and treason. From this hour Görgey's remarks on Kossuth became more bitter—his hatred seemed more deep: if he fancied the inadequacy of his military equipments arose from design, then indeed there might be some excuse for the feelings of men who believed his well-earned strategic reputation, and the prospects of his country's arms, sacrificed to a jealous temper.

Meanwhile the officers in Görgey's army were divided in opinion—some trying to bring Kossuth's government into disrepute—others endeavouring to lessen the influence and authority of their general,—both inflicting an equal injury on the Hungarian arms.

The defeat of Görgey caused a sudden reaction in the public mind. Everything to Görgey's prejudice was now drank with avidity by the popular ear. "Had Kossuth's advice been followed!" was the common cry. General Perczel wrote a letter of accusation against the falling warrior, and insisted on his being tried by a court-martial—a large part of the army itself was turned against him. His ruin was imminent—the penman was destroying the swordsman—when the latter ventured on a last and desperate cast.

Pursuant to his resolution of taking Buda at all hazards, once more the terrible mandate went forth, and on the 21st of May the storm was to be again attempted. The same dispositions were made on both sides, as on the former occasion. It was to be a carnage, and they who could afford to bleed enough, with equal courage, were sure to be the gainers. The courage *was* equal, and the fearful scene began. Through the long night the earth was shaken for miles around by the sound of that gigantic conflict, and the sky was stained with fire till it rested like a crimson dome of blood above the capital of Hungary and the wide plains around and afar!

The following is the official report of Major Antosh to the government, which will show the wild bravery of besiegers and besieged:—

After describing the scaling of the walls, he says, "A general advance took place, in spite of a murderous fire of grape and musketry. The Austrians made an obstinate and even a heroic resistance on all points. When the walls were in our power, they opened a destructive fire upon us from the narrow streets of the city. But they were prevented from reloading their pieces, for our soldiers, seeing the fall of their comrades, pressed forward to the attack, and carried everything before them.

"General Henzi, though worthy of curses, displayed to the last moment the qualities of a good soldier. He fell in the breach, pierced by bullets and bayonets.

"The imperialist Colonel Allnosh intended to spring a mine under the suspension-bridge. His mine was awkwardly constructed, and he fell a victim to his attempt. His mutilated body was found near the bridge-head.....

"Colonel Maziassy, who led his battalions intrepidly to the charge, was twice thrown down from the walls (a height of 42 feet!). He was severely wounded, but he still remained at the head of his columns. He entered the fortress, and, strange to say, he survived his fall and his wounds....."

The following additional report, embodied in Kossuth's proclamation, completes the picture:

"*Buda, 21st May, 5 o'clock*, A.M.

"The first attack, which commenced at midnight, was directed against the Vienna Gate. The castle gate and the breach were attacked at one o'clock in the morning, and continued to the break of day. A murderous fire was directed on our Honveds, from the bastions, towers, and houses. Heavy stones were thrown down upon them; but their devoted courage overcame the resistance of the enemy.....At this moment a street-fight is commencing, which is likely to lead to a great sacrifice of life. The enemy retreats from the bastions on the side of the Schwabenberg. One of their detachments holds out in a position near the Weissenburg Gate. Through the breach the Honveds pour into the fortress. The fire of artillery and musketry is already silenced in this part of the town, but strong discharges of small fire-arms are heard from the Pesth side of the fortress.

"*6 o'clock*, 30 *m.* A.M.

"A powder magazine has exploded. *The street-fight continues in the fortress.*

"*7 o'clock*, A.M.

"The firing has ceased on all sides. Buda is conquered!"

No elaborate writing could give a more graphic account of that portentous scene, than the few hurried sketches of the stern, rough swordsman. The silent advance—the sudden thunder—the universal darkness—the pervading blaze—the red cataracts of the deadly breach—the howling hurricane of the mountainous bastions—the earthquake of the bursting mine—the roar and rage of the living tide, wave after wave beating and recoiling at its stony barriers—the alternating lull and fury—the shriek and volley of the staggering battle still rising and wrestling here and there, in hidden corners, or breaking forth again at moments in the central space—like the sparks of a half-stifled conflagration, though trampled down beneath the feet of victory;—and then the final crash,—the exploding magazine, the panic-pause—the utter silence of prostrated resistance—and then the loud whirling cheer of the triumphant Honved—while the

soft rose-light of a May morning came dappling the sulphurous banners of his foes over the cold stark form of the old general who slept so grandly with the bravest on the breach—all form a scene of which modern times presents few parallels—and future time, we hope, will offer none!

XVI.—PATRIOTISM AND INTRIGUES.

A dark power now begins to loom through the mist of diplomacy from the north, and to cast a chilling shadow over the fair field of Hungarian independance, far more portentous than the southern apparition of Jellachich and his Croatians.

It is Russia!

During the winter, the Austrian press had assailed the imperial government on account of the Russian invasion of Transylvania (already alluded to), and that government had again stooped to the meanness of denying its own actions—and protesting that their general, Puchner, had acted on his own responsibility, when he invited the Russians to his aid. They averred that a courier had been dispatched to order the Russians back, but that the courier had been captured by Hungarian rebels, which was the reason why the Russians had not gone—but the most energetic measures should be taken to cause the evacuation of the country.

The public mind was thus calmed—but, at the very time these official statements were being made, the Austrian cabinet concluded a treaty with Russia, for the express purpose of intervention!

General Bem, the stern old Polish gunner, did not wait for the effect of treaties—but trampled the Muscovites back out of Transylvania. It was believed by some, that all dangers of Russian intervention were at an end, when, suddenly, the following official proclamation was published in the Austrian press, on the 1st of May, 1849.

"The insurrection in Hungary has, within the last months, grown to such an extent, and its present aspect exhibits so unmistakeably the character of a union of all the forces of the revolutionary party in Europe,* that all states are equally interested in assisting the imperial government in its contest against this spreading dissolution of all social order. Acting on these important reasons, his Majesty the Emperor's government has been induced to appeal to the assistance of his Majesty the Czar of all the Russias, who generously and readily granted it to a most satisfactory extent. The measures which have been agreed on by the two sovereigns, are now executing."

Pursuant to this notice, while the Hungarian forces were wasting time at Buda, and allowing the Austrian Eagle to replume his wing, Russian armies were gathering on the frontiers of Gallicia, and in the Danubian principalities—and soon the news arrived that the first Russian columns had reached Cracow on their way to Hungary.

Amid the gleam of glory, which the conquest of Buda emitted, amid the transient peace and liberty which the repulse of the invaders on all sides had granted, the thunder-clouds, laden with destruction, were climbing the horizon all around.

90,000 Russians entered Hungary; 60,000 marched into Transylvania; 60,000 Austrians stood at Presburg, under Welden; 12,000 on the Drave, under Nugent; 25,000 Croatians, under Jellachich, at Esseg, Ruma, and Concurreny; 15,000 Austrians, under Puchner, in Transylvania and Wallachia; 15,000 Servians; 20,000 Wallachians; while 10,000 men garrisoned Esseg, Temeshwar, and Carlsburg, forming 307,000 soldiers, with an almost incredible artillery.

To oppose this mighty gathering of the nations, the Hungarians had 135,000 men, and 400 guns, scattered through different portions of the country, necessarily divided, to make head against the danger threatening from all quarters at the same time, while Russia, having placed 150,000 men in the field, offered an army of 150,000 more!

Kossuth at once saw what should be the character of the struggle. He felt that it must be a war of the entire people, of all classes, creeds, and sections, welded together in one fiery mass by the ardour of national enthusiasm—but with that strange vacillation of purpose, which at times beset him—that unstable shifting from one ground to another, which has been so painfully manifest in his conflicting answers to the various class-interests and opinions that have recently surrounded him, he delayed acting up to his great conviction, until it proved too late—and, instead of rousing the nation to a man,—instead of teaching them to rely upon their own arms, he taught them to rely on heaven, which always helps those only who try to help themselves.

In the words of General Klapka, the greatest soldier and best historian of the insurrection;—"He proclaimed a period of public prayers, and "a general fast. Measures like these were calculated to make the people suspicious of their "own power. It struck them that affairs had "come to a sad condition indeed, if salvation "could be expected only by Divine dispensation, "and the immediate interference of Providence. "Success was certain if, instead of these and "other measures, he had called the Hungarian "nation to arms."

Again, too, the interference of the civilian at the seat of government had a most pernicious tendency on the course of the war. "I will but advert," says Klapka, "to the peremptory orders of Kossuth, which were frequently issued without reference to the War Office, and

* The very thing which it unfortunately did *not* exhibit. It was the want of that union of the revolutions which ensured triumph to the union of the kings.

which, in more than one case, exercised an obnoxious influence on the progress of our operations. In proof of this assertion, I need but refer to one instance:—

"The insurgent Wallachians of Transylvania were, after the defeat of the Russians and Austrians, * still unconquered. By the vilest arts they had been deluded, armed against the Magyars, and incited to murder, incendiarism, and other outrages. The Austrian agents had persuaded them that the free abolition of all feudal burdens, which the Hungarian Parliament had decreed, was nothing but a snare—a means to obtain their assistance in expelling the King and overthrowing his government, in order the more effectually to suppress their language, religion, and nationality. The deluded people congregated, and two men, Shaguna and Jan[illegible], a bishop and an advocate, took the lead of the insurrection. The masses, influenced by religious fanaticism, and national jealousy, marched forth, not to battle, but to devastate the Magyar districts, and to annihilate the defenceless population. No language can express, no pen can trace the horrors of murder and destruction which ensued. Already had they sacked the cities of Thordan, Zalathna, and Nagy Enyed (in which latter place they burnt the famous library), and murdered, violated, and expelled the inhabitants. The sky was red with the flames of hundreds of *Magyar* villages. The fiery marks of the justice and the paternal love of the Austrian government † were placed on our houses, our churches, and our harvests; and it was only when the insurrection had risen to a fearful height, and spread to an almost uncontrollable extent, that the Hungarian government thought of enlightening the deluded populace, of mediating between them and their passions, and, by means of a lasting peace, to work the salvation of both Hungarians and Wallachs from the Machiavellian policy of the Hapsburg-Lorraines [the house of Hapsburg].

"M. Dragosh, by birth a Wallachian, was commissioned to treat with his countrymen. He proceeded to Janku's camp at Abrudbanya, for the purpose of concluding an armistice of two months. He opened the negociations with apparent success. The Wallachs were at length informed of the true state of affairs. They were not disinclined, under acceptable conditions, to lay down their arms, when the leader of one of our detached corps, misled by an untimely pugnacity, and without referring to the War Office, solicited Kossuth's permission to attack the Wallachs in their retreat in the highlands. He pretended that Dragosh and the Wallachs were engaged in treasonable intrigues. His representations were so earnest, and so confident was he of his success, that he prevailed upon Kossuth to give the order for an attack. Upon this he advanced, *in defiance of the late orders of the War Office*, which instructed him and the other commanders to remain in their quarters so long as the negociations lasted. But on his march upon Abrudbanya he was detained by the natural obstacles of the ground, attacked, and compelled to retreat. The Wallachs, who believed themselves betrayed and imposed upon, assassinated Dragosh, and several other countrymen of theirs, who advised them to be reconciled to the Hungarians.

"Hatvani, the ill-starred promotor of this disaster, had meanwhile been reinforced by some other detachments. He advanced upon, and reached Abrudbanya. But the Wallach population, who had received a military organisation by means of Austrian officers and soldiers, attacked and routed his corps. As a consequence of this defeat, all the Magyars who inhabited that part of the country were either killed or mutilated. All negociations were of course broken off. The mountain-districts, which might have covered our retreat, and enabled us to continue the contest, remained in the hands of the enemy, and became the stronghold of the insurgent races of Transylvania. Hatvani was indeed *tried by a court-martial*, but I am unable to state whether any or what amount of punishment was awarded to him.'"

Thus, personal jealousies and individual ambition were more and more thwarting the destinies of Hungary. Whilst its best forces were wasting under the walls of Buda, while the myriads of Austrians and Russians were narrowing the fiery circle around the dying phœnix, brands were taken from its own domestic hearth, and by foreign treachery, internal folly, and selfish ambition, the subsiding insurrection of the Slavonians was kindled to activity once more, fixed and strengthened by the defeat of the governmental force, and encouraged by the questionable justice which denied its own act, and brought the agent before the military law. As the ill-judged, precipitate haughtiness of the government had sealed the insurrection of the Razen when they sent their delegates from Carlovitz to the Diet, so now the rash and unwarrantable aggression in the midst of treaties, confirmed the Transylvanians in hostility. This, too, at a time when the struggle was about to recommence—when the united foes were congregating on all sides to be defeated before the eyes of their approaching armies, by a peasantry undisciplined and half-armed.

Tyranny took courage at the omen, and

* The reader will recollect that Bem expelled both the latter from Transylvania.

† Aye! and the bitter remembrance of the justice and paternal love of the Magyars, too, towards the Slavonian race. The Magyars had been tyrants so long, and played with liberty so often, that when, at last, self-interest really made them be sincere, they were not believed.

smiled at the mistake; and, while the arm of Hungary was paralysed at Buda—while the envies and jealousies of the two great leaders of Hungarian nationality were dividing the councils of the people—she raised her smooth slippery hand above the world, and gave the long-waiting signal to advance.

Turn we now to Görgey.

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

To the Working-men.—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent; but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all strikes and trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

THE COLLIERS OF SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

THE BUTTY SYSTEM.

[In Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, an exposure has been given of the astonishing tyranny and fraud to which the colliers and miners of Wales, North Staffordshire, Northumberland, and Durham, are subjected. The subjoined carries on the exposure, and exhibits new features of oppression, relative to the mining interest of South Staffordshire.]

The pits in South Staffordshire are generally "set" to contractors or "butties," to drive out "gate-roads," to get the mine, and "air heading," to ventilate the mine, at so much per ton for the mine produced out of the pit afterwards. Butties that have a little capital will contract for a pit at a lower price than is usually given by the master, on purpose to drive out the pit to considerable outlay, and then if the butty cannot have his price raised to what he thinks proper, he gives notice to leave the pit. The pit is then valued, and very few strangers like to take the pit and pay the valuation. By these means the butty obtains a rise on his charter, and the master is compelled to give the butty his demand or shut up his pit.

Moreover, the masters here complain they cannot compete with the Welsh and Scotch masters: the reason is obvious: because they are robbed by the butties, a class of middlemen, whom the others escape. The "air heading," too, when contracted for by the butty, is in general done in the cheapest way possible, and sometimes not done at all, and the consequence is, there is scarcely a pit in this district that is properly ventilated.

Miners are not generally aware that working in an unventilated pit robs them of their health, of life's sweetest enjoyments,—aye! and of life itself; and although the deaths occurring from explosions and choke-damp, and other instantaneous causes, create an excitement, they are little when compared with the amount of those that are a number of years dying through want of a continual supply of fresh air to breathe whilst at their work. Thus the miner is a constant sufferer, through the ventilation of pits being left to butties. To this cause we may safely attribute the vast number of miners being so short of breath at so early an age, the diminutive stature of so many, and three-fourths of the deaths that occur in the mines.

As you have stated, relative to the Welch miner, the men are compelled to spend their wages in ale. Most butties force them to go to a public-house every Saturday night. They are generally ordered to be there at about Six o'clock, and it is often the case that they are kept waiting for their wages till Nine or Ten o'clock, on purpose that they may spend a good deal of their wages in ale. By this practice the miner's wife is deprived of the opportunity of purchasing what is needful for their family, at such advantages as she could have done at an earlier hour. The generality of miners also cannot afford to spend 6d. in ale every Saturday night, as their wages do not

average more than from 10s. to 15s. per week. It is, moreover, very often the case that the miner does not stop at one quart, but the butty always expects each miner to have one quart, and as much more as he can induce him to have. I was conversing with a woman in this town some weeks ago, and she told me that "with the work her husband was then doing, she could seldom afford more than 6d. per week to the butcher;" she said "I generally buy one pound of mutton chops every week, and out of that pound I have to send my husband's dinner six days. I generally get some bread and eat with the fat for my own dinner, and yet we are obliged to pay 6d. for ale every Saturday night, whether we can drink it or not." I have known those myself who have brought bread and cheese with them for their dinner, and they have eaten the bread and taken the cheese home again for the week round, and yet these individuals were spending that for ale at the butty's house, that would have purchased for them a considerable amount of good food.

In most cases, too, the miner has to pay a high price for inferior ale, the ale that is sold in the reckoning room being seldom the same that is sold in the kitchen. Some few years ago, when the act was passed to prevent butties paying their men in a public-house, some of them began to send the ale to the pit in bottles, and I have seen a quart jug full of dregs poured out of the bottle at a time.

In most cases *the man who receives the ale money stands somewhere very near the butty who is paying the men, and if any one scruples paying the ale-money, the butty will soon discharge him.* How can we expect to see the mining population improved as long as they are trained from their childhood to drink habitually large quantities of intoxicating drinks?

Another great evil connected with setting the pits to contractors, or butties, is that of working the miner seven, eight, or, in some cases *nine hours for a half day*, or five or six hours for a quarter. The miners are very unjustly dealt with in this respect; when trade is bad they have to make all half-days, quarters, or "bilduses." A "bildus" is *to work two or three hours for nothing*, and these occur very often when trade is bad. Thus you see when a miner is receiving but three days' wages in a week he is obliged to work seven-elevenths of six days, to constitute this three days' work; and there are scores of men now who have to go down the pit six days, and *work seven hours every day for three days' work.* At many places they work above seven hours, but there is scarcely a place in the district where they work less. I have myself worked nine hours several times for a half day, and there are very few miners in this district but what have done the same.

The miner has a further drain upon his remaining earnings, in weekly payments to the "Field Box." The iron-stone miners and the thin coal miners have to pay 4d per week to this fund regularly, if they do but one half-day's work in a week!—or, rather, they do not pay it, for it is stopped out of their wages. And what are the advantages of this field-box? If you get your arms or legs broken in the mines, there will be six shillings a week for you to support yourself, your wife and children, and a doctor to set your broken bones; and you will get a coffin if you should lose your life—for this coffin the miner is paying all his life-time at the rate of 4d per week out of the scanty sum he has received. After the miner has got his bones broken, or has been disabled, if there is no likelihood that he will soon be able to work again, the master will give him a sovereign, or he may, perhaps, give him rather more, and say that he cannot find you any more "field pay," and the workman must try to get his living in the best way he can, but the field box provides only for accidents. We may work in an unventilated, or a wet pit, and get different diseases, but there is no benefit from the field box in either of these cases, nor in any case unless it be an accident in the mines, and then we may get six shillings a week for a few weeks, and after that go to the workhouse. Moreover, we never know how many four-pences are collected in a 'field'—we never hear of any account being kept of the funds, and thus, under the pretence of a fund, a fresh and unlimited robbery is practised on the miner.

A serious grievance is the amount of night-work in the mines, and this is an evil that has increased very much within the last few years. There is no one to look over the pit at night, to see that the circulation of the air is as it should be, or to assist in extricating any of the unfortunate miners from under a fall of coals, or from any other difficulty they may have fallen into, and should they even succeed in extricating themselves, there is no banksman, or engineer, kept on the premises to see that the sufferers are drawn up to the surface, in order that medical assistance may be obtained; and scores of men lose their lives in consequence of this defect. I have known several myself killed with the choke damp in the night, or through a stoppage of the circulation of the air, when, had there been a banksman and engineer kept on the premises, the mens' lives would have been saved. They have themselves been aware of the stoppage of the circulation of the air, and they have come to the bottom of the pit-shaft, and tried to give an alarm, but there has been no one there to answer them, and the consequence has been, the choke damp has collected in the absence of air, and the,

men have been found dead at the bottom of the pit.

The miner who has constantly to work of nights, never enjoys such good health as he who works by day; night-work brings several diseases, such as convulsions, restlessness in sleep, constant colds and coughs, impairs the intellect, and ends in premature death. Such are some few of the grievances of the colliers of south Staffordshire.

JOHN WADDRY,
A Practical Miner.

Dudley.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLLIERS AND MINERS.

A general meeting of the Colliers and Miners of North Staffordshire took place in a field at Sneyd Green, Staffordshire Potteries, on the 10th Nov., 1851. Mr. Thomas Pearson being called to the chair, explained the nature and objects of the association, commenting on the necessity of an immediate concentration of all colliers and miners into a body, for their own welfare, prosperity, and protection. After explaining the laws, prepared by Mr. Thomas Hewitt, the general secretary, for the government of the association, he stated that he had been connected with unions in the North of England and other places for the last twenty years, but found none likely to effect so laudable and desirable an object, promoting not only a moral improvement in so useful and industrious a portion of mankind, but eventually raising them in the estimation of their masters, and advancing the price of labour for their dangerous occupation.

On the motion of Mr. Mark Parkes, it was unanimously resolved "that this meeting highly approves of the design and intention of this association, and solicits all collieries in the United Kingdom, that have not already joined, to do so at once; and that all proper deference be paid to the resolutions and decisions of the directors or representatives of such collieries at the general board."*

THOMAS HEWITT, Gen. Sec.

Board-room, Old King and Queen, Sneyd Green, Staffordshire Potteries.

* Mr. Merriman then addressed the meeting in a very eloquent speech—but, while truly anxious to chronicle in these pages the proceedings and progress of the labor movement, I feel convinced that the impossibility and non-desirability of making them an organ for speeches, however good, will be understood at once. That which would merely gratify the individual must give way to that which is of benefit to the whole.—E. J.

Address to the Chartists.

BROTHER CHARTISTS,—With the great events that are approaching over Europe—events that will reverberate here, for the same blood circulates through all mankind, and, if one pulse beats more quickly, every vein in the great human body feels more or less the accelerated flow—with the elements of change that have been rapidly culminating in England, hastening as they are to a development, a serious thought behoves every democrat—a warning word becomes the duty of every man who thinks.

I feel it, therefore, incumbent on me to waive all doubts, hesitations, or personal considerations that naturally present themselves in approaching a subject like the one I am about to address myself to, and to speak a plain word to you, my brother Chartists.

It must be evident to all, that the long-smothered contention between the aristocracies of land and money, is about to reach a crisis—it must be evident that the legislative forms of the country are about to be unsettled—and that the fountains of the great political deep are about to be unsealed. It must be evident that revolution, iron-paced, is about to stride above the thrones of Europe—and that a corresponding excitement will be wrought in this country. It is, therefore, evident that, both from internal and external sources, mighty causes will shortly be in operation, that will most vitally affect the democracy of Britain.

At such a time the utmost strength, energy, and circumspection, are required in the guidance of the democratic movement.

Now, then, the question I ask you is this—shall the movement proceed in the miserable way in which it has hitherto stagnated? The solution is in your hands.

In a few weeks, you will be called to elect an executive. On the efficiency of that executive depends the future of our cause. On the policy and views of its majority depends the direction that shall be given to the Chartist power. It is all very well to say "the executive are our *servants*." So they are, and ought to be—but they are servants whom you entrust with the guidance of the movement—they are servants of whom you must for the time being, follow the instructions, or you at once make their services not worth having.

They are either a shadow, or a reality—and if they are to be the latter, you must clothe them with the real power that your adhesion, support, and sequence of their directions can alone bestow.

Such being the case, the executive are the most important feature of an organisation, and their election becomes one of the most important actions in a movement.

In a few weeks, then, I repeat, you are to elect an executive, whose proud and perilous duty it will be to guide the democracy of the world's greatest nation in the most trying and portentous times that have ever yet occurred in that world's modern history.

Then pause well, as to whom you elect!

I know fully what *delicate* and *dangerous* ground I trench on,—I know well that it may be considered bad taste and ill advised in me, as a member of the present executive, to touch on this subject at all. But I don't care what the universal world thinks or says, as long as I am performing what I know to be a public duty.

I therefore say, plainly and unmistakably, Chartism, if it is to come to anything, must not be guided as it has been hitherto.

Two or three men out of a committee of nine, meeting once a week for an hour, reading letters, and talking, will never push the movement on.

If one man is out on a lecturing tour, upon something wholly disconnected with Chartism—if another cannot leave his newspaper office—if another cannot quit his counting house—if another cannot abandon his workshop—they had best have nothing to do with the active guidance of the movement.

For democracy is an imperious mistress—she demands her servants wholly, or not at all—half-service is worse than no service—her servants should be ever at their post—or they had better not attempt to occupy that post—*her servants cannot serve two masters!*

Now, I don't desire to be personal—most of my colleagues are my intimate friends, and I value their friendship—but no individual friendship, no private consideration, shall for one moment prevent me from speaking out, plainly, boldly, and decisively, on a subject of such importance—and I can only say, I am heart-sick of sitting Wednesday after Wednesday with numbers insufficient to form a quorum; or, when sufficient, doing nothing in the world's greatest and dearest cause. I am heart-sick of seeing call after call arrive for members of the executive to go into the country, those calls remaining neglected, because they have the business of other associations, or their own papers, shops, and work to attend to. I am heart-sick of seeing opportunity after opportunity lost because the executive are minding other matters instead of minding the charter.

It behoves us, therefore, I conceive, before we elect an executive for the ensuing year, to well consider *whom* we shall *elect*.

1stly. We ought to have a distinct understanding, as to whether the men elected will devote all their time, not merely one hour weekly, but their entire time, day and night too, if necessary, to the Chartist cause—it is no excuse to say, "There is nothing to do—the times are so apathetic!"—that is just the reason why we should work double-tides. It is no excuse to say "money enough is not subscribed to enable us to do anything!"—I have never known money to fail when the people saw that work was actually being done.

2ndly. The men elected ought to be tried, and indubitable Chartists—*real bona-fide Chartists!*

Beware of playing the Chartist movement into the hands of any other party by having a majority on the committee more identified with other movements than with our own.

THINK! THINK! ON THESE LAST WORDS!!

3rdly. The members of the committee should be men who can use both tongue and pen well on platform and on paper—but men ought not to be elected *merely* because they are fine writers or clever speakers—a predilection which frequently misleads the better judgment of a people.

4thly. The members of the committee ought to be no amateur politicians, who take up a little bit of excitement just now and then, when they are in the humour—not men who think, if they have met one evening in the week, that they have done their work, but they ought to be men to whom you can say, "What were you about last week? what have you been doing in our cause?"—of whom you can question every movement, and whom you can call to a reckoning for every hour.

To realise this—to have such an executive, permit me to offer the following suggestions:

1stly. I conceive the executive ought to be a *paid* committee; for unless it is such, you cannot *command* their services in the way you ought to do—they will be *amateurs*, and not *regular workmen*—and you will have to elect either rich men, or men who must devote that time (which is due to their political office) to the gaining of their daily bread.

There is not a greater "humbug" under the sun than that of electing an unpaid Executive.* There is not a greater absurdity than to taunt people with "living on the movement." They must live—if they don't live by the movement, they must live by something else—and

* As I am aware that this paper will cause some hostility—perhaps some friends will suggest that I may possibly hope for re-election, and have a self-interested motive in this advice—to those my answer is—NOTHING.—E. J.

if they live by something else, they can't give their time to the movement.

2ndly. To render the payment of an executive easily practicable, the committee should consist of only *three* members, with a view to the greatest possible economy of public funds.

It is said, "there is wisdom in the multiplicity of counsellors," but I don't think so in this instance—the executive should be the reflex of the public mind, and the less diversity of opinion there is among them, the better.

It may also be said, "this cannot be done, except by another convention, for the last convention decided there should be an unpaid executive of nine." Yes! it can be done by something greater than any convention—by THE PEOPLE, who send conventions. The primary assemblies of the people are the highest authority—and the localities have only to meet and decide it *shall* be thus,—for it to become as legal and as binding as any convention on the earth could make it.

3rdly. One in rotation out of this Executive ought to be constantly passing through the country, strengthening, binding, and widening the movement, for the frequent personal presence of the committee, by one of its members, can alone ensure the efficiency of the organisation. A few men sitting in a little street of London, now and then issuing a short address, or inditing a weekly report of nothing at all, will never drive the lagging tide through the million veins of our populous democracy. There is nothing like the actual, pervading, living presence of the servant-leaders of a movement. Every locality can bear witness to this, in the revivifying impulse given by the stray visits of committee-members, an effect that has faded into nothing, because the effort was not followed up, either locally or by the central body, till at last some other stray visit caused another little excitement, which was again allowed to die off like the last.

It may be said, I complain of committee-members at present meeting in insufficient numbers to form a quorum and go into business—how would it be if only two were left in town?

All the better, I answer, than if there were a greater number; we don't require debates, discussions, and discrepancies of opinion in an acting committee. The people will elect men of tried and fixed views,—men whom they long knew, and men in whom they have confidence, founded on experience of their actions,—not men who go to make up their minds, but men who have made up their minds already—men who can foresee the probable contingencies of the coming time, and who are ready prepared how to act when they arrive.

Brother Chartists! most solemnly do I invite you to a consideration of the above remarks on the most important—incomparably the most important, subject that can engage your present attention.

Should you not, at the outset, be sufficiently organised and aroused to support a paid Executive—should you think nine men to talk, better than three men to act—still let me implore you to consider well—

Who those men shall be.

Not to elect any man belonging to another movement: our servants must be wholly ours; we cannot go partnership with hostile factions.

Not to elect any man who cannot and will not devote all his time to our cause. Democracy is not a thing to be played with, and to be taken up, or laid down, as suits the convenience of individuals.

And, above all, let us take good care that the cause be not compromised and diverted from its original purpose, by the views and characters of the men who might form a majority of that committee!

The duty of that committee is to carry the Charter—I say, emphatically, THE CHARTER—and therefore this is the question to ask ourselves: "Is that man a Chartist—or is he a sort of half Chartist, and half something else?" It don't follow because a man is liberal or even democratic, that he suits the stern purposes of our movement.

Friends! the duty of to-day is to carry the Charter, and to prepare the public mind how to use it: the duty of to-morrow will be to apply it to its use. On your choice of an Executive depends whether our movement shall be destroyed, played into the hands of other classes, diverted into sidling paths, or suffered to die out from incompetency and neglect.

Brother Charters! I have warned you—and let what will be the animadversions made upon these pages or their author, I shall still be satisfied that I have acted rightly in so doing. I trust no one will accuse me of presumption in offering you this advice. If every man was to keep his mouth shut for fear of offending, nor dare to write lest he should be thought presumptuous, not one of the great truths that have rolled on the tide of progress would ever have been uttered on the world. Out with the truth, whatever all the earth may think, or say, or do! A man should be no more afraid of shewing his mind, than of shewing his face.

ERNEST JONES.

A MAN NOT OF HIS OWN PARTY.—When some one quoted to Wilkes one of his violent diatribes, and, thinking to pay court to him, praised it to the skies, Wilkes exclaimed, "Why, Sir, you surely don't suppose me to be a Wilkite?"

The Co-operative Movement.

REPLY TO MR. VANSITTART NEALE.*

Profit.—Value.—Co-operation.

I proceed to answer Mr. Vansittart Neale's fresh opinions respecting profit, value, and co-operation. In Mr. Neale we behold a well-meaning mind struggling with conventional forms and perverse associations, and through their mist utterly unable to conceive the pure, immutable, and self-consistent truth.

As to the long remarks on "Communism," I shall merely say, that I wont be thrown off the scent by Mr. Neale's transparent endeavour to counteract my views of Co-operation in availing himself of the prejudices existing against Communism. I propounded a plan of Co-operation which Mr. Neale has less right to identify with Communism, than I have to identify him and his propositions with a defence of the vile class-institutions under which we live, under which he so eulogistically contrasts with the long strangled democracy of France. Permit me here to tell him, that it is an unfairness, which I will not believe inherent in his nature, but acquired in the foul legal atmosphere of Lincoln's Inn, to charge the depression of co-operation in France to the account of democracy. He, in common with all the world, must well know that it is the *want* of democracy, the reaction of men of *his order*, the triumph of the moneyocracy, and the vile tendency of profitmongering selfishness with which *his* views of co-operation have been tainting the aristocracy of French labour, that have caused the oppression of the working-classes in the neighbouring republic.

As to Communism, Mr. Neale tells us it is right in theory, but that it is wrong to take those practical measures which would realise that theory in action. I pity the legal acumen which can find out, that a thing right in principle, would be wrong in practice! I am perfectly ready to discuss Communism with Mr. Neale, but I have not even touched upon it yet.

Mr. Neale next proceeds to combat my assertion, that Co-operation, without legislative power, would be at the mercy of the rich. No! he does not combat it, but he assures us, that from the pure pity and kindness of the rich they are stretching out a helping hand to working-men's co-operation, and he *has little doubt* that they will continue so to do.

Now, who are the greatest enemies of labour? The moneyocracy. Are *they* helping? Not they! It is a few landlords, and bishops, and farmers, whose interest it is to keep the moneyocracy in check, and who, like drowning men, are catching at a straw to save themselves, and try to make a cat's-paw of Co-operation to help them against manufacturing supremacy. If Mr. Neale fixes his hopes on the state church and on the landed aristocracy, he will find them but as broken reeds; for both state church, landed aristocracy, and moneyocracy too, will have to bow before the advancing march of proletarian revolution. Mr. Neale must well know, that the money-class are, for a time, coming to power—that their interest is to crush Co-operation; he cannot deny that, and how can he make it reasonably appear that they will not use their power to their own interest, as they have ever done! Mr. Neale may say, "this is suppositious." Equally suppositious, I reply, is his assertion, that the rich will help us out of pity and good-nature, and spare us out of mercy in our little efforts.

But Mr. Neale asks us, "What *have* the rich done to crush Co-operation?" That is a strange question. What prevents the progress of Co-operation? What are we struggling against? What keeps us back? The state of the laws. Who make the laws? The rich. That is what the rich have done to prevent Co-operation: and there is, also, the ghost of a certain land company which soars up to view—a company, whatever its mistakes may or may not have been—a company, I say, that owes its fall more to the hostility of the rich than to all the other causes put together. And here a lesson is read us: the landocracy and clergy condescend to patronise stores and factories, because they hate the aristocracy of trade; but direct co-operation to the *land*, and you touch them home! Dare to start a land company, and they tread you in the dust. (Mr. Neale warns us against co-operation on the land.) Thus the aristocracy of money destroys your trading speculations—the aristocracy of land destroys your agricultural efforts. Between them you must be crucified. One would have supposed the trades' union would have read you a lesson. There was an association started with objects far less hostile to the rich than are those of co-operation, and how have the rich treated it? Do not ask again, "What have they done?"

Go to the hearths of labour, read the unbroken accounts of unparalleled wrong and villainy suffered by the employed at the hands of the employer, from No. 14 of the "Notes"

* See last week's number of the "Notes."

down to the present date inclusive, and see "what they have done."

And these, then, are the men whom we shall ask to let us live on sufferance, in whose kindliness and forbearance we shall confide, instead of taking steps to do without them, to be independent alike of their favours or their frowns. Forsooth we are to have nothing to do with political agitation!

I ask Mr. Neale these questions, do political laws create social evils? Do political laws lock up the land? Do political laws impose taxes for class purposes? Do unequal taxes impoverish? Does poverty produce disease and crime? Do these require poors-rate and criminal expenditure? Does this impoverish still further? Do political laws establish the monopoly of land and of machinery, which, keeping up a competitive surplus in the labour-market, puts the social state of the people at the mercy of the rich?

Then, in the face of this, dare you tell us to have nothing to do with political agitation? Dare you insult and calumniate the men of France because they strove for political power? Dare you advise us, like Whig and Tory, to have nothing to do with politics? Oh! a most convenient recommendation! *You* may make what laws you please—*you* may govern, and tax, and prey, and waste—*we* poor slaves have nothing to do with those matters—they are above *our* comprehension—your monarchy is to be the world—"our republic is to be only the workshop"—*we* must merely toil, and slave, and *obey*, while *you* rule—and, as a crowning kindness, allow us to buy, and sell, and huxter, a little among ourselves—as long as you, our great law-makers and rulers, in your infinite goodness, permit us so to do.

Thank you, for speaking out! I always said the *present* co-operative movement (perfectly ANTI-SOCIAL in its every tendency) was reactionary in the highest degree. I now see from your words how right I was! It is merely an attempt of a small knot among the aristocracy of labour to creep on to the platform of the middle-class—backed at first by a few of the poorer, on whose shoulders they contrive to rise, and then to kick them down from underneath. Thank you, for showing us the real spirit, aim, and object of *your* co-operation and of its leaders! You lose no opportunity of attacking democracy, and upholding our class institutions—your official organ is a supporter of the state-church—and you now tell us to leave politics to the rich, and go on toiling, huxtering, and slaving among ourselves.

Thank you! The rich may make a tax, but we must only make a pound of candles.

Thank you! The rich may form a treaty with the Czar, but we must only form a cake of soap.

Thank you! The rich may grant a subsidy to Metternich, but we must only contract for a peck of meal.

Very convenient for the rich indeed. "The true republic for the working-man is the republic of the workshop!" We thank you, and we understand the meaning of all this.

Mr. Neale next proceeds to play his phosphorus against my assertion, that in the struggle between the two powers, monopoly and co-operation, the weaker must be overcome, unless strengthened by being placed on a right basis, and wedded to political power. He never reaches the argument itself: I said that monopoly would conquer, because it could afford to *undersell* co-operation—*because it could continue to drive wages down, since it was increasing the surplus of hands faster than co-operation could diminish it*—(in No. 22, p. 422, of the *Notes*, I allude to the seven causes—there are more still—which are throwing surplus hands into the labour-field)—and because its large capital would enable it to buy cheaper, and take a better advantage of the market. Mr. Neale never answers this—but because I happen to say, and truly, "that Moses and Son have made ten steps (or rather 100) in advance, while the Castle Street tailors have made only one," he observes, this is natural, because of their greater capital. Just so—there he admits that capital is conquering in the struggle. But then, he says, the Castle Street tailors have progressed notwithstanding, *despite* Moses and Son—does not this show they can *go on* progressing, and thus conquer? Not at all. If ten men march to fight ten thousand, they will advance unmolested a certain way, till they come within range of their enemy's fire—and, "oh! how they are getting on!" Mr. Vansittart Neale would say. But just let them get within range of the 10,000 muskets, and where will they be then? Mr. Vansittart Neale. So it is with co-operation—they may go on a little till they come within reach of monopoly—and then the above comparison reveals their fate. If monopoly *stood still* while they were progressing, then, indeed, Mr. Neale's argument might merit consideration—but as it is, they have not yet begun the fight—they are only preparing for the battle—they are putting on their armour—the one, a breast-plate of gauze and a helmet of tissue—the other, a hauberk of thrice-tempered steel, and a helmet of thick burnished gold. Wait till they grapple with each other, and can you doubt the results?

The point of competition Mr. Neale very wisely skims over, admitting that it would be ruinous to the associates—but endeavouring to gloss it under the idea of *emulation*. That point we may therefore take to be conceded—a point so vital, that the ruin of the co-operative movement would be sealed by that alone. As to his challenge to produce a single store that does not illimitably extend its members, I need only

refer Mr. Neale to No. 28 of these *Notes* for his answer.

Thus far the field has been comparatively open—we now touch on matters in which no healthy mind can halt between two opinions—in which the eternal and immutable principles of justice are at stake.

The insurmountable difficulty for Mr. Neale appears to be, the fixing of a just standard of *value*—a standard which must regulate the price of an article, beyond which to ask, is robbery.

He actually tries to persuade the reader that I propose a fixed standard of wages in money (a thing I never even dreamed of), and, with much apparent simplicity, asks us:

"The needlewoman's time, measured in money, is valued at less than ½d. an hour, the slop-working tailors at 1d. to 1½d., the food producing agriculturist at 2d., the artisans at 3d., 4d., and 6d., up, perhaps, to a shilling, to say nothing of those occupations in which the work is more of the head than of the hand; which of all the varied rates of value assigned to time, as measured by money in the United Kingdom, are we to take as the true standard of the price lawful to be asked, while to ask a farthing more is robbery?"

I answer: NOT ONE OF THEM! The standard is—comfort and competence to the worker, be it shirtmaker or collier—jeweller or miner—weaver or ploughman. The standard is not 1d., or 1s., or £1, but the standard is—what will enable that man to feed, clothe, lodge, educate, and amuse himself and family, in accordance with the rational wants and requirements of civilised life.

This, permit me to observe, was a mere quibble, wholly unworthy of the writer.

Our correspondent then actually indulges in the following conundrum:

"The bricklayer and carpenter build a house for the shoemaker, and charge him for their time 5s. a-day, their average rate of wages. The shoemaker's day, valued at his usual wages, is worth 2s., but there has been another 6d., which has been used to go into the pocket of his employer as profit. Now that he works for himself, he seeks to put this into his own pocket, and forthwith you raise a hue-and-cry against him as a robber. It is no robbery for the bricklayer and carpenter to ask him 5s. a-day for their labour, but because the shoemaker has been driven down by adverse circumstances, to accept 2s. only for his day, he is a robber for asking of them 2s. 6d."

Can anything be more absurd—permit me to add, more unfair, than this mode of argument? What I said, and what I repeat, is, that the shoemaker as well as the carpenter, had a right to ask such a return for his time and toil, as would place him in competence. If the shoemaker's wage were driven down to starvation point, Mr. Neale very well knows that I should not call it *robbery* if he succeeded in raising it to an honourable standard. Would Mr. Neale, I ask, on the other hand, consider it right, if the carpenter and bricklayer, to whom he alludes, by a monopoly of their trade, were to raise their wages from 5s. to £5 the day? Would he consider it right thus to preclude the poor from having a house built for them at all? What then remains as a fair standard of value—*but to ask as much as will enable the producer to live well—and not more than leaves it possible for the consumer to buy.* This, in a properly organised society, where *all would be producers* by brain or hand, (allowing for the necessary *distributors* of produce), is the only admissable standard of value—and this is the only basis on which co-operation, both now and in the future, can fix its system of commercial exchange. Is it possible that Mr. Neale cannot understand so self-evident a proposition? If it is an act of gross oppression to politically disenfranchise a man by withholding from him the vote, it is also an act of gross oppression to commercially disenfranchise him, by making the price of an article unnecessarily so high as will prevent his buying it, or buying it in sufficient quantities to satisfy his just requirements.*

Mr. Neale further suggests the following, to him, unanswerable alternatives:—

A can work only half as quickly as B, B only half as well as C—is it rational that they should all receive the same return for their labour?

What, if A labours under some physical infirmity, is society to punish him with starvation, though he may do his best to help society? Carry the argument out, and A is a doomed cripple, who must perish by the road side, beyond the pale of your co-operative charity. Have you yet to learn that it is the duty of society to protect its weaker members? The very Poor Law, vile as it is, at least does homage to the principle. I tell you, *every man has his use in the world*—and your assertion that B cannot work as well as his brother-shoemakers, merely proves that B has mistaken his vocation, or been forced into a calling unfitted for him. Competition may now thus force him, but the beauty of co-operation is, that it would relieve mankind from that monster-curse, being driven to employment unsuited to the physical or mental qualities of the individual.

But, says Mr. Neale, though all might work equally well, and equally quickly, yet they might make more boots than were wanted, and "might, therefore, be induced *to offer them at less than cost price*, and thus the old principle would be at work, the value of the boots would depend on the wants and means of the buyer."

* I have, in last Number, observed that the case of the pauper and the infirm, cannot, of course, apply.

Accordingly, Mr. Neale supposes the case, that a man should actually *be the loser by his work*, in order to suit the circumstances of the purchaser. I answer, under no circumstances ought this to be. Mr. Neale himself informs us "there are two to a bargain"—if "wants and means" are to dictate the value—why not, as I say, the wants and means of the producer, as well as of the consumer? of the maker, as well as of the purchaser?

But Mr. Neale has here produced a case, which is so extremely likely to happen under his false plan of co-operation (and so impossible under the true), as to seal at once the condemnation of the former. Such a glut in the market is most likely, nay! certain, to take place, under a system wherein rival associations are competing with each other. For instance, the one society makes its customary quantity of boots; another that has started up by its side, does the same, and lowers the price, in competition. According to Mr. Neale's plan, the latter society would carry away all the custom—the former would have its stock thrown on hand, and *be obliged to sell under cost price*, or have no sale for its goods, and nothing but starvation for its hands. But, if the standard of value, the price, were so regulated in the co-operative associations as to cover the working charges, including time and labour, and give a competent and happy maintenance in return, such a calamity would be perfectly impossible. Does not Mr. Neale see that he has been passing adverse judgment on his own plan? That it is just this very evil which his own plan necessarily must create, and which true co-operation as necessarily must prevent? Does not Mr. Neale see, that the capricious fluctuation of value, leaves the path clear for competition, speculation, usury, robbery, and sin of the foulest kind?

It is painful to have to combat such manifest mistakes—indeed, the matter ceases to "partake of the comic"—it assumes a melancholy character, when one finds a doubtlessly well-intentioned man so lost amid the clouds of prejudice and early association, as to be utterly incapable (at least at present,) to drink in the most simple and self-evident truths on questions so important.

Mr. Neale lastly endeavous to clench his argument thus:—

"Suppose Devonshire and Galway, having a common purse,* out of which the inhabitants of both are to have a 'decent maintenance' in comfort and competence. Very pleasant, doubtless, for Galway, but less so for Devonshire. '*We give you all we have*,' says Galway, 'our rags and our potatoes; we take all we want of your beef and your money, your cider and your corn.' Lincolnshire, again, with its alluvial plains, we may picture standing in the like pleasing relation, to the stony pastures of Wales. As Devonshire to Galway so Midlothian to the Hebrides."

What? Mr. Vansittart Neale! Is that your notion of co-operation? I always thought co-operation meant one man's helping the other—but with you it seems to be "all for myself, and the devil take my neighbour!"

What, then, although the men of Galway may work as hard as they can, and (in your own words), "give all they have," you, with Christianity on your lips, are to play the Jew, and exact the pound of flesh to its last ounce! You have beef, and they have only potatoes—"that's no just equivalent for commercial exchange," you cry, so you will waste, dog-like, in the manger, and look on while Galway starves! Is this your "utterance of love" in the "spiritual depths of your being?"—your "Promethean fire"—and your "genuine fellowship?" Leave off fine phrases, and do not clothe the doctrines of Satan under the mask of Christianity. Out upon such teaching! I always asserted the very spirit of incarnate selfishness was in *your* plan of co-operation, with its mean, grasping profit-mongering, its isolated antagonistic actions, its accumulative riches, and its ultimate competition and monopoly.

You are fond of appealing to God and Christian Love—but I tell you, when God modelled Devon, he never meant that Galway should starve—and if he gave a surplus to the one, and a deficiency to the other, the very want on the one part, and the redundancy on the other part, was a viewless finger pointing to fellowship and union—was a silent sermon, saying—"you can't do without each other; love one another, for all men are brethren!"

I tell you they have both an equal right to the good things of this earth. Why? because they have both AN EQUAL STANDARD OF MANHOOD, and AN EQUAL TREASURE OF LABOUR. Nay! if anything, the men of Galway have the *better* claim—because their sterile fields require greater toil than the rich and genial soil of Devon. But the question is not "have the soils different advantages?"—the question is, "have its men the same wants?"

Verily, it is you, Mr. Neale, who are "displaying an ignorance of the conditions under which, from the nature of things, commercial exchange must be conducted."

And can it be expected otherwise from one who is ever reasoning from a false centre?—

* I never said a word about a "common purse"—what I proposed was, that co-operative associations in the same, or in confederated trades—should pay their SURPLUS FUND into a NATIONAL EXCHEQUER, for the extension of co-operation, instead of those surplus funds being, as now, divided among a few small knots of profitmongers, and thus creating a fresh succession of capitalists, to supersede the present

who mistakes the true standard of value : THE VALUE IS NOT IN THE ARTICLE, BUT IN THE MAN. Mr. Neale mis-appreciates my views of co-operation as much as he does the real nature of commercial exchange. I can assure him I see in it neither "Minerva with helmet, spear, and ægis," nor Mr. Vansittart Neale with his wig and gown. I see in it the basis and the goal of future legislation—I see in it the first legislative steps when our glorious CHARTER has been enacted law—I see in it that which shall bring down the fortunes of the rich to the standard of reason, and render it unnecessary for the able-bodied to be in idleness, since it will open up the adits to the means of work, when political power has destroyed the robber-holds that fright the work-man from the field of labour. I see in it, a Spirit of the coming years—too just, too holy, too majestic, to live upon the alms or sufferance of the wealthy !

I now request the reader once more to peruse Mr. Neale's letter, and to answer himself these questions :—

Has Mr. Neale proved it to be right, for co-operative associations to charge the public more for goods than will cover the working charges and afford fair maintenance for the associates; has he proved them right in pocketing the surplus profits, thus monopolising wealth, and laying the great portion of the public under the disability of obtaining, or of obtaining in sufficient quantity, the articles they require?

Has Mr. Neale shewn any possible escape for the present isolated associations, from the absolute necessity of competing with each other, as soon as they reach a certain stage of development?

Has Mr. Neale answered the objection, that the amassing of wealth by a few isolated companies, must re-create the evils of monopoly?

Has Mr. Neale disproved, that monopoly is throwing surplus hands into the wages-market faster than co-operation can take them out—that the monopolist will thus have the power to undersell the co-operator, and destroy co-operation, and that political power can alone remove the politico-social causes, which thus crush industry, and undermine the movement?

Has Mr. Neale not virtually admitted, that co-operation exists but by the sufferance of the rich ?

Has Mr. Neale advanced one real argument against the basis of co-operation I laid down as the only one consistent with the laws of social right ?

Has Mr. Neale advanced one single argument against this standard of value and commercial exchange ? "that no man is justified in taking more from society than the value of the time and labour he bestows on it, in the return for which, he bestowing all he can give, society is bound to provide for all his just wants;" and that "all price asked beyond that necessary for this, is a robbery on the public, and an injury to society."

I may, as Mr. Neale says, "be utterly ignorant of the true principles of commercial exchange,"—but, at all events, I do not, under the cover of fine phrases, advance the most damnable doctrines of the modern economic school. I may be "ignorant," but, at least, I do not stab democracy in the back, while pretending to advocate the social elevation of my fellow-countrymen. I may be "ignorant," but, at any rate, I do not degrade the working-man to a mere pensioner of the rich, and labour to a thing allowed to live on sufferance by the toleration of "noble-born" philanthrophy. No ! but with the strong truth of social right upon my side, I humbly battle, and I proudly hope, for that great day, when the rich shall be unable to cajole, and the unprincipled be powerless to oppress—when "the feeling of stability and security which our existing institutions produce among the classes who have most to lose *shall* be materially shaken," by that feeling being extended to those who have nothing to lose, because they have been robbed of all.

Aye ! Sir ! despite your "philanthropic list of noblemen,"—and your demoralising charities. You may talk of your "benevolent institutions," in nine cases out of ten (though here and there we find the secret donor and the true philanthropist), in nine cases out of ten, they are the concession of THIEVERY to FEAR, or of AVARICE to OSTENTATION. The "institution" we want is the institution of free labour —the republic we desire, is not the republic of the workshop, but the republic of the world—and we too, sigh for the Peace to which you allude—but, when it comes, it shall be the PEACE OF PEOPLE, not the PEACE OF KINGS. With the strong truth of social right on my side, I shall still continue, humble though I be, to fight against the ANTI-SOCIAL tendency of *your* co-operative system. You "complain of my attack upon it as an utter misrepresentation of the spirit in which the movement has been commenced, and is being carried on."

If there could have been a doubt as to the nature of that spirit, your letter must have succeeded in removing it, and in shewing its, once secret, deformity to all the world. By so doing you have rendered a great service to society, for which I thank you.

Let me, however, recommend you, to leave the defence of the present plan, to other and more artful hands, since there is nothing more damaging to a bad cause than too honest an advocate.

I am, a friend to true Co-operation,*

ERNEST JONES.

* How now ? Mr. Vansittart Neale.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

(Continued from page 572)

VIII.—THE HALF-WAY HOUSE CONTINUED.

Margaret Haspen turned round, and saw by the indistinct twilight, the figure of a labouring man pass the window, hesitatingly, and looking around him, as one who feared discovery. Having assured himself that no one but the bricklayer's wife was in the bar-kitchen, he entered.

"Good evening to ye! Can you give us a light, missus?"—and he took an unkindled pipe out of his mouth.

"There's the fire!"—said Margaret.

The new comer walked to the fire-place, slowly twisted a piece of paper, lit it, and held it to his pipe still, after it had gone out, for his eyes were busy scanning the premises. Feeling sure, at last, that Margaret was quite alone, he took off his waggoner's slouch-hat, and said—

"Don't you know me again, Margaret Haspen?"

The woman uttered a cry of surprise.

"You! Latchman!"

"Hush! silence!—don't speak that name!—are you alone in the house?"

"Yes! quite alone!—But why?"

Without giving an answer—Latchman gave a wild, peculiar whistle.

Immediately heavy footsteps were heard, and another man, dressed like a labourer, entered.

"There's no one here but Margaret,"—said Latchman, and the new visitor also uncovered his head—it was Haspen!

Latchman stopped another exclamation of surprise on the part of Margaret—

"Great ——! Is it you?"—said the poor woman trembling in every limb.

"It's us, Margaret—shut the door—and now—quick! give us some grub—for we've had nothing for twelve hours!"

The woman never moved. Her faded eyes could not stray from those two pale, hardened faces, gleaming through the fire-light of the room like some threatening apparition from the past.

"Well!—Moggy! d'ye hear me?"—said Haspen, pushing her gently.

The sound of that voice, whose harsh, metallic tones were but too well remembered, made her start, as though beneath the touch of a half-closed wound. However, mechanically, and with a kind of fear, she proceeded to a cupboard, and placed some food and drink before her sullen guests.

There was silence for several minutes—the two men eat with eager haste—Margaret had withdrawn to a remote dark corner, and sat watching them, as the red fire-light fell upon their Cain-like foreheads.

At last Haspen turned, and said—"you don't seem over-joyed to see us, Margaret!—yet it's not so very short a time since we parted."

"It's a pity, John, that we ever met!"—sighed Margaret—but not reproachfully.

"I know, Margaret!" and his tone was softened—"and yet, it might have been different—*its a pity*, Margaret!—Where are the children?"

The wretched woman was more startled at the tone, than she had been at the first appearance of that evening's visitors. Her hand trembled much, and her cheek was very pale, as she took the candle and led the outcast to the bed-side of his child.

Opening the slide of the recessed bed, she fainted. The stalwart felon stepped to the bed, with the soft footfall of a slender girl.

Little Mary lay lapped in careless sleep. The roses sparkled on her dimpled cheeks—her long lashes drooped peacefully over her closed eyes—her bright, brown, curly hair wantoned around her little neck—and one pretty hand, hanging listlessly open, showed the innocence of her unconscious slumber. Haspen looked at her some moments, in utter silence—then he slowly bent, and pressed one gentle kiss upon her pure, calm forehead. Recording angels!—there was a tear left there!

The felon turned round abruptly—and walked with long, quick strides, to the door; Margaret re closed the slide.

At last, he said, in a rough, hurried tone—

"Where's Catherine?"

The poor mother bowed her head.

"Catherine has left me."

"Left you? Why?"

"She got into bad ways—and"—

"And—what?—Well?"—

"She was with child."

"Ah!"—

Haspen folded his arms across his breast, with a gloomy look—and remained silent a long time.

"Who was she with child by?"—he said at length, as though struck by a sudden thought.

"By Barrowson."

The name had scarce escaped the lips of Margaret—before the felon had started up with clenched fists, and flashing eyes.

"*Barrowson* and *Barrowson*—and always BARROWSON!"—he hissed through his closed teeth. *He* always—and HE—and HIM alone upon my path!—and I can't crush his head between these two hands"—and he made a terrible gesture.

He sat down again, his whole body trembled with ungovernable rage.

There was a long pause, which no one ventured to interrupt. Latchman had the true tact of knowing when to speak and when to keep silent. He had not uttered a word during the conversation between Haspen and his wife, and he, therefore, waited now, without shewing either impatience or uneasiness. At last, when he thought his companion sufficiently cool to listen to him, he reminded him of the dangers that surrounded them, and of the priceless value of the passing moments.

Both the fugitives formed part of a widely spread metropolitan association of thieves, of whom strong numbers resided here and there about the country, affording asylum, assistance, and concealment to the imperilled brothers of the community. This commonwealth of thieves has remained immutable, while kingdoms and republics, empires and constitutions have melted away from over and around it.

The two fugitives had, accordingly, depended for concealment on the wide ramifications of their union, and relied for evading the police on the secret resting places they could meet in the crowded solitudes of London, and the denuded solitudes of the country.

In the village near Margaret's abode, lived one of their accomplices. Him they now sought to reach. After a whispering conversation with Haspen, Latchman turned to Margaret.

"Do you know Plotchild?"

"What—the beer-house keeper in the next village?"

"Yes, I know him."

"We must get to his house. How shall we find it?"

"If you go there, you'll be taken. The police 'use' the house now."

"The ——! What shall we do now, Latchman?"

"We must send for him to come here."

"Moggy, will you go for us?" said Haspen.

"If it is necessary to save you."

"Well, then, go—go quick! Tell him 'his friends of the dark glim' want to see him."

"And if he refuses to come?"

"You tell him that, and he'll come."

Margaret went.

The two felons were alone in the house—alone, save the sleeping Mary.

Latchman fastened the door behind her, and sat down at the table by the side of his companion.

"If this cove will but shell out."

"Perhaps he'll put us in the way of cribbing something. There are plenty of bens here to get into."

"There are the traveller's* too—their pockets are well lined."

"We'll do what we can—but as for the stone-jug, I'll have no more of it. I'd sooner be scragged. The first who tries to grab me I'll cook his goose for him with this," and the bricklayer drew a formidable knife, sharpened into a point by the patient laboriousness peculiar to a prisoner preparing for escape.

"Mind you don't miss fire, then, and let out some tin with the claret."

Haspen made no answer, but he clutched convulsively that arm of death, and his eyes glared savagely, as some fearful but enticing picture seemed to rise before his mental sight. Latchman thought he was merely responding to his sanguinary jest.

"We must have blunt, one way or another, that's clear," said the latter, for without a tanner or two we should be nabbed in four-and-twenty hours."

"I tell you, Latchman, I won't go back there, and stand so, any longer, with a chain on my leg, and be made a sight of to the stray visitors who pass a pleasant hour in looking at the wild beasts in their cage. No, I'll hang—so, I'll make sure of that, before they catch me."

Latchman nodded approval, and the two felons lit their pipes, and smoked in silence.

Some little time had elapsed thus, when a horse's steps were heard in great distance along the road, coming in the direction from London.

The two men raised their heads, and listened.

"Who can that be?" whispered Haspen, with the confused suspiciousness of trembling guilt.

"We can stag him thro' here," and Latchman climbed on the dresser, to look through a small hole at the top of the closed shutter.

* Commercial Travellers.

"It's a swell on horseback."

"Hallo! He stops."

"What's he doing?"

"He's fastened his horse—he's taking off a portmanteau—he's coming to the door."

At the closed door, the traveller let his portmanteau drop on the ground, and a jingling, as of money, was distinctly audible.

The two thieves looked meaningly at each other.

Meanwhile the traveller had knocked at the door, and, receiving no answer, cried in an angry voice:

"Well, Margaret, are you asleep or dead? Why don't you let me in?"

"By my soul, I know that voice," said Haspen. "Listen, Latchman, haven't you heard it before? Look, if you know him."

"Its too dark. Oliver's got his nightcap on.* But, at any rate, there's no harm in opening, we're two, and he's alone."

"But, if he knows us, Latchman, he'll tell."

"One can easily prevent his doing that," said the convict, with a soft smile that had something horrible in it.

"Margaret, you infernal ——! why don't you let me in?"

"Who's there?" answered Latchman, mimicking Margaret's voice.

"Who the deuce should it be? I—Barrowson."

"Barrowson!" cried the bricklayer, darting forward, and seizing the knife he had laid on the table. "Let him in! Quick! Let him in!"

The door opened—and Barrowson walked in.

"The D—— seize you! I thought you meant to let me shiver there all night. There's a fog enough to soak you to the bone—Ha! where's Margaret?"—he added, on perceiving what he had neglected to notice at first, that it was not Margaret who had let him in. He had proceeded right across the room to the fire-place. In looking round for the absent hostess—his eyes encountered the face of Haspen—who stood erect, motionless, and terrible, before him.

Barrowson uttered a cry of half surprise, half fear,—and involuntarily made a step towards the door.

Latchman had closed it, and stood with his back leaning against it.

Barrowson's ruddy face turned very pale—its expression became anxious. However, he tried to resume his usual jovial manner, and exclaimed:

"The deuce, friends! who would have thought of seeing you here."

"Or you either," rejoined Latchman, taking off his hat, and bowing with deliberate irony—"we are quite delighted to see you in good health, and especially with a well-filled portmanteau."

The rich man looked at his treasure with trembling—he still held it in his hand.

"What?—that?—oh nothing! that's nothing. only a few shirts,—that's all.—But where's Margaret?"

"She's gone—Barrowson!—and—*you are alone with us!*"

Haspen uttered these words in a tone so deep and dread—that the merchant started at every syllable.

"Then,"—said the latter—stammering, and advancing to the door—"we'll——we'll ride on home——good-night—friends?——"

"Why do you want to go," interposed Latchman, "you'll sleep very comfortably here. We'll make all right in Margaret's absence, depend upon it—you shan't want for anything we can do for you. To begin—let me relieve you of this load"—and he laid his hand on the portmanteau.

"No! No! Not a bit! Don't trouble yourself, I'll let nobody have it."

"Pooh! only some shirts! that's all," resumed Latchman—shaking it and making the money jingle.

"What a deuced odd sound these shirts of yours have! Come, my boy! sit down by the fire, and make yourself at home."

The miserable merchant felt his heart fail him. His eyes wandered from Latchman to the bricklayer—and found no encouragement from either. The face of the latter, especially, literally flashed with hate. Barrowson once more moved to the door with undisguised terror.

"For the love of heaven, let me go! Gentlemen!"

"We are no gentlemen!"—interposed Haspen, in a hoarse, dry tone, in which the desire of prolonging the scene, struggled with the almost irresistible impulse of his fury—"thanks to you—to you—who forced the fellons' chain upon our legs!"

"My friends!—don't blame me—I was not the cause—rest assured—my good friends!—Let me go!—and I swear by all that's sacred, I'll never tell a soul that I have seen you!"

"We're not afraid—for you wont go from here!" sneered Latchman.

"What do you mean? my friends!" and the faltering merchant could scarcely articulate. "Haspen!—my friend!"

"I your friend!"—thundered the bricklayer, every muscle of his frame suddenly starting into convulsive action"—I?—I?—I, whom you ruined? I! who would tear you with my bare hands!"

And he strode towards Barrowson,—his eyes on fire, his arms stretched forward, his fingers curved to seize their prey.

The unhappy merchant completely lost his presence of mind.

* The moon's behind a cloud,

"Where am I—Oh my God!—am I in a den of cut-throats?"

"For you, at least! Barrowson!" cried Haspen, as he seized the portly merchant with his muscular arm, and threw him backwards over a bench before the hearth. The victim raised himself upon his knees—a hideous and a pitiable sight. His wild, unmeaning eyes were starting from their sockets, his hands were raised in supplication, his body bent in the attitude of the most humiliating abjectness—his whole appearance exhibited what villainy has most vile, and fear most cowardly. He tried to speak, but his teeth chattered together, and he could scarcely make himself heard.

"For the love of heaven! Haspen!—let me go!——I always did good to your family it was I who placed your wife here. Dont' take advantage of this place. Let me go."

"Ha! you did good to my family! did you?" hissed the bricklayer. "Tell me, was it in lowering my wages, to drive me into want? Was it in turning me out of work, forcing me to steal from sheer hunger? Was it in sending me to the hulks? Was it in ruining Catherine, whom you have turned upon the streets? Oh! you have done my family much good, Barrowson! And I! I'll pay it you back now! I wont be ungrateful, one good turn for another! one by one! See, Barrowson!—there's for lowering my wage!" and the heavy shod foot of the bricklayer smote the merchant's head, that he flew back crashing against the fire-place wall.

"That's for turning me adrift! That's for sending me to the hulks! That's for my child, Catherine! D'ye hear, Barrowson! for my child!—Catherine! Kate! Pretty little Kate!——There!——There!——There!——Ha! ha! ha!"

At every word the foot of the convict came down with a terrible blow, and the bruised and bloody head of the merchant rolled round upon the hearth-stone. He still uttered suppressed cries of agony, and once, he even succeeded in half raising himself, streaming with blood, and crying:

"Mercy, Haspen, mercy! forgive me, oh my God! don't kill me, Haspen! mercy! don't kill me!"

He then fell forward on his face, grovelling, like a serpent, on his belly, before his former workman, and embracing his legs in abject supplication, tears and blood together fell from his face.

But Haspen was frenzied. "You never had pity on me! I want your blood, Barrowson!"

With one hand he held the merchant writhing at his feet; with the other he stretched towards the table, trying to reach the knife he had laid there. He grasped it at length.

But scarcely had Barrowson seen the glimmer of the blade by the fire-light, ere, with one of those sudden returns of strength that the last agony and the last despair confer, he tore himself away—dashed the bricklayer back, and darted to the darkest corner of the kitchen, where he remained, uttering piercing cries.

"Cut his throat! silence him, Haspen, or we're lost!"

But Haspen had already bounded after him, and seizing the merchant by the hair, had thrown him upon his knees—his head thrown backward, and the long blade of the knife disappeared to the very hilt down the throat and breast of the victim.

Barrowson fell from him without a sigh. Haspen placed a foot upon his forehead, and drew out the knife jammed firmly in the bones.

Latchman drew near. He looked on the body with perfect indifference, and turned the head round with his foot, as if to see whether life really were extinct. The body never moved.

"That's well done. He'll tell no tales!"

"Water!" cried the bricklayer, whose hands were dripping blood.

"There! But what shall we do with him now?"

"Follow me, and you'll see."

At this moment a key turned in the lock of the house door—it opened gently—and Margaret stood upon the threshold.

IX.—CATHERINE.

On the afternoon of the fatal night, the occurrence of which we have just recorded, Catherine, as the reader will recollect, had called at the half-way house, in company with two men, light companions of her fallen days, whom she had lured on an excursion in the country. It will, moreover, be remembered, that she had promised little Mary to return in the evening.

Separated from her mother during two years, she had lost sight of her early home, and wandered hither and thither, without knowing the dwelling-place of her deserted mother. Chance had now thrown that knowledge in her way. Although sunk in the lowest stages of vice, this poor young girl had not lost all her better nature; in the midst of her degradation she cherished a remembrance of maternal love, and above the gangrene of foul lusts, some feelings of pure love still rose, like the sweet flowers that sometimes cluster over a corrupt and pestilent swamp.

She had, therefore, resolved to return to the half-way house that very night, once more to see her mother, to obtain her forgiveness, and to embrace her once again.

(To be continued.)

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(Continued from No. 30, p. 573.)

XVII.—GÖRGEY.

The fall of Buda was the rise of Görgey. One of the most brilliant feats of arms had sanctified disobedience by success. Detraction was silenced. Parliament voted the thanks of the country and the grand cross of the Hungarian Order for military merit to the victorious general, and a committee of members, with Gabriel Kazintzy at their head, was deputed to convey the intelligence to the army.

Görgey well knew the machinations that had been at work during the period of his transient eclipse, and he now refused the proffered honour, observing "that his principles would not allow him to accept a mark of distinction; that the mania for titles and orders was already rife among the officers of his army, and that, for the purposes of recalling them to their early purity of purpose, he felt himself bound to give them his example."

The jealous pride is here manifest, which refused to receive a reward at the hands of a rival—Kossuth.

The parliament and government now removed to the capital, Pesth, opened to them by Görgey's splendid victory—it thus drew nearer to the scene of conflict with the Austrians. It will be recollected, that Kossuth had virtually recalled Görgey from the field, by appointing him to the war-office. Görgey well knew that this apparent dignity would, in reality, be his downfall—and had, accordingly, not accepted it. He now felt that two things were necessary for his power and ambition: to be present and active in the government, and to be present and active also in the field. If, however, he devoted himself to the former, some rival would possess himself of the control of the army, and the affections of the soldier. If he devoted himself to the latter, some rival would influence the parliament and council, and thwart his operations in the seat of war. Accordingly, he resolved on uniting both powers in his own person, and on being secretary at war and commander-in-chief at the same time. An impracticable scheme, to which, in great part, the disasters of the following campaign can be referred.

To carry out his plan, he established a war-chancellery at head-quarters, to represent him while absent at the capital—and transferred the war-office from Pesth to Buda, where it sat, over-awed by the walls he had haloed round with glory. He was thus establishing for himself a kind of military republic within the circle, but independent of the power of the national government. To represent him again at the war-office, while absent with the army, he appointed a plenipotentiary in the shape of an under-secretary of war.

The result was, that when quick action was needed in the field, everything was obliged to wait, till Görgey, if at Buda, had been referred to. If rapid decision was needed in the cabinet, everything had to wait till Gorgey's messengers, if he were at the camp, came back from the seat of war.

To keep the commanders of the troops still more dependent on his immediate will, he adopted the system of issuing instructions merely from day to day—he gave no comprehensive plan—no general outline—and thus, conjoined with his absence, trammelled all the operations in the field.

Again, as will presently be seen in most melancholy instances, the leaders of divisions were more than ordinarily shackled, for Gorgey was ever doubly suspicious since Kossuth's unhappy proclamation (already quoted), and construed every approach to independent action on the part of a commander, often so vitally necessary in the sudden turns of war, into a secret collusion with his enemies in Pesth, and an act of mutiny against himself.

The more to ensure his influence, Gorgey placed the troops most devoted to him, and least devoted to Hungary, under the command of those whom he believed the likeliest to oppose his plans—while, by rallying around him those who were disaffected or indifferent to his person, he relied on proselytising them by the brilliancy of his conduct, and the natural attachment springing up between the

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

general who dares and plans, and the soldier who dares and executes, by the common hardship and the not common triumph.

Pursuant to this plan, he placed the seventh corps under the command of General Klapka, the Leonidas of Hungary; this was the corps which had been defeated by Windischgratz in the autumn of 1848, and that Gorgey had led on his masterly expedition to the mountain cities, when diverting the Austrians from Debrezin. Its officers too, were chiefly of those lately in the Austrian service; the *German* language, and *German* words of command, were chiefly spoken in its ranks; it was distinguished for discipline and bravery, but enthusiasm for Hungary it had little — merely the cold sense of military duty led it, and kept it unshaken in the field. Their General was Poltenberg, a German. He and his men having sworn to the Hungarian constitution, remained true to their oath—that was the reason why they were now fighting on the side of Hungary, instead of that of Austria.

It was this sense of honour and duty, to which Poltenberg was sacrificed in October, 1849, being hanged at Arad by the Austrians, merely because he remained true to the oath, which the very Emperor-King of Hungary, who now murdered him, had made him take.

It will easily be understood that such troops, if they had any attachment, would feel it to the person of that leader who had led them through the glorious campaign of Upper Hungary—and that, entrusting their command to one whom he feared, was a means of disarming his antagonist.

Such were the plans of Gorgey. Altogether, this is one of the most interesting, though one of the most melancholy studies that history affords: to trace the astute under-current of selfish policy, which was working its silent way under the loud surges of popular and imperial war, making the strong collective force of nations, the movements of armies, and the destinies of empires turn round the viewless pivot of resolute individualism. Coarse and superficial eyes cannot trace back to the fine springs of action—they seek for the cause of Gorgey's conduct in the bribing gold, and the brutal lure—far loftier, far more fatal and more subtle, was the bribe from the dark treasury of his selfish heart. But his is not ALL the blame.

XVIII.—THE GATHERING STORM.

While Buda had been reduced, the Hungarian arms were sweeping the invaders from the soil on every side with similar success. The Austrian General Malkowski, with 10,000 men, was, for the second time, driven across the Wallachian frontier. Perzcel had like advantages over the Servians, and effecting a junction with Bem, laid siege to Temeshwar. By the end of May, he prepared to advance on Titel, the last Servian stronghold in the Batshka country. In Upper Hungary, Dembinski maintained Eperiesh and Kashau. The Transylvanian frontier was held and fortified, and the whole province (excepting the portion occupied by the Wallachians, victorious over Hatvani, and excepting also the strong fortress of Karlsburg,) was in the Hungarian power.

The masses which had conquered, and now surrounded Buda, moved slowly onward to the Waag and Upper Danube.

Meanwhile, the time wasted in the siege of Buda, and the strength lavished in the Wallachian war, had not been lost sight of by the enemy.

After the relief of Komorn, the main army of the Austrians, 40,000 strong, under General Welden, had fallen back in confusion upon Pressburg, expecting every moment to hear the opening thunders of the Hungarian artillery overtaking their rear. When, however, they found themselves perfectly unmolested, they halted, assumed a firm attitude, and actually threw detachments forward on the road to Raab, as far as Oedenburg—along the Waag to Freistadt, and took a position in the Lesser Shütt, one of two vast swampy islands formed by arms of the Danube, and being a natural citadel on the Austrian side of Hungary. Here they waited the coming help. Reinforcements were rapidly marching up from Austria Proper, Moravia, and Bohemia, which soon increased the army to 50,000 men, and the northern storm, which, when last noticed, had mounted the horizon as far as Cracow, now poured its foremost clouds over the plains of Hungary. A Russian corps of 16,000 men marched into Pressburg to act as reserve to their allies of Austria.

Another reserve was concentrating at Pettau, in Styria, under General Nugent, who entered the county of Zala with imposing numbers. A man, too, now stepped upon the field of action, doomed to eternise his name in infamy. The milder Welden, in the beginning of June, resigned the command of the main army of Austria to General Haynau—distinguished alike for cruelty and courage in the Italian wars. The bitter work of unbending, unfearing, and obstinate slaughter that was to ensue, was typified in this man, who signalised his advent by leaving blood for every footprint. Thus, on taking office, he began by ordering the execution of two brave Hungarian officers: Major Ladislas Mednyanski, and Captain Gruber, and of a highly respected clergyman named Razga.

Relentless treachery, the most hostile because the most guilty, was also called into action. Bechtold, who had betrayed his government when sent against the Servians, now commanded the imperial cavalry.

Forty thousand Russians, under Generals Lüders and Grotjenhelm, entered Transylvania, and were soon joined by another Austrian

army under General Clam Gallas. Through the Batshka country poured the Ban Jellachich with his Croatians, driving the once victorious Perzcel before his tumultuous masses. General Grabbe, the terrible slaughterer of the Caucasians, was penetrating into Hungary, from Western Gallicia, with another Russian army of 18,000 men; while the main body of the imposing Russian force, under Prince Paskievitsh himself, stood behind all, cold, still, and threatening, ranged on and around Dukla, ready to let loose its tremendous deluge at the fatal moment. Thus nine vast armies were pressing from nine different sides into the middle of Hungary—a circle of steel and fire, growing smaller and smaller every moment, against which the Magyars had to make head simultaneously in all directions. The result of this was, that they must either at once surrender the greater portion of the country, and fight the battle on one narrow disputed centre, or divide their troops into numerous small divisions, wholly inadequate in detail to resist the whelming masses brought to bear against them.

The indispensable requirements of garrisons and local defence at given points, reduced the effective force of the Magyars to 49,600 men, with 208 field-pieces, and 6,000 horses! The two powers lay thus in presence of each other, while, to the one, the Austrian, reinforcements were drawing near from the very boundaries of the habitable world—to the other, the Hungarian, no added strength was given in this time of crisis, though the elements lay at their very hearths, which might have whirled the drilled mercenaries of tyranny to destruction—the unarmed masses of the people, the proletarian millions, who were neglected now, and at last, appealed to—when too late!

Unhappy and ever renewed experience! *Nothing but Democracy can henceforth make a Revolution.*

Again a time of crisis had arrived. A rapid movement and concentration of every available soldier on a given point, abandoning every inch of ground except the fortresses and a battlefield, making the army the nation, the camp the capital, the staff the senate, artillery its eloquence, and cannon-balls its edicts, might have thrown a superior or equal force upon the yet isolated armies of the unlinked circle—might have disturbed their communication, broken their plan, crushed one or two in detail, and struck confusion in the enemy, while it assured confidence and victory at home.

The master mind of Kossuth appears to have understood the advantages of this plan, but to have lacked the energy to have *commanded* it, and seen, in person, to its execution. On the 17th of June he wrote to General Klapka:—"As to the question between an offensive and defensive warfare, I am firmly convinced that the longer we delay acting on the offensive, the more prepared will the enemy be to meet us, and the more difficult will it be to succeed. In the development of resources, the enemy has less obstacles to conquer than we have, especially since the want of weapons is becoming painful. In my opinion, it would have been very advantageous if we had made use of the time while the Russian intervention was preparing, for the purpose of attacking the Austrians, who were then isolated, or, at least, for the purpose of advancing on the Laytha. But whether or not the latter movement is still advisable depends upon the powers at the enemy's disposal. If the statemnet of 15,000 men on the left, and 25,000 on the right bank, be true, we might indeed, by a prompt and energetic movement, attack them on either shore."

Görgey again rejected the advice, and, reluctant to leave the seat of Government, where his enemies were cabaling, he passed his time at Pesth. His war-chancellery he established at Dotish, forty miles in the rear of his army; there, in the splendid castle of Count Niklas Esterhazy, his subordinates spent their time right pleasantly in creature comforts; while not a general in the whole army knew one syllable of the plan on which his absent leader meant to act.

Thus there was a great and ominous pause, similar to that which precedes the gathering storm, and heralds its near outbreak by unnatural silence. Europe lay listening for its opening thunder.

A deep feeling of depression and uneasiness pervaded the army and the people. They could not but see the coming danger; and their nervous foreboding was not dissipated by the exhilarating stir of action. Such was not the temper of victory. The people felt discontented at having nothing to do, while destruction was advancing so rapidly to their doors, and their defence depended on isolated and insufficient armies.

The new campaign was opening mournfully, yet, had it been rightly wielded, there was a glorious spirit in that people—an unconquerable heroism in that army, and little incidents kept occurring from time to time which shewed the temper of the nation, and cheered the hearts of its defenders. One of these deserves to live through history. Hungarian regiments, as is well known, serve in the army of Austria in all parts of its extended empire. When the news of the rising of Hungary reached these distant outposts of her gallant sons, in the heart of Austrian camps, widely removed from their native land, on the furthest confines of the mighty stranger, it fired them with a patriotic inspiration, and few and isolated as they were amid the swarms of foreign mercenaries, they resolved on breaking from the midst of their surrounding foes, and fighting

their way right across the Austrian armies and the Austrian empire to their gallant comrades in their distant home! Foremost among these were the PALATINAL HUSSARS. Leaving their quarters on the borders of Saxony, a division of this regiment turned their horses' heads toward home. Between them and their goal lay all Bohemia and Moravia. Before them flew the electric message of the telegraph. Behind them rode the pursuing cavalry of Austria; to meet them, the garrisons and militia turned out upon the road. 120 men thus dared the venturous ride! The still villages at evening heard the clatter of their weary horses, and the sharp gallop of the keen pursuer. The quiet hamlets were startled as the wild chase rang through the early mist of morning. Pistol-shot and rifle pealed on the dull ear of midnight, and the rapid gathering, the expectant ambush, the sudden charge, marked, like the current of a whirlwind, their strange, chivalric course across the country. Thus they reached, in one perpetual skirmish, through two entire realms, their native mountains on the borders of their fatherland. The population poured forth to meet them. It escorted them in a triumphal march to Pressburg. Their leader, a serjeant, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and decked with the third class of the order for military bravery (it ought to have been the *first*, for the feat has hardly got a parallel!)—the men were formed into a model squadron by themselves. This little—nay, this *great*—incident gave hope and spirit to the army; it shewed them what men could do, if they *dared*—it showed them that these, who were surrounded by the fullest plenitude of Austrian power, yet hoped and trusted in the future of their country.*

What a lesson is read in this event! Such was the spirit of the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army. Had Kossuth, instead of offering aid at Italy's expense to the imperial tyrant, † sent his envoys to proclaim revolution and liberty to his countrymen on the banks of the Brenta and the Po—had he turned the waving front of Hungarian steel against the rear of Austria—what a shout would have burst from Italy, what an echo would have rolled from Europe, to see the heroic rebels climbing over Alp and Appenine, and crushing the Austrian colossus between the fraternising masses of the south and east.

Let Hungary and the world remember: LIBERTY IS NEVER WON AT LIBERTY'S EXPENSE.

XIX.—THE OPENING GUN.

The first gun of the last and decisive campaign heralded a victory. General Klapka hearing, on the 12th of June, 1849, that the Austrian columns were rapidly advancing on the road to Oedenburgh, learning that similar demonstrations had been made in the front of General Pöltenberg, and had remained unrepelled by the latter—receiving no instructions from Görgey, and fearful of admitting the enemy further into the country, determined on at least maintaining the actual line of defence unbroken, and on trying the temper of the seventh corps.

Accordingly, pursuant to his direction, Colonel Kmetty, with his division (5,000 men,) crossed the River Raab, and after a forced march of thirteen hours, appeared before Czorna at five in the morning of the 12th of June. The Austrian General, Wiss, received the news of his approach only in sufficient time to draw up his forces in order of battle before the village. He could not retreat without sacrificing his baggage, and expected reinforcements if he could maintain his ground. Both armies were equal in number—the Magyars superior in artillery. The battle lasted for several hours—the Austrian lancers disputing the palm of bravery with the Hungarian Hussars. It is surprising how well served Austria was, and how devotedly her troops fought for her. The result was victory to the republic—and the defeated imperialists were thrown back, leaving their general, Wiss, dead upon the field, eighty soldiers and officers (among them Prince Solms) in the conquerors' hands, and losing about 200 more in killed and wounded—after having inflicted a similar loss upon their foes, every fifth man of the hussars having been either slain or disabled.

This first victory, though otherwise unimportant, deserves mention, from the moral effect it exercised on the army, and the joy it created in the capital. It tended once more to raise the spirit of the nation, and was a bright prelude to the stormy days about to follow.

Before proceeding to the narrative of these

* This was not the only feat of that heroic regiment. "As the Palatinal hussars threatened to desert altogether, the Austrian government ordered them to the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg, among whose rocky labyrinths they thought the gallant horsemen less likely to escape. But on the march to their new quarters, one squadron of hussars left the regiment at Wels, in Upper Austria; a second followed soon after; and in Styria almost the whole of the corps dispersed, and rode away in little troops, each of which endeavoured to find the ways and means to hasten to the rescue of their unfortunate country. Several troops succeeded in their attempt, while others were surrounded, captured, and decimated by the Austrians."

† It is but fair to state that Kossuth has recently denied this. His messenger, Count Louis Bathyany, is dead, his friends alone surround him. Let him produce the Act of Parliament, granting the vote of 50 million florins and 200,000 men for the Servian war,—let us see that the words "and for the defence of the empire in Italy," are not therein. And be this as it may, he knew that the regiments of the Hungarian nation were fighting in Italy against Garibaldi, Mazzini, and democracy. There is no denying this fact—that no attempt was made for their recal.

great events which turned almost each succeeding day in an historic era, let us pause for a moment to cast one more glance at the position of the contending powers, and the nature of the ground on which their first concussion was to take place.

In order to meet the Austrian armies advancing from the west, the banks of the Theiss and Upper Hungary were denuded of troops. It was from this side the Russians were advancing—and, accordingly, nothing was left to oppose their progress. "The capital and two-thirds of the country were given up in this fatal campaign, even before the first cannon had been discharged, even before the foot of a single Russian defiled the soil of Hungary." The defence had, therefore, virtually concentrated itself between Pressburg and Pesth. Knowing what was approaching from the rear (the whole weight of Russia), it was manifestly the interest of the Magyars to push back and cripple Austria, before the advance of Paskievitsh—and then to turn their victorious arms back on him, in case he still advanced, which would be less likely, at least for sometime, after a signal defeat of the imperialists. Görgey saw this, and at last began to act up to the idea.' But the opportunity had been allowed to escape, as already shown,—the Austrians had taken a strong, defensible position.

Klapka blames Gorgey for acting on the offensive prematurely—(admitting that he ought to have done so sooner still), but would it not have been worse, if he had delayed still longer? What could he hope, when perhaps 300,000 Russians were in his rear,—150,000 Austrians, Bohemians, Moravians, and Tyrolese, on his front and either side—the country blocked out, food and amunition growing daily less, and the ranks of his 50,000 being thinned every hour by the unceasing battle, without the possibility of recruiting them from the coerced and fettered peasantry? Gorgey's fault appears not to have consisted in attacking too soon, but in letting the Austrians become almost invincible before he attacked. Thus a second time, jealousy and ambition lost the Hungarian cause: firstly, in the unhappy storm of Buda, instead of the march upon Vienna; now, in having delayed to execute a rapid, concentrated movement on the west. Resolved, at last, to do that, which ought to have been accomplished long before, Gorgey planned the first great general battle of the new campaign, for the 16th of June, 1849.

Let us now glance at the ground of this stand, and most of the subsequent great struggles of Hungarian independence.

Below (that is eastward of) Pressburg, one of the capitals of Hungary, very near to the Austrian frontier, the Danube divides in two arms, which form the large island of Schutt. The northern arm is the lesser in breadth, but receives several rivers, among which the Waag and Neutra are the most considerable, flowing into it from the mountains of Moravia. This branch of the Danube, up to its confluence with the Waag, is called the Neuhausel arm, and from thence the Waag-Danube. From the confluences of the Waag and the Neutra with the Danube, stretches, gradually sloping downward to the south, for very many miles, an immense plain, full of swamp, quagmire, and morass, intersected by weak dykes, that offer but a feeble barrier to the inundations of the rivers, leaving in the intervening spaces practicable footing for the traveller only in the height of summer. At the eastern end of this large island stands the fortress of Komorn, the key to Hungary. The island of Little Schutt is formed by another arm of the Danube, that diverges from the southern branch, some distance below Pressburg, and joins it again a considerable distance before it reaches Komorn. On this arm stands the town of Raab. The twin islands are therefore guarded at one end by Pressburg, at the other by Komorn, and the lesser, or southern one, is covered on its lower side by Raab.

Such is the general outline of the scene on which the first great shock of the contending masses was to take place, and of the great events which now challenge the attention of the reader.

THE LOST LEADER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she let's us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was their's who as little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud.
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language—caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering, not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us, not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, *while he boasts his quiescence,*

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!!
Best fight on well, for we taught him, strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and meet us,
Pardoned in Heaven, the first at the throne!

The Co-operative Movement.

I. THE CASTLE STREET TAILORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "NOTES TO THE PEOPLE."

SIR,—I am asked by two of your readers, from Exeter and Nottingham, if I can furnish them with a correct idea of the wages paid in Castle-street, whether it be 30s. per week, 35s. per week, or whether it is as I have said, *casually. They are paid casually.* And I believe the other statements to be incorrect. The following figures, taken from the wages-book of the Castle-street Association during one of its *best quarter's* business, will somewhat satisfy my interrogators.

July Quarter, 1850.

Salaries (fixed) to Managerial Staff	£91	10	0
Gross amount paid as "*Allowances*"	439	2	7
	£530	12	7
Average number of men, ...	30.		
Average wages paid per week	33	15	7
Ditto, ditto, paid to each man per week	1	2	5
To each man his *full share* of profit per week	0	6	0
	£1	8	5

Your readers will contrast this with "Chambers," and when they wish to know more I shall be happy to furnish them with that knowledge, only they should write to the Editor.—Yours truly, G. E. HARRIS.

II. CONFESSIONS AND ADMISSIONS OF THE PRESENT MOVEMENT.

"I hold it to be one of the most important omissions in the constitution of the society for promoting working-men's associations, that it is not made incumbent on all societies receiving what is sufficient to procure absolute necessaries, above, say, 21s. a week, to contribute one-tenth of their allowance to a "Reserve Allowance Fund," to provide capital for the extension of their own business, and bring other working-men into the association, besides devoting the whole of the middle-man fund, or profits, to the same end."—*Socialist.**

"What our stores have to do, therefore, is still to return profits, but not *the whole profits*, only such a portion as will make it the interest of members to continue dealing with them: and then devote the rest to the formation of working-men's associations."—*Ibid.*

"CASTLETON, OAKENROD, AND ROCHDALE STORES.—There is fortunately no ill-feeling between the three bodies, but a separation of interests, *which can scarcely fail to be prejudicial to all*,"—*Ibid.*

"While, however, I deny that they are mere profit-mongers, let me frankly confess that I believe there is a great deal of isolation, blindness, and selfishness in the present movement. Still, great good will grow out of it. The wisest and best men amongst them are tired of isolation, and are crying for *union*."—*Ibid.*

The above are cheering evidences, that at last the great truth, for which these "Notes" have so long contended, is beginning to dawn on the co-operative mind—the truth, that isolated associations must lead to competition of the one concern against the other, as soon as each has exhausted its own sphere of customers, and the one tries to make up for deficiencies by drawing the custom from its neighbour, and that the inevitable result of this must be mutual ruin, or the establishment of a few monopolising concerns, that have swallowed up the rest, re-creating the present evils of competition and monopoly.

"PRESTON, August 30th, 1851.—During the last six months three co-operative stores have closed; one was merely some dozen individuals acting together, another was called the Odd Fellows' Store, but through bad management it became seriously embarrassed, and finally closed. There was another which promised, if carried out according to the rules, to be of much advantage to its members, and the public, but want of energy on the part of its members—bickerings arising from want of common forbearance, *and a determination, when the company was prospering, to limit its members contrary to the rules, led to the affairs being wound up.** *A profit of 20l. per cent. was divided amongst its members.* It was on the principle of the Galashiels store."

* The fullest sentence of condemnation to the present movement.—E. J.

* How now, Mr. Vansittart Neale.

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

To the Working-men,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man need suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent? but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge

Letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

I. THE COLLIERS.—SPITAL TONGUES COLLIERY.

The men of this colliery are *compelled* to subscribe from 4d. to 6d. per fortnight out of their hard earnings to support a surgeon who has, in return, to attend them. In most other collieries in the district it is at least nominally optional with the men whether they will subscribe, or not; in this colliery the subscription is compulsory, or, rather, it is *no* subscription, for the master *deducts* the money from their wages. There are upwards of ninety men under him. The surgeon is a friend and protege of the master. [There are special reasons which prevent the insertion of the next remarks of our correspondent.] The men have often tried to free themselves from this imposition, but in vain. It may be added, that the "surgeon" is often (it is not said he is in this case) *a disgrace to the "faculty"*—perfectly ignorant of his profession,—beneath whose reckless and mangling hands the wretched collier is crippled for life. To him they are required to entrust the lives of their wives and children; and to a greedy cormorant they are often forced to contribute that, which spent in food, would do far more for maintaining health and strength. The system affords an opportunity for the master to pension off some broken-down *roue* of his own family or acquaintance. Now, if the men are to *pay* for a surgeon, they ought to have the *choosing* of him, when they could select a skilful and honest practitioner, and not a man who sows disease, crippledom, and death, around him! I repeat, this is not said of the particular case before us, but of what is too often the case in the various collieries of England; for where the matter is "optional," the result of a refusal is too often a dismissal.

The reader may think (although he would be wrong in so thinking) this grievance a slight one. But it is another of those symptoms that labour is a *slave*. It is *one* out of the *many*. Each alone would be bearable; but take the mass of them together, and they form a system of robbery, oppression, and iniquity for which the feudal ages have no parallel. Not alone does the direct and indirect plunder take place in the shape of lower wages and harder work, and the thousand other modes chronicled in these pages, but actually, "kindness" and "philanthropy" are made fresh stalking-horses for unconscionable theft.

II. THE SHOEMAKERS.

WAGES AT LOUGHBORO.

The journeyman, on going to the shop, will get one pair, or perhaps two, of half-wellington boots. He has to find his own shop, room, and grindery (that is, hemp, flax, wax, paste, bristles, heel-ball, &c.), and his own tools, firing, and candles. The grindery costs a man one shilling per week. The pair of boots will cost him twelve hours' labour. The master will scrutinise the work as keenly as though he meant to give the man the value of the boots for making them, instead of which, if it is first-rate work, he will give him 3s., if otherwise 2s. 6d. These are the highest wages in the trade for a man, for "men's strong-work." The wages for closing and bottoming blucher-boots are 2s. 6d., to earn which costs a man sixteen hours' hard labour, he having to find his own grindery, &c., as before. "Boys' work" is still worse, the man being paid by the size, up to the fourth size, for which he gets 2s. 2d. for closing and making, they being only one size less than mens', and taking the same time and labour.

Again, says our correspondent, we have to complain of the manner in which we are kept waiting for work. It frequently occurs that, when a man has finished the work he has out, he will have to wait a day, and sometimes two,

before he gets any more work;* *for the masters always contrive to keep more men hanging about the shop than they can fully employ*, so that if a man complains, they can tell him "he is at liberty to better himself if he can."

The "womens' men," or men employed in making womens' shoes, get 1s. 5d. (with 2d. extra for patent leather) for making a pair of women's boots (they finding the grindery, &c.). These boots will take nine hours' work. In this town the earnings of journeymen shoemakers do not amount, on an average, to more than EIGHT SHILLINGS PER WEEK! †

A KNIGHT OF THE LAST.

III.—GREENWICH SHOEMAKERS.

Mr. D. P. Foxwell writes:—"Thousands of shoemakers are working at the present time for one penny per hour. I have myself made ladies' shoes for sixpence per pair. These shoes occupied four hours' of my time each pair, and the *profit realized on these shoes is no less than 2s. per pair.* These shoes, be it understood, are sold in *'respectable'* shops. They are not those shoes that hang on the door-posts of the slop-shops, but they are sold to ladies, who little think of the misery endured by the maker, or of the villainy practised by the shopkeeper, who tells his customers they are French shoes, when the fact is they are made in Bethnal Green, or some such place. Political power alone can change this state of things—political power cannot be obtained without making some sacrifice—but the man who does obtain one pound per week is not willing to sacrifice one shilling to advance the condition of those who are obliged to live on ten shillings."

IV.—THE WEAVERS OF OLDHAM.

A gross reduction has been attempted at Mr. Joseph Wrigley's factory, near Oldham. The central committee of the factory workers has issued a statement of the case, and two letters have been addressed to Mr. Wrigley. This is another of those ingenious contrivances, by which the workingman is robbed of his wages, without the danger of an open reduction.

The address says, the weavers "have been paid from seven to twelve per cent. below the LIST PRICE. They *have not known the weight of their warps*, without which they could not calculate the amount of their wages. For example: suppose a cut when woven weighs 100 pounds, how can the weavers tell the quantity of weft put in, unless they know the weight of the warp? If the warp is called two pounds more than it really is, then the weavers are cheated out of what they ought to have for weaving two pounds of weft; and that has been done to a great extent.

"The cuts, some of which are 160 yards long, must be made within half a pound of a certain weight. The weavers are fined twice the value of what it may be over or under, though it is *impossible*, even when the counts of the weft and twist are not changed, to bring them out within the limits. A certain number of picks put in a warp of a given weight, will at one time make the work too light, while the next warp or weft that may be used, which is still called the same counts, may make the work too heavy. Now, such a change could not be, if the counts were not changed; but that is one of the ingenious dodges of our employers, to make it impossible for us to make goods the exact weight, in order that they may have a pretext for taking our wages to enrich themselves at our expense.

"We have also to complain of the monstrous imposition practised upon us called the GAS TAX. That is, they make us pay for the gas consumed in the mill, though there is not another manufacturer in Oldham that takes payment from the weavers for the same article.

"Our wages have been reduced so often, that it is impossible to earn more that 6s. or 7s. per week off two looms."

The address, then, speaking of the *masters generally* in Oldham, gives the following exposure of the *morality* of the factory system:

"The evils above-mentioned are not all of which we have to complain. One or two of these employers say that the people are their slaves, and have a right to make use of them for any purpose. Oh, fathers and brothers, your daughters and sisters have been grossly insulted. They have been told by one of these honourable employers, that they should consider themselves honoured by being noticed, and asked to pander to the passions of his filthy cravings.* Will you permit such things as these to be perpetrated on your unprotected daughters? Will you raise no arm to teach these *should be-men* that you will not be robbed of your wages, make your

* Here is another corroboration of the statements so frequently made in these "Notes," and of the scientific system by which a competitive surplus is kept up. See, especially, No. 4, where a synopsis of the last five years' wages in most trades throughout Great Britain is given to the reader.

† This applies, of course, to those who are supposed to be at "regular" work. Vast numbers in the trade are out of work for months together.—E. J.

* I have received a statement, with the fullest proof, of a gross and systematic plan of indecency and lust practised by one of the Oldham employers, that is perfectly astonishing and revolting. But the very nature of the act precludes, for decency's sake, its description.

work for nothing, and then be rewarded by the seduction of your daughters and sisters? If you will allow these things to go on, we have little hope for the morality of future generations."

The committee, Mr. Wrigley having refused to talk with the men, then addressed a printed letter to him, in which they again thus graphically describe the mean trick by which the weavers at his mill are mulcted:

"Some months since it was made known to you that the prices you pay for weaving were below the standard price. You were also informed that the weight of the warps were not known to the weavers, without which they could not calculate the real amount of their earnings; but this was not all, you insisted on having a piece of cloth 160 yards long within half a pound of a certain weight, or you fined them double the quantity they might be over or under; and you took good care the weavers should not have a fair opportunity of doing right, by repeatedly changing the counts of the weft and twist. It is impossible for your weavers to avoid being 'fined,'—at one time a certain number of picks put into a warp of a given weight, will make work too light; while at another time the same picks put into the same warp will make the work too heavy. What a splendid contrivance! You deserve to be immortalized for your ingenuity!! What a clever thing it is to set a trap to catch the weavers, and afterwards 'fine' them for it."

As no redress was afforded, the weavers gave the usual legal notice to leave—whereon Mr. Wrigley discharged *half of them, without an hour's notice*,—a cunning trick to intimidate and cajole the other half into submission. But the men stood by each other,—Mr. Wrigley preaching very loudly about his love of *justice* and *right*, and saying at the same time, he would not pay as much as the other masters at Oldham, *unless he were made*.

In the following week the committee published another letter to Mr. Wrigley, in which they stated:—

"We will now look at the result of your proceedings, and, as we promised last week, to shew that your actions have a baneful effect over the commercial transactions of all mill-owners making a similar description of goods to your own. Of course you buy cottons in the same market as others, and no doubt you visit the Manchester Exchange for the purpose of disposing of your goods the same as other manufacturers: then if you buy and sell in the same market as others, it follows that you can give as good wages as others, and have the same chance of effecting sales; but you are not satisfied with the same chances as your neighbours. You must undersell them in the market, but you could not do that unless your goods are made for less, and that cannot be done only by cutting down the wages of labour, which you have done from time to time in the way we stated last week, until your poor weavers were not paid more than 7 shillings for work, for which they would have got nine or ten shillings at other mills.

"These are facts, and we are prepared to prove them. We do not believe that any master will be so unjust as to assist you in the present struggle; if they would consult their own interest, they would combine with us to demand from you a rate of wages at least equal to those which they are paying. We ask no more, and whether we stand alone or not, it shall never be said that a body of weavers at Heyside are willing to work for less than their fellow operatives at Oldham and other places."*

The weavers, being on strike, issued the following report to the power-loom weavers of Oldham and neighbourhood:—

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW OPERATIVES.—We are now in the second week of our strike. Up to this time we have been able to contend against the cunning craft and duplicity of our employers, and by your assistance we will never submit to the monstrous wrongs sought to be inflicted upon us, by those who have always been devising some plan to reduce our earnings.

"Weavers of Oldham and surrounding towns,—this is your battle as well as ours: if we are beaten, you will suffer—and if we are successful, the evils that at present hang over us both, will be driven away. To the weavers of Oldham in particular, our case is of the utmost importance, for if we are made to suffer in this affair, the evil will expand like epedemical contagion to all the workshops in Oldham. Let us look at the subject in its proper light, we can see very clearly that to be successful in this matter will cost you very little; but, on the contrary, it will cost you some hundreds of pounds. For example: suppose Messrs. Wrigley should refuse to comply with our just demands for some months, they cannot hold out for ever,

* Let me assure the Oldham weavers, they WILL have to stand alone. Don't let them for a moment imagine that the other masters look with an angry eye on the attempt of Mr. Wrigley. Don't let them for a moment imagine they are afraid of being undersold. The whole is a disgraceful trick—they wish every success to Mr. Wrigley, for then *they*, too, will be able to turn round on *their* hands, and say—"We have to compete with Mr. Wrigley in the same market. He undersells us because he pays his men less. *Therefore we must pay you less too.*" Do you see through the plot? Oh! do not be so short-sighted, as ever to expect any sympathy from the capitalists! It is a war to the death between you—for heaven's sake! don't be off your guard. E. J.

—more stupid and wealthy men than they have been forced into submission by your perseverance before now; and we think that 30 or 40 weeks of a contest will be no trifling matter for these employers. Well, what are you called upon to pay? One penny per loom per week for that time will only be a trifle to you; you may pay this small sum, and never feel its effects, and we are sure your pence will not be lost. No, you will have good interest for all you pay.

"If Messrs. Wrigley succeed in compelling their weavers to pay for gas, and make them submit to all the other wrongs, it will be a very serious thing for you. Instead of paying one penny per loom a week for a few months, you will be called upon to pay for every foot of gas you consume, and in one short winter you will have to pay more for gas by fifty times than you are desired to contribute towards the weavers now on strike.

"Look at the matter for yourself. Would it not be better for you to pay two-pence per week for a few months towards supporting these weavers, than pay to your employers that sum for every week of your lives while you are consuming gas in the winter? Be sensible for once, and of two evils choose the lesser. Under any circumstances this contest at Heyside will not cost you more than a few shillings each, and who would not pay that small sum to save pounds in the future? Go on weavers of Oldham! Hitherto it has been your pride and boast to assist the weak and oppress; you will not throw off your armour whilst there is an enemy to vanquish, or a wrong to redress. Remember the insults these weavers have borne from their employers! Remember all the wrong and oppression of which they have been the victims. In your hands we leave the case of the Littlewood weavers, it is in your power to protect them from the tyranny of Joseph Wrigley and Brothers. This week and in future the committee request every weaver in Oldham to pay one penny per loom during the strike.

"We hope our Stockport and Stalybridge friends will arouse, and do their duty as they have done in times gone by.

"We are, Sir, yours most respectfully,

"THE COMMITTEE."

"OLDHAM.—The committee meet every Saturday night, from 5 to 9 o'clock, at the house of Mr. Robt. Roberts, Moulders' Arms, Fouleach Brow.

"HYDE.—The committee meet at G. Burton's, the Commercial Inn, every Monday and Thursday evenings, at half-past seven o'clock, to give out reports and receive subscriptions; and delegates from the various mills are requested to attend.

"ASHTON.—The committee meet every Wednesday night, from seven until nine o'clock, to give out reports; and every Saturday night, from six until eight o'clock, to receive subscriptions; and every Sunday night, from seven until nine o'clock, for general purposes.

"STOCKPORT.—Subscriptions received at the Trades' Association-room, Bomber's Brow, on Saturday evenings, from five till nine o'clock."

V.—THE SEAMEN.

In craving the attention of the operative bodies to our movement, we request them to follow our example: to come out and swell the ranks of union: and would beg to lay before them a few of the grievances we are labouring under. I. We have been obliged to pay one shilling per month for upwards of fifteen years, into what is termed the "Muster-roll Fund Society," a Government Institution. But almost invariably before any benefit could be obtained from this fund, upwards of a month was spent in getting certificates and forms to prove identity; and when granted, what was the benefit? The party became entitled to three shillings per month for one part of the year and eighteen-pence per month for the other, and this to support a family! A man pays one shilling per month for fifteen years, and gets eighteen-pence for a few months! Hundreds have turned away with disgust, when, on applying for that relief, they found the contemptuous manner with which they were treated by various local officials. But to some there was no other resource, for *if the parish is applied to*, the first question on finding the party to be a seaman, is: "Have you been to your Muster-roll Society? If not, go. If you have that society's benefit, *we can do nothing for you!*" Thus, a seaman is denied a benefit, the most improvident can easily procure. Under the name of a beneficial provision, he actually *loses* money, and, still more, is positively debarred from receiving even the dole of the pauper. And now, after the many thousands of pounds paid by us into that Muster-roll Fund, Mr. Labouchere informs us it is £800,000 in debt, which is an evident proof of that society's funds having been misapplied.

II. We are ticketed like slaves.

III. We are brought under the surveillance of a Board of Trade that has evinced an utter ignorance of nautical affairs, and some of whose regulations I will now enumerate. The remainder I will touch on upon a future occasion.

1st. If not on board at the time fixed by agreement, to forfeit one day's pay. Whatever may be the occasion of your absence after such hour, whether arising from wilfulness or

any unforeseen accident, the party is liable to have one day's pay deducted from his wages, while a mechanic can get off with a quarter of a day's deduction (or less) if he happens to be late, as the case may be.

2nd. If not on board at the expiration of leave, to forfeit one day's pay. If, after work is done in port, you go, hat in hand, to the officer, with "Please, Sir, can I go on shore to enjoy myself for an hour or two?" and, if that prayer is heard, an hour is appointed for your return, but should you be later than the given period, your poor wife and family have to lose another day's pay, if the officer so chooses.

3rd. For using insolent or contemptuous language to a master, or any mate, to forfeit one day's pay. This is made a great vehicle for wages-plunder, inasmuch as the seaman is often aggravated into using strong language; or, on the other hand, a master may construe nearly what he pleases into insolence, and thus gratify his malice or vindictiveness. I really wonder what amount of fines and forfeitures the Board of Trade receive. It must be enormous, for these fines go to the coffers of the said Board, and are applied, principally, to support a troop from the fag-end of the aristocracy. £800,000 in debt! Who has got the money? At least half has gone in the quarter I have referred to.

4th. For striking or assaulting any person on board or belonging to the ship, to forfeit two days' pay. This, also, ought to be opposed; for, however grossly a man may be insulted, he must quietly turn his other cheek for the blow, instead of repelling like a man such unjustifiable assault. But if he does so, down go two days' wages.

These are some of the rules calculated by the *honourable* Board of Trade to raise seamen in the scale of morality, and to their proper position in society. I will conclude with the promise that I will from time to time forward you for insertion a list of the grievances we are labouring under, hoping that it may be the means of inducing others to do the same. I will likewise let you know the state of our progress in union with the miners. At present the most cheering intelligence is pouring in from all quarters. In Scotland our missionary has met with a hearty Scottish welcome, and hundreds are flocking under our standard. I will just state one fact, which I am prepared to prove, shewing that we have got some good by our union. The seamen of the Tyne have pocketed upwards of £5,000 in the shape of extra wages since the 29th of January last, the time we commenced to agitate for a repeal of the Marine Act; and I farther say, that the seaman who has pocketed one farthing of that, and who at the same time stands aloof while others are striving to better their pecuniary and moral position, is guilty of a gross dereliction of duty, and of inflicting an injury upon his neighbour.

Yours, in the cause of freedom and humanity,
ALEX. W. HAMILTON, Cor. Sec.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

[The union between the seamen and miners is one of the most gratifying features of modern progress, and it is as *necessary* as it is wise; for let the seamen of the Tyne recollect, that the extension and completion of the railroads will throw vast numbers of seamen out of employment, by transferring the transit of coals and ore from the water to the land. Let the miners recollect, that the surplus thus created in the labour-market will be thrown into the mines, to bring down the wages of the miner, and thus the wages of both seaman and miner be diminished from causes reacting on each other. Let them both recollect that the very completion of the railroads which effects this, will act still further prejudicially, in throwing the railway-labourers out of work, who will thus be another surplus cast into the ship and the mine. Seamen and miners! unite! unite! But you must *all* unite, or the one portion will be used as a leverage to destroy the other. Draw also the railway-labourers into your confederation, for they, too, as just observed, enact one of the leading parts in this great drama of labour.—E. J.]

VI. THE MILLWRIGHTS, SMITHS, AND FITTERS, OF GATESHEAD.

It has been the rule in the above trade to begin work in the winter quarter at 7 a. m., and continue till 6 p. m. But last year the men in the employ of Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons, of Gateshead, worked three-quarter time, and lost the hour, with the understanding that they would receive the hour as usual. When the period arrived, however, the arrangement was set aside, and the deputation of the men unceremoniously dismissed. They are working nine hours daily, and lose the one hour, making a weekly loss of 2s. per man. Our correspondent justly observes, "if we submit, the reduction will be enforced throughout the trade." They have called a general meeting, and issued the subjoined circular:—

"We, the millwrights, smiths, and fitters, of Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Son's, wish to call your attention to the recent alteration of the hours of labour during the winter quarter, our employers compelling us to work from six to six. This being an encroachment on the rules of our trade, we earnestly request a deputation from each shop on the Tyne, to attend our meetings, at half-past seven o'clock, p.m., at the house of Mr. G. Lawson, Coach and Horses Inn, High-street, Gateshead, to take the subject into immediate consideration."

What is Kossuth?

AT LAST HE HAS MADE HIS CHOICE.

"He who is not for me is against me."

A painful conflict seems to have been going on in the breast of M. Kossuth, as to whom he should declare himself for. He has, indeed, for a time, been trying to please all parties. Finding, however, this to be an impossibility, (thank heaven! the age of fine phrases is beginning to wane!) he has chosen his party—he has cast his lot among the oppressors. It may not be very popular in this moment of public folly and enthusiasm to place things in their real light—but it is none the less of vast importance, that the people should know their friends and their foes. The great revolutions that are coming over Europe must not be allowed to fail this time, though they did the last—by the people placing confidence in their ENEMIES!

M. Kossuth, in his speech at Birmingham, has told us—"Three years ago, yonder house of Austria had chiefly me to thank for not having been swept away by the revolution of Vienna, in March, 1848."*

By so doing, he inflicted a greater injury on democracy, on liberty, truth, and justice, than perhaps centuries will be able to repair—he left the serpent erect that he well knew was hostile to every spark of freedom and progression, the demon, with whose existence the safety of the people was incompatible.

His conduct towards Italy has been recorded in these pages. He has since his advent to England, attempted to deny it. Bathyani, his messenger, is murdered by Austria, none, save his friends and creatures are around him, denial is easy, but one fact speaks trumpet-tongued: the Hungarian legions were never recalled frem Italy! THAT he cannot deny—there stands the fact, which nothing can efface.

From his abode at *Broussa* he addressed a letter to America, containing the following passage:

"The Hungarian nation loved freedom as the best gift of God, but it never thought of commencing a crusade against kings in the name of liberty. In Hungary there were none of these propagandists, who alarm so much the rulers of the old world.

"My countrymen were not influenced by the theories of communists or socialists, nor were there what the conservatives call anarchists."

At *Marseilles*, resentment towards that miserable schemer, Napoleon, a display of the wondrous spirit of the glorious French people, and an idea that the people would ere long be free, extorted a few fine phrases from his lips, which ever credulous democracy construed into a pledge of sympathy.

At *Southampton*, Kossuth refused to attend the working-man's banquet in that town—he there refused to attend a banquet of the London working-men—he refused to receive a demonstration at their hands—never, however, refusing any banquet or flattery at the hands of the enemies of the working-men.

At *Winchester*, he declared himself hostile to democracy, and a foe of the Red Republic.

At *London*, after an infinite amount of solicitation, flattery, and persuasion, he condescended to recognise the existence of the "Demonstration Committee," and to receive the homage of the "inhabitants of London," on condition that democracy was not brought forward, that Chartism was never mentioned, and that (as Mr. Hunt says) Mr. Feargus O'Connor should be excluded, a prohibition which, there is pretty good proof, though not positive, was extended to another chartist, though a member of that very committee!

At *Copenhagen House*, he made a reactionary speech, which the people cheered to the echo, wrought on, as usual, by a few fine phrases against despotism (by which the despotism of Czars and Emperors, not that of cotton-lords, landlords, and middle-class, was meant). The *banquet* he religiously abstained from attending.

Subsequently he is reported to have made a socialist speech to a deputation of Frenchmen, a speech which he has since formally disowned, giving the lie to its reporters.

Thus stood the matter, and on the strength of that speech the masses again took confidence in him, and poured forth on his path at *Birmingham* and *Manchester*. It had doubtlessly a very good effect, that the belief in such a speech should fly before him to prepare his reception in the manufacturing districts. It was a clever stroke of policy, when he saw that the Copenhagen gathering was thinned by his Winchester denunciations. This crowning ovation over, M. Kossuth takes his side, publishes his final creed—and mark the time, place, and company he chooses for the declaration.

A grand collation was given at Mr. Henry's, M.P., for Lancashire. A numerous circle was assembled—the elegant saloons of the largest commission-agent of Manchester—perhaps of Europe—were crowded with the incarnation of moneyocracy. No proletarian eyes or ears were there. The "rabble" were far away outside, cheering their poor lungs hoarse at the park gates of the great representative of their

* The reader will distinguish this revolution from that of October of the same year, the events of which are narrated in these "Notes."

class-curse, and their commercial feudalism. Within that sumptuous mansion, the *Daily News* tells us, was "a selection of the wealth, influence, and manufacturing intelligence of the northern district. There were present a few of the most extensive manufacturers from Manchester, Liverpool, Oldham, Ashton, Bury, Bolton, Stockport, Bradford, and Leeds." And thus, according to the same *Daily News*, did M. Kossuth give them his articles of belief, and his plan of future action :—"I consider the state of Europe now to be such that France, for instance, having failed in obtaining the practical results of three revolutions, it is natural that three such failures within sixty years should put the people on to new doctrines to regulate the future of the world. These doctrines by some are called communism, by some socialism. Now, I can understand communism, but not socialism. I have read many books on the subject, I have consulted many doctors, but they differ so much that I never could understand what they really mean. However, the opinion of the world is ruled by the sense which is attributed to certain words. It may be the true sense of the word, or, it may be the supposed one. *But socialism, as I understand it, is inconsistent with social order and the security of property.* (Loud cheers.) That being the case, *I am entirely convinced* that it is important and beneficial to humanity, when a man, plain or simple, however undeserving, can somewhat influence, by his acts and by his activity, the next struggle in Europe. Now, it is not my merit, but from the state of my case in my country, that I can somewhat influence the next revolution which is unavoidable in Europe. And I declare that I have the most determined resolution to influence in such a way as that it shall not take a direction contrary to those principles on which I believe social order is based—(loud cheers)—that it shall not take a direction contrary to the great principles of security for personal property. . . . . It is the duty of every rational man who is anxious for the preservation of person and property to half the world. All these new doctrines will vanish if the people are allowed to settle their affairs in a peaceable manner. . . . I am firmly decided to use all the influence which Providence may place in my hand in the next great struggle in such a manner that no doctrines should rule the doctrines of mankind, that are subversive to social order. But to proceed in that direction, the nations of Europe must be free, and, if not, humanity will look for other means, and when the excitement will subside I do not know. But men, who, like me, merely wish to establish rational freedom, will in such circumstances loose all their influence, and others may get influence who may become dangerous to that principle." (Cheers.)

Fixed at last! Even the most slippery eel will be hooked sooner or later. KOSSUTH HAS JOINED THE ORDERMONGERS. He, too, tries to identify socialism with communism, because he knows that communism is impossible in the world's present stages, and that prejudice is afoot with giant force against it. He knows that socialism is the death-blow to the anarchy of class-rule, and that it is the true guarantee of order." He knows that it means peace, security to property and life—but he knows also that it means the end of monopoly, competition, usury, profitmongering, and wages-slavery. He knows that it means the downfall of capitalist tyranny over workingmen, and surrounded by capitalists, he declares war to the only principle of freedom! and joins the mean howl, and echoes the base calumny (knowing all the while that he lies within his heart of hearts), that socialism is anarchy and insecurity to property!

What? this the man who had the insolence to tell the Chartist Executive, the "Demonstration Committee, "that Chartism must not be mentioned in his presence, and actually expected that any member of that committee who had a grain of self-respect for himself or the cause he represented, would so far disgrace himself and the great body to which he belonged, as to march to Copenhagen fields, and pay him homage on those terms? What, is this the man who will not allow us to say what we are, or to show our true colours in his presence,—and yet, in the presence of our bitterest enemies, amid the loud cheers of our Lancashire plunderers, can denounce us, and calumniate us? Who would not allow us to take part for ourselves, but claims the privilege of taking part against us?

Cool! exceedingly cool! M. Kossuth tells us there must be a revolution in Europe,—and that its people—the red republicans and socialists of France, Italy, and Germany (for these are the only men now who can make revolutions), must help him and Hungary in their battle—while, in the very same speech he declares war to the knife against socialists and red republicans! And, actually, he expects this help, because he scatters around a few words about freedom and universal suffrage. Universal suffrage under the bayonets of Napoleons and Kossuths! Ha! ha!

And, actually, the people are to be gulled by this! and on the back of Kossuth, the Cobdens, Brights, Henrys, Kershaws, and the like, are to climb into popularity.

Oh! Kossuth is a God-send to them. A general election is near at hand—they need some stock of popularity to face the hustings with, and there could not be a cheaper way of getting it. They can talk about "freedom," "tyranny," "despotism," "the right of nations to govern themselves," &c., &c., &c.—but all

the while it means the despotism of Czars and Emperors, not the despotism of gold-kings, and coal-kings, and cotton-lords, ten thousand times the greater of the two. All the while the "nation" means the vile aristocracy of Hungary and its bourgeoisie, as opposed to that of Austria and to the autocrat of Russia, who take the lion's share of the Hungarian loaves and fishes. And the people mistake all this for democracy, and love of social right. Why do the moneyocracy of England hate absolutist despotism? Because absolutist despotism, such as that of Russia and Austria, was always hostile to the expansion of commerce. Hostile, because the expansion of commerce tended to raise the middle class, and a strong middle class (though far more despotic itself over the working classes) being the depotism of many, (the bourgeoisie) was, of course, incompatible with, and inimical to, the despotism of the one—(the autocratic form of government).

M. Kossuth has let out the secret why the Brights, and Cobdens, and Henrys, hate Russia and Austria,—because, where autocracy rules, English manufactures are excluded. He has harped on this string on every occasion—and then he adds at Manchester :—

"You may think it strange, but I say that free trade is not carried out; cheap bread is carried, but free trade is not carried,"—which means, as much good has been done to the poor as was wanted, but the capitalists have not yet gained enough by it. When will it be carried then? Let us hear him :—"Free trade will be carried when the producers of English industry obtain a fair access to the markets of Europe, from which, by the absolutist principle, they are now excluded."

No! Sir, free trade will be carried when monopoly is knocked down—not merely when monopoly is allowed to spread its transactions, and extend its commerce.

M. Kossuth tell us, "he will influence the great European revolutions, giving them an anti-social direction." Of course, he phrases his declaration of war against SOCIAL RIGHT, under the guise and cover of "security to property"—the old howl of the blood-thirsty ordermongers. He will influence the revolutions of Europe, will he? He will turn the tide of 100,000,000 hearts that are going so soon to overburst the barriers of ignorance and fear. Very modest! But I tell him, and all the anarchical ordermongers with whom he has now sworn brotherhood, that the revolutions of Europe are not to be influenced by any vacillating puppet put forward by the treacherous, sanguinary, bourgeoisie. I tell him, that the revolutions of Europe mean the crusade of labour against capital—and I tell him they are not to be cut down to the intellectual and social standard of an obscure semi-barbarous people, like the Magyars,—still standing in the half-civilisation of the sixteenth century, who actually presume to dictate to the great enlightenment of Italy, Germany, and France, and to gain a false-won cheer from the gullibility of England.

Remember the words of Kossuth :—

"It is the duty of every rational man," to declare war to the knife against SOCIAL RIGHT, or socialism, which he calls anarchy and insecurity to life and property.

ERNEST JONES.

A FEW WORDS TO PARSON LOT.

THE LABOUR MARKET AND POLITICAL POWER.

It has been repeatedly stated here, that the only redemption for labour is to thin the wages-market by means of a location of the surplus workmen on the land, and in co-operative labour. That the result would be, competence to those withdrawn—if the withdrawal were properly managed—and high wages to those who remained behind.

Parson Lot tells us, "withdraw as many as you will from the labour market, if *profits* are, as they are just now, much about their lowest, the thinning of the labour market will not *permanently* raise wages a penny; the employer will not be able to 'afford' to raise them."

Now, it is really necessary the people should not be told one thing by one reformer, and the reverse by another; since, in that case, they will believe none, and let themselves be led onward still by the old class-tyrants, who take amazing good care never to contradict each other; or else, *personal schools* are formed, which break out in rivalry and contention.

I, therefore, allude to this remark of Parson Lot, not in a controversial spirit, but rather to place the discrepancy between us on the basis of a right understanding.

Since the surplus of wages-labour has brought wages down—he can't deny that—(though it does notfollow that its diminution should *necessarily*, under ALL circumstances, raise wages) it is clear that the first step towards raising them is to do away with the cause that brought them down. Is it not, Parson Lot? Well, then, I therefore say, that diminishing the surplus in the labour market must necessarily tend towards raising the wages of the working-

man—for as long as the surplus is in existence, they *cannot* be raised. Can the worthy Parson deny that?

Now, I am perfectly ready to admit that, if the profits of the masters were reduced to the *lowest possible* point, in such case, however scarce labour might become, they would not be able to pay high wages. Parson Lot is right in his *abstract theory*.

But I tell Parson Lot and all his friends, that the profits of the masters are not so wonderfully low as he imagines. I tell him that they are enormous—that if they were not, we should not see new mills and factories rising in all directions, villas and mansions springing up like mushrooms, whole streets of palaces starting forth as if by magic. We should not see cotton-masters, coal-masters, iron-masters, corn-merchants, master-cutlers, builders, &c., through all their mighty catalogue, rolling in their carriages, and their wives and daughters soaring about in jewellery and gold! We should not see them retire in the prime of life upon collossal fortunes. Profits low indeed! At a period of fierce competition, here and there (in the cotton-market) they may be so for a moment—but it is only for a moment! I look at the results—*facts* are stubborn things—there stands the fact that the masters make fortunes—make great fortunes, and make them rapidly—where do they get them, Parson Lot? Do they come down from the clouds?—or do they jump up ready made out of the earth? Or do they not rather get them from their enormous profits? Oh! Parson Lot! you were quite wrong there!

Well then, since the profits of the masters are *enormous*, it follows they could afford to *pay more*, and *pocket less*. And since they could not do without labour (which the Parson can't deny)—since they can afford to pay labour (which facts *forbid* him to deny),—it follows further, that if hirable labour were scarce, the masters not being able to do without it, and being able to pay for it, that labour could dictate its own terms.

THEREFORE, the thinning of the hirable labour-market would place those taken from it in comparative affluence (if judiciously located), and *raise the wages of those left behind*. Disprove that, if you can, Parson Lot!

Now, I say this in friendship, and in all respect. I believe you to be a good man, and a sincere well-wisher to the people—but what a pity it is that men like you should be led away by those notions of the rose-water school which, in your recent lecture on "Association applied to Land," caused you to praise our Landlord Institutions, and induces you to join in the cry of "The poor manufacturers! they would do better if they could! But their profits are so small, they can't afford to pay more! And competition is so fierce among them! that though the working-classes perish in their mills, they cannot help it, if they are to live themselves."

I tell you and them, *they have no right to murder me in order to live themselves*. Who make the competition? THEY! What is it made for? For THEIR advantage. Then I say if they choose to fight against each other *they've no right to place the body of the workingman between them, to receive the blows from both*. Away with them! Away with them! The turn of the Barabbases is come—and the Christ of Humanity shall be triumphant at last.

But, my dear Parson! permit me now to toss you a little on the other horn of your dilemma.

You are one of those who look to the redemption of the people by purely social means. You will have to admit (I defy you to disprove it) that this redemption can be achieved by only one of the following alternatives: either by taking the people from wages-slavery, and setting them to work for themselves;—or, by vastly increasing the number of employers and their riches at the same time. Either plan would make hired labour proportionably scarce, and accordingly raise its wages. The latter plan is, of course, *impossible*—and, if possible, I don't think it would find many rational men for its advocates—the whole question, therefore, hinges on the former.

But Parson Lot, and all his friends, overlook one thing: *that it is impossible to make hired labour scarce*, or to locate it in independent self-employment without political power to break up the monopolies which make it plentiful. How will he make it scarce? There is no means but opening up the land, and obtaining possession of machinery for manufacture. How will he open up the land—when the very pillars of the present constitution are based on its monopoly?—When every one of our institutions is intertwined with that monopoly's existence? How will he put the people in possession of machinery unless he can make them richer, so that they can buy it? And how will he make them richer, if, as he says above, thinning the labour-market won't raise their wages? And how will he thin the labour-market by co-operation, if, as he says, wages must remain low because the profits of the masters are so low that they cannot afford to raise them, and when the tendency of the present system is downward every day? And how, if the profits of the masters do *not* become low, but remain high, will he be able to compete with those masters? His social system must either ruin the masters—and, by so doing, lower the wages of the men, in which case they would soon remain without

the means of carrying on co-operation; for the fancied impulse that co-operation would give to employment would be more than counterbalanced by the decline of wages and profits in competition with the master-class—or, *if it does not ruin the masters it must necessarily leave those masters too strong to be competed against successfully.* The latter will be the case. Again, how will his purely social agitation prevent the consolidation of small farms and introduction of machinery by the landed capitalists, thus beggaring and displacing rural labour, and driving it into the manufacturing districts as a ready leverage to undersell and crush co-operative industry? How will it prevent the increase of the power and extension of machinery in the hands of capitalists, whirling with double speed and double cheapness, grinding down co-operation between its wheels, and creating the labour surplus fast and faster still. Let them think of the quick completing railroads, the discarded sailors, the introduction, now imminent, of machinery in mines, and the endless other causes in rapid operation. Parson Lot looks to the "long game," as he calls it. Alas! the "game" will be so long, that the trumpet of the evangelist angel will have sounded before he has recorded his first trick.

The worthy Parson, Vansittart Neale, and their allies, point to the fact, that co-operation is standing its ground for the moment, and thence argue that it will go on, and is beginning to make head against the capitalist. It is not touching the capitalists yet. It has not come into the slightest collision with them yet. On the contrary. *It is strengthening the capitalists by weakening their enemies.* Whenever successful, who are the immediate sufferers by its success? THE SMALL RETAIL SHOPKEEPERS—whose natural enemies the great capitalists are. The latter are delighted to see the struggle. It saves them an infinity of trouble, by weakening both their foes, and making everything more prostrate and powerless against the time when capital, having exhausted its foreign trade, shall take the field in the WHOLESALE-RETAIL market at home. That is the reason why co-operation makes little headway at present—that is the reason why that headway is not won at the expense of capital, but rather in its interest.

Let the worthy Parson tell me how he will stop the labour-surplus without political power? Let him tell me where he will get the capital for his co-operation.—(Pray don't answer me with the old stale story of savings' banks, spirits and tobacco, as though workingmen saved all the money, drank all the spirits, and smoked all the weed, as though the savings of the few rich were not precisely fifty-fold, compared to those of the numberless poor—and as though their strength was not greater in proportion!)—Capital! Why, his friends are obliged to cry out for capital! They say, in their own organ, that they need "*an alliance with capital!*"—What then, if instead of an alliance, instead of even neutrality, they find bitter, remorseless, and revengeful competition and hostility? How will they stand then?

But, how would it be, if they had political power to give them a start? If they had a house of commons to vote them 100,000,000 pounds sterling, levied by direct taxation on property, on the rich, in the same way in which £20,000,000 were levied on the poor to "indemnify" the vile slaveholders of the West Indies for not being allowed to murder man and blaspheme God? How would it be, if they had a vote of twenty million acres of common, crown, poor, church, and waste lands given them, to base their associative labour on? All which might be done without beggaring a single individual, or rendering property or person insecure. How would it be then, Parson Lot? Who are the best socialists? Who are the most practical men? We chartists? or you impractical visionaries—builders on the bottomless vacuum of hollow conventionality, who seek the end, without achieving first the means?

E. J.

P.S.—Since the argument is so much insisted on, that if the working-classes saved a portion of their earnings by starving themselves still more than they are starved, and by abstaining from drinking and smoking, they would command a sum of money that would start a certain number of them in work—it seems to me advisable to consider whether that is all that is required to ensure success. It is manifest that money may be invested in a hopeless speculation, as is so often the case. The question is, would the money so saved and so applied, produce a remunerating return? I say it would not. Because the increase [illegible] would [illegible] as would [illegible] those who undertake it to live upon the net proceeds, and to continue in business. Now, they would have, as before observed, to compete with the capitalist—to undersell them—they COULD not do so, as is proved by the present movement, and the causes for which have already been alluded to in this article. Accordingly they would either have their stock thrown on hand, or be obliged to sell at a loss. THEY WOULD THEREFORE BE SINKING THEIR SAVINGS IN A BOTTOMLESS PIT! They would at first be living on capital, then running into debt, and then plunging into ruin. They would not have even the same amount of "savings" annually to fall back upon, to make up the deficiencies of their exchequer, *for every year, as they lost more, they*

would earn less, and thus the "long game," of Parson Lot, would soon be proved very short indeed! There is a vast difference between starting a man in business, and enabling him *to keep in it*—and this is the point the gentlemen of the "long game" have overlooked.

E. J.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.*

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

(Continued from page 572)

Unfortunately, her loose companions had detained her to a very late hour, and when she left them, she was so far gone under the influence of the drink they had forced her to partake of, that she had great difficulty in recognising and pursuing the road to her mother's house.

She tried, nevertheless, to find her way, but felt herself so stupified, that she entered a field and sat down to rest. Scarcely had she done so, ere sleep overpowered her.

Several hours must have passed before she awoke. The darkness was very great; a mist lay reeking on the ground and trees, and a mournful wind crept moaning through the branches.

Catherine passed her hands across her eyes, stretched her cold, stiffened limbs, and began to look round for her onward path.

She was on the side of a large field of furze that ran on one side of a cross-road; the moon was behind a great black cloud; but a gleam that fell through a break in the mass, disclosed a white strip in the distance (while all else was lost in gloom); it was the highway leading from the village past the half-way house. Towards this she endeavoured to direct her steps. Rising with difficulty, she was skirting along the ditch, when she thought she heard, not far off, a confused whispering of voices. Then she saw some indistinct shadows advancing through the mist.

She stood motionless and observant.

Soon, two men became distinctly visible, stealing along the hedge, and carrying an apparently very heavy burden. At a short distance from the young girl they stopped, and let their load drop to the earth, which it did with a dull, cushion-like sound.

"This is a good place," said the least of the two men, who were dressed in the garb of labourers; "by throwing him here, they'll think it's some chap who's been 'spoken to' on the highway."

Catherine trembled, as she heard these words, and conceived their meaning.

"Besides which, nobody 'll come here in a hurry," replied the other. "This furze is only two years' old, and nobody 'll touch it yet a-bit."

"Have you the mattock?"

"Yes; and the pick. Stand out there a little more."

The two men set to work, and Catherine heard their violent and hurried labour, as they were hewing out a trench.

Her eyes now wandered to the burden which the men had laid down at some little distance from her. It was wrapped in a large piece of sacking, and as far as she could judge by the feeble light of a solitary star that stepped forth amid the darkness, two or three large black-looking streaks appeared to have sweated through the surface. Who could the victim be? Where could it have been stricken? She determined to do her best towards discovering the murderers.

Catherine's nature was not easily susceptible of fear—and, moreover, the remaining excitement of drink gave her that audacity which, at such times, takes the place of courage even with the most timid. She therefore determined not to attempt flight, but to remain and watch; and accordingly crouched down behind a tuft of furze.

The two labourers had soon completed the trench, whereupon they each lifted one end of the sack.

"Take care!" said the taller; "mind that no spots get on your clothes."

"That's not so easy," rejoined the other "His head is at my end, and the blood runs like beer when the spiggot's drawn."

They dropped their load into the hole, threw the earth back over it, and Catherine heard them trampling on the heap, to flatten down the surface. They then carefully replaced the sod, and stuck some furze here and there into its old place.

"It's all over now!" observed the lesser of

* Woman's Wrong s commenced in No. 29.

the two men; "*he'll* never complain of the face-ache again!"

"Yes!—it is over!" rejoined the other, in a voice so slow and solemn, that his companion started.

The last speaker then stood bareheaded and silent, for a moment, ere he added—

"We are quits now. Good-night, Barrowson!"

A faint sound, like a half-stifled shriek, was heard from amid the furze.

"Hush! List! Jack! did you hear that?"

"What?"

"I thought I heard a cry!"

"Where? Where?"

"Here—close by—*from the earth!*"

"Pooh! the wind in the furze. You're funking! Come on."

The two men advanced straight towards Catherine.

"This time it's no funking. Do you hear that? Look to the road!"

They stopped, and the measured pace of the rural police sounded from the lane.

"It's the peelers! Down! quick!" and they both lay flat upon the grass. They almost touched Catherine. She hardly dared to breathe. The police passed by—they were saved.

"Now, Jack—run! They made my heart go like a dog's tail."

The two men rose, and rapidly hurrying across the field, soon disappeared behind the hedge.

Cautiously Catherine rose, too—crept, more than walked, to the ditch, and peered through the bushes. The moon burst forth, and shone full upon the road,—and by its keen, cold, pursuing beam, the watcher distinctly saw two men emerge on the high road, and hurry on in a direction leading from the village already noticed as lying at some distance from the half-way house.

She, also, then crossed the hedge, and hurried towards the village on which the fugitives had turned their backs.

Catherine had been at the police-station about half an hour. The sleeping sergeant had been routed up—and a statement of all she had witnessed during the night had been taken down from the lips of the young girl.

The deposition was almost finished, when the gallop of a horseman was heard in the street, and a mounted policeman alighted at the door of the office.

He deposed as follows:—

"This evening, late, Plotchild, who, as you know, sir, holds with the hare and runs with the hounds, told me that two runaway convicts were at a house in the neighbourhood. I at once got some of my men, and then proceeded to the spot. Though very late, there was light in the house—the house door was fastened, we knocked, but one answered, so we forced the door, and what should we see, but this woman busy washing out the marks of blood from the floor and walls. As soon as she saw us, she almost fainted, and cried: "I'm lost!" I arrested her at once,—left the house in charge of one of my men, and here we are."

Catherine had listened to the inspector's report with a strange and unaccountable anxiety; some vague foreboding shook her. She leant forward to look at the face of the female prisoner, but the latter stooped, and a large bonnet, and drooping handkerchief laid over it, concealed her features.

"This is important," said the sergeant, "Just as you came, this girl was deposing that she had seen two men bury a body in a field."

Scarcely had the sergeant spoken the words, ere the prisoner looked up, and fixed her eyes on Catherine: a piercing shriek announced the mutual recognition.

"My mother! Oh, my mother! My God! what have I done?" and Catherine sank senseless in the arms of Margaret Haspen!

X.—A CAPTURE.

A few days afterwards Haspen and Latchman were drinking in the ale-house of an obscure village, they had entered towards dusk. A change had been coming over Haspen during the last few days—he had had his revenge on Barrowson—his one great thirst was slaked, and he kept growing more and more reckless of concealment—more and more unfriendly every day, to the great horror of Latchman. While seated, exhausted, haggard, and broken down in mind and body, in the humble bar, a man entered, apparently a tramp like themselves. He called for beer, and while drinking it, cast his sinister and prying eyes over the rim of the pot, furtively upon the wayworn fugitives. After a sly and lengthened scrutiny, the stranger rose with an unconcernod air, whispered to the landlord, and went out.

Latchman turned and said something to Haspen.

"I don't care—I'm tired of this at last—I'll die!" rejoined the latter, in a scarcely suppressed tone.

"I'm not, then," whispered Latchman; "come—look at that man! for God's sake—don't speak so loud!"

"For God's sake! What have you to do with God?" answered Haspen, with a cold, bitter, retributive irony, as conscience or common sense stirred in his stormy, rude brain. He took no pains to subdue his voice.

Latchman trembled in every limb.

"John! you're mad—don't be a fool! come, quick! we shall be taken, I'm sure, if you don't! Look at that man! It's dark—there's

time still, we can both take different sides, and meet again in——"

"Hell! We go together—we part company no more."

"Haspen! you've the money—give it me."

Haspen had kept the profit of the last plunder—a new thing for him to do, since he knew Latchman had always been the purse-bearer. Was there a secret cunning in the act, by which he bound the seducer down to the standard of his own extremities. Latchman lingered on the spot of danger for the money—he feared to fly without it, for the money afforded him his only chance of escape from the encircling and quick pursuit. The path was still clear the one man could not venture to arrest them—it was dark—the country was wooded and thinly peopled—there was a certainty of escape, if attempted before the other stranger returned with the local police and assistance from the village.

"Haspen—come—quick—the money!"

Haspen remained looking on his companion with a grim smile of delight, but answered nothing.

Hurried steps as of several men were heard coming in the direction of the street.

"Are you mad? John. Do you hear,—— Well then! I'm off——go to the devil by yourself."——and he was about to dart through the open door—but before he could realise his intention, the strong hand of the bricklayer was fixed with a vice-like clutching upon his arm—but he uttered not a word!

"Are you mad? are you mad? Haspen! Let me go"—and he writhed his thin form like a serpent in the grasp of a fallen Hercules!

The wretched felon shrieked, implored, threatened, fought—but the strong man stood impassable—it was fate, seizing its prey.

Suddenly the fugitives were surrounded by the police and a large crowd of people. The time of flight was gone. In that war of two against the world, the world had conquered. Latchman ceased struggling, and cowered down like a re-captured hound before a cruel master.

"There! take him!" roared Haspen, with a sound of triumphant joy in his voice; "there, take him;" he cried, as he lifted the wretch from the ground, and hurled him into the arms of the surrounding law; "that is Latchman, who taught me my first robbery—that is Latchman, the thief and *murderer*. And I'm John Haspen, who *killed* Barrowson, the scoundrel—take him; and now take all you'll get of me."

With the shriek of a fiend, the doomed Latchman flew into the arms of his recoiling captors, who then closed round to seize their remaining prey; but, with the rapidity of lightning, Haspen drew forth the knife that had slain Barrowson, and the first of his assailants fell dead at his feet.

"Come on, come on!" he yelled; but the bravest shrunk back before his terrible despair. At last, closing in on him from all sides, they beat him down with long staves and the forms that stood in the bar. Half stunned, and brought to the ground, he struggled still, streaming with blood at every pore, with gnashing teeth and foaming mouth. The man was turned into the wild beast, fighting not for life or for revenge, but in the fierce paroxysms of dying fury. At last his assailants rushed close in upon him, prostrate as he lay, his broken arm had fallen by his side—his heaving heart panted with exhaustion—and the heavy truncheons of the police dealt the crashing blows with impunity upon his now unguarded head. When silence was restored in the wrecked bar, shattered by the terrible conflict, the still form of the felon was borne out upon a shutter, one mass of wounds, bruises, and blood. He still breathed a few times, but never recovered consciousness, and expired before he could be carried to the station.

XI.—AN EXECUTION.

An execution was to take place at Newgate. It had been announced long beforehand, as an instructive and national solemnity. The press had been pointing attention to it, day by day. Before daybreak, the people began to assemble—the people, so anxious for anything that will tear them out of the dull monotony of their cheerless, routine life! They came, as they would to the public-house, seeking something to drown thought for a few hours. They came, as they had gone the previous evening to the playhouse, to get the amusement of one excitement more!

The pomps of the olden days are gone, with their magic of song and scent, of velvet and gold, of plumes and steel, of minstrelsy and war. The glorious pageants of popular freedom are not yet come—nothing is left in the meantime, but a Queen's visit and an execution.

And you should have seen how the people thronged! Two necks to be dislocated for the sake of public morals! What a delicious, interesting sight. Women came with their children, as to a holiday spectacle. A little girl cried at home. "Will you be still?" said the mother, "or you shan't go and see the woman hung this morning!" and the little girl was still, and went.

Meanwhile, busy, bustling conversation was going on among the crowd. Thieves pursued their avocations, boys and girls were "larking," some were playing at marbles and chuck-farthing; practical jokes were played in every direction; and the hoarse laugh and the delighted scream, testified of the general pleasure.

Here and there, knots were engaged in more earnest, interesting conversation. This man

had known the murderers, the other had lived in the next house, a third could tell all about their birth, parentage, and education; every one of these at once felt himself, and became in the eyes of the bystanders, a man of very considerable consequence. There was a sort of rivalry between them: he who could boast the greatest intimacy with murderers, reached the highest dignity. It seemed a great honour to have known them.

Strange that the great crime "honours," while the lesser one degrades. They, who would not have associated with a convicted thief, were proud of having been intimate with a convicted murderer.

One man, only, among the mass, seemed to shrink with horror from the sight. It was one of the jurymen who had passed the verdict guilty, knowing the penalty—DEATH.

Whilst this was going on in the open air, the heavy tolling of the church bell, timing, as it were, the pulse of popular excitement with its electric throbs, a harrowing scene was enacting in the prison—in a dull, dead, cell, lay Margaret. The door opened, and a young woman entered, bearing a child in her arms.

"Mother! Mother!" cried an agonising voice! "My poor mother!"

Margaret trembled—and opened her arms—it was Catherine and little Mary!

Oh! it was pitiful to see the latter clinging around the neck of the doomed woman. She grasped in her trembling, tiny hands, the gaunt, pale, form of Margaret, she twined her little legs and arms around her—she glued herself to her mother's breast, till she could scarcely breathe—and, amid the inarticulate words and cries, and convulsive sobs, the gaoler came and parted them—for life and death!

Meanwhile, the crowd without became impatient for the sight—some wanted their breakfast—some had to go to work—some felt cold and tired—and the show delayed. At last, Latchman appeared. Hopelessness and certain death had given courage to his craven heart. He advanced with a firm step; bowed gracefully around; talked unconcernedly to the hangman; and, with a theatrical pronunciation, turning to the multitude, said—

"Ladies and gentlemen! I trust I have made my peace with earth and heaven! I forgive all my enemies! and I die full of hope!"

Whereupon something like an approving murmur ran along the crowd; isolated cries were raised of, "Well done, old boy!" "Spoken like a trump!" and then his neck was broken—the people being edified by his behaviour, and learning to believe that after all murder could not rest very heavily upon the conscience—that hanging was not so very bad, and that a murderer could die in a very comfortable manner

But the next act of this dread drama was approaching. Intense, breathless attention riveted the crowd, when Margaret appeared! Suffering and agony had ennobled her otherwise common face—death clothed it with interest—sorrow touched it with beauty! She spoke no word! Innocent of murder, innocent of any crime, except the more than questionable one of not denouncing her own husband—she merely rested her eyes for a few moments reproachfully on the multitude below, and then raised them mournfully to heaven.

At this moment a piercing shriek rang over the crowd, and below, close in front of the drop, stood Catherine and Mary. The latter was raised high in her sister's arms, and stretched her little hands upward to her mother.

"Mother!" cried the child, "you must not die! Stay with me, mother, mother! What will become of me? What shall I do without you?"

"God pity you!" cried Margaret, and writhed her pinioned arms in vain; but she leant forward—all the mother came rushing to her face—an involuntary blessing hovered on her lips—Oh! despite years of hardship and hunger—despite grief and age—she looked beautiful—very beautiful—that moment! "God bless you! He knows I don't deserve to die. Hush!—Mary!—Don't cry so, Mary!" and the soft cajoling tenderness of the mother turned her choking tones into angelic music.

Another moment, and her lifeless corpse was dangling in the air before that careless myriad of spectators.

* * * * *

A thick soft rain was now falling—the crowd dispersed rapidly in all directions. The busy monotony of life began to ring on every side: every one went his own way on his own business, few caring for God, and still fewer for their neighbour.

* * * * *

Half an hour afterwards, a group of girls of the town were seen passing up Smithfield, supporting one of their companions. One walked behind, carrying a little girl, whose eyes were swollen, whose cheeks were wet, with tears.

Two young shopmen passed by.

"Is that the child of the woman that has just been hung?"—one of them asked the girl who carried Mary.

"Yes, sir!"

"Poor thing! What will become of it?"—said the other.

"Luckily for her, she's pretty!"—rejoined the first.

Both smiled knowingly, twirled their clouded canes—and entered a shop.

END OF BOOK I.

In the ensuing number will commence Book 2, The Young Milliner.

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(Continued from No. 31, p. 597.)

XX.—THE FIRST CONCUSSIONS.

The first great shock of the heavy masses that had so long been drawing towards each other, was destined to take place on the ground above described, and on the 16th of June, 1849.

A general advance of the Hungarian forces was ordered—and along narrow causeways, six yards broad, through morasses, across floating-bridges, down its own line simultaneously poured the insurrectionary army. The Austrians had not expected the attack, occupying, as they did, such almost impregnable positions. Every where their unguarded posts were driven in, and success flushed the first onset of the patriotic arms. But, after this opening triumph, the tide turned at all points, and from two causes:—firstly, the Austrians received reinforcements of fresh troops, filling the gaps of their disordered fronts; secondly, one Hungarian general could not be persuaded to act in concert with the other. General Knezëch, especially, the commander of the 3rd corps, neglected to support the attack. The result was, that the Austrian reserve under General Wohlgemuth, which ought to have been occupied by Knezëch, had full leisure to support the main body of the Austrians engaged. This was decisive of the day. Colonel Ashboth, after attacking the Austrian advanced posts, and driving in their chief force under General Pott, who took up a strong position on a rising ground between Zsigard and Pered, was not satisfied with the advantage gained, and, though Görgey had expressly ordered him merely to reconnoitre, not to risk a general engagement *then* and *there*, came rushing upon Zsigard, defended as it was by artillery, admirably planted before strong bodies of the enemy. The sudden dash carried the place, despite a murderous fire, and the Austrian battery was taken by a charge of the famed Botshkay hussars, under Major Kaszap! But scarcely was Zsigard carried, ere the inactivity of Knezëch began to tell with fatal effect. Wohlgemuth had been informed of the Hungarian movement, and finding himself not engaged by Knezëch, and noticing no disposition to attack him on the part of the latter, sent General Herzinger's brigade to the assistance of the Austrians at Pered. The fortunes of the day were turned. Three batteries, one of rockets, were brought up, and raked the Hungarians, who could reply with only one. Heavy columns of Austrian horse were poured upon Kiralgrev, where only a few squadrons could oppose them—and with his rear threatened, Colonel Ashboth was forced to retreat. Major Razkowsky arrived at Zsigard one hour later, owing to an insufficiency of boats to put his troops across the river—and had no alternative but that of retreating also, or being cut to pieces. Thus the jealousy of Knezëch, the inefficient means of Razkowsky, and the disobedience to orders of the gallant Ashboth, involved the Hungarian army in defeat. Ashboth excused himself by saying, his orders were so obscurely worded, that he could not tell whether he was to fight a battle, or merely to amuse the enemy by a skirmish. Probably the jealousy of the one, and the ambition of the other to distinguish himself,—INDIVIDUALISM,—thus injured the great cause of independence. Another division of the Hungarian army, under Kosztolany, was to engage the Austrians in the Shütt, in order to prevent that portion of their army from joining General Pott in crushing the 2nd division. They succeeded in occupying the enemy, but, owing to the impregnable position of the latter, were forced to retreat with heavy loss. General Nagy Sandor, assailed another portion of the Austrian lines, and carried their entrenchments on the Neutra Road. But here, too, as at Zsigard, the Austrian reserve coming up, restored the action, and defeated, in their turn the gallant assailants were fain to quit the field.

Several guns were captured by the enemy

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

at Zsigard from Ashboth, and at Shintau from Nagy Shandor.

Görgey's Warchancellery seized this opportunity of passing heavy strictures on the leaders of divisions, especially on Kossuth's friends, Ashboth and Nagy Shandor.

Görgey took no part in the action. Perhaps there was design in all this, at least the circumstances look suspicious. Görgey may have been glad of a defeat, in an action led by his personal rivals. He may have purposely exposed them to certain loss. Knezëch *may* have remained inactive by his desire, as well as from individual rivalry. This is mere surmise—it is founded only on the opinions of the writer. But, every man has a right to draw his conclusions from events, and to submit his judgment to the reader. Subsequent occurrences would seem to give additional ground for the surmise. On the 18th of June, Görgey announced his intention of repeating the attack on the same ground—and of heading it in person.

Görgey has again been severely reproved for renewing an unsuccessful movement on an apparently impregnable position. But what was he to do? The Russians were sweeping on from Gallicia and Transylvania in inexhaustible numbers; Ban Jellachich with his remorseless hordes was coming in forced marches from the south; and Austrian reinforcements were hurrying to swell the great mass of the Imperial and Muscovite army, already entrenched among their morass citadels along the Danube. Was Görgey to wait until all these closed in around him? Or was he to retreat, and give up the west to the Austrians, as the east had already been surrendered to the Russians? And how would their position have been bettered then? Retreat—under such circumstances, generally demoralises—it shakes the confidence of the troops in themselves and their commander. Görgey felt this. Success sanctifies. Had Görgey proved victorious, there would have been no counting his panegyrists. As it was, he depended on the courage of his troops, on his own strategic skill, and on the fortune of war, which generally favours the boldest.

The next great struggle was to be fought on the 20th of June. Görgey hastened from Pesth to Komorn, and reached a small wood, near the bridge of Aszod, on the morning of that day.

There he stood, in the midst of his staff, having issued his instructions, and touched, with unseen hand the living springs of the vast machinery by which he was surrounded, awaiting the first sounds which should tell him, that it was in motion.

Again, the separate divisions of the Hungarians marched along the causeways, crossed the rivers, wound through the morasses, to assail the unexpectant, but not unvigilant Austrians. There was a steady advance of horse, foot, and cavalry, setting in like a tide from the east, against the silent, but well prepared lines of the imperial armies.*

The enemy, warned by the events of the 16th, had drawn in their straggling outposts to Zsigard.

A dense fog veiled the approach of the armed deluge. The Austrians could not dream of their impending danger. And the division of the Hungarian army destined to attack Zsigard, reached it unperceived. That was the moment for an attack. Delay could but give strength to the enemy—and bring up reserves and reinforcements to the threatened point. But Görgey, who attributed the failure of the operations of the 16th, to Ashboth's turning, contrary to orders, a reconnoissance into a battle, had given strict instructions, that no serious attack should be made, till his arrival. Meanwhile the fog cleared, and a bright sunshine falling on the field, disclosed to the astonished Austrians, the Hungarian forces, embattled within a thousand yards of their front. They rushed back in confusion to the positions they had occupied on the 16th.

At this moment the sound of a cannonade was heard from the banks of the Waag, and the Austrians, believing their rear endangered, commenced a retreat—which they covered by a fight of thirty minutes,—evacuated Zsigard, and took up a position between the villages of Pered and Szelly.

Colonel Ashboth, seeing the confusion of the enemy, now ordered, at ten, A.M., without waiting for Görgey's directions, a general advance of the second division. The Austrians received it with a destructive fire of artillery, that told with withering effect on the entire line.

The overwhelming sound came rolling to the wood where Görgey was waiting with his staff. It told him something unusual had occurred, and, mounting his horse, he galloped to the scene of action, ten miles distant. A sudden impulse was communicated to the whole advance of the Hungarian force—they swept on in irresistible onset—grape and canister, shrafnel, and rocket showering on them in vain.—Pole, Austrian, and Bohemian confronted them, but to go down before their desperate charge, till retreat and advance had brought the entangled masses as far as Pered. This was the key of the field. The village had been turned into a volcano, a perfect storm of grenades was hurled on the approaching patriots. The 48th battalion had penetrated as far as the

* The names of the villages on which the advance was made, are generally omitted here, as useless without the adjunct of a map. In like manner, the technical arrangements of the hostile forces have been left unrecorded, as uninteresting to any but the military reader.

church, when a masked battery suddenly disgorged its pent up death—ball and cartridge drove extermination through the charging ranks—they wavered—halted—turned! This was the crisis! Colonel Ashboth behaved gallantly—he threw himself before the flying mass—he rushed to their head—he rallied three battalions, he led them to the charge—the main street was carried, every house, every wall, every garden was disputed with desperate courage,—but at last Hungarian valour triumphed, and the wavering Imperialists began to fall back, and try to deploy on the other side of the village. They moved, at first, in stately order, but another charge was hurled at their retiring mass—it broke them—they swept in scattered surges off the desolated field, and Pered, the trophy of the day, was in possession of the victors. At this moment the third corps reached the scene of action, fresh and in good order, depriving Austria of all hopes to retrieve the fortunes of the day. The battle of Pered was won—but it had not left any fruits of victory. This is attributable, firstly, to Colonel Ashboth's having again attacked prematurely, contrary to the orders of Görgey, before the other dispositions of the latter had been sufficiently developed, to realize the results of that attack, which, therefore, though successful, proved merely a display of prowess, not an act of real strategic skill. Had Ashboth waited, as he had been ordered, the other divisions would by that time have reached those positions, which would have placed them within reach of the circle of active operations on the field, and they would have been enabled to intercept the retiring masses of the Austrians, and to have closed the battle by a decisive blow. A second cause was, that General Knezech delayed bringing his corps on to the field, till long after the appointed time. Thus, though the victory was gained, it was fruitless, the enemy had merely received a check, where they might have suffered a complete rout—and the whole battle had to be fought again—but—under most disadvantageous circumstances; 15,000 Russians stood at Presburg—ere the morrow they would reach the scene of action!—and cause the imperialists to outnumber the Hungarians by the exact number of that coming reinforcement! Moreover, the republican troops had gone without their provisions for six-and-thirty hours; they were exhausted by the toil of battle during a long, sultry, summer's day, they had inadequate supplies upon the field, and wearied, weakened, decimated soldiers were to face the fresh, unengaged legions of an eager enemy.

Görgey vindicated the discipline of the army, by deposing both Ashboth and Knezech from their commands, and handing their corps over to Colonels Leiningen and Kaszony. But, as far, at least, as Ashboth was concerned, his gallantry had won the love and admiration of his men, and the change exercised a dispiriting influence on those so lately under his authority.

The night passed, on the one hand, in anxious expectation of the morrow—on the other, in the organising of the fast arriving reinforcements. The Russian division, Paniutine, joined the imperial force.

Strengthened by this accession, Marshal Haynau again ordered an advance for the morning of the 21st.

Görgey took up a position in front of Pered. The aspect of affairs was critical in the extreme. The battle had to be fought with diminished and exhausted numbers, against fresh and increased forces,—and the struggle was almost one for life and death, since the Hungarians were wedged in the angle formed by the confluence of the Waag and Danube (already described), and were insufficiently supplied with means of transit. The village of Kiralgrev, on the extreme left, was the key to a safe retreat, towards the Shütt Island.

At ten o'clock in the morning the imperialists gave the signal for action. The battle was opened by a terrific fire of artillery on the unprotected front of Görgey's army. But, destructive as it was, this cannonade was soon found to be merely a diversion, while a concentrated storm was preparing against another point. At eleven, immense masses of horse and foot were seen moving across the plain towards the Hungarian left, and presently opened an attack upon Kiralgrev. Their object was apparent: they intended to intercept the line of retreat, and driving their enemy in with resistless forces, to wedge them between the arms of the two rivers, and annihilate them in their helpless position.

Görgey saw the danger at a glance. Without a moment's hesitation, he launched twelve squadrons of hussars against the advancing mass before it touched Kiralgrev. They met in the open plain—the dense body of imperialists was brought to a stand,—and when the cloud of smoke and dust had rolled from the scene, were found to have been thrown backward in confusion. At that juncture, the Austrians unmasked their batteries, and a destructive fire of grape and canister came shattering among that gallant cavalry. Nothing mortal could face the storm; the hussars retreated in their turn. Then the whole mass of Austrian horse came rushing after them—it struck them in full flight; in vain they wheeled their horses, in vain they tried to rally—shivered into fragments, parted, split up into small knots, the brave hussars still struggled, locked in inextricable coils with their pursuers. One great ball of fighting men and horses, bleeding, shouting, shrieking, pursuers and pursued, came sweeping on towards the still unbroken line of the Hungarians. The shock would have been irresistible—it would have cleared their battle from the field—

it would have cut their army in two—and Kiralgrev, the key of safety, must have been lost. On—on it came—with a confused and deafening roar—veiled by a canopy of flame, and smoke, and dust—through which the flash of pistol and carbine, the gleam of lance and sabre, struggled like lightning through a thunder-cloud. A few moments more, and if nothing checked that coming avalanche, imperial chivalry would have whirled Hungarian independence from the land. The artillery was powerless; they had passed its range.

Görgey awaited the coming ruin; but his calm, keen eye was turned to a small wood by Pered. Nearer and nearer to that fatal point rushed the chaos of fighting cavalry—it was agonizing to see the desperate struggles of the brave hussars wrestling with the torrent that carried them on against their own brethren.

Nothing checked the coming rout! Quicker and quicker rolled the deadly charge! Then every cheek turned pale! the merest novice could foretell the consequence!—behind the cold wet arms of Waag and Danube were stretching to receive them—and in the distant front the large masses of imperial infantry were seen beginning to move forward in expectation of the carnage! Every eye was fixed in agony upon the coming crash—but still imperturbed and calm, unheeding the murmur of suggestion, fear, or despair, that surged around him, Görgey kept gazing at the little wood near Pered. They come! one moment more:—a fierce savage shout of exultation burst from the rushing myriads—the earth rocked beneath their charge—the yell and din, and crash, drowned every voice—the foremost riders had almost reached the wood—farewell Hungary and freedom!—suddenly the clear, sharp ring of musketry rose above every other sound—right from the little wood near Pered came the glorious volley—thick into the centre of the crowding cavalry it poured—and down went gaudy plume, and helm, and tshako!—Again! ere the thin blue smoke had melted from the tree-tops!—and it brought the coming tumult up, as a maddened horse is suddenly reined back by a stalwart rider! Görgey had placed the 60th battalion in the wood of Pered, and his brilliant forethought saved the army. Again—and the pause was turned into a panic—the Austrians saw the Hungarian battalions in motion—they feared an ambush—they were blinded and decimated by the ceaselessly reiterated volleys—and back they rushed in a returning deluge—lost behind the long trail of dust and smoke that closed upon their flying squadrons.

But, while every eye had been directed to this fearful struggle, the Austrians, as already stated, had been setting their infantry in motion, and succeeded in pushing two strong columns forward, between Pered and Kiralgrev. They were enabled to do this,—by help of the Russian division, Paniutine, which maintained their line by filling up the vacant spaces thus created. Meanwhile a tremendous fire of artillery was opened upon Pered—a most exposed position. Görgey well knew that his troops were exhausted—he well knew they were far out-numbered by the enemy—he well knew since the blow of the day before had been diverted through the premature attack by Ashboth, and the delayed arrival of Knezëch—that victory had become impossible—his object, therefore, throughout the present field had been to save the honour of his arms, and the *prestige* of their power, by making a stand against the enemy, and handling them so roughly as should enable him to secure a dignified retreat, and extricate the army with safety and little loss.

When, moreover, the tidings came, that the Austrians had at last carried Kiralgrev, while every effort was directed towards resisting their murderous onslaught upon Pered,—he gave the signal to fall back, despite the advantages which his right wing, under Leiningen had gained over the Russians. Having restored the battle, he could retreat with credit, and presenting an imposing front to the enemy, in perfect order, the unconquered Hungarians began to retire from the field. Görgey here acted with consummate generalship—as, indeed, he did throughout the two days' battle: he divided his retreating mass in two portions—directing the third corps upon Nedjed, the second upon Aszod. By this means, he diverted the pursuit of the enemy, and distracted their attention—while there was no danger of the communication between the two corps being intersepted, based, as their operations were, on Komorn, Raab, the entrenched camp, and the Shütt Island.

Had Görgey now consulted merely safety, he would have abandoned the latter (the Shütt Island)—but he insisted that the second division should retire in that direction—for on this movement depended his future operations, and whether the fruits of the battle should remain in the hands of the enemy, or not. Yet Kiralgrev was taken—and through Kiralgrev alone lay the path to the Shütt! He determined on storming it, and on thus closing the day with a victory. This was the most dangerous service of the entire conflict—and Görgey resolved on sharing its dangers in person, and on conquering or falling with his troops.

Accordingly, he placed himself at the head of four battalions, diminished in numbers, and exhausted with fatigue. With a faint but hearty cheer they closed around their general, for this last feat of glorious chivalry. Görgey formed them into columns, and launched them against the village. They penetrated into it for some distance, but the deadly fire from the gardens and houses hurled

them back. Again they returned to the charge—again they were repulsed. Once more Görgey rallied their shattered drooping columns,—once more the electric fire kindled in the eyes of those gallant Honveds—and with an intensity of devotion such a cause and such a leader were alone calculated to inspire, they stormed the village with their dying ranks—they garrisoned it with their dead—while a few weary arms still bore the Hungarian banner through the streets, and a few weary hands still sounded the Hungarian drum, beckoning and calling their retiring brethren through the conquered path of safety and retreat.

So ended that great battle of two days upon the Waag.

The Austrians were paralyzed by this unexpected effort of the foe they thought defeated—by this reconquering of the key of the position. They knew not whither the Hungarian arms might next turn—and they did not venture to attack the other division of the army.

The Magyars lost, in killed and wounded, ,500 men during the bi-urnal action.

XXI.—THE AFTERSTORM.

The retreat of Görgey, with the second division, lay across the bridge of Aszod, about a thousand yards from the village of that name.

Görgey had instructed General Klapka, with his corps, to cover and maintain this bridge, and his forethought is manifest in having selected his best general and trustiest troops for so critical a service.

The Austrians were aware of the importance of the position, and that Görgey's army must be sacrificed, if defeated, should Klapka be driven from the bridge of Aszod. Accordingly, they threw imposing masses against it, during the 20th, nearly carrying the position. But the bravery of the Honveds, after the cavalry was routed and the artillery dismounted, restored the battle on that day, giving time for the batteries to be brought up once more, and the opportune arrival of a reserve, succeeded in maintaining the field, and driving back the enemy.

On the morning of the 21st, the Austrians made no material advance against the position of General Klapka, but the reports of artillery came booming incessantly across the corn fields from the direction of Pered, telling the listening troops of the great battle that was raging there.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, the roar of the artillery became more near and loud—an ominous sign, telling that the Hungarians were being driven back!

At four o'clock the first vans with the wounded began to arrive at the bridge—and stray fugitives came flocking in small troops. They brought tidings of disaster and defeat—sad preparations to face the coming conflict. And it came, speedily.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock, Görgey sent word to General Klapka, that he intended to reach the bridge by 8,—but long before that time the Austrian attack began.

Klapka had taken a position, in order to cover the bridge, of course at some considerable distance in advance of it—so that, under protection, and in the rear of, his division, the main army could retire unmolested.

The Austrians, however, soon drove in the small detachments of Honveds that were advanced to Nyarasd, and forming in a crescent of four columns, bore down on Aszod at about six o'clock in the evening.

At seven the action began, and just at that moment Görgey, riding in a peasant's cart, arrived upon the ground. His troops had not yet reached the bridge, but he left them, as soon as they were no longer actually engaged, to preside in person at the new scene of danger. Unexhausted by the long struggle of those two dreadful days, he mounted horse once more, and hastened to the right of the conflict.

The Austrians opened the action with an overwhelming fire of artillery. The cessation of the battle at Pered disengaged their batteries, and, says General Klapka, "they literally *covered* the village of Aszod with grenades." The importance of the struggle was made manifest to all. Klapka told his soldiers what was at stake—he pointed to the army of Görgey, within sight, just beginning to defile across the bridge, they felt that to yield was to seal its ruin—and they stood and died upon the spot where they were ranged. One hour they let themselves be shot down, without yielding an inch of ground—but at eight o'clock, the horse battery, partly dismounted, made a precipitate retreat. The enemy, who had been somewhat held in check by its fire, no sooner found it silenced, than they poured on with redoubled fury. Klapka galloped to the head of the retiring battery, turned it, led it back; the brave artillerymen came once more to the charge, and directed a strong and unexpected fire on the enemy. It brought them to a stand. At this moment, Görgey took a detachment of Würtemberg hussars and half a battery, from his retiring army, threw them against the Austrians, and restored the fight. Darkness had closed over the scene—it was ten in the evening—the attack of the Austrians began to flag—and drawing in their advanced columns, they contented themselves with firing their artillery to a late hour.

Görgey caused the second corps, which had signalised itself so greatly, to bivouac between the bridge and Aszod; before day-break the remainder of the army had crossed in safety, and in the morning the well-defended bridge was burnt before the eyes of the foe.

Görgey remained watchful all the night—and indeed, the well-won repose of the army was soon disturbed: at two after midnight, a few reports were suddenly heard—they were succeeded by a quick, but desultory fire of musketry along the entire line. Görgey mounted his horse, in expectation of a surprise—but the disturbance had originated in a false alarm—and at last the thunders, which had shaken the rich levels of the Danube during three successive days, subsided into silence.

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

To the Working-men,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent: but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any on

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

I.—THE FACTORY SYSTEM IN YORKSHIRE.

MORALITY OF THE SYSTEM.

Pudsey, Nov. 1851.

I hasten to fulfil my promise of writing to you again, and before I go any further, I wish to correct an error you have stated in No. 29 of the "Notes." You say that the wages of the weavers are 2s. 9d. per day.* So far from this being the case, they can earn no more than eight or nine shillings per week, on an average. Being a worker in those factories, I ought to know.

The factory-lords seem to be possessed of a great amount of hypocritical cunning for which the fox has become proverbial. They veil their dark deeds under names and pretences, that would justify them, if ought would; for their general practise is to use the most holy names to serve their purposes—reason, religion, justice, right, and truth are ever in their mouths. If a workman be more prominent than his fellows in resisting their pilferings, curtailings, and oppressions, he is marked out as one "that knows not his duty, and that cannot do his work right." And having marked out a man, they will constantly irritate him by giving him bad materials to use, out

* Our correspondent mistakes: the case alluded to was that of the Scottish weavers, whose net earnings are often not more than 2s. 9d. per week. The statement which is referred to in No. 30 was contained in No. 29, p. 547, and was taken from the public statement of the Scottish weavers. It is as follows: "It will take the weavers a fortnight of hard labour to weave a web of 93 ells—the ell of 45 inches—for which he will receive 1½d. per ell. This amounts, in the fortnight, to 13s. 6½d. This would be 6s. 9½d. per week. But, from that, the following expenses have to be deducted:

Two weeks' loom rent	...	2	0
Starching	... ...	0	6
Beaming	... ...	0	3
Twisting	... ...	0	6
Two weeks' light	...	0	6
Fire, shop, and other indispensable articles	...	2	0
Two weeks' rent for dwelling house	... ...	2	0
Which makes	... ...	7	9

To be deducted from the weavers' fortnightly earning. The item of "dwelling-house" may seem supererogatory, but was entered in 29, as contrasted with the feudal system (see the article), and may be retained here, as forming part of the profits of the master-class.

of which he cannot produce good work. The drunkard and the negligent may have a chance, but "the man of independent mind" has none, while the sycophant always possesses the highest situation. They seem to wish to have the appearance of justice on their side, and various are the tricks and quibbles they employ. For instance, *they will strive to have every member of a family at one place*, and then if one proves the least refractory, *the whole family will be thrown out of work*, and thus they will be the more easily coerced into submission than a single member of a family.

There is generally very little bold, over-bearing tyranny, though they can do this to perfection, when they think the occasion requires it: they generally depend upon their cunning.

Do we desire an advance of wages, "they can't afford it;" when their luxurious manner of living, and the amassing of large fortunes, give them the lie. But they reduce our wages, and we tell them "WE can't afford it," and their answer is, "you are quite at liberty to please yourself; if you don't like it, others will;" and thus our numbers—the greatest attribute of strength—and our poverty, are weapons to fight and conquer us with.

A short time since the masters about us were determined to make the weavers mind *two looms each*, instead of one, and thus would have thrown half of us out of work. The trade was brisk at that time, and there were no surplus hands of that kind, and they therefore determined to make a surplus by these means. The weavers stoutly resisted, and victory for the time declared on their side. But now the trade is slack, the masters of one place have already driven their weavers to it; * and even at the time the weavers were victorious, the masters tricked them another way, namely, by *altering the names of the sorts* of the weft and warp, and thus compelled them to *weave the finer sorts for the price of the coarser*.

While I write, the masters of one place are pulling down wages in the following manner, and others are imitating their example: The foreman went round to the weavers, saying—"You see, in consequence of our working only daylight, your wages are only small, therefore we have come to the conclusion, if you will weave such a sort for 4d., and another (naming the sort) for 6d. less each, we will run full time, and you shall have warps in as soon as you fall out." Some have agreed to this, others have resisted: but in this instance the masters have made an improvement in their refinement of tyranny. Formerly they took the sense of the hands in the mass, but this time they have taken it singly; they have been to each weaver separately, setting down *name, number of loom, and resolve*, and thus they will know *whom to mark out!* They have succeeded by these means in reducing the wages, on the plea of running full time, and now they are *not* to have full time, but to go on as they have been! Those who resisted have to "play," for warps two or three weeks, while those who yielded, have to play very little!

At another place they have, this week, reduced the wages of the twisters so much, that it will make 2s. 6d. or 3s. per week difference.

Some may blame the work-people for submitting to this, but let such remember, that an "empty" is not a "full," and that *the poor can never fight the rich, in a war like this, without a certainty of defeat*:—witness their many, and desperate, but unavailing resistances to those innovations on their wages. Besides, people don't like, generally, to be martyrs.

Again, the vile lust of those men is exercised in seducing the female portion of their work-people; hence it has become a proverb, "*If you would earn good wages, you must be friends with the master.*" Yes! mind and body are prostituted at those unholy shrines of mammon! Different places differ in degree.

The children to the masters are looked upon as being very fortunate! "for," say they, "these are sure of getting on." All moral dignity, all self-respect is destroyed in a majority of cases in these mills.

I write this with an aching heart, because I know it is too true. * * *

* A clear proof, that even a victorious strike is no remedy, since it leaves the power in the master's hands, to be applied more crushingly at a better opportunity. E.J.

II. THE FIREMEN, HEATERS, AND ROLLERS IN WALES.

The exposure you have given in the "Notes to the People," of the condition of the Welch miners, is destined, sooner or later, to work a change for the better in the condition of this important body of men, in the principality of Wales.

The condition of the firemen is not much superior to that of the miners. They, too, have to toil much of their time for nothing, the avarice of the master pursues the *slave* alike to the heated furnace and the darkened mine. The (heaters, or "ballers," as they are called) have nothing for heating the rails that have small cracks in their edges, a very difficult thing to be avoided; the iron being often so very bad. Neither have the *Rollers* anything for rolling them. The rails thus pronounced unfit for sale, become of use to the masters, to make railways to connect the dif-

ferent portions of their extensive works. So that whenever they want to make new railroads, or repair old ones, all the masters have to do, is to declare a certain number of rails unfit for sale, refuse to give the workmen any wages for them on that plea, the masters being the sole authority, the men having no appeal, and thus the masters have all their railways made for nothing, at least, as far as heating and rolling is concerned. They generally prepare for this, by keeping always a stock of "unsaleable" rails gradually accumulating, against the time when they are wanted.

The heaters frequently work a whole day for nothing. To work a change for the better in the condition of the iron workers, by unions or any mere industrial combination, would most assuredly fail, even should such a union be embraced by the whole of the population; for the masters are powerful enough to break it up whenever they think it of importance enough for them to engage their attention and energy. Neither are the people here disposed to waste their strength in a struggle, which could end only in disappointment. Whenever the inhabitants of these mountains are engaged in any agitation, it will be for the destruction of classes and wages-slavery and to convert the riches of their native hills and mechanical power into a national advantage, and not into the aggrandisement of a few; and they well see that political organisation alone can rescue them out of their miserable state. Would that all our brethren were equally alive with these thoughtful, determined, mountaineers, to this great self-evident truth.

A WELCH MINER.

III. THE SHOEMAKERS IN NORTH SHIELDS.

[In some parts of England, the evil practises that generally exist in a trade, have not yet been enforced by the master. One by one, and rapidly, the blight is stealing over each industrial oasis. Witness the following.]

About a twelvemonth ago, one of the principal masters of this town offered a reduction of six-pence per pair on women's pumps, but the men refused, so he offered a reduction on all the women's work, which ended in a compromise of two-pence per pair, being about half the first-offered reduction. He then said he felt quite satisfied, and that he would not offer any further abatement. However, about three weeks ago, he shewed one of his men a first-rate article, that he purchased ready-made for two shillings and ten-pence, and asked him what he would make such an article for, it being a "sew-round" and "Frenched in the waist," made in London or Stafford. The man told him there was a statement (or price list) to go by, but he said "he wanted nothing to do with the statement, he wanted the man to suppose what he would get the materials for, and to allow the rest for making, but on no account to let the charge exceed two shillings and ten-pence." Now it is morally impossible here to make the article in question for so little, and I will tell you why. The men in the north are not used to the work in use in the south, and receive a dozen pair at a time, with a set of lasts, which is very convenient for men making pumps. Moreover, in London, Northampton, Stafford, and other places, the whole family works at the trade, some closing, some binding, some putting stitches in. From the head of the house, downwards, male and female, all are at work, and if there is no family, boys are obtained to put stitches in.

Most people who know anything about the misery of the working-classes, know what wretchedness there is to be seen in one of those rooms, and what evil this premature work of children causes. That system has never been put in practice here, and I hope never will. But, to the point: the men agreed that they would make the article for the same price as house-pumps, or one shilling and six-pence per pair, that being a reduction of about two-pence. But the master said this was too much, *and threatened to write to London for a supply.* One of his men made an article, a woman's buttoned leather boot, the legs being calf, patent goloshed, and the master would not pay more than two shillings and three-pence, that being two-pence per pair less than his common goloshed boots, and three-pence less than cloth back-parts. The consequence was, the trade society was called together, and they determined upon having two shillings and five-pence. A deputation waited on the employer, to reason the case, and told him the article in dispute took the same making as the others. This he did not deny, but said he would pay no more. He referred to another shop that paid less, but the deputation observed, that was a sale shop, whereas his wa the best shop in the town, and his work better done. The result was, that he agreed for the moment to pay what they liked, but ordered the deputation out, threatening "to be done with them in about six or seven weeks, by starting a sale shop himself." Thus the competition of the wholesale dealer is destroying the regular trade, and ruining us more and more. Some of my Southern shopmates may think these good prices, but it is not an uncommon circumstance, not to get the work before Tuesday or Wednesday, then to get only one pair at a time, and to be kept hanging on and off, for nearly every pair. * * *

More words to Parson Lot.

"Truth is always consistent with itself."

What a pity it is that there should always be so much difference of opinion among the people's advocates! This comes from the fact that nine-tenths of them write upon mere impulse, or without having mastered the question they address, or, while looking at it from some favourite pet point of view. Whereas, sound political and social doctrines are based on *facts*, not on inclinations, hopes, fears, or wishes. They are reasoned from a point, they go onward by mathematical progression, and I defy any man to swerve to the right or to the left by a single hair's breadth, without forthwith falling into a contradiction. Unfortunately, numbers of men, possessed of a little talent in writing and speaking, suddenly jump at the conclusion that they can set up as teachers of the people. Without one of these all-necessary qualifications—deep historical study of the past, familiar knowledge of the present phases of society, intimate acquaintance with its coils, profound study of their causes gleaned from personal xperience, and long and mature reflection, mellowed by the advancing years of life: without one of these, I say, numbers of men, just because they can write a clever book, or speak a clever speech, rush into the political and social arena, and thrust their crude, conflicting notions into the popular brain. They catch hold of a little bit of the truth, and, without giving themselves the time or pains to trace its antecedent, and thence deduce its sequent, they wind a conclusion round it, drawn from the manufactory of their own fancy—wholly at variance with the real conditions of the case. Their opinion becomes all the more dangerous from the fact that there IS a bit of truth mixed up with it; this is especially paraded before the public eye—its verity is recognised by all, and the fabric of false conclusions based on it, is taken as sound building by the public, because of the one bit of marble mixed amid the lath and plaster.

These men are generally sincere and honest—they write well, in a familiar, popular style, they are sure to win adherents—and from these circumstances become more dangerous to the cause of progression than its enemies, because the latter only oppose its masses, whereas the former *divide its ranks*. To keep them united, it is as necessary to combat the errors of a friend as to repel the onslaughts of an enemy.

One of the most respected, most sincere, and most talented of this phalanx is our friend, Parson Lot.

Last week I had occasion to allude to two points in the Parson's reasoning, the one, where he endeavoured to refute the truth vindicated in these "Notes," that "making hired labour scarce, was the sure way to raise its wages." In the very next article he publishes, he prognosticates:

"The draining of the labour-market, and *the consequent rise in wages!*"—He tells us the manufacturers—

"Will each and every one of them hold on as long as possible, and compete with each other for hands, by *raising wages a little* against each other!"

So, here, before he saw my observations on his previous article, the worthy Parson has become entangled in the meshes of his own arguments, and the victorious ever self-consistent truth, has forced him, in his own despite, into a contradiction of himself!

Let us now pay particular attention to the following:—it has been stated here, that making hired labour scarce was the sure means of raising wages, because the master-class could not do without labour, and because they were rich enough to compete with each other for that labour by *over* bidding each other in wages. This, denied one week by Parson Lot, is admitted, as we have seen, in the week following. Therefore, the remedy is, to make hired labour scarce.

So far, so good. But, again, I ask, how ARE we to make hired-labour scarce? Parson Lot! Parson Lot! that's the point! Answer it, or give up the struggle! It can be done only by one (or all) of three means: Emigration, Co-operation, and Political Power. The first is an impossibility, because the poor can't emigrate without the help of the rich; and the rich won't help them, because it is their interest to keep a labour-surplus in the market for the purpose of low wages.*

The second is an impossibility, because, while the thinning of the labour-market by co-operation is to raise wages, the raising of wages is to be effected by co-operation! What a baseless absurdity! The creation of A depends on B's being already created, and the creation of B depends upon A's being already created. So there they stick,—and not the ghost of either of them can ever walk the sunshine of existence!

* The present emigration movement consists notoriously of small shopkeepers and small farmers—and where charitable aid is tendered, it comes from the *anti-commercial* interests—which. are growing more powerless and ruined every day

It's something like the mania of perpetual motion: the plan is beautiful—it would all work quite right—IF it were not for one thing—*you have not got the motive power!*

Now listen to Parson Lot:

"One effect of the departure of the Irish will be, to turn a vast quantity of capital away from manufactures, to the new field of speculation—the colonization of Ireland; and, as I have tried to show, any attempt of yours to employ the competition of the labour-market in raising your own wages, would only increase the drain of capital. But don't fancy that the thing will be done orderly and quietly, my good friends, and that as the capital goes away, you will be able to walk off after it to Ireland. In the first place, it will be labourers, and not artizans, who are wanted there; and in the next, competition is anarchy, and not order, as you will find out in that day—when profits fall for want of hands."

Yes! but profits will *not* fall for want of hands, by any of the means *you* suggest—that is the one great vital point you fail to shew!—emigration won't do it—because you won't be allowed to emigrate,* co-operation won't do it, because you will have no capital to co-operate with, and, even if you had, *not enough to stand with in the long run of competition against the employer*—then what *is* to do it?—of that presently—now, back to the text:

"When profits fall for want of hands the mill-owners will not meet and settle among themselves which of them shall shut up, and remove his capital to Ireland, while profits are still at a fair height, and transfer his hands quietly to his fellow-manufacturers' mills, to make up their deficiency. *They will each and every one of them hold on as long as possible, and compete with each other for hands, by raising wages a little against each other*,—indeed they can do no otherwise, for their capital is locked up in their concerns; and to avoid selling out at a loss, they will struggle on, man against man, each in hopes that he will be the one to outlast his neighbours—till they have beaten each other down below the remunerative rate of profits—and then they will smash by twos and threes at once, and there will be, as usual, 'a panic,' and a general rush out of the unprofitable concerns, and *hundreds of hands more than are really needed, thrown out of employ*, in want, and misery, and indignation,—until things have 'righted' themselves and again, the remnant of you return to your work, to play the same wretched game over again a few years hence!"

* Don't say "the people *have* emigrated from Ireland"—for Ireland just strengthens my position. Wages have scarcely at all risen in Ireland, because it has been the *employer*, not the *employed*, who principally emigrated!

Precisely so! Even if you were to succeed in ruining a few masters, you would be ruining yourselves by so doing—because you would throw so many thousands of hands out of the closed factories, as a fresh surplus into the market, to bring wages down again, to enable the surviving masters to undersell you, and to destroy you by competition—while those surviving masters would be stronger than ever, by having less rivalry and competition in their own ranks. Do you not see the curse works in a circle! The inextricable difficulty meets you on all sides! You are coiled in the gordian knot of misery, from which only the strong hand of political power can extricate you alive.

The Parson's next remark is worthy of attention:

"Again. This emigration must lower exceedingly the profits of agriculture. It must cause a great and sudden drain of agricultural labourers from England to Ireland; and as farmers' profits are already at the very lowest, exactly the same thing will happen on the land, which I have been prophesying for the great manufacturing towns; farmers will not be able to raise their wages, their labourers will go off to get better pay in Ireland; cultivation, and therefore crops, will deteriorate; farmers will break, and farms be thrown out of tillage right and left; *more hands than are really necessary thrown for the time on of employ*, and the value of land for the time being lowered exceedingly. If you are then as you are now, you will only share in the general distress, by having the home-market for your produce suddenly lessened."

Now then, what is the remedy for each of these catastrophes recommended by Parson Lot? ASSOCIATION!

Of course it would be a remedy, if the Parson would only just be kind enough to tell us how we were to associate!—that is, how we were to carry out association to such an extent, as "to be ready to step in"—when the employing class as he vainly fancies they will,—step *out;* and how we shall be enabled to maintain our association against the hostility and competition of the rich monopolists?

Now, the fact is, that by the "smashing' of some capitalists by "twos and threes," monopoly will grow STRONGER and not weaker, as the Parson imagines—and here is the fault in his reckoning. Monopoly *gains* by centralization, and loses by diffusion. The "smashing" of the "twos and threes" will be owing to the devouring might of centralization. This is fearfully at work, already: the large farmer is eating up the small; the big manufacturer the lesser; the great capitalist the little one. This will go on, until everything becomes prostrate under a few mighty princes of gigantic capital. The trade of many will be centered in the hands of one; the land of many will be encircling the

home of one; and the smashing of other masters will cast the multitude into beggary, to fight with each other the life-and-death fight as to who shall get employment from the few remaining great employers who monopolise all, and dictate the conditions of existence.

That is what our system is tending to. And how does the worthy Parson propose to prevent it?

By recommending "an improved Law of Partnership." He informs us that "The *Globe*, the ministerial organ, says that it 'wishes to place no legal restrictions on the forming or the working of co-operative bodies, except such as are necessary to provide against fraud;' and in another number, declares that 'the partnerships of working-men have the same rights as those of other men, to the impartial protection of the law;'" and the Parson adds, "now mind, *that is all you want at present*—' A clear stage and no favour.' This partnership question need be mixed up with nothing of what the press calls 'visionary schemes.' *All you want* is 'the *impartial protection* of the law.'"

Indeed! is that all?

I have often maintained that the rich, whenever they found co-operation became dangerous to their monopolies, had in their power to crush it by adverse legislation; and that, if necessary, they would exercise that power. Parson Lot tells us, a very little pressure would carry an improved Law of Partnership. Very possible. The rich will, perhaps, not negative a bill for that purpose, because they know it could be almost next to useless to the working-classes; a law of partnership is not "all you want" to carry co-operation. You want CAPITAL, you want high wages, you want a large market, you want to counteract the competition of the master-class. These are the weapons in the hands of your enemies, that no law of partnership can even as much as blunt. Will a law of partnership give you money, will a law of partnership prevent those shoals of labourers, of whom the Parson speaks, of "navvies," miners, colliers, seamen, weavers, spinners, combers, printers, and the long catalogue of labour's starving regiments, from being marched into the field of your co-operation to destroy you? Will it prevent the spread of that poverty, which you yourself, O Parson! prognosticates? and which, of itself, will ruin the market for your co-operative produce?

Ah! ah! They will be glad enough to beguile us with the miserable phantasm of a "Law of Partnership;" they will be glad enough to lull the co-operative mind and the political aspiration with so insipid and so cheap a sop! And can you, Parson Lot, assist the tricksters in so transparent and so treacherous a lure? That's what comes of truckling to rose-water conventionalities—and seeking to pluck peaches off a sloe-bush—for such is the endeavour to cull popular prosperity from our existing institutions.

You have failed, then, worthy, Parson; you have failed in pointing out the remedy. You have directed us, indeed, to association, but you have omitted to show us, what would *make association possible*, as a permanency and as a remedial measure.

What you have omitted, I will do: THE CHARTER (and not a law of partnership, necessary afterwards, but next to useless now)—THE CHARTER is the first step towards co-operation. The Charter alone renders co-operation practicable and safe, by enabling you to establish a foundation of capital whereon to co-operate, and of political power wherewith to guard co-operation. The charter will give you the land (locked up by a *political* law of primogeniture) to begin operations with, in the shape of the poors, church, waste, common, and crown-lands of the nation. The Charter will give you the money to store your shops and stock your mills, in the shape of a tax on the real property of the rich; and the Charter will give you such a law of partnership, as neither Mr. Slaney, nor the Whigs, nor the Parson's friends, the Bishops, will bestow. The Charter is the leverage—the third power you want, to set you going—the Archimedian foot of ground, *without* which all your fine machinery can never more be brought to bear.

Have you anything to say against that, Parson Lot?

ERNEST JONES.

Pothouse Localities.

Principles alone, however true and holy, are not enough to ensure adherence and respect for a popular movement. There is such a thing as degrading the best and noblest cause. The estimation in which that cause will be held by the general public, and, accordingly, the amount of adhesion it will obtain, depend upon the character of its standard bearers, the language of its advocates, and the places in which they meet A great cause, like Democracy, must not be dragged down into the mire, but pedestaled aloft, on pure and spotless marble. Chartism has suffered terribly, from a deficiency in all three of these important particulars. I have to deal now with the third, and not the least essential of these points: the place of meeting. The advocacy of Chartism will "stink

in the nostrils" of the many, as long as it meets in places such as those, which it now too often visits.

Raise the Charter from the Pot-house!

Do you suppose the thoughtful and self-respecting, or the respector of democracy, will go, and by his presence help to drag it down and desecrate it in the pot-house? We want the support and countenance of woman in our movement—for the Charter must become a domestic spirit, a tutelar saint, a household god, before it can arise a legislative power! And what shall make it so,—but the support of woman? That which does not emanate from the fire-side of a million homes, will have no lasting basis even amid the cheering of ten thousand platforms. It is woman that ever sways, more or less, the mind of man—it is woman that ever moulds the character of the child. And would you take your wives, sisters, and daughters, to the pot-house, among the reek of gin and porter, the fume of fœtid pipes, and the loose ribaldry of incipient intemperance? Again, we want to instruct the rising generation. We want to make *children* Chartists, and then we shall be sure of having Chartist *men*. As the twig is bent, so the tree will grow. But, fathers and mothers! Is the pot-house a place to take your children to?—to inoculate them with vice—to give the example of drunkenness—to engraft the future curse upon their lives? As you value our cause, as you value our future, as you respect the truth, and as you love yourselves—

Raise Chartism from the Pot-house.

"But this is not always possible!" I hear them say, "There is no difficulty to him that wills"—brave axiom of the Gallic working-man, who swam to Kossuth's ship, because he was too poor to hire a boat! I deny that it is impossible, in any instance, to avoid the pot-house meeting. "Oh! but we can't afford to pay for a room!" Can't you? Then you pay nothing in the pot-house? You sit without calling for your pipe, or porter, or ginger-beer, or gin? Oh! no! Twenty men in the pot-house, meeting every week, spend on an average, 6d. each (some far more, some less), that is 10s. per week! Will you tell me that, in any town in England, you can't hire a decent room for *one evening weekly*, for TEN SHILLINGS the night? You might get it for the whole week for less than that. You might establish a reading-room in it—you might found a library—you might open a school—you might make it pay itself, and diffuse the blessings of knowledge and education from it, as from a centre—all which in the pot-house is impossible. All this you might do, if there were only twenty, aye! if there were only ten members in a locality. Don't say, then, "we must go to the pot-house—it's very bad we know—but we can't afford to house our principles respectably."

In the pot-house it is all loss and no gain—whereas the chartist-room might be made a self-supporting institution,—and if not, might be maintained at a cheaper cost than the pot-house degradation.

"All that is very well!"—I hear some of them exclaim—"It's very well for you to write this in your study, but if you knew the difficulties in our way, you would write otherwise. What shall we do, if we are just forming a locality, or if we number only four or five members? Surely, then, we can't afford to hire a room!"

Probably not. But, while you are only four or five members, can't you meet once a week, at a member's house? He's a sorry democrat who wont lend you the use of his parlour, or his kitchen, for two hours weekly. That's what you can do, if you are only four or five—and, when your friend's room grows too small to hold you, then you can afford to hire one, for it will cost you far less than the pot-house.

Raise Chartism from the pot-house! as you hope for the salvation of our movement, as you hope for the respect of men—as you hope for the consistent, worthy advocacy of our cause! Nine-tenths of the folly, bickering, contention, and treachery that have ever existed among us, were sown, nursed, matured and gathered in the pot-house—that fruitful hot-bed of madness, contention, eavesdropping, and disgrace!

How check the evil? Firstly, by the good sense of the members.

Secondly, let all lecturers and apostles of the charter, when invited to lecture or attend a meeting, ask, "where is it to be held?" and if the answer is—"In a pot-house!" let *their* answer be—"Then I wont attend!"

Thirdly, let all local councils at once take steps to remove their locality from public-houses. 1852, whatever it turns out to be, must not find Chartism in the pot-house.

Before concluding, permit me to advert to another argument, used in favour of the pot-house. "The landlord is an influential man, and we should offend and lose him, if we didn't meet at his house!" If the landlord's democracy depends on how much money he can fleece you out of by half poisoning you with his noxious drugs, then the sooner you lose such democracy, the better. But I'll tell you what landlords' patriotism amounts to in nine cases out of ten: if they are not molested or frightened by the police, they are glad to get a Chartist locality for the sake of custom. In the competition among pot-houses, many of them are nearly bankrupt, and they pounce upon chartist prey as a forlorn hope to fill their empty tills. They vie with each other as to who shall get the lecturer

that will "draw" the most—they interrupt the lecture with the ceaseless cry of "orders! gents! orders!" They drag down democracy to the level of any tight-rope, juggling, fiddling exhibition, that attracts an idle crowd around their bar—and almost all the "good" done by the lecture, is to fill the pocket of the speculating harpy. For as to instilling the principles of truth, I would not give much for the coversions made over the beer-pot and underneath the pipe. And all the while, our bold and gallant chartists will talk of "the kindness of the landlord, who *allows* them to meet in his house!"—the kindness of the landlord, who allows them to disgrace themselves for the purpose of enriching him.

Want of self-respect has been the great cause of inefficient organisation. Would you invite a Mazzini, a Kossuth, a Ledru Rollin, or, what is far, far more—a Barbes, or a Blanqui—to come and lecture to you in a pot-house? No! Then if you have too much respect for the man to do so,—you ought to have too much respect for the cause, *which is far greater than the man who represents it.*

I repeat, the first step, if you would regenerate our movement,—and regenerated it shall be, the world shall not find us, alone, wanting in 1852,—the first step if you would save our cause and guarantee our progress, is

Raise Chartism from the Pot-house.

The Philosopher's Scales.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were done,
In the depth of his cell, with its stone covered floan,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and grey.
But success is secure, unless energy fails,
And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales.

What were they? you ask; you shall presently see
Those scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh, no! for such properties wond'rous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small and immense—
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense—
Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;

And nought so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.
The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of a penitent thief:
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of his cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
And a garment, that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.
A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale,—while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow threw into the chest:

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And downward the farthing's worth came with a bounce.
Again he performed an experiment rare:
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of a Howard, now partly decayed:
When he saw with surprise that the *whole* of his brother
Weighed less by some pounds than the *bit* of the other.

By other experiments (no matter how)
He found that *ten* chariots weighed less than *one plough.*
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
A *lord* and a *lady* went up at full sail,
When a *bee* chanced to light in the opposite scale.

Ten doctors, ten lawyers, ten courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candour and sense.
A first water diamond, with brilliant's begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt,
Yet no mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh, 'twas the pearl of great price.
Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the gate,
With the *soul* of a beggar to serve as a weight:
When the scale with the *soul* so mightily fell,
That it jerked the *philosopher* out of his cell.

The Co-operative Movement.

CONFESSIONS AND FALLACIES OF THE PRESENT MOVEMENT.

The organs of co-operation for last week contain the following confessions:—

"*That this money-loving view of Association should prevail, to so ruinous an extent, is much to be deplored, but, on due reflection, not to be wondered at, seeing that wealth, by what means soever it is amassed, is considered competent to make its possessor respectable.*"—*Rev. Thomas G. Lee.*

"*But to attain these* (blessed results) *it is necessary that there should be union not only in each association, but among the associations themselves.* The more our movement is extended, the greater is the necessity that there should be a mutual understanding, mutual sympathy and encouragement, *mutual commercial dealing*, and in every way a mutual interchange of kindly offices, grounded upon the relations of a common brotherhood and acting in the spirit implied by that relationship; *isolation and selfishness cannot be otherwise to us than most injurious and most fatal.* We must act with unity of purpose if we would act effectually."

How the victorious truth is forcing them down to a recognition of its power, ever since that truth found a voice to reach the public ear! The whole aspect of the co-operative movement is being changed, as far as *words* go at least. They have, however, yet to learn (must it be from bitter experience?) that co-operation, even on the soundest plan, has not a chance of national results, under our present institutions. Symptoms of a far less wise and most injurious spirit are given in the following. The central agency has administered a severe reproof to the Pimlico Working Builders' Association, for having issued a congratulatory address to Kossuth. It concludes by observing:—

"Now, the 11th article of the Constitution, (see Tract V. p. 8), expressly states, that 'none of the Associations connected with this Society shall ever be made the instruments or agents of political agitation. The associates in their individual capacity being however at liberty to act as they please in this matter.'"

The *Socialist* of the 22nd ult. says:—"The masters have some reason for saying that, the conditions and results of the competitive fight being uncertain and on their own risk, the working men whose share in the sale is discounted beforehand, by their receiving wages, have no well-founded claim to share in the gains of trade, since they are not liable for its losses."

The masters have no reason for saying anything of the kind, because the workmen are *fully* "liable for its losses"—and almost exclusively so, as the master makes up for his losses out of the earnings of the workman—a reduction of wages being hinged on the excuse of a dull market. A pretty doctrine, indeed, the *Socialist* advances: the master is to speculate as much as he pleases in the market—the workman is to be open to all the disadvantage, if the master loses, in the shape of immediately following reductions—but, *if the master gains, there is no rise in wages.* His share is not "discounted beforehand," because it is never discounted at all.

Doctrines like these, coming from quarters in which the people have still some confidence, do an immensity towards blinding, corrupting, and enslaving the popular mind.

The same paper recommends the Chartists of Bury to support the upholder of our present institutions, the denouncer of universal suffrage and republicanism, Mr. Vansittart Neale. It says, because of Mr. Neale's advocacy of the present co-operative movement, with its paradise of a better "Law of Partnership," he ought to "command the support of our Chartist friends, *even though he should be disposed to withhold the suffrage a little longer from the helpless slaves of the land or cotton-lord.*" Men of Bury! no humbug!

The weekly report of the movement states—From Pendleton, Nov. 11.—The Whit Lane Weaving Company write as follows, respecting their present need of capital :—

"We have expended about 1,600*l.* in machinery and fitting up our mill, and we have 335 shares paid up, at 5*l.* each, making 1,675*l.* of fixed capital. We have also about 285*l.* on interest, but buyers of cloth, and sellers of yarn, finding that we are co-operatives, have not confidence in us to give us credit."—[Nor inclination either, they might have added, to help that, which is hostile to thamselves].—"We have in stock of yarn and cloth about 450*l.* Seeing therefore that we are clear, we want to obtain confidence by paying for our yarns, &c., when the bills become due.

"We have a *number of our looms standing several days, on account of our being short of money*, to get yarn; and if we can only get money, so that we may keep our machinery on the move, we are certain it will make a good per centage.

"On strict investigation we find that it will take from 300*l.* to 500*l.* more ready money than we possess, to be advantageous to ourselves, and to others."

Thus, after raising £3,560, their looms are standing for want of capital, and they cannot get goods on credit. Here is a slight foretaste of the future. If the strongest cannot make their way, even before competition has began with the capitalist, what will the weaker do, after it has set in ?

At Crumpsall store "*the shopman is forbidden to be a member.* This is working co-operation through competitive means, as you see, with a vengeance."

Mr. V. Neale asks, "what have the rich done to crush co-operation ?" His own friend, Parson Lot, answers him :—"*There are restrictions* which make certain forms of partnership *unsafe, and impossible ;* and those forms are just the ones which the working-men require. The present laws allow partnerships between large capitalists to thrive, *and crush partnerships between working-men.*"

The Peoples' Comforts.

III. THE SICK BED.

"Philanthropic gentlemen" tell us, that one of the greatest blessings conferred upon the poor is, that modern science has placed health and life within their reach, at a comparatively trifling cost. A working-man need not be afraid of breaking his legs or even his neck; somehow or other, it will be all made whole again.

"The resources of science," they write, "which formerly were only in the compass of the rich, are now within the means of even the poorest. Formerly, it was only the rich who seemed to have a fair lease of life...if the poor man sickened, he could not command the leech's art—if he met with an accident, he could not command the skilful surgeon's aid. Now, how different ! He need not fear disease, for the choicest medicines are within his reach—science flies to wait on him—science applies a vapour to his nostril, and that which princes of old would vainly have lavished treasures to obtain,—the absence of pain, the humblest child of toil can now ensure ! Is not this progression for the people ?"

What a beautiful picture. But, gentle writer ! if, with all this, the people live longer, and live more healthy, I must doubtlessly conclude that they have improved in sanitary condition,—but if I find that they are less healthy and more short lived, I must necessarily conclude that they are worse off. Now, it is well known, that the average of life in all classes, used to be about sixty years in this country. To arrive at a just estimate of what it is at present, let us open a random page of Mr. Chadwick's Report, giving the average duration of life among the different classes of society.

"On the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain." In speaking of the mode in which he acquired his information, he says, "With a view of arriving at some estimate of the comparative extent of the operation of the chief causes of sickness and mortality proved to be prevalent amidst the different classes of society, in the towns where the sanitary inquiries have been made, I have obtained the following returns from the clerks of the several unions acting as superintendent registrars. These returns have, as far as practicable, been corrected by particular local enquiry, and are submitted as the best approximations that can readily be obtained." I now give the returns, as I find them in the octavo report of 1842—not selected, but taken just as they stand.

TRURO.

Number of deaths.		Average age at death.
33	Professional persons or gentry and families	40 years.
196	Persons engaged in trade, or similarly circumstanced, and their families	33 "
447	*Labourers, artizans,* and others similarly circumstanced, and their families ...	28 "

DERBY.

10	Professional persons. &c. ...	49 "
125	Tradesmen	38 "
752	*Labourers and artizans* ...	21 "

MANCHESTER.

	Professional persons, &c... ...	38 "
	Tradesmen and families	20 "
	Mechanics, labourers, and families	17 "

BOLTON.

103	Professionals, gentry, and families	34 "
381	Tradesmen and families ...	23 "
2232	*Mechanics, labourers,* servants and families ...	18 "

BETHNAL GREEN.

101	Professionals, gentry, and families	45 "
273	Tradesmen and families ...	26 "
1258	*Mechanics, labourers,* and families	16 "

LEEDS.

79	Gentry, professionals, and families	44 "
824	Tradesmen and families ...	27 "
3395	*Operatives, labourers,* and families	19 "

LIVERPOOL.

137	Gentry, professionals, and families	35 "
1738	Tradesmen and their families	22 "
5597	*Labourers, mechanics,* servants and families ...	15 "

Thus much for the manufacturing districts, now for the agricultural.

HUTLANDSHIRE.

Professionals, gentry and families	52
Tradesmen, farmers, graziers, and families	41
Mechanics, labourers, and families	33

WILTS.

119	Gentlemen, professionals, and families	52
218	Farmers and families ...	48
2061	*Labourers* and families ...	33

CITY OF BATH.

146	Gentry, professionals, and families	55
244	Tradesmen and families ...	37
896	*Mechanics, labourers,* and families	25

If we go a grade higher, we shall find still more longevity—the average age reached by the sovereigns of England, is 59; by the aristocracy, 67; by the clergy, 70!

Then, after all, the people have grown *worse* off, instead of better. Great improvements have taken place in art, science, and mechanics,—but not for the people. The money-wealth of the country increases, but the people grow poorer; the manufactures double, but the people are worse clad; colonial produce cheapens and gets plenteous, but the people are worse fed; medicine is better understood, but the people are more diseased, and more short lived.

Such is the progression in the hands of the rich.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.

II.—The Young Milliner.

III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

IV.—The Lady of Title.

(Continued from page 612.)

I.—A Garret Window.

In one of the quiet retired streets, within an easy walk of the Gower-street University, stood an old lodging-house, with walls of dingy brick, and antique windows that had once looked over the green country fields, and presided over a large garden well planted with luxuriant fruit-trees, whose annual burden had reddened and yellowed to many a summer sun.

Some antient, now-forgotten family, had proudly claimed it as their manor-house, and dwelt within it from generation to generation. The mouldering scutcheon still loomed above the entrance-door, in strange contrast with the gaudy Venetian shutters of a bright pea-green, and well-whitened copings that had grotesquely modernized the venerable pile.

The fields and gardens had long vanished under rows of dull suburban houses, whose day of newness had long past, and that had witnessed many a downward change in the class of its inhabitants. Here and there, too, that inevitable symptom of decaying old age in a suburban neighbourhood was painfully apparent to the proprietors. Empty *houses, with dirty windows, sashes and doors,* from which the paint had long flown away on sunbeam, shower and wind, and large, dirty, torn bills along the casement, sooner shewing that the house was unletable, than inviting a tenant to its cracking walls.

The house in question, however, formed an exception to the general rule. It was dressed with an air of upstart smartness, quite insulting to its sombre fellows. A portion of it overhung an antient gateway (once the carriage entrance to the mansion), that led to a small square, where the former offices had been transformed to modern houses. These were let to various parties, but most of them were lodging-houses of an inferior grade.

At an open garret window, in one of the latter, which looked on the back of the great lodging-house already mentioned, sat, on a warm evening of June, 1850, a beautiful young girl. The window was ornamented with many a sweet plant, and a canary hung warbling amid their flowers. The young girl was busy with her needle; but often, when a step was heard passing by the carriage gateway, her hands would drop with their work, and she would gaze down in the court below, or on the street beyond, visible through the opening of the houses, with a momentary eagerness, that subsided in a dreamy reverie.

She was very beautiful—her age could not be more than eighteen years—and her light brown tresses fell over cheeks of so delicate a rose, her eyes were of such soft cerulean blue, her smile was so gentle and so confiding, her every motion so meek, so graceful, her demeanor so artless and so engaging, that the coldest heart could not gaze on her without a thrill of tenderness.

In the lodging-house a man had lived for several years as footman, who had amassed some money in his various services. He had lived in noble families, among the middle class, and in the army—he had passed through all the various grades of society, in intimate connection with their vices. "No man is a hero to his own valet." The worst phases of the master's character became apparent to the servant—the best are for the world. The smooth side of the staff, of which society is made, is turned outward. The rough is for within. Thus, the man who enters service, pure though his heart may be at the start of his career, is soon inoculated by the evil influence of his position. The example of his "superior," contagious in any, becomes to him a rule of action—the frivolous, the depraved, the heartless, comes before him clothed in sophisms, and sanctioned by authority. He imitates, and he surpasses.

Thus, year by year, and day by day, some of the soundest frames and healthiest minds are inscribed on the muster roll of decay and perdition in the ranks of domestic service to the aristocracy and moneyed classes—and, alas! for the female portion—with weaker powers of resistance, with more susceptible natures, what a

tragedy is daily enacted on the unrecorded stages of domestic life!

Frederick Treadstone had passed through all the various stages of this social school. Like the high-mettled racer, he had started with high places, and was one of the dandiest lacqueys about town. But the dissipation of his master reacted upon him. Late hours, night after night, the necessity of wiling away the hanging time—waiting morning after morning till the great sun of summer stood burning overhead, before his dissipated master vouchsafed to leave the orgy, and grant his minions rest—the myriad temptations that beset those hours, had undermined his manhood, and destroyed his health. As his personal appearance decayed, and as his strength failed, his favour vanished also. He was not one of the lucky few, who, from among the myriad competitors, subside, or rather rise, into the fat pomposity of butlership—and, like the moral satarist's famed horse, he came down in the social scale of servitude. From the household of the noble he fell to that of the merchant, to whom it was still a recommendation that he had taken "his man Frederick from the Earl of Catsfolk's." But there are plenty of Earls, and plenty of discarded footmen; and as poor Frederick grew drowsy and pursy, he warmed the roots of his withered heart by lubrications of the potent spirit. He took to drinking, and became unsteady and forgetful. The haughty, punctilious, and exacting merchant soon discarded him. He had difficulty in procuring his next place: he had fallen to the household of the tradesman; there he frequently changed places, and fell one stage lower, before his age should be consigned to oblivion and neglect—he descended to the service of the lodging house.

There we find him. Luckily for him, he had been prudent enough to save in his many places something towards a maintenance in age—a rare occurrence—since, *the higher the wages the more expensive is the place.*

In his decay, the former habits of his life still ruled strongly in him:—he had noticed the beauty of Henrietta, the young milliner—and the libertine was aroused within him. He was still personable—and his conversation and manners had some of the showy polish and dashing *rouérie* (if one may coin the word) but too captivating to the female character. He courted, and attracted, the attention of the young milliner—not the affection of her heart—but he amused, he entertained her—and her mournful solitude was enlivened by his anecdotes and sallies. By degrees, her gentle beauty won on his coarse, hardened nature—and he felt as much love as his blunted, worn-out passions permitted him to feel. During their acquaintance, he had occasion to notice the keen poverty which the young milliner was forced at times to undergo. At one of those moments of distress he had, seized by a sudden generous impulse, induced her to accept assistance. Most reluctantly, under the alternative of starvation, of being turned into the street, to perish bodily or perish morally, had she accepted of that aid, faithfully promisin herself to repay it shortly out of her next work. But that work was long in coming—meanwhile other and more pressing debts occurred—they claimed her earnings when they came—again deeper, keener misery assailed the friendless orphan—once more the dread alternative, once more the proffered aid—and, with it, the deep, irksome obligation.

Treadstone presumed on his position. His coarse, indelicate nature, dead to all the finer impulses, had been somewhat elevated by his love for that sweet girl. But the transient sentiment soon began to degenerate, and he sought to avail himself of the familiarity he had obtained, and the obligations he had conferred. Henrietta had yielded to his importunities thus far, as to let him harbor tolerably certain hopes that she would consent to become his wife. But she did not love him—she recoiled from him—and when, in what he has subsequently called "the dotage of his love," he pressed her to fix a time for their union—she ever put him off.

On the evening on which our narrative begins—while sunk in mournful thought, that young recluse of toil and poverty was sitting at the window of her garret, the door suddenly opened, and Treadstone entered. He took a seat opposite to her, without word or salutation. Something had evidently soured his temper even more than usual; to Henrietta he seemed an unwelcome guest. A soft smile was mantling over her face before he entered—a dreamy joy wes sparkling in her eyes—some pleasing vision had been soaring before her—and he broke it.

After a pause, he broke silence:

"Well—have you been thinking over what I said? I'm tired of this mode of life."

"I told you, Frederick, there was time enough for that—I am too young."

"Oh! perhaps you rather think I'm too old. Perhaps you'd like some of those young chaps better, we've got in the house——"

A deep blush mantled over the face of Henrietta. Several young medical students were lodgers in the boarding-house.

"Ah! I see how it is—but I wont stand this nonsense any longer. I'll put an end to it at once—you may depend on that."

"Sir! as you please!"

"Oh! those fine airs wont do with me! Remember you're a penniless pauper, I enabled you to keep life and soul together—and I'll be d——d if I keep dancing on and off just as you choose to fiddle."

"I acknowledge my obligations to you, Mr. Treadstone," said the poor girl with recovered dignity—"and I'll repay them to the best of my ability. You know my circumstances."

"To be sure I do! my dear! to be sure I do!"—said Treadstone, who, as now frequently happened, was somewhat the worse for drink—"but you know what I've told you—now don't be obstinate"—and he passed his hand around her waist, and drew her towards him, while his tone and look left no doubt of his meaning.

"Sir!"

"Now, come! come! no fine lady's airs. Though, by the bye! fine ladies don't show their airs in this way—just the contrary—many's the fine lady could tell you something about Frederick Treadstone and herself, if she chose—now don't be foolish!"

"Leave me, sir!"

"Why, hey day! what have you been leading me on for then, if you didn't mean this? Now, come, it's all right, you know, we understand all about it—!"

"Let me go! or I'll call for help! Let me go!"

"Pooh! pooh!" cried the lacquey, losing his temper, "I know what your sort of people are made of—I know you only lure one on to wheedle one out of one's money—and keep fighting shy to get the more—now I mean to have my money's worth one way or the other, and you can't pay me in cash, that's clear, so I'll take my payment in another way."

It was a grand thing to behold the magnificent indignation of that gentle girl—she hurled her maudlin insulter back—a very heaven of scorn, (for scorn is heavenly when launched at grovelling vice), lighted in her face, and paralysed her vile assailant—but terror was mingled with her anger—in her fear she rushed to the door, and her cry for help rang down the narrow staircase. Then the craven in the heart of Treadstone shewed itself. He crawled after her in a bent position, whispering, gibbering, and motioning to silence, with imploring gesture.

"Pray don't! Pray be still! and I'll go! I wont touch you! I wont come near you! Only pray be silent! If my mistress should hear it, it would be the death of me! It would lose me my place! She's a presbyterian-methodist-dissenting-evangelical-puritanical-baptist-wesleyan-latter-day-saint. Will you be quiet—and I'll go directly!"

"Go!" answered Anna! almost relaxing into an involuntary smile.

"Will you forgive me?" he cried, crawling up to her with outstretched hands. "Give me your hand before you go, Henrietta!" he added, with a coaxing leer, mistaking the expression of her countenance.

"Go, Sir," she said, in a firm, loud tone, as she recoiled, and entering her room, closed and locked the door behind her.

He remained standing for a moment in the same bent posture on the landing; then rising, and looking cautiously around, he said in a low tone, while his livid eyes shot fire.

"So, so! and may the ——l seize me living if I don't pay you back a hundredfold for this!"

II.—A Sunset.

Anna sat mournfully at the window of her garret, screened from view behind her flower and her bird cage. The little canary, with his plumage of bright gold, like an imprisoned sunbeam, flitted silently to and fro as though he could understand the sorrow of his mistress; for Anna was very sorrowful. Poverty and non-employment were paling the roses on her face—friendless, an orphan thrown on the wide world, a sad and gloomy future was opening up before her. Care and anxiety had strung her nerves too finely—they were ill fitted to bear the rude shocks of insult and calamity, and the big tears came coursing down her cheeks, as she leant droopingly against her window-cill. She gazed on the grand sun, setting so nobly behind the distant country, dim glimpses of which were seen across the parted house-tops—such a scene and such an hour tone the raised feelings to soft and lofty sadness—she felt the fulness of her heart—she thought of her past life, and, young as she was, there was so much to mourn, so much to treasure—the young live years in days! and the future looks with a microscope upon the little joys of early youth. Anna was a daughter of the people; but from a child, her mother's calling (now her own), had thrown her somewhat in contact with the children of the rich. She had witnessed the privileges of wealth—privileges so keenly felt by children—those eternal champions of equality! Perhaps her childish heart had been hurt by the contrast; perhaps her childish ambition had been roused by the sight—and she may have dreamed of robes, fairer than her tattered garment, of a hat more becoming than her battered bonnet—of a meal more delicate than her coarse, dry bread—for childhood is eager of enjoyment—childhood rebels at inequality. She had seen the poetry and smiles of life, and she longed to share what she had a heart to desire, and a taste to appreciate. Sometimes, in her days of childhood, she would stop at a garden gate to watch the fair little girls of the rich running about within, with their pretty coloured shoes along the smooth gravelled walks, plucking flowers as they listed, with soft gloves to screen

their small white hands from sun and soil, grand dolls to play with, and stately nurses to carry them when tired. Then she would gaze at her own poor hands, her little fingers worn and bleeding with premature toil—her half-bare feet swollen with the ceaseless errand on the stony road—and think of her hard, dull, cheerless home—and feel herself all the while as good and beautiful as those gay things within, and then she would cry, and hurry homeward to her toil.

In after years, when she had grown into matchless girlhood, scarce had she heard the lid nailed down upon her mother's coffin, ere even the luxury of grief and solitude were denied her, and she had to turn away to toil for daily bread. Day by day, and night by night, it was hers to rise before the sun, to work beyon, the midnight, by the dim, dull, straining light in the close, hot, stifling room, while the gay children that she had envied of old, and who, like her, had grown up to womanhood, were seen passing in the streets, clad in silk and lace, rolling in gorgeous carriages, or reining fiery but docile steeds, escorted by handsome cavaliers, laughing, frolicking, gathering the hearts-ease and the rose of life. And of evening, how often, when she took her hard day's work to the harsh task-mistress; how often she saw them gliding to the glowing ball-room and voluptuous dance, or preparing for the coming joy in the robes on which she had lavished eyesight and health, that she had wrought over her weary, aching heart, that she had moistened with her tears—and they would be dancing, and singing, and listening to the voice of love, while she had to wend her way to her miserable home, exposed to the coarse ribaldry, the indecent salutation, the degrading suspicion of the low, loose, sordid, pestilence-haunted street. And again, she felt she was as beautiful and as good as the bright, fair things that were dancing, and singing, and listening to love within.

And as she verged more and more to womanhood, her feelings and her longings took a deeper tone. The human heart is made for affection. Love is an involuntary impulse, a fountain spring of our nature—and at a given age of life, it sets in as surely as the spring floods fill the streams to overflowing.

And these thoughts and longings often came over her, in the pauses of her work, as she sat gazing from her garret window out upon the great world below. There they passed and repassed, those countless shoals of seeming merry beings. They all looked so happy! From her little window she seemed gazing on some great festival, to which *she* was uninvited.

And about this period, a soft tremor came mounting from her heart into her brain. She sought her window more frequently than usual, at given hours, to see the tide of life flow outward from the city to the parks. At a certain time came the students from the college—and her eyes followed involuntarily their tall forms, and dwelt on their laughing mien—and she would remain gazing after them in abstraction, when they had long been out of sight—and the glow of her face was heightened by the unconscious longing—*to be loved!*

Sometimes—of a night—when she had said her prayers and put out her light—and when the moon shone into her room with its soft, dreamy lustre—between waking and sleeping, she seemed to behold one of those graceful forms seated besides her—and gazing at her, and speaking to her, as she had seen and heard the gay young cavaliers look and speak to her richer, higher-born, and happier sisters! Hers was the age of love!

Such feelings had been broken in upon by the rude ribaldry of her unbidden guest—and when the unwonted storm roused in her gentle breast had once more been lulled to calm, as she drunk in the pure glory of that soothing sunset, such were the feelings that once more swept over the void of her soul.

Still she leaned musing at the window. She noticed not, how a black cloud came stealing across the west, and blotting the fair image of the day. It's shadow fell on her—but she heeded not the change, for a quick step had run along the pavement, and kindled animation in her countenance, as it approached. Suddenly, she drew back, but a smile played on her lips—she seemed pleased—the footfall paused in the street—some one had greeted her from below—the passing pace was renewed—but paused, and wavered, like that of one lingering for a recognition. Anna sunk back in her chair with beaming eyes—she heeded not that she had broken a bud from her pet rosetree. It fell in her lap. She was so happy! Poor Henrietta!

(To be continued.)

☞ Woman's Wrongs commenced in No. 27.

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(Continued from No. 32, p. 618.)

XXII.—RAAB.

A pause ensued after this tremendous struggle. The retreating Hungarians remained unmolested, and, as though recoiling from the terrible shock, Russians and Imperialists alike drew back in the direction of Presburg.

This withdrawal was, however, merely the collapse preceding a renewed onslaught—the baffled tiger was crouching down for a fresh bound on its prey, and it soon became evident that a concentration of the Imperial forces was taking place, for the purpose of throwing themselves on the town of Raab, intercepting Colonel Kmetty's march from the south, and thus, charging both sides of the Shütt Islands, compelling the Republicans back upon Komorn.

Ten days elapsed, while these preparations were making by the enemy. The Hungarian troops remained unmolested—but, though having full time and leisure, while Haynau was thus concentrating, re-forming, and giving a most dangerous direction to his power, Görgey appeared inactive. Instead of taking up positions in and around Raab with his entire forces, and forming a junction with Kmetty's division advancing from the south, and with General Pöltenberg at Raab, he left the latter to defend the city with only 9,000 men, and did nothing towards the support of Colonel Kmetty. The second corps of the army, diminished by one half in the battles on the Waag, was marched to Komorn, 40 miles distant from Raab, whence, indeed, it was to operate in aid of Poltenberg, but whom it could hardly hope to reach before the Austrians.

These dispositions were severely censured by the party hostile to Gorgey in the Government; they insisted on a general battle being fought at Raab—and on the defence of the town to the last extremity—and, finding that Gorgey paid no attention to their dictates, they clamoured for his recal.

But Gorgey had not the slightest intention of hinging the fate of Hungary on the maintenance of a large, old, indefensible town like Raab, the retention of which was but of minor consequence, and, in defending which, a large part of Hungary's best and last army must be sacrificed. If he was to make a definitive stand, he determined on making it in the strongest position he could find, and where he had the best chances of success. For this purpose, he resolved on selecting the entrenched camp and fortress of Komorn. Subsequent events proved how wise he was in his selection.

Raab, however, could not be abandoned without resistance—such a course would have appeared cowardly, would have discouraged the army, and given his enemies in the Government the leverage for his downfall. It was therefore that Poltenberg was left at Raab with his 9,000 men, to make a stand against the enemy, inflict on them as much injury as he could, and break the impetus of their advance against Komorn, while Gorgey himself, with the second corps, should operate so as to cover their retreat. Gorgey's object was to avoid a battle then—and to lure the Austrians on to his strongest position—there to abide the issue.

Meanwhile, Poltenberg believed himself deserted and neglected—and day by day he sent entreaties for support, more pressing each, as stage by stage the Imperialists drew nearer to the town.

The town of Raab contains 20,000 inhabitants, and its cleanly, well-built streets lie on the eastern bank of the river of the same name, at the junction of the Raab and Rabnitz with the Danube. At Raab the great highways of Hungary form a junction, three leading thence to the several capitals of the country—three to Austria and its Styrian province. The fortifications of Raab were erected during the Turkish wars in the 16th and 17th centuries, but had been suffered to go to decay, and were almost totally destroyed by the French in 1809. The two suburbs of

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

Raab lie in the two forks formed by the junction of the three rivers—the Ujvaros suburb in that of the Raab and Rabnitz, the Sziget suburb in that of the Rabnitz and Danube, and are connected with the mother city by a bridge.

Opposite to the city itself, on the northern side of that arm of the Danube, which, as described in a preceding chapter, forms the southern boundary of the lesser Shütt Island, lies the village of Revfalu, commanded by what remains of the old fortifications of Raab.

The Austrians advanced from the west up the valleys of the Raab, Rabnitz, and Danube, which closes before them in a point occupied by Raab and its suburbs. General Pöltenberg's force was too small to molest them on their march. Tidings soon came that they were taking the out-lying villages, which were defended to delay their progress. On the 28th of June they made themselves masters of Hochstrass; thence they extended themselves beyond the rivers, crossed over to Teth, on the south of the Raab, thus threatening the flank of Pöltenberg's position, and cutting off Colonel Kmetty's division from the town. The outlying defences being thus broken down, the Austro-Russian army stood in presence of the city.

The suburbs of Ujvaros had been entrenched and palisaded; that of Sziget, however, had been neglected by an unpardonable remissness on the part of Pöltenberg, who had not even obeyed General Klapka's orders to throw a bridge over the Rabnitz, which separates the two. The defence of Ujvaros was entrusted to Colonel Kossuth, a relative of the dictator.

Sziget and Revfalu (in the lesser Shütt), in the north, were maintained by four battalions, four squadrons, and 16 field-pieces, while Colonel Liptai commanded at Menfö, in the south, where the enemy's columns were preparing to outflank the Hungarians. Two battalions and two batteries were placed in the city as a reserve.

The attack of the Imperialists began at noon. They out-numbered the Republicans five-fold. The conflict raged along the entire line, in a vast semi-circle, westward around the town of Raab, extending from Menfo, beyond the fork of the three rivers, southward of the Raab, to Revfalu, northward of the Danube. The chief column of the Austrians (with the Russian division) advanced straight from Hochstrass; two flank-columns were pushed, the one against Sziget, and the other against Revfalu, in the lesser Shütt; a third corps and the cavalry moved up the southern of the two forks, between the Raab and Rabnitz, and a fourth, under General Ramberg, maintained a position southward of Menfo itself, towards Shaza, where it met and engaged the approaching succours under Kmetty. Poltenberg and his 9,000 men had to face this overwhelming force on three sides simultaneously.

Gorgey was advancing in the meantime with the second corps from Komorn. He moved very slowly, because, had he appeared on the field before the action, his presence with a large force would have rendered a general and decisive battle unavoidable. This, as already shewn, it was Gorgey's intention not to risk at that time. The second corps, moreover, was, according to Klapka's admission, still so exhausted, as to be almost unfit for active operations. Gorgey's object, as already stated, was to advance just in sufficient time to receive his retreating soldiers, gather them up among the columns of his reserve, and lead them safely from the field of danger into an impregnable position, to await a better hour, after they had vindicated the honour of their arms, and blunted those of Austria by a brave and obstinate defence of Raab.

Such a defence was made—but nothing could long withstand the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. After a brave struggle, the Hungarians were literally pushed out of Sziget, the more northerly of the two suburbs, by the pressure of the swarming masses. At Menfö, in the south, beyond the rivers, Colonel Liptai was repulsed, after repeatedly rallying his broken cavalry—and hearing of the successes of the Austrians at Sziget, in his rear, fearful of being cut off, fell back on Megyer, and abandoned Raab. Colonel Kossuth alone remained in Ujvaros. But the Sziget suburb was taken on his one side, the positions at Menfö on his other. His little corps was thus jutted forward like an isolated peninsula, along either shore of which the tide of foes was advancing, narrowing their march towards his rear. One imperilled line of retreat alone remained—across the bridge, and through the streets of Raab itself. Still says General Klapka:—

"Colonel Kossuth stood his ground immoveably against the Imperialists, whose forces mustered eight times stronger than his own. His entrenchments were first attacked by a brigade, and in the next instance by the whole corps of Austrian reserves; and, finally, when the *gros* of the Austrian army had crossed the Rabnitz at Abda, they were attacked by a whole corps at once. All was in vain. It was then that the Austrian general Schlick brought ten batteries to bear upon this single point. Some of our powder-carts exploded, our guns were dismounted, our gunners mowed down in files: still Colonel Kossuth and his heroes kept the place which they had defended for the last three hours."

At length, when the Austrian march was heard close upon the bridge in his rear, Colonel Kossuth quitted his position in the greatest order, crossed the bridge, destroyed it behind him, and filed off through the streets of Raab.

The last resistance broken down, the Imperialists came closing in from all sides on the exhausted Hungarians. The danger was imminent, the pursuit hot, the pursuers' number overwhelming. Then, when the weary soldiers sighed for succour, and resigned themselves to slaughter, the drums of Görgey were heard beating in the distance. He had timed his march to there moment—thus he stood in the crisis—a loud hurrah burst from the meeting comrades, and the brave reserve took the place of the defeated garrison of Raab upon the fields of Gönyö. The enemy rushed on, certain of victory, when, to their surprise, before them fronted an imposing line of battle, under Görgey's own immediate command. They dared not attack—for some time the same attitude was maintained on both sides, in armed silence, while, under cover of the demonstration, Görgey ordered Klapka to lead the retreat upon Komorn. He remained, himself, with the rear, to repel the Austrians. No sooner had Haynau discovered that the Hungarians had once more renewed their march, than he attacked. He was met by Görgey with the rear-guard. The action lasted till a late hour of the night—column after column of the enemy were repulsed—at last exhaustion stole over the assailants—Görgey had maintained his ground—the battle died away—and the unconquered general quietly withdrew his stubborn battalions in the darkness, to the forest of Atsh, that stretches before the entrenched camp of Komorn, and, as it were, forms one of its approaches.

XXIII.—THE PEOPLE.

The defeats on the Waag and Raab—the rushing advance of the enemy, the successes of Ban Jellachich in the south, the irresistible march of the Russians in the north, the progress of the invaders in Transylvania, reports of disaster and destruction—came pouring in on all sides upon the central government. A dull lethargic panic seized the nation. In Pesth, the capital presented the woe-worn aspect of a besieged city, without its animation; large masses congregated on the quays of the Danube—agitated and woe-worn, as, shock after shock, the messengers of evil tidings came riding their weary horses up the sullen streets.

The fearful truth was becoming manifest: the army was inadequate to the defence of the people—the people alone were capable of defending the country! Now, in the eleventh hour, Kossuth felt the full force of this. Now, in the eleventh hour Kossuth was compelled to look towards the people, and call forth the masses. He had struggled to suppress the democratic element, which a general arising of the people would have evoked. He thought to fight the battle with disciplined armies and privileged classes—his constitution was, as already shewn, far more restrictive than the present one of England—infinitely more so—he knew the armed people would grasp universal suffrage—he feared it—he would not arm them when advised by General Aulich and the democrats. Now he sees that democracy alone can make revolutions—now he proclaims manhood suffrage for Hungary—now when the want of it has crushed Hungary to the dust. Thus, in the last extremity of fear and danger, he evoked the masses—a last, an only chance! and issued to the people the following magnificent address;—

"THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT TO THE PEOPLE

"The fatherland is in danger! Countrymen! to arms! to arms! If we thought it possible to rescue our country by ordinary means, we should not raise the cry that it is in danger. If we stood at the head of a timid and childish people, that in its terror prefers ruin to self-defence, we should abstain from pealing the tocsin of alarm throughout the land. But knowing that our countrymen are a manly nation, that counted upon themselves when they resolved to resist the most godless oppression, we reject as unworthy, both of ourselves and the people, a system of varnishing hushing-up, and patching, and we proclaim it openly and without reserve to the whole country—the fatherland is in danger. Because we are certain that the nation is capable of defending itself and its native soil, we set before it the danger in its full size; and we call upon every citizen, in the name of God and our country, to look the danger boldly in the face, and to take up arms. We will neither flatter nor console, but we speak it out straight and openly, that if the whole nation does not rise with manly resolution prepared to pour out the last drop of blood in self-defence, then so much good blood has been shed in vain; every exertion hitherto has been fruitless; our country and nation must be engulfed in ruin; and on the soil in which the bones of our ancesters sleep, which Heaven destined as a free inheritance for our posterity, will the remnant of a people, subjugated and enslaved, be managed by the Russian knout. Yes, we say it openly and without reserve, that if the nation is not prepared to defend itself with united force, it must eat the bread of slavery; rather, it must starve; it must perish from sheer hunger. He who is not struck down by the weapons of the barbarous enemy will find no food; for the savage Russians not only reap the fruits of your industry, had mow down the ears now ripe for harvest, but, our hearts bleed to tell it, the wild hordes which have broken into our country sweep off and trample down the unripe crops, wasting the produce of your fields for camp forage. They advance, killing and devastating, and leave behind them murder, flames, famine, and misery. Where the savage Russian hordes come, there the furrow has been turned and the

seed scattered in vain; these voracious swarms of foreign robbers destroy the fruit of your toil. But with steady confidence in the justice of God, we also declare that the danger for our fatherland can then only be fatal when the people gives up in cowardly despondence its own cause. So long as the people rise with heart in defence of their country, their homes, their families, their harvests, and their own lives, then, armed no matter with what weapon, scythe, mattock, club, or even stones, the people are strong enough, and the Russian hordes, led by the Austrian emperor into our fair country, must, under the avenging arm of the Hungarian people, be exterminated to the last man. If we wished to dissemble or underrate the danger, we should not, by so doing, avert it from any one; but when we represent without reserve the state of things in its true light, we make thereby the nation master of its own fate. If in the people lies vitality and vigour, they will save themselves and the country. If, mastered by a cowardly panic, they remain passive and idle, they are irretrievably lost. God will help none that help not themselves. We feel it our duty to proclaim to the Hungarian people that the Austrian emperor has loosed upon us the barbarous Russian hordes. We let them know that a Russian army of 46,000 men has broken from Galicia into the counties of Arva, Zips, Saros, and Zemplin, and is continually fighting its way deeper into the land. We let them know that Transylvania also has been invaded by Russian troops from the Bukowina and Moldavia, with which our army has sustained bloody engagements. We let them know that, relying upon Russian assistance, a rebellion of the Wallachs is also broken out in Transylvania, and that the Austrian emperor has assembled his utmost force to extirpate the Hungarian nation. We also inform our fellow-citizens, that although, if the Russians conquer Hungary, the inevitable consequence will be the slavery of all the nations of Europe, yet we have no assistance to expect from foreign countries, whose rulers have set a bar to their sympathy, so that, motionless and inert, they are become mere spectators of our just struggle. There is, therefore, no help for us but God and our own strength; but if we use not our strength, God also will abandon us. Heavy days lie before us, but if we face them with courage, then freedom, happiness, prosperity, and glory, are our reward. The ways of Divine Providence are hidden; through trials and sufferings it leads men to happiness. The cause of Hungary is not ours alone. It is the cause of the people's freedom against tyranny. Our victory is the victory of the people's freedom; our overthrow is the destruction of liberty. God has elected us, through our victory, to redeem the people from political vassalage, as Christ has redeemed mankind from spiritual vassalage. If we conquer the hordes loosed upon us by tyrants, in consequence of our victory the Italians, Germans, Czeches, Poles, Wallachians, Slavonians, Servians, and Croats, will also enjoy freedom.* If we are conquered, the star of liberty has set for all people. Let us regard ourselves, therefore, as the consecrated champions of liberty. This feeling will add resolution to our breasts, and steel our sinews; it will help us to save the land of our fathers for our children and preserve the life-tree of liberty, which if, through our cowardice, it fall under the accursed axe which the two emperors have laid to its root, will never flourish more. People of Hungary, will you die under the exterminating sword of the Russian savage? If not, defend yourselves. Will you see the Cossacks trample under foot the dishonoured bodies of your fathers, wives, and children? If not, defend yourselves. Will you see that a part of your fellow-citizens should be dragged into Siberia, or to the foreign wars of the tyrants, and that another part should bow in the yoke under the Russian lash? If not, defend yourselves. Will you see your villages consumed in flames, and your crops devastated? Will you starve upon the land which you have cultivated? If not, defend yourselves! We, the Government of Hungary and provinces belonging to her, chosen by the free will of the Hungarian nation, call upon the people, in the name of God and our country, to defend themselves. In the meantime, in accordance with our duty and the powers delegated to us, we order and command:—

"1. Against the Russians who have invaded our country, and the Austrian emperor, a universal crusade is forthwith to be set on foot. 2. The commencement of the crusade is, on next Sunday and Wednesday, to be proclaimed in all temples by the clergy, and in all municipal assemblies, by the mayors, and to be announced by the ringing of bells to the whole land. 3. After the proclamation, every man, sound of health and limb, is obliged, within forty-eight hours, to provide himself with some kind of arms: he who has no firearms or sword is to furnish himself with a scythe or mattock. 4. Wherever the Russian army approaches, watchmen by day and night are to keep a look-out on the towers and heights, and to give the alarm when the enemy comes in sight, so that the tocsin may be pealed throughout the whole country. Upon the tocsin being rung, the people are to assemble in all communes, and to repair in troops to the points fixed beforehand by the proper officers. But where the enemy has already passed, the people are to rise *en masse* in his rear, and so fall upon the Cossacks—who ride in a careless, loose way—and all parties of stragglers, and

* Ah! the great truth was recognised, or at least acted on, too *late*. If this sentiment had been realised at first, instead of voting 40,000 soldiers to march against Garibaldi and Mazzini, both Italy and Hungary would have been free to-day.

destroy them. The people must especially stir themselves to allow the foe no rest at night, but to assault him unawares, then to retreat and come back to the charge again, and so on without pause; to keep him ever in a state of alarm by the ringing of bells, so that he may find no moment of rest upon the ground which he has invaded. 5. Before the enemy must all provisions, cattle, wine and brandy, be concealed in caves of the mountains, or behind morasses, that he may die of hunger. Before the enemy occupies any place, every living thing is to remove; and, after his entrance, let some bold men set fire to the roof over the head of the invaders, that they may be either burned alive, or at least be prevented from sleeping. By observing these rules, the Russians saved their own country from subjection when it was invaded by Napoleon. Already has the enemy sacked and destroyed with fire several towns and villages; and lately the Austrians, in their savage fury, attacking the unarmed inhabitants of Bo-Sarkany, in the county of Oedenburg, burned down the town. If, therefore, our towns cannot escape fire, let them at least burn when the enemy may suffer some damage by the conflagration. If we conquer, we shall still have a country where destroyed towns may be rebuilt and flourish; but if we are conquered all is lost; for it is a war of extermination which is waged against us. 6. In those places which can be barricaded with effect, like the town of Erlau, for instance, let all fall to work so as to set it in a state of defence, that the excursions of the Cossacks may be barred. 7. The priests are to grasp the cross, and to lead on the people to the defence of their religion and freedom. 8. Throughout the land assemblies of the people are to be held, in order to consult upon the best means of defence adapted to the local circumstances. 9. The counties of Borsod, Gomor, Abauj, Zemplin, Heves, Neograd, the Fulek country, and the district of the Jazygiar, are to set about organising the crusade forthwith, and to combine their action with that of the troops in the county of Miskolz. Szabolcz, the Heyduck district, Great-Cumania, Heves beyond the Theiss, the lower parts of Bihar and Debreczin, are especially directed to the defence of the Theiss, so as to make it impossible for the enemy to pass that river. But the counties of Pesth, Csongrad, Little-Cumania, Weissenburg, Tolna, Gran, and the lower part of Neograd, are to organise the bands of the crusade, so as to assemble at the first summons upon the Rakosfeld. 10. The execution of these measures is, in such communes as possess a regular municipal council, committed to the mayors, and in other places to the jurisdiction boards and government officials; so that after the publication of this edict in the *Kozlony* (official organ of the Government) or after the receipt of the ordinance, these boards are immediately to hold a sitting, to set in train the dispositions ordered, and forthwith to advise the ministry of the interior. He who attacks his country is an enemy, but he who neglects his duty in its defence is a traitor, and will be accounted as such by the Government. The country needs only one strong pull altogether to be for ever saved; but if these means of defence are neglected, all is lost. The country is in danger! We have, it is true, a brave, valiant army, resolved to die for freedom, whose numbers amount to 200,000 men—men who are each a hero inspired with a sacred cause, and no more to be likened with the servile mercenaries in array against them than light is with darkness. But this is not a war between two hostile armies: it is a war between freedom and tyranny, between the soldiers of barbarians and an entire free nation. Therefore, the people themselves must rise with the army; and when our military forces are supported by these millions, we shall conquer freedom for ourselves and all Europe. Therefore, mighty people, join the army in grasping arms. Every citizen, to arms! to arms! So is victory certain; but only so. And therefore, we order and command a general landsturm for liberty, in the name of God and fatherland.

"(Signed) LUDWIG KOSSUTH, Governor,
BARTHOLOMEW SZEMERE,
LLADISLAS CSANYI,
ARTHUR GÖRGEY,
SAB. VUKOWICH,
CASIMIR BATHYANY,
MICHAEL HORVATH,
FRANZ DUSCHEK.

"*Buda-Pesth, June* 27, 1849."

IT WAS TOO LATE. The spirit of the people was broken. Their confidence was shaken in those who sought to use them now, but who had forgotten to summon them at first. The weight of the Russian armies, too, was on them, keeping them down—now, the rising was almost impossible; formerly, it would have prevented the possibility of a Russian soldier maintaining ground in Hungary.

At Pesth, too, bickering, contention, jealousy, and mean envy, distracted the government. The object sought for was Görgey's deposition; and, in Kossuth's own presence, violent personal altercations broke forth, which overstepped the bounds of decency and moderation. At one of these, says Klapka:—

"After Kossuth, the subject was taken up by General Perczel, who handled it in his usual passionate manner. An enemy of Görgey's at all times, he had often branded him with the name of traitor. He felt that the moment had come, in which he might

give vent to his feelings, and insist on the chief command being given to some other General. Perczel, I grieve to say, had less of modesty and devotion, than of passion and ambition. He had not said many words, when he identified Görgey with the army, and, by his abuse of that gallant body, he compelled me to a rejoinder. I begged he would respect the honour of the brave soldiers, whose heroism had spread the fame and the glory of Hungary to the farthest ends of the world. An unpleasant altercation ensued."

While such passions and intrigues were working in the capital,—while a dead, heavy lull was brooding on the country,—while Görgey's deposition was preparing—Gorgey was preparing, in silence, for the execution of his plan—the result of which was to be tested on the entrenchments at Komorn.

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

To the Working-men,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent: but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Patey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

A CALL FROM THE MINERS.

THE MINERS OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.*

I. COALMINE EXPLOSIONS.

Hundreds are continually hurried to a premature grave by coal-mine explosions. Inspectors of mines, have, it is true, been appointed, whose business is, or ought to be, to examine the mines, and to see that they are sufficiently ventilated, and in a safe working state; yet five colliery explosions in the counties of Northumberland and Durham have occurred since the appointment of the government inspector in mines, *not one of which he had examined prior to the explosion.* The last of these dreadful catastrophes occurred very recently, at West Moor Colliery, *in which numbers of unfortunate beings were hurled into eternity.* The coroner's jury held an inquest over the bodies; as a matter of course, Mr. Dunn, attends in his capacity of government inspector, *to give his opinion as to the state of the mine*—only just think of it!—to give his opinion, when he had never set his foot near the mine prior to the explosion. Still his evidence is of great moment to the wealthy proprietors and must be taken, as the final issue! Now mark! an individual, who had wrought twenty years at West Moor Colliery, prior to the explosion, and who wished to make a statement before the jury, *was refused by Mr. Dunn,* simply because he did not work down the pit when the explosion took place. Thus the evidence is generally distorted into a channel favourable to the employers. A verdict of accidental death is always given, and so the matter generally ends!

As it at present stands, the inspector of mines is nothing more than a miserable subterfuge. What's the use of one inspector for such an extensive circuit of coal mines as Northumberland, Durham, and Scotland?—Twenty would scarce be sufficient, much less one. Mr. Dunn wishes information from working-men, when a colliery happens to be unsafe, or when they consider it to be so: but only let any working miner send the desired information!—he will very soon be set adrift from his employment, and Mr. Dunn can be no stranger to the fact.

* I trust the able author of this article will not be offended at its condensation. I am often compelled, however reluctantly, to omit passages replete, as in the present instance, with argumentative writing, for the sake of condensing as much useful information as possible, under the head of Trades' Grievances.—E. J.

II. FINES.

As in other trades, the miner has no security for his wages, from the rapacious deductions made by the employers.

After having toiled for twelve hours in the dense atmosphere of the mine, the poor miner, on arriving at the "bank," with an exhausted frame, and a mind clouded from excessive labour, finds himself deprived of at least one fourth of his day's wages, and, indeed, I could refer to numerous instances, where men have been deprived of two shillings out of three of their day's wages. The plea for this is, if there have been a few quarts of splint or jet in their tubs of coals. This there is almost certain very frequently to be, for no man, however assiduous, can pick the splint or jet clean out, on account of its bearing such a close resemblance to the coal itself, while the miner works by the dim light of the safety lamp. He is, therefore, almost certain to be fined, and a fruitful source of plunder is enjoyed by the employer.

III. "SETTING OUT" OF TUBS.

Having perused the account in No. 30 of the "Notes to the People," of the robbery and fraud practised on the South Staffordshire miners, by the butty system, I can well commiserate their miserable condition, and at the same time, I can assure my fellow workmen of South Staffordshire, that the miners of Northumberland and Durham are just placed in equally as bad a position. It is true we have no butties, as our employers generally act as butties for themselves, as far as robbing us of our earnings is concerned. The employers of Northumberland and Durham compel us to work by *measure*, and they sell by *weight*, this is one act of injustice. Next, the miner is invariably at the mercy of an individual, termed a "banksman," a working-man himself, but who, nevertheless, likes to act the tyrant as far as his insignificance will allow him, by "*setting*" the men's tubs of coals "*out*:" that is, that the miner shall receive *no* pay for them, because the banksman considers they are not quite full enough, although there is probably and very often more than the net weight in these very tubs. It would be bad enough if the supposed deficiency were deducted, but these men deduct the whole, and get the coals for nothing. *I have known as many as sixty tubs being thus pilfered in one day, at collieries employing about eighty men!* some having as many as four tubs kept off their day's earnings! which on the aggregate do not reach two shillings, when received in full! This is another system of robbery, which calls forth complaints both loud and deep, for at whichever collieries men work by measure, this system is universally persevered in. The next, and most monstrous system of robbery is "*laid out*" *tubs*. This is contrived thus: a worthy, called a scrutineer, or keeker, generally stands watching each tub, as it is emptied, to see if he can detect any foul coals in it. If there should happen to be two quarts of such, the workman is *fined* SIX-PENCE *for that tub, although he would receive only three-pence for working the whole.* This is plundering with a vengeance! and to such an extent is this notorious system carried, that men who have toiled twelve hours in these dark and deep subterrains, among inflammable and poisonous atmospheres, till nature could bear no more, in place of receiving their day's earnings, have had to go home to their already too miserable domiciles, *very often in debt by their work!* The fines have been greater than the earnings! These are all universal grievances, from which no miner in Northumberland and Durham is exempt; and I think, with such palpable facts as these before their eyes, they should arouse from their apathy and not rest till the whole system that inflicts them, is annihilated.

A NORTHUMBERLAND MINER.

II. THE TRADES' UNION.

AFTER the thousands upon thousands expended, after the organisation of vast numbers, after the self-denying heroism of the men, and the energy of the committees, the utter fallacy of trying to keep wages up by any mere combination of labour, is proven at last. The Trades'-union has existed for many years: it was to keep wages up. Has it done so? After all the treasures, time, talent, and energy lavished on it, wages have fallen during its existence with constantly accelerated speed! IT HAS FAILED IN ITS OBJECT.

Will not this convince the working-men that all such combinations must be useless, and that it is only in political power that social remedy can be sought successfully?

Again, it was to use the present laws and institutions as its strength and safeguard: where have those laws and institutions placed it now? Alas! In Stafford gaol.

Will not this convince the working-men that it is only in the CHANGE of laws and institutions they can find their safety?

The failure of the Trades'-union in accomplishing what it professed—and its fall before the *political* power of the rich man's laws, is an instructive page from labour's history. And even, in one of its minor professed objects, that of supporting, by a national fund, men on strike, what good has it done, that might not better be effected in another way? *Have the strikes that the National Trades'-union has* NOT *supported, been less successful than those it has?* And does not the weight of supporting turnouts almost always fall on the immediate neighbourhood? And is not the subscription of the working-man often diminished by the consideration: "Oh! they

belong to the National Trades'-union, that will take care of them—we need not impoverish ourselves!" And might not a political association have rendered them pecuniary support as efficiently, and even better? *Might not the adhesion of working-men to the Charter be ensured and increased, by some such benefits being coupled with his subscriptions,*—those subscriptions being regulated in amount accordingly? Think of this, Chartists and working-men! Though it appears to me much preferable that strikes should be supported on the voluntary principle, than by any organised, compulsory subscriptions: the latter always fail to realise their object. Witness the deficiency of funds in the recent aggravated instances of oppression. I believe the voluntary support of the same trade, and the same neighbourhood, is much more likely to be rendered when the emergency arises, than a sum to be collected beforehand for prospective cases that may, or may not, arise. Experience proves the truth of this. After all, it is almost always as the case requiring support occurs, that the money has to be obtained;—then where's the use of the Trades'-union? Might not all it does be done much better, or, at least, as well, without its being in existence? I ask again—what has it done? Is labour better off through it, since its establishment? Has it realised one of its promises? Has it not, on the contrary, done a vast deal of harm, by directing that time, talent, and money to a useless surface measure, which might have been applied for a radical cure?

The resources wasted in the Trades'-union, might have carried the Charter!

Or do you want the "National Association" as a means of union for the working classes? Political organisation unites them much more effectually. Shew me the good the anti-political Trades'-union (for that's what it really is), has, or can do, that a Chartist Association can not do with ten times greater strength and efficiency! Ah! working-men, it is hunting after these fallacies, and dancing after these chimeras, that has kept you where you are—in impotence and misery. Do you ask—why the Charter have not been carried yet? Because you are ready to follow every will-o'-the-wisp that dances before your eyes. Because you fritter away the strength the Charter should have claimed, in your Trades'-unions, and co-operative plans, on anti-co-operative principles, and harmonics, and redemption societies, and freehold-land schemes, and a thousand other bubbles, heating your irons in the wrong fire, and heating too many at the same time. Don't blame the Charter, or the Chartists, for not having done more—blame yourselves for having paralysed their action, by diverting your strength from the only channels in which it could operate a national result.

III. THE WEAVERS OF LITTLEWOOD MILL, OLDHAM.

The weavers on strike, from this mill, have issued the third and fourth weeks' reports of their strike. The former is introduced by a letter to their late employers—burning in its eloquence. To the latter is prefixed the following address to their brother weavers:—

"Fellow Operatives,—The reign of wrong still continues. Those whose fortune and position place them above you in society, are combined to crush you, every right and privilege which you possess as operatives, are in jeopardy; and unless you stand forth—combined as one man, to protect everything you hold dear and cherish to your heart, it will be torn from you, in the struggle now pending between you and those who have ever sought to reduce you in the scale of civilisation; this is not a contest for the establishment of individual rights, on its issue depends the welfare of all who earn their bread by industry, but in particular it affects the power-loom weavers in these districts.

"An attempt to curtail the wages in one mill is a sure indication of what will follow in the rest, if no means are taken to stop the stream at its fountain head; of the importance and truth of this, other trades seem to be fully convinced,—if we may judge from the manner in which they support each other, whenever a reduction is offered on any particular branch of their business. The enemies of Trades'-unions will tell you that they do no good, that they have no power to stop reductions, and prevent that tyranny and oppression of which the factory operatives complain. But look to those who tell you, and you will find that they are the favoured tools of the masters, or have, in some way or other, a secret interest of their own, for which they would sink you to perdition. Away with such a doctrine, and those who uphold it! In this age of avarice and plunder, everything of value must be protected, or soon there will be nothing to protect.

"Look, for example, at the iron trades. One man's wages in that trade are treble the amount which a poor weaver can earn; but they have a combination amongst them to uphold their wages, and bold must be the employer who would attempt to reduce them single-handed. On a late occasion, when an attempt was made to infringe on their rights and privileges, it was sufficient for them to shew their disapproval, and the combined employers were forced to remain within the bounds of justice; but on the contrary, suppose there had been no combination amongst the men, the masters would have carried their point, and the iron trades would have been reduced. Here is a signal

proof of the efficacy and power of Trades'-unions, when properly supported, and carried out with that spirit and determination which becomes the dignity of labour. Such men support their trade, not by a few paltry pence, paid now and then, but by a regular fixed contribution, paid at all times, and under all circumstances, and the reward of their *union is good wages.*

"Weavers, copy their excellent example! Cast aside your narrow-mindedness! Assert your right to live by the reward of labour, and pay your money without grumbling. Get a fund in your treasury, and in times of difficulty and danger, when the proud and haughty spirit of capital assails you, you will find a friend and protector in your own resources, that will stand by you when the stormy wind of adversity blows its withering blast around you. Oh! weavers, look after your trade; remember that your children, and children's children will have to depend on it when you are gone, and if, even now, it is as much as you can do to keep soul and body together, how must those little sons and daughters of yours contrive to live, if you, who are now responsible for the safe keeping of that trade by which they will have to earn their bread, refuse or neglet to prevent further reduction?

"In the history of all the strikes that have taken place in these districts, not one of them has had the same claims to your combined assistance as that for which we now write. You know the grievances of the Littlewood weavers, and if they are to be rescued from their bondage, pour forth your pence, and let the amount of your contribution prove the sincerity of your sympathy.

"By order of
"THE COMMITTEE.
"J. B. HORSFALL, General Secretary."

A few words on the above address: the second paragraph is an encouraging improvement on the tone of a former address from the same body recorded in a recent number of the "Notes"—in which it was supposed to be the interest of the other manufacturers to *oppose* the reduction attempted by Messrs. Wrigley, on the ground that he would be able to under-sell them. Whereas we shewed in the "Notes" that the other manufacturers would be delighted at his succeeding in his attempt, since it would enable them to reduce their hands as well. This truth they have recognised in their able address.

With reference to the "enemies of Trades'-unions," we may observe, that we do not wish to see the working millions *without* union, but on the contrary, that they may *unite for something worth uniting for*, instead of wasting their union in a useless direction.

The example of the iron trades is urged: why has the union in the iron trades proved victorious?—*because there is yet comparatively little competitive labour in that trade.* Let that competitive labour once be introduced, as soon it will, and all the mere unions in the world will not keep their wages up. The case of the iron trades is not a case in point. It affords no example to the Oldham weavers. Let them show a trade in which, as in their own, a vast amount of competitive labour has been introduced—and in which any mere Trades'-union has succeeded in keeping wages up for any length of time. We defy them to find one.

Don't let it be supposed, we repeat, that we want to see the working-classes helpless and unresisting in the hands of the masters, submitting to every reduction, without an effort. Oh, no!—Let them fix what wages they will work for—let them, *when utterly unavoidable, and when they see a chance of success*, strike against reductions,—let them subscribe for the support of the turn-outs—but don't let them from all this, expect any national remedy—don't let them even expect any permanent local relief in their own trade:—*every strike, victorious or not, leaves the working-classes weaker than it found them*; because it leaves them poorer, and, therefore, a machinery based on strikes (and such is, virtually, the Trades'-union), is one that wears itself to pieces, with nothing to replace it when it's gone.

Let them seek that union which can be carried on cheaper than all, and which brings the greatest value in return—that is a political organisation, which shall render all other "strikes" against monopoly unnecessary, by striking down monopoly itself.

The Co-operative Movement.

1. THE BRADFORD STORES.—An attack so personal has been made by the champions of these stores for the mention made of them in a late number of these "Notes," that *no reply is necessary*; for personal abuse finds no place in these pages, neither shall they be made a vehicle for defence against personal abuse. We have higher—we trust nobler—aims in view, to which the "Notes" stand dedicated. One part of that attack, however, it is our duty to advert

to, namely, that which involves the principles and workings of the store—one of the worst in England!

Rule 1 specifies that the members are to "receive their provisions and clothing at prime cost," deducting only expenses of management and distribution.

Rule 6 states all goods are to be sold [that means, sold to the general public, as specified by rule 17] "at reasonable market prices, *and the whole surplus profits*, after deducting working expenses, and five per cent. interest on shares, shall be divided half-yearly among the MEMBERS, according to the amount of purchases made by each."

Now, we have been accused of "wilful calumny," for having stated that the members are not to bear *their proportion* of the working charges, and are to receive their provisions at prime cost.

We answer, it is no calumny, because it is too true. We certainly omitted, in quoting Rule 1, the words, "deducting only expenses of management and distribution." And those words do not affect the case. What we were shewing, was, that all the profit accrued to the members, and all the expenses fell on the public. *And so they do.* Suppose they *do* deduct the "expenses of management and distribution," and add them to the "prime cost" for members. Who, we ask, *are* the managers? *The members themselves!* Who are the distributors? Again *the members*, and nothing but the members. So that these men, not contented with getting their articles at "prime cost," deduct from the general public the expense of selling their own articles to themselves! and actually think that we don't see through the transparent juggle.

The case is worse than we represented it. While, however, the "members,"—lucky souls!—get their goods at prime cost, and pay themselves for taking the trouble of buying their own groceries, the public are to be charged "reasonable market prices,"—the reason lying in the conscience of the "member," and his conscience in his pocket.

Now, if "prime cost, deducting only expenses of management and distribution," is the rule for the member, why is it not also the rule for the poor public? If it is enough in the one instance, why is it not enough in the other? Why? Because the "members" want to ape the shopkeepers. Why? Because the "members" have an itching after money. Why? Because the "members" want to rise above the rank of labour—alas! they sink beneath it. Why? *Because the members want to live in idleness upon the work of others!*

Yes! men of England! this is the mainspring of present co-operation, as far as its *distributive* branches are concerned. A few men, who scrape a few pounds together, start in the shopkeeping line. They don't produce, they don't *work* in the store—they merely distribute. They sell to the general public—they take profits from that general public over and above the "expenses of management and distribution" (*vide* Rule 17*)—they continue to take those profits day by day, and year by year—they doing no work in return, we repeat, but, at first, living on wages earned from some other employment—then, when profits accumulate, living on the profits. Soon they become fine gentlemen, who can afford to live in idleness—and how? *On the work of others.* For the purchasers are the poor—men who work hard for their bread. By the SURPLUS PROFITS taken from these, the "members" are enabled to live; and, if they go on successfully, to live in ease—to become capitalists, monopolists, and tyrants, in their turn. Is this co-operation?—is this fraternity?—is this equality?—is this common sense? or common justice? Yet this is what they call co-operation! A few men enabled to live for ever in idleness, by profit-robbery from the men who work!

Men of England! Men of the poor! Will you support or sanction such a system?

But the recent attacks made on the writer, by the champions of Bradford stores, have caused him to look once more at their rules, and he finds one among them that had wholly escaped his notice—a rule so vile, that it stamps at once the seal of condemnation on its authors—a rule, that ensures the benefits and control of the store to the rich, and "purges" it of the poor, who have most need of its benefits. The rule is as follows:—

"Rule 4. Any person suffering his contributions to run into arrear more than one month, to be fined three-pence per month; and if the fines be not paid up at the expiration of the quarter, they shall be deducted from his former subscriptions."

Thus, if a man is ground down so low by the capitalist, that he is starving, and cannot pay his contribution—if a man is out of work, and cast into beggary, he is to be *fined for his poverty!*—and if he can't pay his fines, he is to lose what he did pay when he was able to subscribe! Thus every poor man will gradually and surely be expelled out of the association, and the rich alone remain to have all their own way; and this they call "*Christian* socialism!"—this they call a movement in the interest of the poor! Heaven deliver the poor from such friends and such movements! Certainly,

* "*The profits on all goods sold to the public after the expense of management* has been deducted, shall form the reserve fund of the association." This rule is apparently at variance with Rule 6, which says that "the whole surplus profits shall be divided half-yearly among the members," but, in reality, it means the same thing—for the "reserve fund of the association" goes to extend its business—and the profits of the business go into the pockets of the members.

the Bradford store, as it excels in profit-mongering, distinguishes itself by one of the most cruel and scandalous rules that stands on record of any profit-mongering conspiracy against social right, that cloaks itself beneath the desecrated name of Associative Labour.

THE BINGLEY STORES.—It has already formed, on a previous occasion, our pleasing duty, to bear testimony to the advanced and liberal spirit pervading the co-operative mind in Bingley. The "British Friendly Co-operative Trading Society" of Bingley has issued an address, which shews that these true and bold-hearted working men are alive to the crying evils of the present movement, and determined to oppose them. From their noble address, we commend the following extract to the close attention of the reader :—

"The whole practice of deriving profits from commercial transactions is, at best, nothing but a species of fraud, and must, ere long, give way to a rational system of equitable exchange.

"It is high time that the present systems of co-operation should be properly exposed, and their real workings laid bare to the public. Instead of such institutions being made the means of freeing the working classes from poverty, ignorance, and a slavish dependence on others for employment, as their early founders and promoters intended they should be, they are established at the present day for the lowest purposes of gain, by sordid and selfish individuals. This class of persons being dissatisfied with their position in society, they are naturally envious of the condition of those who are above them, and *resolve to free themselves from labour* the first opportunity, no matter at whose expense, provided they succeed. Not possessing much capital individually, they form themselves into a society, and, with small shares of one pound and upwards, they are enabled to open a retail shop for the sale of provisions; by allowing the profits to accumulate, they soon place the chance of membership beyond the reach of their poorer brethren, yet they have no objections to making a profit of 20 per cent. on the purchases of the poorest persons in society, while a great many purchase their own goods in the cheapest market they can find. That the greater portion of this class fail in their expectations is certain, being compelled to live on their little capital; while the more fortunate portion, after being duly instructed in all the craft, *withdraw their shares* from the parent stock, and *set up business for themselves.*

"Such is the history of these societies, after having been *a sort of training school for* the purpose of creating small shopkeepers, they pass out of existence without effecting anything for the public good.

"Fellow-workmen! if such is to be the destiny of the co-operative system, the sooner it perishes the better! Bad as the present state of society is, it would be infinitely worse, if the principle of joint-stock association was to be introduced into our manufacturing system.

"Working-men! it is for you to say, whether you will use co-operation for a better purpose."

Thanks, men of Bingley for speaking out the plain, bold, unswerving truth.

One feature of the society deserves especial notice—namely, the society raises its capital in seven sections of shares—forming seven classes of shareholders: the first class of shares is 2s. 6d.; the second, 5s.; and so on, up to the seventh, which consists of £2. Each member may take 10 shares in each class of shares successively; and "a half-yearly dividend not exceeding 5 per cent. per annum, shall be paid out of the profits of each section on shares, according to their *respective* VALUE; the remainder, if any, after defraying the expenses of the society, shall be equally divided amongst the members, according to their respective *number* of shares, notwithstanding their inequality of *value.*"

The concession to a great principle, is involved in this rule: that man is worth more than money—that the wants and rights of the individual are greater than the "rights" of capital In its practical operation, it don't amount to much; for, of course, every richer man would take his ten shares in classes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, as well as in No. 7—so that he would still have immeasurable advantages over his poorer brother; but, as the recognition of a great truth, it speaks highly for the elevated feelings of the men of Bingley.

One point, however, appears to have escaped the society—and that is, that a preponderance of capital in the hands of one, or of a few, gives them sooner or later the control over the rest, and is subversive to the true principles of co-operation. Thus they say:

"Any member may be allowed to augment his number of shares in the seventh section (the £2 shares), with the consent of the *Board of Directors* (not of the members!), provided the society be in want of capital." So that the directors whenever they choose to say "the society is in want of capital," may let in some money-monger, to receive five per cent. interest on money, for which he could elsewhere receive only three per cent. to take, besides 70 annual parts (graduated in seven classes) out of the profits of the whole association (making the interest for his money something startling in its amount, if the concern is successful), and thus to obtain the control and dictatorship of the whole concern. It is all very well to say: "despite all his shares, and all his money, this man has but one vote,* so how can he become a

* The Bingley friends in this society have omitted to state whether the shareholder is to vote according to the number of his shares, or to have merely one vote, however great that number of shares may be. We have assumed that he is to have only one vote, under any circumstances.

tyrant over his brother members?" Ah! but he can, notwithstanding. In such cases, money is power; and even if he had no vote at all, the capitalist member could dictate to all his poor colleagues. Suppose a man to belong to a store numbering—say two or three hundred members—and he to have invested £20,000 in the concern—or ten, or five, or even only £1,000—do you think he wants a vote? Not he! He can control the votes of the rest. And suppose he was to threaten suddenly to withdraw his capital (even were it only £100) at a critical time—or, indeed, at any time. It would be the immediate break-up of the whole affair; and, probably, the ruin of nine-tenths of the men concerned. Could not this man dictate any terms he pleased, single-handed, to the whole majority? We must not run away with the notion that, because he has only one vote, he has no more power than the rest. If he has a great capital, he has great power—great disparity in riches laughs at the equality of votes, the same as it laughs at the commercial competition of the poor.

So it would be with our political movement; so it would be with the charter; if we did not use it at once to reduce by a sure, though gradual, process, the inequalities of wealth between the rich and poor, the charter would be soon no charter for the people, but a fresh charter of rapine and oppression for the rich.

Thus as political power is requisite for the obtainment of social happiness—so, when that political power *is* obtained, it becomes worse than useless, if not at once directed towards social right.

The Poets of England.

II.—ROBERT BROWNING.

In previous numbers we commenced making the reader acquainted with some of those among our eminent poets who were little known to the general public. We chose one of the olden school, and stately epic lines,—Crabbe. We now contrast with him a modern poet, lyrical and dramatic, Robert Browning. One of the greatest of England's living poets and dramatists, he is almost quite unknown to the general public.

Mr. Browning's chief works are, "Paracelsus," and "Sordello," two epic poems in blank verse. His dramas: "Colombe's Birthday," "King Victor and King Charles," "Luria," "The Return of the Druses," "Pippa Passes," "A Soul's Tragedy," and "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon;" and his dramatic lyrics. His excellences are, beauty of imagery, facility of diction, and highness of feeling. His fault is, an overstrained, often unintelligible mannerism. In "Sordello," and in "Paracelsus," this is so excessive, that we almost defy Mr. Browning to translate his meaning into common-sense. Moreover, in his dramatic works, he stilts his sentiments above the calibre of human nature. He makes people kill themselves or each other for things, for which no sane man would even cut his little finger. But, with all this, his beauties are so exquisite and so many, that he must take a front rank among the writers of all ages. Some of his works appear really faultless, and free from his besetting sins; witness "Colombe's Birthday," "King Victor and King Charles," and the "Dramatic Lyrics."

Mr. Browning is in the prime of life, and has married Elizabeth Barrett, authoress of "The Courtship of the Lady Geraldine," "The Flight of the Duchess May," "The Factory Children," and several other poems, which place her far above any female poet that England ever has produced. He is in the prime of life, and resides, we believe, chiefly in Rome. We shall illustrate our remarks from the most characteristic of his works, and quote from his "Dramatic Lyrics."

THE CONFESSIONAL.*

(SPAIN.)

I.

It is a lie—their priests, their pope,
Their saints, their .....all they fear or hope
Are lies; and lies—there! through my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
There, lies—they lie, shall still be hurled,
Till, spite of them, I reach the world.

II.

You think priests just and holy men!
Before they put me in this den,
I was a human creature too,
With flesh and blood like one of you.
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride,
Like lilies in your world outside.

III.

I had a lover—shame avaunt!
This poor, wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned,
By lips the truest, love e'er turned
His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
My soul out in a burning mist.

* The young woman, whose story is told in the lines quoted, is supposed to be lamenting her fate, and the priestcraft that deceived her, in a dungeon of the Inquisition.

IV.

So, next day when the accustomed train
Of things grew round my sense again,
"That is a sin," I said—and slow,
With downcast eyes, to church I go,
And pass to the confession-chair,
And tell the old, mild father there.

V.

But when I falter Beltran's name,
"Ha?" quoth the father; "much I blame
"The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
"Despair not; strenuously retrieve!
"Nay, I will turn this love of thine
"To lawful love—almost divine.

VI.

"For he is young, and led astray,
"This Beltran—and he schemes, men say,
"To change the laws of church and state;
"So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
"Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll
"Its cloud away and save his soul.

VII.

"For when he lies upon thy breast,
"Thou may'st demand, and be possessed
"Of all his plans, and next day steal
"To me, and all those plans reveal,
"That I and every priest, to purge
"His soul, may fast and use the scourge."

VIII.

That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow was bright;
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And that same evening bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
omething to prove his love to me.

IX.

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
And I lay listening in such pride,
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning light,
To save his soul in his despite.

X.

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
"And now make haste," I said, "to pray
"The one spot from his soul away.
"To-night he comes, but not the same
"Will look!" At night he never came.

XI.

Nor next night. On the aftermorn
I went forth with a strength new-born:
The church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market-place—
Where, lo!—on high—the father's face!

XII.

That horrible black scaffold drest—
The stapled block..... God sink the rest!
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast—
Till near one busy hangman pressed—
And—on the neck these arms caressed.....

XIII.

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heaven with them, no hell;—and here,
No earth—not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens—
But shall bear God and man my cry—
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!

The trickery by which the priest worms out the secrets of the young democrat, and the fate of both the victims, is splendidly described. Especially in the 12th verse, the repetition of the same sound in the rhyme, exquisitely expresses the rapid climax of agony.

Delegations.

Suggestions have been made that the Chartist body should send delegates to the Reform Conference of the money-mongers, which is assembling at Manchester. I ask, what are they to be sent for? Is it to propose, or agree to, anything less than the Charter? I should trust not. Is it to propose to them to adopt the Charter? Where's the use of so doing, unless there was a chance of their accepting the proposition? Is it to show the world whether they will proclaim the Chartor or not? The merest child knows all about that beforehand. Then, where's the use of sending a delegation? There seems to me, unconsciously, perhaps, to those who recommend it, a sort of tuft-hunting in the recommendation. There is eternally among parts of our body an inkling and hankering after rubbing skirts with the middle class. When will they understand that progression involves the war of labor against capital? of the working-classes against all the classes that are above them, as long as the latter enshrine themselves within the pales of monopoly and privilege? What have we to gain by a union with the capitalist class? I say emphatically, we are better without them than with them. "What! should we not be better off if we had so many great merchants, manufacturers, and bankers to join us? Look at their capital! Look at their *influence* in society!" I repeat, *we are better without them than with them.* If they joined us, WE SHOULD

HAVE SO MANY TRAITORS IN OUR MIDST. Better a poor army of true hearts, than a rich phalanx *officered by* ENEMIES! Their "influence" in society, is it, that you want? Their "influence" is the very thing I dread—for their "influence in society" means, chiefly, their influence *over you.* The extent of that influence is proved but too clearly by the fact, that we are always asked, by portions of our own body, to go creeping up to the threshold of their councils. Or, do they mean that we should go there to bluster, storm, and complain? Surely, if they wish to conciliate the money-mongers, that is not the way to do it. That's mere foam and froth, for which our foes care not in the least. One step of practical organization frights them more than all the "delegations" in the world. If you want to "conciliato" them, turn your backs on them—begin to help yourselves, and the middle-class Providence, some of you are so fond of looking up to, will be much more ready to "help" you. Or do you think it would be a capital opportunity of "proclaiming our principles to the world at so influential a meeting?" To the world? Why, the world will never hear of it! The money-mongers' press will conceal the principles, and report the fact of the delegation attending, either to parade its antagonism (if hostile), and thus create more prejudice; or to parade its "friendly spirit" (if pliant), in order to mislead the working-classes into a union with their direst foes. This trick the money-mongers played recently on occasion of the late abortive "Manchester Conference," in the Peoples' Institute. What, then, have we to gain by sending such delegations? On the contrary, have we not everything to lose? You cannot touch pitch without being defiled. You cannot consort with enemies without being betrayed. Not their *enmity*, but their *friendship* is what we have to fear. We don't want capitalists in our ranks, as we should have more real strength without them than with them. When the angels, according to Milton, went to fight the devils, they did not invite great devils to come and lead them. I suspect they would have made a mess of their campaign if they had. So with our movement; if capitalists join us, and take the lead of us (and their "influence" and riches would make that certain), they would either betray us, or *wholly change the character of our movement.* Those men don't mean SOCIAL DEMOCRACY; that is, the Charter as the basis of *social right.* Accordingly they would either prevent or cripple the Charter, or else they would impress an anti-social spirit on Chartist legislation. *They would turn Associative Labour into Co-operative Profitmongering—they would divert the nationalisation of the land into small freehold landlordism;* in doing so, they would obtain sufficient support among the working classes to divide the power of the latter in two opposite directions—they would thus at once create interests homogeneous to their own, and the reaction of the bourgeoisie in France would be repeated by the bourgeoisie in England. It is in this spirit that they encourage freehold land-movements *managed by themselves.* Perhaps even they may for a time, and till it has served their purpose, extend some protection to co-operation on its present anti-co-operative plan; because they well know that neither scheme can succeed under present institutions, and because they equally feel that they are both reactionary measures, based on the principles of landlordism and profitmongering shopocracy—both deadly hindrances to right, and truth, and freedom. The *great* landlords are shaking on their acres, the interests of landlordism are on the wane; if they could create a hundred thousand *little* landlords, the spirit of landlordism would be engrafted on the people again, and the little landlord, having the same interests with the great landlord, would stand up and fight for his big brother. Capitalism is being assailed on every side. If a number of small capitalists are created, these men, thriving on the sytem of profitmongery, will uphold the laws and institutions that defend the system upon which they thrive.

Reflect on this!

The present small freehold-land movement, and the *present* co-operative movement, are the finest bulwarks the landlord and capitalist can raise against the coming ocean of democracy! THEY ARE THE SEEDS OF A FUTURE RE-ACTION!!

They never will benefit the working classes, but merely take a few from the ranks of labour, putting them at the fag-end of those of capital, to throw back the shock of its pursuing foes, *and to be crushed in turn,* when they have served their purpose.

No union, therefore, with capitalists! It is inserting the virus of pestilence into the body of democracy. No delegations to their councils,—for, if hostile, they are useless; if friendly, they are fatal. If you wish to send delegations, Chartists! send them to the councils of your own order. Send them to the National Association of colliers and miners in Midlands! Send them to the Conference of miners and seamen in the north! Send them to the agricultural labourers in the west and south! Nobody talks of sending delegations there, where they would really be of use, where they might bind up the sundered sections of labour, and organise its power till irresistible. Oh! no: they're only working-men! but, forsooth, we must needs be talking of delegations to the men who insult us most, hate us deepest, and injure us the keenest!

E. J.

Our Laws.

I.—THE POOR LAW.

Behold a picture so often presented to our view—a destitute family. An aged couple, it may be, who cannot work; who will not steal; and who are ashamed to beg. Children they may have, who are willing and able to labour, but cannot obtain employment: they find themselves reduced to extreme poverty.

What are they to do?

Where, how, and from whom are they to seek relief?

Such are the questions which the legislation relating to pauperism professes to solve—with what effect, society too sadly shows.

The law divides the claim to relief under the two following heads:

First.—The poor have a claim on their own relations—their own "flesh and blood"—for support, provided that those relations have the means. Thus, the old, blind, lame, or impotent, or those who are in any way unable to work, may enforce their right to assistance from relations by blood, but not by marriage, in the following degrees: father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, and children.

If a man marry a woman, who has a child at the time of marriage, whether legitimate or illegitimate, he must support it.

The mother of an illegitimate child, so long as she continue unmarried, must maintain such child until it attain the age of sixteen; but if she can prove who is the father of the child, he may be charged for its support.

Every person able to support his family by work or other means, and wilfully refusing to do so, or running away from them, whereby they become chargeable to the parish, shall be deemed a rogue and vagabond, and be liable to imprisonment.

Secondly.—The aid of relations failing them, the poor must look to the parish.

I. We will first consider, who, in such case, is to give relief. The power of doing so is vested in the guardians of the poor (subject to the control of the commissioners), or in a select vestry, and overseers are not allowed to give other or further relief than is ordered by the guardians, or by the select vestry, except in the following instances.

1. In cases of sudden and urgent necessity, when they are to give it, whether the party applying be settled in the parish or not. If the overseers refuse, a magistrate may in such case, order relief to be given, and if they disobey such order, they are liable to a penalty of *5l.*
2. Any magistrate may give a similar order for medical relief, when sudden and dangerous illness require it, and overseers are liable to the same penalty, as above, for disobeying it

II. As to the mode by which relief may be given. This may be by a loan to a poor person, where it is deemed advisable. Guardians are also empowered to let land in small allotments. But the most usual mode of relief is by supplying food and other necessaries; this may be either within or without the workhouse.

III. As to relief within the workhouse. No person shall be admitted into the workhouse but by

1. An order of the board of Guardians signed by their clerk.
2. Or one signed by the relieving officer or overseer of the poor.
3. The consent of the master of the workhouse (or during his absence or inability to act, by that of the matron), without any order, in case of sudden or urgent necessity.

The following is the classification of paupers in the workhouse:—

CLASSES.

1. Men infirm through age or other cause.
2. Able-bodied men, and youths above the age of fifteen.
3. Boys above the age of seven and under fifteen.
4. Women infirm.
5. Able-bodied women, and girls above the age of fifteen.
6. Girls above the age of seven and under fifteen.
7. Children under seven.

These classes are kept separate and distinct. Thus, husband, wife, and children are separated from each other. But parents may have an interview, once a day, with their children under seven years of age; and by a very late Act of Parliament, a married couple of the age of sixty are not to be "put asunder."

The following observations are offered with a view to inform persons who are reduced to this condition, as to the rights which they still are allowed to possess.

The medical officer may direct an addition to, or change in the diet.

A pauper may require the master to weigh, in the presence of two other persons, the allowance of provisions served out at any meal.

He may quit, on giving reasonable notice, but his family are to be sent with him, unless the guardians otherwise direct.

Any person may visit any pauper by permission of the master, and in his presence.

Any licensed minister of religion may attend at the request of an inmate of the same persuasion, and no inmate is bound to attend service celebrated in a mode contrary to his religious principles.

The guardians may prescribe a task of work

to be done by any person relieved, but may not detain him against his will, for the performance of such task, longer than four hours from the hour of breakfast in the morning succeeding his admission.

No corporeal punishment may be inflicted on an adult person, nor may he be confined for more than twenty-four hours, or such further time as is necessary to have him brought before a magistrate; nor is he, if of sane mind, to be chained,

IV. With regard to relief out of the workhouse:

Two justices may order it to be so given to any adult person, who, from old age or bodily infirmity, is wholly unable to work.

Guardians and overseers *may* also order it to be so given, subject to any rules of the Poor Law Commissioners, and these rules have limited the power to such cases as urgent necessity, sickness, accident, burial, and the like.

In order to prevent the poor from suddenly flocking into the richest parishes, the law has ordained, that relief shall be given in and by that parish in which they have gained a settlement.

Paupers are said to be settled in a parish when they have fulfilled such conditions as entitle them to relief therein.

Settlements may be obtained by various modes; some are original—as apprenticeship, renting a tenement, paying taxes, &c.; others are derivative—viz., by marriage and by birth.

I.—*Settlement by Birth.*

1. *Of legitimate Children.*

The place of birth of a legitimate child is presumed to be his place of settlement; but if the settlement of his father be proved, then that, and not the place of birth, shall be deemed the child's settlement.

If the father have no settlement, and the mother's maiden settlement be proved, that shall be deemed the place of the child's settlement.

2. *Of illegitimate Children.*

An illegitimate child follows the settlement of its mother until such child attain the age of sixteen, or shall acquire a settlement in its own right.

II.—*Settlement by Marriage.*

By marriage, the wife immediately acquires the settlement of the husband, if he has one; if he has not, the wife retains her maiden settlement; but in the latter case she cannot be removed to the place of her maiden settlement, so as to separate her from her husband, without his consent. Her settlement, during marriage, in such case, is said to be suspended; but on the death of her husband it will revive.

III.—*Settlement by Hiring and Service.*

By statute 4 and 5 W. 4, cap. 76, s. 64, it is enacted that from and after the 14th of August, 1843, no settlement shall be acquired by hiring and service, or by residence under the same. We, therefore, think it unnecessary to consider this part of the subject, which was formerly both extensive and complicated.

IV.—*Settlement by Apprenticeship.*

Any person bound an apprentice by indenture, and inhabiting any parish, will thereby gain a settlement.

V.—*Settlement by Renting a Tenement.*

By 4 and 5 W. 4, c. 76, s. 66, this settlement shall not be acquired after the 14th of August, 1834, unless the person occupying the tenement (that is house or land) shall have been assessed to the poor-rate, and shall have paid the same in respect of such tenement for one year. The rent of the tenement must amount at least to 10*l.*, and must be paid by the person hiring the same, who must occupy for at least one year.

VI.—*Settlement by Estate.*

A man who has an estate in land in a parish, however small its value, and whether freehold, copyhold, or for a term of years, and who resides forty days in the parish while he has the estate there, thereby gains a settlement. By 4 and 5 W. 4, c. 76, s. 68, it is enacted, that no person shall retain such settlement for any longer time than he shall reside within ten miles of the parish.

VII.—*Settlement by payment of Parochial Taxes.*

By 6 Geo. 4, c. 57, s. 2, it is enacted, that no person shall acquire a settlement in any parish, by reason of paying rates or taxes for any tenement not being his or her own property, unless such tenement shall consist of separate building or land rented at the sum of 10*l.* a-year, for the term of one year, and be occupied for that term and such rent be paid.

VIII.—*Settlement by serving an office* is abolished by 4 and 5 W. 4, c. 76, s. 64, after 14th of August, 1834.

We now come to the question of removal of the poor, by which means, as soon as they become chargeable to a parish in which they have not gained a settlement, they may in general be removed, or taken to their place of settlement. Before a pauper can be removed, he and other witnesses must be examined before two justices of the peace as to his settlement, &c., and by such justices the order for removal is to be made.

Scotch and Irish paupers may be removed or passed to their respective countries. Very recent and important alterations have been made in the law of removal. The statute 9 and 10 Vic. c. 66, was passed in 1846. By that act no person is to be removed from any parish in which he or she shall have resided for five years next before the application for the removal. The time during which a person shall be a prisoner or soldier, or sailor, or shall receive relief, shall be excluded in the computation of this period.

No widow shall be removed for twelve months after the death of her husband (s. 2.)

No child under the age of sixteen, whether legitimate or illegitimate, shall be removed in any case where its father, mother, step-father, step-mother, or reputed father, with whom it is residing, may not be removed from the parish (s. 3.)

No person who has become chargeable by sickness, or accident, shall be removed, unless the justices state in their warrant for the removal, that they are satisfied the sickness, or accident, will produce permanent disability (s. 4.)

Any officer unlawfully procuring the removal of poor persons, shall, on conviction thereof before any justice, forfeit any sum not exceeding 5*l*, nor less than 40s. (s. 6.)

This statute has been amended by 10 and 11 Vic. c. 110 (passed in July, 1847), but only as to the expenditure incurred under it.

One of the latest acts relating to the poor generally, is 10 and 11 Vic. c. 109, which is a proof that the legislature are at length yielding, on this subject, to the pressure from without. Among other provisions, it is enacted by it, that certain members of the government shall, from their very office, be Poor-law Commissioners, so that they may be responsible both in and out of parliament. By another of its sections (s. 23) married persons, above sixty years of age, shall not be separated in a workhouse.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.

(Continued from page 632.)

III.—OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

"What are you looking at, Weldon?—you have been gazing out into the street a long time"—said a young medical student to his friend.

"I wager he's looking at a dog courting his mate in the sunshine,"—observed another—"Or, perhaps, he's studying suggestions for the next sanitary commission."

"Go to!" cried a third,—"the individual referred to is not half the philosopher you suppose him—I bet you what you like, he's looking at some young milliner curling her ringlets."

And all the voices asked again—"What are you staring at, Arthur Weldon!"

The young man thus addressed, was leaning carelessly over the window-sill of a back drawing-room in the old lodging-house, with his pale, thoughtful face up-turned to a building at the other end of the court—past the house where Anna lived.

"I'm looking at the cross upon that chapel."

There was a general burst of laughter.

"I was thinking," said the young man, as though he had not heard the laughter, and were speaking to himself, "I was thinking that we ought to uncover our hearts befor that image—for it is a symbol, touching and terrible! Christ crucified is the incarnation of every new thought! Christ crucified prerepresents those TRUTHS, that the present ever crowns with thorns, and that posterity will kneel to! He resumes in himself, the history of humanity! Thus the Man of the People is nailed to the cross, who, with every blood-drop he lets fall upon the crowd, gives them a something of his faith and thought!—Yes! it is so—alas! the etherial genius truth, never incorporates itself with the gross masses of mankind, excepting in a dew of blood!—of blood or tears!"

This time, no one laughed.

"Weldon retains his old infirmities," observed, after a pause, Charles Trelawney, his most intimate friend—in whose room the coversation occurred—"he looks upon life as a theorem from which he is bound eternally to draw conclusions."

"You have expressed my thought exactly, Charles"—replied the young student.

"Ha! ha! why don't you look on life as we do? its like a bowl of punch, where the mixture of the sours and sweets makes pleasure."

"He's a philosopher too'—cried the others.

Yes—but in another way—two schools were embodied in the words of those two young men—two great philosophies—that of the senses and that of the soul!

"I say, Charles!"—observed another—"I think you ought to change your quarters—I fancy the air here don't agree with you very well."

"Why so, Harry? I was never better in my life."

"There are some flowers at that garret window opposite, the perfume of which is rather dangerous."

Anna had just been giving water to her rose-tree.

"Ah!—Ha! Ha!" and Charles Trelawney blushed, despite the effrontery habitual to the social habits of his class, for he, and his friends, were medical students at the Metropolitan University.

Soon the young students left the house, to seek their nightly orgies or amusements—as they passed, did Trelawney look upward, and see a trembling little hand move back the blind at the garret window—and two soft loving eyes gaze after him!—ah! could he have heard the fond blessings of that gentle heart sink in whispers on his head!

Anna loved the student.

IV.—ACQUAINTANCE.

Opposite neighbours soon get acquainted, if the one is a blooming girl in the blush of youth—the other a young man in the hey-day of gaiety. Not that Charles Trelawney had a bad heart—he was even better than the generality of his age and order—but he was thoughtless, ardent, and impassioned. He had noticed the young milliner from his window opposite to hers—he had attracted her notice as well. She would come at regular hours to the window to tend her plants and birds—but she used formery to come at a time different from that selected since. Somehow or other, it suited the convenience of her birds and flowers best to be watering them just at the hour in which Charles Trelawney returned home—and Charles—he too was out more at his window than he used to. He never cared for flowers—but he, too, bought a rose—and he would play the flute of evenings, at his open window, after every one had gone to bed, and Anna's light would keep burning in her chamber—and it would not go out till he had done playing—and if he chanced to neglect his flute, any evening, the light would burn,—and burn—in silent reproach—till the soft sounds came stealing upwards—and when they ceased, the little window darkened! Language?—yes! there was a language in all this. Anna was very happy! Charles was pleased.

By degrees this mute intercourse ripened into actual acquaintance—brought on by the excuse of a trivial accident. The modest, shy young girl, diffident and bashful, shrunk in the immediate presence of her lover from those innocent little freedoms which had endeared their distant communion. Her demeanour might, indeed, have been taken for coldness and dislike. Charles, too, was not obtrusive—to do him the justice, he was not a libertine—he harboured no sinister intentions towards the poor young girl—but gave himself up with the unreflecting impulsiveness of youth to the pleasing amusement of a gentle passion.

Thus by degrees on either side—acquaintance ripened into love. And little parties were planned—little excursions made, with, perhaps, a friend of Anna—till the one felt a void when not in the society of the other.

V.—REVENGE.

Treadstone had not failed to perceive the growing love of Anna and Trelawney, and he conceived, what can hardly be called, jealousy, but anger, that sought to vent itself in malice. Its readiest and easiest way was found in calumny, and he began to spread about the house and neighbourhood reports injurious to the poor young milliner; reports that obtained a general credence all the more, because Anna was met at times sauntering across the Regents'-park, or over Primrose-hill along the fields towards Hampstead, hanging on Trelawney's arm—with her sweet blushing face downcast,—before the ardent gaze of her young lover—while the holy stillness of evening heard the whispered words of fondness melting from his lips. What did he mean—did Anna ever ask herself? What did he mean—did *he* ever ask *himself*? Distanced by the vile mockery of social rank—love never measures man by names or coins—and, conscious in her purity of thought, confident in her own spotless virtue, she feared not—and, because she trusted herself, she thought she could afford to trust him. And he—he well knew the social barrier his family would place between him and her—he well knew his dependence on his family for the means of living, would preclude his thwarting them—he could not dream of marriage—but neither did he dream of any outrage—he committed a deep crime for a thinking being—he was thoughtless, though playing with another's happiness!

The whispered calumny soon deepened to annoyance, and suddenly, Anna began to feel its effects. Then all the prudes, whose ugliness or age prevents their sinning—turned round to point at another for winning that which they could not hope to gain—and were too withered to feel—love. More than all did Anna's saintly landlady shew her spleen. She had long borne Anna a grudge, on account of Treadstone. She wanted to have Treadstone to herself. She coveted his savings. She thought with them she could take a larger house, and set up as a lodging-house-keeper on a larger scale. The wizzened saint, too (one of the devout prayers of the next-door chapel), sighed for the still respectable personableness of the decayed lacquey—and

she sought to wreak vexation and humiliation in every way on the poor girl, who thwarted her unconsciously. Moreover the refined and sensitive Anna had always shrunk from the acquaintance of the low grovelling woman—and her reserve was construed into pride, and resented as an insult. Mrs. Beater accused Anna of alluring Treadstone and enveighling him—when, as we well know, she shunned him with scrupulous care; and Treadstone, despite his fear of his own mistress, could not resist the impulsive spitefulness of his nature, which made him falsely boast of undue familiarities with her orphan lodger.

Mrs. Beater would long, ere this, have discarded the latter, had she not owed a long arrear of rent—and she thought her only hold on repayment was to keep the debtor underneath her roof. Her avarice was greater than her jealousy.

Things went on thus for some time—poor Anna being obliged to take the taunts and but slightly covered insinuations of her landlady, because she was bound down by the chain of debt. She dared not—could not—leave. For her worldly all was in that wretched garret—she could not take it away without paying her rent, and without it—her little "stock in trade"—she could not do the work that would enable her to earn more. Reader! picture the position of a young girl thus situated—orphan—helpless—friendless—and forlorn—and in London! No tyranny of Czar or Kaiser ever matches that, which one so circumstanced must suffer!

At last, the spirit of spite got the better of that of avarice: moreover, the arrear grew so large, and the earnings of Anna ceased so completely, owing to the dull time of the year, and the competition for work, that Mrs. Beater saw she had nothing to gain by keeping her lodger any longer. Accordingly, her malice could have full play, unimpeded by prudential considerations. Accordingly, she gave Anna a harsh and peremptory notice to quit, and pay. Day by day, Anna, with tears and prayers, obtained a surly and insolent permission to stop another night. Fireless, lightless, workless, almost foodless, the poor girl hurried about town for employment, but in vain; and hungry, weary, faint, and heartbroken, she came back, in a tremour of nervous fear, to face the terrible presence of her harsh, relentless tyrant. Sometimes the blood of indignation rushed to her pale, delicate cheek, till it was blanched back by fear and want.

Thus she lingered awhile longer.

One cold December morning, however, the irrevocable fiat was given: she must depart that day. Anna was very feeble, cold, and hungered—she had spent her last penny the day before for a loaf, her entire food—she had nothing to buy a meal with, all her spare clothing had been pawned, her other effects were seized by the landlady—she was penniless and hopeless! A sleeting snow was falling, with a keen north wind, as she went forth in a light shawl and bonnet—the cold striking bitterly to her very heart. She went to seek work in a quarter where she had heard there was a chance. But even the poor employment of a shirt-maker was denied her by the rosy-faced, well-wrapped Jew-Christian whom she sought.

"I'm starving! give me work, sir! for God's sake! for charity!"

"Hout! tout! get away with you. I have told you I don't want any more work-girls."

"Oh! heaven! What shall I do?"

"Oh! you're too pretty to starve!" said the shop-keeper, with a brutal leer; and with a blush—not of shame, but of indignation—Anna turned into the street, in silence.

She went back home. Home? Oh! what a desecration of the hallowed word—she went back to her wretched garret; but, no! it was locked against her. Dripping, wet, shaking with the cold, with streaming tears, she implored the landlady to shelter her.

"Don't tell me! I've sheltered you day by day, in hopes of your doing something for yourself. This can't go on for ever, so don't come whining to me; get you gone, I can't have my house disturbed by your noise—I don't want any more scenes here."

"And where—where shall I go? What shall I do?"

"Go? Why where should such as you go? To the workhouse, to be sure."

Anna stood, an image of pale despair. Brought up—a farmer's daughter—with care and kindness—the idol of parents who had been ruined, and sunk to a premature grave—the orphan had been cast upon the world, in youth, inexperience, and beauty. And bravely had she battled—well had she done—that young girl! More bravely than the proudest hero on the field of war!—against far stronger foes!

"Don't stand looking at me! Perhaps you're too proud for the workhouse—better than you have gone to it. Perhaps, like all of your sort, you will prefer the street."

"Ma'am!"

"Oh! don't assume those airs! I've known of your goings on—pretty doings, indeed. I know you—your pretty proceedings with Treadstone are not unknown to me. I wont have my house disgraced any longer; and your barefaced, shameless conduct with that young medical student, over there—I know it all. I can't suffer such a person to darken my threshold. Get you gone—I'm a woman of character, living in the blessed fear of the Lord, and the faith of the holy Church. Don't look so impudently at me—you hussy! minion! jade!—d'ye hear me? Get away, or I'll send for the police; away with you—to your paramours!"

"God forgive you! woman!"—said Anna, as she turned out into the dark, cold, and undaylike day.

VI.—A LAST EFFORT.

A few hours afterwards, a trembling hand rang the bell of a stately west-end villa. It was about eight o'clock in the evening: the snow had changed into a drifty mist; the wind had veered more easterly; it was intensely cold. Through the crimson curtains in the windows streamed a warm rich light, and the heavy odour of sumptuous viands stole on the frosty air. A powdered menial answered the door, and was about to close it in the face of the shivering stranger, but she importuned him so earnestly that he would bear a message to his mistress, that he admitted her into the hall.

It was the dinner-hour in the villa. The dining-room opened from the inner passage by a door on the left hand. Several voices were in animated conversation, and the jingle of glasses, the merry laugh, the seasoned jest came ringing through the opened door, as the busy servants entered or came out. After a long and anxious pause, a footman consented to take the message of the young girl. She had done needlework for the lady of the house, she had called several times for her money, and she was at that moment in the direst extremity of distress. After consulting the butler as to whether it would be right to take in the message at dinner-time, the former thought, that, as there was no company, but merely the family, it might be allowable; moreover, dinner was just over, and the family were going immediately to an evening party, so that now would be the best time. Accordingly, the message was taken in.

Now, Mrs. Goldfin was an extravagant woman—Mr. Goldfin rather a money-loving man—therefore she disliked having her milliners' bills brought to her in his presence. Moreover, though very rich, she was always in debt, and it was not convenient just then to pay the account, though but trifling, of which she was now reminded.

"Haven't I told you, John, never to come bothering me with these things at such hours?" cried a harsh voice in the parlour. The poor young milliner trembled, her heart sank within her, for it was Anna, who had accidentally heard that the lady had just returned to town.

"I told her so, ma'am; but she said, ma'am, she was in the greatest distress, or she wouldn't trouble you; she hadn't tasted food for——"

"Stuff and pack o'nonsense! That's always the story. Tell her to call again to-morrow."

The footman lingered involuntarily for a moment, for he had been touched by the appearance and manner of the young girl.

"Do you hear? Tell her to call again!" said Mr. Goldfin, who disliked paying money away, or seeing it paid, unless it were to himself.

The footman came out of the parlour.

"But do tell them that——"

"It's as much as my place is worth," whispered John. "You *must* go now," and the door closed on the hapless Anna.

VII.—A WANDERER.

It was near eleven o'clock at night. A young man came from a lighted mansion in the Regent's Park. He had been at a party: with his warm cloak wrapped around him, rather heated with having drank more wine than usual, buoyant with animal spirits, exhilarated by the keen fresh air, that carried health to him, but death to many an ill-clad, ill-fed outcast, he was speeding along, and had just reached Clarence-terrace, when the figure of a young girl, drooping over a curb-stone, caught his attention.

"Heavens, Anna! Is it you?"

She raised her head feebly, and turned it away with an involuntary impulse; her features worked like those of one crying, but there came no tears. He took her hand, and started at its coldness.

Penniless, homeless, and friendless, she had been wandering about the streets and parks, ever since she left the villa of Mr. Goldfin. Exposed to insolent and obscene ribaldry, with breaking heart and failing strength, she had sunk at last, where we found her. She had not tasted food the live-long day, and she had fainted where Trelawney found her—for him it is, we recognise in the home-returning guest. Just before Trelawney's recognition of Anna, a policeman had come up.

"Hallo! what's the matter with you?" said the guardian of the peace. "Come, get up—no tricks. You're drunk!"

Anna was past answering or resenting.

"D'ye hear?" he cried, shaking her rudely. "We understand all this. I know you of old. I've seen you long upon this beat. You're an old prison-bird. But we allow no prostitutes to be lying about the road here."

The showy feathered courtesans were flitting by along the pavement; but those were the richer sort, who could afford to fee the police.

With a curse on her drunkenness and obstinacy, the policeman was about to drag Anna to the station, when Trelawney interposed.

"And who are you? I'll take you into custody, too, if you dare to interfere with me in my duty."

Trelawney well understood the meaning of all this. It was a threat to catch a bribe. In other circumstances, he might possibly have enjoyed the fun of knocking the policeman down, and making off with his prize; but he loved Anna—and astonished at the scene of misery he beheld—really not knowing what to think—he gave the man the bribe he expected, sent him to Park Street for a cab, lifted the unconscious Anna into it, and drove away.

(To be continued.)

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(*Continued from No. 33, p. 638.*)

XXIV.—SWORD AND PEN.

WHILE the Council was thus distracted, the camp was preparing with calmer vigour for the worst.

Görgey, after the retreat on Atsh and the entrenched camp at Komorn, had given a promise to his generals, before their departure, that he would continue the retreat, and concentrate his forces round the capital.

It is doubtful whether he at the time intended to deviate from his preconceived plan —or whether the vague promise had not been given with a view to shake off the clamours of his enemies, who demanded the immediate presence of the army round their persons. At any rate, it was a promise he was unable to keep—for the Austrians were making a rapid advance on the entrenched camp at Komorn. Görgey, therefore, intimated to the generals and council that he should not be able to stand by his expressed intention, inasmuch as leaving an impregnable position without a blow, would be disgraceful to the country, demoralising to the army, and fatal to the fortress of Komorn, which was overlooked by the heights on which the camp was pitched.

A vehement dispute began to rage on this point between Görgey and the generals in the interest of the Government, when the reports of artillery on the right bank of the Danube silenced their voices with a louder and a sterner voice.

The entrenched camp of Komorn lay to the south of Komorn, on a chain of hills, of which the highest is the Monostor. It communicated with the great Shütt Island (northward) by two pontoon bridges, the one leading to the city, the other to the fortress of Komorn, which are both comprised within the limits of the island.

The Austrians advanced from the south and west, issuing, under Haynau, from Raab, on the 29th of June, as far as Gönyö, Böny, and Mezöörs, three villages lying in succession, as here mentioned, from north to south, and describing a line of advance about half-way between Raab and Komorn.

On the 30th of June they pushed on their left to Atsh (the northern extremity of their line of march), their centre to N. Igmaud and Bábolna, and their right wing to Kisber—the southernmost point of their extended line.

On the 1st of July they pressed the advanced detachments of Hungarians before them, out of the Atsh forest, and stretched their land array southward by Csem and Herkaly.

Thus the Imperialists kept setting in like a steady tide from the west—to overflow or break against the barrier of the Monostor.

This hill was the centre of the camp—from which stretched, right and left, the bastions, embankments, and redoubts. It was the pivot around which the defence turned, backed by the city and fortress of Komorn. Here Görgey stood waiting the coming flood. His army was ranged waiting behind the long lines of entrenchments.

At eight o'clock in the morning, on the 2nd. of July, the battle of Komorn began.

The Austro-Russians evidently wanted the Hungarians to come out of their entrenchments and engage a battle on the open ground below. Heavy columns, therefore, began to move against Görgey's left wing, while several divisions, winding through the vineyard hills, on the banks of the Danube, directed their march upon the Monostor. Towering and glittering over the magnificent semicircle which the advancing armies found, their reserve could be distinctly seen by the soldiers on the lofty entrenchments flashing in the morning sun upon the heights of Csem and Puszta Herklày.

The stern quiescence of the Hungarian line was suddenly broken by a deluge of horse being thrown over its hilly mounds into the valley below, against the advancing enemy. This was an impetuous act of General Leinengen, contrary to Görgey's orders. "The shock came off between Motsa and O-Szöny—and, though favourable at first, the result was

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

fatal. Some of the best field-batteries of the Hungarians which supported this attack, and which, when the enemy fell back, advanced too far, were cut off in the course of the second and unsuccessful attack, and remained in the hands of the enemy."

The routed troops fled back into the entrenchments, and General Klapka, who commanded on that side, at once gave the reiterated order to remain on the defensive within the limits of the fortifications. O-Szöny and its environs remained in the hands of the enemy. Meanwhile the right wing of the Magyars was hard pressed—the fortune of the day depended on its maintaining its ground—the Austrians were far superior in numbers—if the Monostor were carried, the army would be cut off and driven into the Danube—and every eye was turned in the direction of that height. Still it stood above the cloud of volumed smoke, crested by the bright Hungarian colors—and the terrible sound of the decisive conflict came roaring from its sides. At last the defenders are dislodged from the vineyards of Ujszöny—the first bulwark is broken down—strong columns keep pouring on irresistibly—the outerworks are taken, and the black and yellow flags of Austria are seen climbing up the slopes—they are planted on the walls—the Hungarians retreat to the inner line of fortifications—the first is in the hands of the enemy!

Again the Imperialists form, and prepare to attack the last entrenchments, while a dense column, sheltered by the high banks of the Danube, is seen pushing along the Hungarian rear, to cut off all chance of safety and retreat.

At this moment of extreme danger, Görgey appeared upon the threatened point—a cheer, louder than the thunder of artillery, rolled upward, as the soldiers closed around their leader, and forming them in his hands like wax, he hurled them once more with a fresh heroic impulse on the storming columns.

Suddenly, too, a deep thunder boomed from the distant rear, across the waters of the Danube! the body of Austrians marching along the river had just arrived in line with a strand battery on the Shütt Island opposite: it poured grape and canister in their midst. Their ranks were mowed down one after another as they came up in succession to the fatal point, and their advance was soon change into a wild, disbanded flight.

Görgey now, quick as lightning, seized the turning moment—concentrating his battalions, pushing the 48th and the regiment Don Miguel in the vanguard, he sent them against the fresh advancing columns of the enemy.

The conquered entrenchments were reconquered at the point of the bayonet—the new-given impulse was irresistible—everywhere the tide of battle resumed its former level—and then, like broken waves, plume and tshako, lance and bayonet, swept back disordered from the heights of the Monostor.

The enemy being thrown into the plain below—Görgey ordered a general advance of his battalions—while the Hungarian batteries opened from all the cuttings on their hesitating masses—and the Magyar cavalry, sallying from the camp, deployed before their centre.

The Austrians reeled and staggered as though stunned—in vain they brought up their batteries—they were overpowered by the terrible and concentrated fire vomited from the camp. The reserves were brought up—but confusion already began to reign, and the Imperialists could not restore the battle to its level—they were forced to retreat.

The attack on the camp was over—it was now for the Hungarians to assumé the offensive. Forthwith they directed their efforts to reconquer the lost position of O-Szöny. Three times the Hungarians attacked—twice they were repulsed with immense slaughter—the third, O-Szöny was carried by General Klapka.

At half-past six in the evening, Görgey, having maintained every ground of his position, desired to profit by the confusion and discouragement of the enemy, to break through their lines by one decisive charge. For this purpose he had, as already stated, been drawing up his cavalry before their centre, during the terrible conflict that had been raging. Calculated on the result, it found him, therefore, prepared like a true general to take immediate advantage of it.

Twenty-nine squadrons of Hussars, led by Pöltenberg, rushed on to the attack. Haynau saw the danger. He brought up all his cavalry from his right wing, and advanced the whole Russian reserve.

The hussars attack—the Austrian horse who are launched to meet them, are driven back—the Austrian line is broken—and "amidst clamour and flashing of swords, the *razzed* sweeps down upon the Russian columns at Csem, where the career of our bold horsemen is stopped by fifty guns, from a covered position, hurling death and destruction into their ranks. They halt—the broken ground admits of their rallying under cover. The Hungarian horse-batteries advance at the top of their speed—they draw up, unlimber, and return the enemy's fire. But their perseverance and devotion avail not; the Russian artillery prevails—our batteries are silenced, and forced to fall back."

Now Görgey rôde down into the valley—where the repulsed hussars stood broken and wavering—and, placing himself at their head, drew them after him, as he spurred on with waving sabre against the Russian line. A terrible struggle ensued—Görgey main-

tained his ground—the Russians held their own—darkness was beginning to fall—but still Görgey remained fighting in the midst of the mêlée, calling for his reserves to come up and complete the victory. Still he struggled, still he spurred on and on, deeper into the Russian line—still he cheered the hussars to hold their reins, in momentarily expectation of the columns that should have supported him from the rear.

But they came not—their movements were so dilatory (the reason is unexplained), that large masses of the Austrian cavalry were beginning to close in upon the flank of that brave body of hussars, thrust forward in the heart of the Imperial centre.

Night was setting in rapidly, when Görgey, who fought hand to hand with the enemy, and cut his way into the midst of the Russian line, received a severe wound in the head. The unconquered hussars took their wounded general in their midst, and rode back in stately order to the camp. At nine o'clock p.m., the last shots were fired on either side.

The attack of the Imperialists had been repulsed—their army, vastly superior in numbers, had been beaten in the open field, and their lines would have been forced, their troops routed, and the banks of the Danube cleared of their presence, had the other generals displayed but half the energy evinced by their indomitable leader.

As it was—it proved a glorious victory. The loss of the Austrians was severe—3,000 lay dead upon the field of battle. "Their corpses lay in heaps on the banks of the river, in front of the entrenchments of the Monostor, and in the vineyards of Ujszöny."

The Hungarians lost 1,500 men—but they gained in spirit and self-reliance, while the heroism of their leader Görgey, who, as a general, had displayed such skill, as a soldier had fought as desperately as any man in his army, elicited and merited the enthusiastic admiration of the troops.

Just at this moment of proud ardour, just at this turn in the tide, when the front of Austrian power was broken, and the influence of the Magyar chief was at its height—when any deadening cause might prove fatal, when everything was exhilaration, hope and triumph, the very night of this great victory, the following proclamation of Kossuth was published in the camp:—

"*The Governor of the Commonwealth to*
"*General Klapka.*

"By these presents, I inform you, that by the authority which the country has given me, and with the counsel and assent of the council of ministers, I have this day in the name of the people, appointed the Field-Marshal Lieutenant Lazarus Meszaros to be Commander-in-Chief of all the troops in our country. And with these presents I decree and ordain in the name of the people, that the armies, corps, divisions, garrisons of fortresses, and all other forces, whatever their denominations may be, shall yield an unconditional obedience to the orders and instructions of the said Lazarus Meszaros, and shall consider it their bounden duty to recognise him, the said Lazarus Meszaros, as their lawful Commander-in-Chief; and whoever shall act against his orders, that man is, and shall be considered, a traitor to the country."

Görgey was deposed in the hour when he had rendered the greatest service to his country, and lay wounded in the scene of his glory.

The motives and consequences for this deplorable act must now be revealed.

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

To the Working-men,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent: but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their sub-

scriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to ERNEST JONES, care of Mr. PAVEY, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

I.—MAN AND GOLD.

THE CABINET MAKERS OF LONDON.

THE rapid, but steady centralisation of wealth in the hands of a few—the many scientific discoveries and inventions—the increased adoption of machinery, in almost every branch of industry, and the insatiable avarice of the capitalist class, who hold all this multiplicity of power under their own immediate control, is an incontrovertible proof, to my mind, that the final battle, which must inevitably be fought between labour and capital, is not far distant.

Let any thinking man seek and judge for himself, and he will perceive in the signs of the times, its rapidly approaching consummation.

What are those signs? Cheap food, and unfed millions; cheap clothes, and unclad workers; cheap shoes, and unshod makers; cheap goods, cheap furniture, and half-starved artisans. Turn whithersoever he may, his unwilling gaze is ever attracted by the unequal contest incessantly enacting between man and gold.

Capital produces capital, and labour, with all its noble attributes, being used as a mere machine for working the same, is doomed to a life of toil, destitution, and misery.

The wife, driven to the factory, hoping by such means to add to their slender wages (as in the case of the tailors), underworks, and thus supersedes her husband. The child, also, employed at the factory long before its young limbs have gained the requisite strength, underworks, and consequently supersedes the parent. Man competing with man, and machinery—successful in its competition, is superseding all alike. The result is the certain reduction in the value of manual labour.

Machinery, which might be a blessing for overworked labour by shortening its length of toil, is made a positive curse, because cranks, and wheels, lathes and spindles—its millions of man-power driven *for the oppressor, instead of the oppressed.*

A slackness of trade is daily taking place. The furriers have scarcely anything to do. The weavers are beginning to complain upon the same grounds. The jewellers have for a considerable period been put upon short time.

The streets are thronged with stout, able-bodied men, vending fruits, hawking books and writing paper, or sweeping crossings. Labour impotently struggling against starvation, with, perchance, all the horrors of a severe winter approaching.

Even in the higher paid trades, strikes are of frequent occurrence against the encroachments of competition, and the tyranny of capital. The weavers of Newtown, Wales—the miners of the north—the tinworkers of Wolverhampton—the brickmakers of Erith—the agricultural labourers of Suffolk—the type-founders and building trades of London, have all recently proven that strikes are mere palliative remedies, in which the men suffer the most, without removing the evils which cause the necessity for such noble though ineffectual efforts; inasmuch as the means uselessly expended in strikes, would go far towards raising the superstructure of

A UNITED TRADES' CO-OPERATIVE LABOUR LEAGUE,*

which would entirely alter the relative positions of labour and capital.

With the slackness of trade, the insolent assumption and tyranny of employers increase; and notwitstanding the strenuous efforts o trade societies to keep up wages, the immensity of competition without is hourly aiding in putting them down to a lower level. This is not because the men who work for a less remunerative wage consider themselves worth no more, but because their wants drive them to accept a crust rather than starve in idleness, or vegetate in the Poor Law bastile.

I do not think there is a trade in existence, which more fully exemplifies the foregoing remark, than the cabinet making, nor one which is more liable to fluctuation. To be sure, the West-end Society, of London, stand out firmly for the full book prices; but many of the masters stand out equally as firm for a reduction therefrom; and failing in this *they have a system of putting the men at day work upon the best paying jobs, and giving those that pay least out at piece-work.* Besides this, if a man is earning too much, according to their opinion, in order to equalise his wages, *they do not hesitate to keep him for days together waiting for material, and this in what are termed Society Shops, where none but society men are permitted by the Society to work;* while among the society men themselves, are to be found many of the most abject slaves, who, for the sake of constant employment, will descend to the meanest shifts; and, although signing for the *full book price*, willingly agree to the deduction of ten per cent, or even more, therefrom.

In the East-end London Society, the system is different, for there but few Society Shops exist; and provided a new hand does not underwork another by accepting a job at a lower figure than that already paid to others, even

* Such attempts must fail, for want of money to live on while out of work, and for want of capital to fall back on when competing with the capitalist.

E. J

though that price be a bad one, he does not infringe upon the society rules. But, of what practical utility is such a system? it does not even keep up the prices to a fixed standard in more than one factory; for supposing that one employer gives twenty shillings per foot for a sideboard of a certain pattern, another may, if he think proper, fix his price at eighteen shillings per foot for the labour upon the very same description of article, and yet the Society has no positive right of interference—at least, such was the case when I was a member of The Cabinet Makers, Chair Makers, and Carvers Protecting Institution, in 1844; and I am not aware that any material alteration has taken place since, in its plan of action. In short, I cannot conceive its possibility of adopting any other course; for the non-society men are a hundred to one, and most of these—more especially in slack times—are glad to work at any price.* Curtain Road, Shoreditch, together with Hoxton, and their vicinity are notorious for small masters in the above trades, whose uniform system of crushing down the men in their employ is one and the same, and as they invariably supply large factories, which in like manner supply the country trade as well as private individuals, they are, in point of fact, nothing more than middle-men; and some of them the most unprincipled employers I ever worked for. Many of these employers know not how to make an article of furniture even decently. Never having served an apprenticeship to the trade, or where they have, not possessing even an ordinary amount of mechanical talent, many of them have risen by chicanery, and craftily obtaining the assistance of a few good tradesmen to finish off the work prepared by run-away apprentices and boys, who receive from about five to twelve shillings weekly for their services, averaging nearly twelve hours daily.

Even where the employer does understand the business practically, he invariably adopts the same system. In fact, he cannot help it, for competition exists to such an alarming extent, that he must either swim with the current or be overwhelmed by it. As a case in point, I will sketch you an illustration of this ruinous system. A journeyman, sick of working for another at starvation wages, resolves to start for himself. To effect this, as he is too often devoid of capital, he, with the assistance of a friend or two will get a ten or fifteen pound loan, and converting one out of his two rooms into a workshop—it sometimes happens that one large one has to suffice for bed-room, sitting-room, and workshop also. He makes up an article on speculation; this he takes to the various shops in the trade as a pattern; may be he sells it and obtains an order for more. He then seeks for an apprentice with a premium of twenty or thirty pounds, takes a workshop, puts on a hand, takes on a few stout young fellows as improvers, at five or six shillings a week, and by this means he is enabled to underwork others who pay better prices. The articles may not be so good, but as cheapness is the order of the day, if he works low, the quality is not considered. Thus the skilled artisan is to a certain extent injured, if not superseded, and must work lower, or go without. Many, sooner than do this, become what are termed "garret-masters;" that is, they make up small articles, such as wash-stands, what-nots, coffee-tables, and the like, and hawk them about from shop to shop until they effect a sale, too often for little more than the actual cost of material; not even allowing a fair remuneration for labour. I knew an instance of a man, his wife, and three or four children, who worked, lived, and slept, in a small back room at a house in Hoxton Market; his family assisting him whenever they could, who used to work early and late the fore part of the week, making up an article, over which the principal portion of Friday and Saturday was lost in disposing of it. Imagine the heart-sickening anguish he must endure, when turned from shop after shop by a short, curt, "No, don't want anything mister!" after shivering for an hour or two, waiting at the door, while its owner was indulging himself over a glass of brandy and water, after a sumptuous dinner purchased with the blood-money wrung from the poor starving wretches, such as the one I have mentioned. There is a cabinet warehouse near the City Road turnpike—a mere refuge for the destitute—but few apply to them until refused by all others—of this the master is well aware, and consequently takes every possible advantage, making shamefully low offers, in many cases but a few shillings over the actual cost of material. "Now, you'd better take it," he will say; "if you bring it back again, I shan't give so much." This invariably clinches the argument, and heart-broken, the down-trodden wages-slave takes the money, deploring his hard destiny as he leaves the door, and turns into the first gin-shop to drown his anger and his anguish by adding to it another curse himself. And this ruinous course is pursued until entirely worn out from excessive toil and misery, himself and wife are driven to the workhouse, and find relief in a pauper-grave, while their offspring, if they survive, exist but to perpetuate the same soul-crushing, heart-breaking system.

This is no overdrawn picture, but stubborn, plain matter of fact, which has fallen under my own observation, for the truth of which I give you my word.

ATHOL J. WOOD.

13, *King's Row, Pentonville.*

* And, even if all were embraced in the Society, the influx of fresh numbers, the decline of trade, and the combination of the masters would neutralize the union, E. J.

II.—THE SEAMEN.

The Government Boards, instead of protecting the weak against the strong—the working-man against the master—help the strong against the weak, the latter to crush the former. *The official shipping-masters interfere to reduce the wages of the men.* Some time ago, a master and his crew went to the shipping office to make an agreement. A slight difference arose about wages—the men wanting £2. 10s., the master offering £2. 7s. 6d. In all probability the men would have got what they wanted, *had not the Government official stepped forward* and said, "Oh! don't dispute about wages! I CAN (mark that, I CAN) fill your ship with men at £2. 5s!"

The master replied, "But what sort of men will they be? Mine are good—and I want them with me."

But it so happened the kind intentions of the master were useless—the *owner* of the ship was present—ever ready and eager to mulct men's wages, he was enabled to beat them down in this instance through the very assistance of that expensive and injurious Government Board, which is nominally established for the purpose of protecting the men whom it has thus injured!

We thought it our duty to communicate this circumstance to the Board of Trade. A reply was received, directing us to lay it before the Local Board. But the men had sailed.

Since then the men have arrived. The trial is now going on—but *the members of the Local Board are all shipowners!* whose interest it is to get men at starvation prices.

The reader may judge of the issue. Had seamen the control of that shipping office *which* THEY support, the case might be different—and if any party is to have the control, surely it ought to be those that *pay*, and not those that receive.

JOHN SMITH, South Shields.

Dec. 3, 1851.

III.—THE MINERS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

OLD CRAMLINGTON COLLIERY.

The men in this place are at present suffering keenly from the more extended and cruel encroachments of their employers. But their deeds shall be exposed to the public view. At this Colliery the men are robbed by the most unreasonable fines. I don't hear of any similar in the whole trade. The Collieries in this country are, chiefly, worked on what is termed "separation," that is, sending only the round coals to bank, the small, generally, being laid off aside in the mine, or if sent to bank, sent up separately. If they are sent up amongst the round, for a very small quantity there is a fine attached. Now, in order to give an idea of the tyranny of the capitalist, I will state that it has been proved that *the sufficient, or stated quantity of small* can be found in a tub which has been filled entirely with the hands, a shovel for the purpose of filling never being lifted—*the jerking which the tubs meet with on their passage in the mine producing this finable quantity of small.* Now, as I have said, the fines in this place are very great, and they have been very much inflicted of late. They have what are called shilling tubs—half-a-crown tubs, and strange and startling truth, *half-guinea* tubs, and, within a very short period, *the men have suffered five times this half-guinea fine!* One case I will give in particular, as it shows the character of the master in its true light. In this case it was not his subordinate official, as it is wont to be, who inflicted the penalty; it was he himself. He was on the heap-stead when the tub arrived at the surface, and thinking no doubt that it contained an extra quantity of small, he doomed its producer to the enormous fine of *half-a-guinea!* His cruelty did not here stop. The man ventured to complain of the act, being personally insulted by his master when they met soon after. The employer gave the poor miner at once a month's notice to quit the place. But his persecution was not yet satisfied. Before the month expired the man had to leave the work and be put out of his house—he was literally turned out of the door. To add to the infliction of the fines in this place, he has taken off one penny per ton. What pretext they can now have for taking off tonnage, except their own aggrandisement, I cannot imagine. The coals at market are selling at extraordinary prices and must be bringing great and remunerative returns. And the small, which I have been telling you of, and for which the men are fined, *are all sold,* showing the villainy of the fines to be greater still.

Now, after detailing these wrongs, I should like to address a few words to the men who are suffering them. During all the agitation—amidst all the efforts that the miners in union have made to arrest the hands of the oppressor, and to stem the soul-crushing oppression which has come on them and you, you sat still unheeding and apathetic. The men in union have sent to you appeal after appeal—their agents have come to talk—their lecturers to preach—but all apparently is of no avail. You may stand aloof from union for a time, but, unless you wish or feel inclined to sink to the deepest depth of slavery, and to drink its last and bitterest dregs, you will have to arouse yourselves and come out and do battle against the monster and rampant evils which are daily and hourly crushing you.

* * * * * *

Old Cramlington Colliery, Dec. 1851.

* Miners! Read in No. 29, of the "Notes" at page 558, the article entitled "The National Association of Colliers and Miners, with an Address to the Association."—E. J.

The Chartist Movement.

Two questions agitate the democratic mind of this country—internal organisation and external policy.

We all see, and feel, and know, that a movement managed as ours has been of late, so utterly neglected, played and trifled with, can come to no successful issue. Some ascribe the effect to public apathy; others to incompetent "leadership;" combine both causes, and we shall not be far from right. But while the "leaders" excuse themselves on the ground of the public, and the public on the ground of the "leaders," one thing is plain—unmistakably plain: that an apathetic public will be made only more apathetic by employing negligent and inefficient servants, and that the finest, and most energetic political body will soon be brought to the brink of ruin, if its executive service is confided to men, who merely play with it, and devote their time to other avocations, either hostile to it, or, at the least, wholly abstracted from its affairs and objects.

I don't blame the working-men or the present executive for not throwing themselves and their families into beggary; far from it: but I blame the public, who expected them to do a *nation's* work, without ever giving them a *mechanic's* pay—who expected them to give up their employment, their earnings, and their bread, without finding them the means of living, in return.

Now, it is undeniable, that, if we intend being served, we must pay our servants; for if we do not, we must employ either men of another class, be dependent on them, and thence obedient to their will, or, we must have servants who cannot devote their time to the movement—who, when they are wanted in Manchester or Glasgow, will be seated in a workshop, making trousers for a bishop, or dancing-shoes for an alderman. This will never do: and as to the former alternative, I say, God help the poor man's movement that is officered and marshalled by the rich!—for it will never be able to help itself.

Some may say, "Is it not good to have rich men at the head of our movement, for they can assist it with money when it is poor?" I say: God deliver us from such assistance! Firstly, *No rich man means that which* WE *mean*. He cannot, in the very nature of things; and therefore *no rich man is a* SAFE *leader for the poor*. Secondly, there is nothing more debases a movement, than looking up to rich men to make it live. If we have not the innate vitality in ourselves, we shall never get it by a borrowed warmth from others. It renders us unaccustomed to help ourselves, it destroys our self-reliance, it is disgusting and degrading. This is one of the things that have tended to diminish the subscriptions for the association. Treasurers have advanced money—the movement knew they could afford it. To get hold of a rich treasurer became tantamount to a national subscription, and rendered the latter unnecessary, and the farce was enacted of pretending to subscribe for the repayment of the debt to the treasurer, or to the printer—a repayment that ended just where it began. But, had there not been these resources, the *people* would have subscribed—yes! I feel confident they would have subscribed, if they had seen work doing. The mean resource of rich men's leadership removed, they would have seen that the alternative was, to subscribe or to let the movement perish; and they never would have done the latter. As it is, the burden of repayment always falls upon the more honourable and active few, who are always subscribing, but whose small numbers render their joint subscriptions inadequate to do more than to leave Chartism just vegetating; till, one by one, they get disheartened and disgusted at seeing no results in return for the—to them, heavy payment.

Now, how remedy this?

By action at head quarters.

How get activity there?

By employing men who have no other engagements to take up their time, and who will be our servants, not our masters.

How realise this?

By paying our servants; otherwise the poor cannot serve. And if we have the rich *unpaid*, they will just suit their own convenience in all they say and do. We can never count on their service for a day, or challenge their obedience for an hour.

Therefore, I repeat emphatically, we must have a paid executive.

But, we are poor, therefore we should set to work as cheaply as possible. To do so the number of members of the Executive should be as small as possible, consistently with the working of the Committee. The smallest practicable number is three. Some have suggested five. Now, let us ask ourselves, what have we to gain by five in preference to three? Nothing, but the expense of paying two men more, or paying five men only a part of their salary. There is no doubt but that, at first, there will be a difficulty in raising the money. We ought, therefore, to make the first step as easy as possible—not unnecessarily difficult. What is the use of the two more? To travel about the country as lecturers? If they are wanted, two lecturers, or two dozen lecturers, if needed, and if the money is there for their

support, can be sent about the country. But why saddle ourselves with the constant payment of two extra men, when the casual payment of two lecturers would answer the same purpose, and far more effectively. Nay, there is this advantage; that, with the two extra members of the Executive, you always present the same two men, with the same modes of thought, manner, and arguments, before the public: whereas, by employing different lecturers, we have the two great advantages of not being obliged to pay men at a moment when we may not want their services, and of presenting the attraction of new advocates in the continuous transmission of the same truth. It is not beneficial for localities, if the same man always comes again and again, preaching the same thing, in the same way.

Three, then, appears to me to be the number for an executive, the most suitable to our present strength, means, and organization.

Rest assured, the simpler the machinery of government is (consistently with a *democratic* basis), the more effectively it will work.

The next consideration presenting itself, is, who should be the men? Of course, that cannot be answered in this place in a *personal* sense, but it can and ought to be answered in a *public* one.

They must be men who have nothing to do with any other political movement.

It is utterly inconsistent to elect a man on the Chartist executive who belongs to the council, or is a supporter of the views of the middle-class reform movement. Just see the position such a man stands in: on the Chartist Executive, he is bound to do all he can to *carry* the Charter, for we believe nothing less would be *safe* for the working-classes. On the middle-class executive he is bound to do all he can to *prevent* the Charter by carrying their measure, since they believe universal suffrage would be UNSAFE.

But, he may lay the flattering unction to his soul, that, "as both are reform, the one is a step to the other, and therefore he can consistently act on both."

If that is his argument, let him answer this question: we wish to get the Charter—and *if* financial reform is to be passed, we wish to see it embrace as comprehensive a programme as possible. Is this to be done by *joining* those whom we wish to *force further?* It is our business to make the Chartist movement as strong, and theirs as comparatively weak, as possible. Is this to be done by subscribing to their measure? We wish to streteh their measures wider —is this to be done by accepting them as our own? Will this ever force reform on? *On exactly the same principle the financial reformers might join Lord John Russell,* But, if George Thompson and Walmsley were all of a sudden to profess themselves supporters of Lord John Russell's franchise, would you not raise the cry from one end of the country to the other: "They're sold!" "They're bought!" "They're traitors!" yet they might say: "Lord John Russell's measure, though not so much as financial reform, is yet a step in the right direction!"—*just as some of you say of financial reform and the Charter.*

Chartists! Do you see the inconsistency—do you see the folly—do you see the treachery of joining the financial reformers?

You, who would be the very first to hoot at Thompson or Walmsley if they joined Lord John Russell, look at the beam in your own eyes before you talk of that in another's.

How can you expect men to be true to you, if you are not true to yourselves?

Ask yourselves, what is it that pushes reform on? What brings Lord John into the field? Because Walmsley, Lord Stanhope, Cobden, and THE CHARTIST are in the field also, with their five several measures of the franchise. What will make Lord John's measure more expansive by next session? If Walmsley, Cobden, Stanhope, and all the rest were to say, "We'll join you?" No! Then he would say, "Oh! I find I need not go as far as I thought I should be obliged to do. All these men are *joining* me." But let them all stand aloof—let them all go on organising and strengthening their own parties—let them cry, "*That's not enough—we can't support you on those terms*—we shall go on with our own agitation, and not give you one iota of countenance or assistance." What would Lord John Russell say then? He would say, "The deuce take them! I find I shan't be able to carry my measure as it stands at present—they'll quite cut me out—*I must go a step further!*"

So it is with the Charter and financial reform: if you wish them to go on, you must stand aloof. Every man who joins the financial reformers is an enemy in our own camp.

Moreover, there is a split in the middle-class army. Cobden, Bright, and Co., have started a counter-movement in Manchester, *in* OPPOSITION *to the financial reformers*, and somewhat less comprehensive than the scheme of the latter. George Thompson moved an amendment, and got himself insulted for his pains, as did Walmsley. At their *ticket* meeting, in the Free-trade Hall, the latter was put down by the aristocracy of labour and the middle-class. The "financials" can no longer form a party, without the support of the Chartists. If the Chartists join them on their financial basis, they will be used merely as leverage of the one middle-class faction against the other. But, I repeat, the "financials" cannot do without us. *They must have us on any terms.* And if we refuse all terms except the CHARTER itself, *to the Charter they must come, for it is neck or nothing with them.*

Every man, therefore, who now joins the financial reformers, instead of aiding the cause

of progression, does it the most irreparable and fatal injury he can inflict. He takes away from the financial reform party the necessity and the excuse for being Chartists.

Again—see the position a man places himself in, by belonging to both parties at the same time: both parties have an organisation—both organisations an executive. It is possible—nay, it is *probable*—nay, it is CERTAIN, that the one party will be struggling against the other. The man who belongs to both (a moral Janus) pledges, with raised hand, fealty to both, and obedience to the executives of both. Now, then, the executive of the one body summons him to vote one way—that of the other another way: it may be a most critical and important moment: which is he to support? To either he has pledged his word—each has a right to calculate on his adherence—he must break his word to the one—deceive their confidence, and desert their ranks. Is this a position for a man of honour? Is this a position any consistent Chartist or thinking democrat can assume for a single moment?

If this holds good for the *members* of the association, it holds doubly good for its *officers*. On both councils they are bound to do the best for each: they clash—and they must turn traitors to the one—or desert it at the critical moment when their desertion would prove most injurious, which is a practical treachery, however it may be glossed over by miserable sophism. Such a position is wholly unworthy of a man of honour, and I can but express my surprise at the short-sightedness of some men whom I *know* to be estimable and honourable, in not seeing through the more than equivocal circumstances in which they thus unthinkingly place themselves.

But what shall we say of Chartists electing men who in their writings have stated financial reform should be a preliminary step towards the Charter? What would you say of the same officer holding a commission in two hostile armies?

Chartists! Will you vote yourselves unfit for the Charter by electing such?

I therefore repeat, no man ought to be elected on our executive, who is in any way connected with, or a supporter of, any other political franchise movement.

One word, as to a proposition made by a sterling Chartist, that there should be an executive of three paid, and two honorary members. Every good democrat must dissent from this—*equality is the basis of well concerted action* in a Chartist Executive. We don't want one man to play and the other to work. We don't want one man, on the strength of a great name, or superior riches, to enact the fine gentleman towards his working-brethren. The Chartist Executive must consist of *bees*, unclogged with gilded drones.

If it is of importance to have a really Chartist Executive for the Charter, it is indispensable that every Chartist should vote for an executive.

If they do not—if they stand aloof in any numbers—cliques, factions, and personal interests (which always exist more or less in every movement, and which are, unfortunately, always the most active portion of every movement) will take the lead, and gain the day. Then, perhaps, the neutral body will feel dissatisfied at the executive elected, rail at the small number of the electors, and refuse to obey the result of their votes. This will sow the seeds of division in our movement—and disunion now would be fatal—as must also be a mistaken policy. Therefore, every Chartist must now register his vote, and, above all, *LET THE NUMBERS FORWARDED FROM EACH LOCALITY BE PUBLISHED*, with the name of the secretary who sends the list.

This is very important.

Where there are no localities, but where single names are sent up, let the name and the address be published also. Those that are *afraid* had best withold their votes altogether. Of such there are but few, for most belong to localities, and would come in the secretaries' list, he vouching for the correctness of the numbers.

Should the *Star* or *Reynold's Newspaper* not be able to spare room for the list, that need be no impediment, for I promise to publish it in the *Notes*, if forwarded, even should it be necessary to add a supplement to the number.

ERNEST JONES.

POSTSCRIPT.—ON THE MIDDLE-CLASS REFORM MOVEMENT.

One of the reasons why some members of the Chartist body are giving in adherence to the financial reform movement, is, because led by false estimates and insidious glitter, they believe it to be more comprehensive than it really is. They are told that it would enfranchise all householders, and one million lodgers.

They are further told, that, according to the census, there are about 3,600,000 houses. This, together with the lodgers, would make 4,600,000 electors out of 7,000,000 of male adults.

This is utterly and culpably incorrect.

Three million six hundred thousand "inhabited" houses do not mean 3,600,000 electors. All the rich have more than one house—some as much as five or six, which they occupy all themselves. For instance, your rich noble, or merchant will have his house in the city, and his west-end mansion, his suburban and marine villa, his country-seat (or seats), in each of which he resides a portion of the year.

All these count as "inhabited" houses, but give only one vote. Again, many of these 3,600,000 houses belong to, and are inhabited by, old maids, widows, and minors—and there is little doubt but that one and a half millions would be struck off, if the inhabitancy of the houses were thus analysed. So that their franchise measure would (including their "million lodgers") embrace a constituency of not more than *three millions* of electors out of SEVEN MILLION male adults. Moreover, what do you say to a basis of a franchise that grows smaller as the population becomes more large? The census shows that within the last ten years there are proportionably 200,000 fewer houses for the country.

And this they want us to believe is almost universal suffrage.

But is it a step *towards* the Charter? No! it is a step *away* from it:

The householder and rate-paying clause disqualify the poor—*so that only the richest out of the seven millions would become electors!*

The 4,000,000 unenfranchised poor would then be *farther from* the Charter, instead of nearer to it, because the privileged caste (being 3 to 4) would be so strong, that the unenfranchised opposition would not have preponderating power enough to enforce its claim.

They would sink to Spartan Helots or Indian Pariahs.

Working-men! Read this over attentively. I warn you. The key to the future depends on this question.

The tendency of our social system is to make social pariahs, to have a substratum of labour helplessly, hopelessly poor and powerless. Six millions of them against one million of privileged masters, is a too dangerous discrepancy. Four millions of them against three millions of masters can be *coerced*. Cast deeper and deeper into the most abject poverty, the tools, machines, and engines of their richer brethren—how are they to extricate themselves—how are they to raise themselves to the level of the same political rights? They will be lost—lost—FOR EVER LOST!

Now it is still time! Now they have still *numbers*—then they will not have the chance—*the numbers will be too equal.*

Again—most solemnly do I warn you—reflect—reflect deeply on this!

Moreover, the whole scheme is artfully contrived to ensure the entire power to the rich.

As the householding and ratepaying clauses ensure the preponderance of power in the new constituency to the rich—so the ballot screens them in the exercise of their power. With THEIR measure, it is an injury, not a benefit; for it defends the middle-class majority in the three million-constituency, from the exclusive dealing and hostility of the four million unenfranchised slaves—without conferring any benefit on the latter in return; while the omission of payment of members leaves the poor virtually to be represented by the rich.

Chartists! Is this a step *towards* the Charter? I tell you, *it closes the gates against it, perhaps for ever.*

Read dispassionately the preceding arguments—and judge!

Chartists! Is this a measure we are to approve of?—is this a movement we are to join, to the detriment of our own?

Chartists! Will you once more enact the old folly of surrendering the field, just at the moment when a little more of perseverance must conquer it for yourselves? How often has not this been enacted in the history of mankind!

E. J.

The Co-operative Movement.

I.—THE CASTLE STREET TAILORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NOTES."

In No. 31 of the "Notes" I find a communication from a correspondent who is desirous of hearing from me or my fellow "associates" our version of the doings in Castle-street. With your permission, sir, I am ready to give your readers that statement, challenging, at the same time, the manager of that association to disprove it if he can. All I ask, all I seek, is a *fair issue.*

'Tis true, we have suffered a *wrong* in silence; our efforts to be heard proving hitherto ineffectual. Where have been the means of a working man making known his wrongs until now? The *Christian Socialist* itself denied us its columns, because we spoke boldly out—because we called an impostor an impostor, we lacked "common propriety;" but why should a man be afraid to speak that which he thinks and knows to be true?

No doubt there are many "spouters of liberalism" who are found the greatest of tyrants when tested, and whenever you see a person insult his inferiors, you may be sure he will *creep* to his superiors; he will play the part of a bully to those who cannot resist, and of a coward to those who can. Craving inser-

tion for this, with permission for the future, * I remain, sir, yours truly,

GEORGE E. HARRIS.

4, *Great James-street, Lisson Grove.*

II.—THE MINERS OF CORNWALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NOTES."

I live in a part of the country where political and social writings are scarce, and the reading of them *criminal*; however, I manage to read the "Notes," which are furnished me through the medium of a friend. In No. 28 I was not a little surprised to see a letter from an old acquaintance and fellow-townsman, wherein he states that *tyranny* exists in the present co-operative movement. Now, Sir, first and last, I have heard a good deal about the Castle-street tailors; I have also known Mr. Harris make great sacrifices for "conscience' sake"—his natural opposition to tyranny—and I should like some further explanation of his case.

I received No. 29 of the "Notes" yesterday, and have read and examined Mr. Neale's letter on Co-operation and Communion. It contains nothing difficult to answer. The thing you advocate, he says, is "communion." It is very old. Granted. What then? Is it *impracticable?* No. The case of A, B, and C's boot-making, &c. refutes itself, and suggests to me the idea that Mr. N. does not *exactly* comprehend the principles of communion. The miners of Cornwall generally adopt the communistic principle in their work. I wish they would adopt it in every other respect. Thus, A, B, C, D, and so on, are miners. They agree to work "tit" or "set" work; that is, they agree to work a month without knowing what that time may produce to them. They work by release of six hours each, and do the best they can to raise as much "ore", as possible. A and B will raise as much "ore" in six hours, as C and D will in twelve. Yet this will not alter *value* of time. Each has done his best, but A and B are physically stronger, and the "lode" more favourable to cut. (Precisely the same may be the case with A and B, the boot-makers; a great deal depends on trimmings and materials.) On pay-day, that is, at the end of the month, a measurement is taken, computation made, and each receives an *equal* share of the produce of their labour.

MARTYN POOLEY.

* Mr. Harris's communications, or those of any other friend of truth who may be desirous of exposing a fallacy or a wrong, will always be gladly inserted—E. J.

III.—THE AMERICAN FACTORIES.

The plan proposed in these "Notes," as the only sound basis for Co-operation, namely, the DIFFUSION of the capital obtained, instead of its *centralisation*, is, to a great extent, in practical operation in the United States of America.

The spirit of the charter given to the incorporated companies of Lowell in Massachusets, in Lawrence, Vashna, Manchester, &c., in New Hampshire, is, that there shall not be less than five of a company with not less than 25,000 dollars (the *maximum* of both members and dollars being undefined). The condition of the division of the profits is as follows:—Not more than six per cent. is to be allowed on the capital, *the residue is to be paid over to the United States Treasury, or to be vested into a sinking fund for the extension of manufactures or other branches of industry.*

Let Messrs. V. Neale, Lloyd Jones, &c., ponder on this practical mark of an enlightenment which they have not yet obtained.

The number of factories belonging to twelve incorporated companies in Lowell is fifty.

The number of persons employed is	.	12,630.
,, spindles	. .	300,291
,, looms	. .	8,749
,, yards of cotton cloth		920,900
,, ,, woollen	.	21,291
,, rugs	. . .	6,500
Whole amount of capital		12,000,000 dollars
Population in 1849	. . .	37,000

France and England.

OR

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

UNIVERSAL suffrage may be obtained, without popular sovereignty accompanying it. It is well that the people should not mistake universal suffrage, under all circumstances, for sovereign power.

France presents a memorable example of this fact.

Universal suffrage means popular sovereignty only when, firstly, the people are free in the exercise of their vote, and when, secondly, *they vote upon all the different branches of their government.* So, universal suffrage, for a House of Commons, is a mere farce, if there is a House of Lords with equal or superior powers, *not*

elected by universal suffrage. Universal suffrage for a Chamber of Deputies in France remains a mockery, if a senate exists not elected by universal suffrage, with co-ordinate or preponderating authority. This the crafty rulers of mankind well know; and, therefore, since universal suffrage *must* be conceded, they try to accompany it with such circumstances, as shall render it nugatory in its working.

France, I repeat, teaches us a memorable lesson. This game the bastard Cæsar of the age, without Cæsar's honour, or Cæsar's magnanimity, intends enacting. He has been able to render universal suffrage a nullity, by his bayonets.

An army has been training in Africa, amid the unchronicled savagery of barbarian warfare, fit to become an instrument in the hands of a tyrannic criminal. Literally severed, in act and spirit, from civilisation, its battalions have come back as aliens into their native France, and their deeds are now before history. It might have been foretold that the burning sands of Africa, a fiery nursery of despotism, were cradling the imps of war to be called home some day, ready tools of a purple-swathed iniquity.

This army, having murdered,—coerces. Universal suffrage is a farce, in the presence of that army. If military despotism could coerce the millions *without* the vote, it can coerce them *with* it. Their will, their wishes, were the same before as now,—the mere fact of being able to *express* them (and it is questionable whether they will be able to do even that), gives no additional power to *enforce* them in the presence of physical oppression. Now then, you singers of peace! where is the moral power? Now, Cobden, what will your moral force do in France? Three hundred thousand bayonets to keep freedom down—one thousand batteries to drown its voice: five million tongues will never burst the chain—one million pikes would do it in a hour!

Think of that, Cobden, and you others, who may well cry "Peace!" After having plundered the world, no doubt you wish to enjoy the spoil in quietude.

But to resume. Universal suffrage of a disarmed people, under the bayonets of a hostile army, is not power. Neither is universal suffrage, for a *part* of the legislature, popular sovereignty. The game will, therefore, be in France, not to withhold the franchise, but to nullify it by an army and a senate; in England to increase the power and influence of the Lords, and enlarge the standing army and police.

Therefore, we must be on our guard against insidious attempts. An excuse will be made of France having fallen under a military government, and the consequent fear of an invasion, *to increase our standing army.* Let the people be warned on this point. They may expect some such proposition to be made soon. Let them resist to the utmost any attempt to increase the army. Be warned by France! See what an army, alien in spirit to the people, as all standing armies are, has done there! Dread a like result in England. If they fear invasion, let them *arm the people*, not increase the army.

Let us further learn that there may be universal suffrage and a republic without liberty and without power for the people; but at the same time, not forget, that there cannot be liberty and power without a republic and universal suffrage.

This good, at least, the calamities of France confer on us: they teach us wisdom.

These calamities the English press will doubtlessly try to use as arguments against democracy. They will tell us, "Democracy always results in military despotisms." The charge is unfounded: it was not democracy that caused the military despotism,—it was not democracy trained 300,000 armed murderers in Algiers and elsewhere,—it was not democracy that abrogated universal suffrage,—it was the WANT of democracy that did all this. It was not democracy that strangled its own revolution—it was not democracy that broke the constituted laws—it was not democracy that charged, and cut, and stabbed, and shattered like a hurricane of desolation in the streets of Paris—it was the *enemies* of democracy who did all this. No charge then lies against democracy, oh *Times!*

It was not democracy that stole like a midnight thief into the very sanctuary of the state, but it *was* democracy that in open daylight, before the flame of its foes' innumerable guns, vindicated law upon its gallant barricades!

Be silent, *Times!* die, tongue of calumny! Democracy has proven itself peace, and law, and honour,—class-legislation stands before us clothed in murder, infamy, and fraud.

Had democracy ruled in France from '48, there would have been quiet, security, and happiness. You see what there is, because democracy does *not* rule.

But it is not alone the enemies of the people who will distort the moral to suit their purposes: the people themselves may become discouraged at seeing one of the most glorious revolutions the world ever witnessed (that of '48) result in temporary and apparent failure.

Now, the fact is, recent events should encourage, instead of depressing. What caused the failure of the revolution? An African army. Not any intrinsic vice or want of vitality in democracy itself, but one of those extraneous and accidental causes that, unhappily, so often operate in like manner, but that afford no argument against the success of democratic revolu-

tions. Take that African army off the board, and democracy has won the game.

Then, surely, in nations where there is *no* African army,—where there is no standing army of amount sufficient to coerce one large city, much less the whole people and the entire country,—if, in such a nation, democracy is once established, a reaction enforced by military despotism becomes impossible. Such a nation is the English. If the people once get the upper hand here, there is no danger of their losing it, by having it wrenched from them through physical force, from the simple reason that there is no physical force here (as there is in France) which can wrench it from them. Beware of letting such a force creep into existence!

Again: Such is the vast preponderance of the House of Commons over the House of Lords in our country, that, here, universal suffrage would, in reality, mean popular sovereignty, for the other elements of the class-constitution would give way before it.

If we, therefore, have the House of Commons, we have the government of the country.

England, from this reason, is the only country of Europe where democracy is possible without a civil war.

Therefore, Chartists! the Charter is worth struggling for in England.

But neither in France does any cause for discouragement exist. Democracy has gained by the recent catastrophe.

Louis Napoleon has not conquered from any innate strength, but from the unpopularity of the National Assembly. Few, very few, of the people took part in the late fight in Paris, as the *Times* confesses. It was that which helped Napoleon and his army to their victory. The people were pleased to see the bourgeoisie defeated, and universal suffrage (though but in name) planted on their political grave. They had no heart to fight *against* the battle-cry of the franchise, and in the defence of the men who took that franchise from them. THE PEOPLE HAVE NOT FOUGHT YET—their fight is still to come. Woe this time to the vanquished!

The people have, also, a much better chance in the battle, than they had a month ago: then, they had *many* despots to oppose—now they have but one! The middle-class is crushed—an autocrat is in its stead—the obelisk is placed upon its point—let the popular pedestal vibrate, and it falls. In England, on the contrary, the reverse is the case: the pyramid of class-legislation stands in its strongest position; pressing heavily on the substratum of the working-classes, it presents its broadest surface (the middle-class) below, and thence tapers gradually upward to a sceptred unit. It is this which has made it last so long—it is this which makes it still so powerful—it is this which makes the House of Commons the vastly preponderating branch of legislature—it is this which makes the rise of democracy slow and difficult in England—but it is this class also which makes its rise sure and safe, and its victory, when achieved, complete and definitive.

These material distinctions between the position of the popular element in France and England, should be well weighed by every public man. The game of democracy in France and England is essentially different.

In England, a steady, quiet organisation of the working-classes must thrust itself upward, in the same degree in which the glittering crust and superstructure of society begins to crack, and yawn, and flake off, as the rival interests among the privileged classes array their several sections against each other, and their internecine competition drives its leveling furrows through the lower grades of their society. Through the cracks in the roof we shall be able to thrust our heads, and look beyond the barriers of privilege!

In France, the pike and the barricade can alone decide, because the bayonet and the battery alone dictate.

But there, too, the struggle is simplified, and the chance improved. As already observed, seven hundred tyrants in the Assembly were more difficult to subvert with all their ramified interests, than one tyrant in the Elysee; and, in the long run, 300,000 men can never keep in subjection EIGHT MILLIONS, as brave as themselves, for that is the number capable of bearing arms in France, without reckoning the Prætorians of Napoleon.

Then, I say, democracy has gained by the recent treason of its enemy—for when he falls, as fall he must, since his power is unnatural in the nineteenth century, and the unnatural cannot live—when he falls, *by whom can he fall?* By none but the Red Republicans of France! The cry of "Order" cannot be used against him, for he has used it against the bourgeoisie. Royalty cannot beat him, since he strives for Empire. The red flag on the barricade can hurl him down alone, and democracy has gained this, that *nothing but the Red Republic is possible after him!*

The Red Republic! Red with the blood of others? No, *with its own!*

But on him, whom the crimes of the Assembly make no less criminal himself—on him, who stole, like a nocturnal thief on to the throne of power, who broke into Paris, as a midnight burglar breaks into a house, who strewed its streets with corpses of the defenceless, who flashed his artillery into the silent chambers of domestic life, who launched his ruffian soldiers, wild, drunk, and savage from the hot Sahara, into the chaste sanctuaries of home and love—on him, the Cain of modern Europe, who, worse, a thousandfold, than Nicholas of Russia, tortures, violates, and massacres with liberty upon his lip—on him descend the sword of the Red Republican in the

present, and on him, in the future, rest the curses of History and Time, deep, irrevocable, and destroying!

THE FRENCH ELECTION.—As Napoleon has stolen on the capital, so does he steal on the suffrages of the people. The latter are led away by his designing advocacy of the suffrage, and may, possibly, vote for him. But if they knew of his fearful atrocities in Paris, they would recoil with horror from the idea of supporting the master-murderer of the age.

This knowledge it is impossible for them to arrive at generally before the election is over; the free press is stopped—electric-wires, post-offices, and couriers are in the hands of the tyrant—a law is passed, making the "spreading of false news" penal by court-martial. Spread the dreadful truth, and it is "false news," silenced by the musket-balls of a "rank and file." Speak, write, persuade against the government, and it is death again! What chance have the people of France of knowing the real state of the case, and what, and whom, they vote for? The people of France don't know one hundredth part as much of what has taken place in Paris, as we do here in London.

Again: *the voting is to be secret.* HOW DO WE KNOW THAT A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE VOTES WILL BE GIVEN? The only safeguard of the people would be, not to vote at all, until universal suffrage is set free.

The Brotherhood of Man.

OR RACE *VERSUS* NATION.

A CHANGE is rapidly approaching over continental Europe; not a mere governmental, but an elementary change. In the early ages, the savage spirit of conquest impelled race against race; the confines of either were alternately broken down, and an amalgamation of discordant masses was the result. In the middle ages, individual ambition, seconded by the progress in the art of war, broke these empires of races into nations, and the conflict of nations perpetuated and increased the confusion of races. Thus, most of the kingdoms of Europe are put together of incongruous parts, annexed by invasion, held by force, and perpetuated by diplomacy. Centuries have in some instances elapsed since these forcible annexations;—one would have expected them to have given the stamp of perpetual nationalities to their various constructions; they have brought national associations, national histories, national traditions, and national monuments; they have created and fostered national prejudices and animosities; and, despite all, the old sympathies of RACE appear and appear again, even under circumstances and in places where least to be expected. We purpose illustrating this hereafter. At present, we will look into the causes of this apparent anomaly.

A distinguishing type has been preserved by the hand of nature. The Scandinavian, the Sclavonic, the Teuton, the Italian, the Frank, and the Celtic races, differ from each other in their physical appearance, and their mental constitution. Of course, by the word "race," we are not alluding to those broader distinctions, typified in the Caucasion, the African, the Malayan, etc,—but to those minor differences which have stamped an individual characteristic on different members of the European family. It is in this sense in which we have ventured to speak of an "Italian race;"—for in the amalgam of which the Italians consist we find, although broken into separate nationalities, one pervading and distinctive mental and physical characteristic.

This in them, as in others, has manifested itself in social customs, language, and literature; and it is to these causes that the wonderful sympathy of "race," still existant after the lapse of so many ages in the breasts of otherwise conflicting nations, is to be attributed.

To this active cause, the remodelling of the European system will be indebted for its origin. It is one great lever in the hands of modern democracy. It is one great aid to the realization of that noble principle, ALL MEN ARE BRETHREN. The splits in the human family, induced by the ambition of kings and conquerors, are about to be partially healed by the extension of the feeling of fraternity from the narrow limits of a kingdom to the boundary of a race. Verily, KINGDOMS are changing into KIN-DOMS.

Thus we find the Italians struggling, not for the independence of Naples from Rome, or Rome from Austria, but for that of Italy from the German,—"*All Italians are brethren!*"

Thus we find even the most discordant national animosities smothered, and the Russian and the Pole struggling for one Sclavonic republic! Thus the conspiracy of Pestel, Bustaeff, and Ryleyeff was intended to amalgamate both nations under one free government—

and thus Nicholas endeavours to use this very circumstance for tyranical purposes, in trying, and with some effect, to impress the Poles with the belief, that his mission is to gather all the scattered wrecks of the Sclavonic race into one great union. The latter part of his object will be realised by the people, but the tyranny will be frustrated, for here too it is democracy that raises the cry—"*All Sclavonians are brethren!*"

Thus we find that Sweeden, Norway, Denmark and Finland,* are drawing nearer to each other. Here, too, the national animosities engendered by kings are being rapidly forgotten. The *crowns*, not the people, of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway fought with hostile interests. Norway and Sweeden *are* united; and when the present king of Denmark dies, a union between the Danes and Swedes is more than probable. The people on either side the water desire it, and the weak barrier of a debauched and imbecile prince will hardly be surmountable. The Finns, too, are looking back with affection to the time of their union with Sweeden; and looking forward with impatience to the renewal of that union. There, too, in those northern lands, the cry is being raised: "*All Scandinavians are brethren!*"

Thus we find that Germany is endeavouring to reconstruct her lopped members into one great body. In Germany, as well, feelings of national hostility are being smothered. Long wars and rivalries taught the Prussian and the Austrian to hate each other; and kingly ambition made Prussia disliked by the minor states. Now, mark the change! Now, what is the cry? "One fatherland! One Germany!" "*All Germans are brethren!*"

Even in our own country, the same spirit of "race" is apparent. It is a striking feature of the times, that the "Celt" is speaking of the "Saxon" as a foreigner, and that the Saxon, after the lapse of eight hundred years, speaks of the domiciled "Norman" as an invader, and points to the scions of our aristocracy, descended from a Norman stock, as conquerors and aliens in the land! The distinctive features of race and their requirements are becoming daily more apparent.

* The Finns may, indeed, trace a difference of race from the Swedes—but the difference is still greater between them and the Russians; therefore, an alliance with the Swedes would be an approximation on their part to the principle of the sovereignty of races.

Scotland, indeed, possesses her Scottish kirk and Scottish law; but in Ireland the cry is raised of "Ireland for the Irish." It is a cry of "race," under the guise of a shout of nationality. Yet the link of friendship is not wanting between the sister countries, and through this little island world of ours, this cry, as well, is raised: "*Saxon and Celt are brethren.*

This is an approximation to that greater principle of "*All Men are Brethren.*" Much will be achieved if each distinctive race can be gathered into a separate family bond—it will pave the way for general fraternity, since democracy is at work throughout the world. A glance at the state of Europe will shew that the present system cannot last; that the present thrones will crumble, and the present limits of kingdoms shrink or spread. Then, out of the deluge of convulsive change that will, ere long, agitate the continent, we shall see it emerge under a new aspect. The present national boundaries will be swept away, and the dominions of races will be established in the Scandinavian, Sclavonic, Italian, and Germanic unions. Nor, thanks to the spirit of freedom, will these be moulded under the grasp of monarchs; but, as the storm will be raised by democracy against despotism, so shall we trace the victory of the latter by the establishment of federal republics. Those national feelings, which, in some countries, might yet militate against this great result (and we are aware that the Pole and the Dane yet cling fondly to a restrictive nationality), may be spared and harmonised, by these still retaining a separate individuality, a separate government, and yet forming a part of each great union of race, by joining each other in a federative system of republics. Thus, Poland may obtain an independent government, yet form one of the Sclavonic confederation. Thus, Ireland seeks a Repeal of the Union, and would yet remain the confederate ally of England.

These are the results to which the approaching crisis in Europe appears pointing. But this brotherhood of race will be extended in the lapse of time; and it may not be a mere dream of the visionary to contemplate the period in which these narrower limits will be widened into Caucasian, Malayan, African republics, spreading thus the circle of human sympathy, until indeed the words are realised: "*All Men are Brethren.*"

Poets of America.

Edgar Allan Poe.

A MELANCHOLY tale is that of Edgar Poe, the most musical bard of the great west.

He was the son of David Poe and Elizabeth Arnold. His father was the fourth son of General Poe, a name well known in the revolutionary war. Some little interest is attached to his memory from the visit of General Lafayette, during his memorable visit to this country, making a pilgrimage to his grave.

Mr. David Poe had three children—Henry, Edgar (the poet) and Rosalie. On the death of their parents, Edgar and Rosalie were adopted by a wealthy merchant of the name of Allan. Having no children, Mr Allan unhesitatingly avowed to all his intention of making Edgar his heir. He was now accustomed to wealth, luxury, and splendour, and no necessity for future labour was inculcated on his mind.

In 1816, the subject of this memoir was taken by his adopted parents to England, and after making with them the tour of Scotland, he was left for five years to complete his education at Dr. Bransby's, of Stoke Newington. The curious reader will find a description of this school in one of Poe's sketches called "William Wilson."

Returning to America, he went to various academies, and finally to the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. Infected by the manners of this dissolute institution, he contracted habits of pleasure, through not of vice. His time was much spent, too, in rambling among the wild scenery of the Blue Ridge mountains, amid the romantic hills of which he drank the full tide of poetic inspiration. Notwithstanding, he took the first honours of the college, and returned home, accomplished, high-minded, talented, fit to shine, but wholly unfitted to toil through life. The dull routine of mercantile America was too cold for his ardent nature, and he resolved, in conjunction with a friend, to take part in the Greek Revolution. His companion, Ebenezer Burling, soon abandoned him. Edgar proceeded as far as St. Petersburgh; there he was seized by the Imperial government, and it was only the powerful intervention of the American consul that saved him from being sent to Siberia, and enabled him to return to the United States.

But here a great change awaited him. His benefactress, Mrs. Allan, was dead. This was the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. Mr. Allan now neglected the poor orphan. He was sent to West Point Academy, having resolved to devote himself to a military life. He entered on his new career with characteristic energy, and soon distinguished himself; but the fates willed that Mr. Allan, in his dotage, should marry a girl young enough to be her husband's grand daughter. This designing creature at once set about estranging the merchant from the orphan, with a view of securing the inheritance of the former for herself. Edgar was little calculated, with his proud, manly spirit, to counteract her designs, and when a child was born of the marriage, the triumph and the influence of the step-mother became complete. Edgar, therefore, left West Point, convinced that the American army was no longer a sphere for him, for its haltes are as expensive, its patronage is as exclusive, as our own.

Once more, therefore, he prepared to cast his noble life on the tide of revolution, and embarked for Poland, to join in the struggle of the Poles against their terrible oppressors. But Warsaw fell before he could arrive, and the chivalric poet was again frustrated in his object. He therefore returned to Baltimore. Another change awaited this second return; Mr. Allan was dead, and had left him not a single shilling! It is said this man's widow even refused him his own books!

About this time came the turning point in Mr. Poe's life. Nature had given him a poetical mind; accident now afforded the opportunity for its development.

The editors of the *Baltimore Visitor* had offered a premium for the best prose tale, and also one for the best poem. The umpires were men of taste and ability, and, after a careful consideration of the productions, they decided that Mr. Poe was undoubtedly entitled to both prizes. As Mr. Poe was entirely unknown to them, this was a genuine tribute to his superior merit.

The poem he sent was the "Coliseum," and six tales for their selection. Not content with awarding the premiums, they declared that the worst of the six tales referred to was better than the best of the other competitors.

Some little time after this triumph he was engaged by Mr. White to edit the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which had been established about seven months, and had attained a circulation of about four hundred subscribers.

There he remained for nearly two years, devoting the energies of his rich and ingenious mind to the interest of the Review; so much was he regarded there that when he left he had

raised the circulation of the journal to above three thousand.

Very much of this success was owing to the fearlessness of his criticisms. Always in earnest, he was either on one side or the other; he had a scorn of the respectable level trash which has too long brooded like a nightmare over American literature. He did not like tamely to submit to the dethronement of genius, and the instalment of a feeble, sickly grace, and an amiable mediocrity. What gods and men abhor, according to Horace, a certain class of critics and readers in America adore. America is jealous of her victories by sea and land—is proud of advantages with which she has nothing to do, such as Niagara, the Mississippi, and the other wonders of nature. An American points with pride to the magnificent steamboats which ride the waters like things of life. Foreigners sometimes smile at the honest satisfaction, even enthusiasm, which lights up the national face when a few hundred troops file down Broadway, to discordant drums and squeaking fifes. But all their natural feeling and national pride stop here. So far from the American public taking any interest in their own men of genius—in the triumphs of mind—they absolutely allow others openly to conspire, and put down every attempt to establish a national literature.

The Americans are a shrewd and far-seeing people, but they are somewhat too material; they must not believe that a nation can long exist without men of thought, as well as men of action. The salvation of America lies in the possession of a Republican literature. The literature of England is slowly sapping the foundation of her institutions. England does all her thinking, and if this system continues, the action of this great nation will be in accordance with the will of the old country. Like the Gulf Stream of Florida, the current of aristocratical genius is slowly drifting the ark of America to a point they little dream of, and never intend. The very bulk of this country renders the operation unseen; but, though imperceptible to the eye, it is palpable to the mind, and certain in its results. Let the people consider this matter, and remedy it before they find the republican form governed by a foreign and aristocratical mind. If luxury enervated the Roman Body, so will a foreign pabulum destroy the American Mind.

Edgar Poe lived on the precarious and painful maintenance afforded by the editing of various periodicals. He married a young lady, with whom he could not live happily, in the real acceptance of the term—for "love and a cottage" is a poet's dream, and not a life's reality. "When poverty comes in at the door," alas! too often "love flies out at the window." But, if a woman (in the person of a stepmother) had wrought his ruin, it was reserved for a woman, Mrs. Clem, his wife's mother, to soothe the last years of his early decline.

Assailed by calumny on every side, and of every sort, for which there was no one foundation, except that of, not drunkenness, but of such a highly wrought nervous system that one single glass of wine disordered his brain—accused of arrogance and heartlessness, because the reserved pride of genius could not stoop to the intrigues of sordid minds—arraigned of idleness, because, like all prophets, from the Messiah back to the creation, and down to the present day, he thought more of *teaching* than of living—neglected, maligned, and vilified, hunted down by the press—who could not brook an original independent genius—(for, learn, reader! that a monopoly of literature is kept up by the most infernal system, the same as a monopoly in land)—Mrs. Clem received him, soothed him, sheltered him, and to her will be awarded in the history of genius the rarest of all crowns, the wreath placed by God's hands—through his noblest creatures—on woman's beautiful and matron brow. Even in her lifetime she will receive the world's acknowledgment of her nobility of soul; and the tongues whom envy or shame froze in the life of her gifted but unhappy son-in-law, will thaw, and like the fable of old utter praises to the perished one, condemning their own wretched selves.

Oh! that a hand would arise, who, carefully registering the arts of these wretched shams of humanity—these suits of dress with a patent digester placed inside—would whip them naked through the world; when—after persecuting the prophets, and guarding the clothes of the murderers—they, terrified into a mongrel and disgusting recognition of genius, audaciously join in the procession, as though they were the genuine mourners of the martyred man.

The *Home Journal*, a liberal and enlightened American paper, has vindicated his character after death, and paid the tribute due to this martyr of society.

He died, as Shelley, Savage, Chatterton, Burns, Thom, and Keates—maligned, reviled, worn down, and broken-hearted—and, fortunate for him! he died *young!*

We now proceed to his works. When 13, he wrote a little book of poems—possessed of no little beauty—and he is the author of several prose tales, which are now ranked among the standard works of America. But as a poet, he is the pre-eminently most musical of his age. We will illustrate this by quoting from "Annabel Lee," and "The Raven," two immortals from the garden of genius. The melancholy cadence of his soul shines forth in both—the gloomy wildness of his fate, looms darkling through the latter.

(Concluded in our next.)

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.

(Continued from page 652.)

VIII.—THE FALL.

It would be unjust to say that the young student harboured any sinister intentions when he bore Anna to the cab. Astonished, and unable at the moment to explain what he saw (for Anna had never confided to him her poverty), he spurned the coarse solution of the mystery offered by the policeman. His first impulse was, to take her direct to her own home—but, seeing her apparently dying state, he stopped at a house for some refreshment—he poured it forcibly down her mouth—she began to revive—and the sunrise of returning life to mantle over the cold alabaster of her dimpled cheek. By degrees she recovered somewhat of consciousness—but the restoratives administered after her long fast, flew to her head, and rendered her incapable of controlling her own actions.

The cabman was directed to drive to Anna's home. It was nearly midnight—the way was long—darkness hung around. The young student clasped her in his arms, strained her palpitating form to his—he really loved her in that hour—he would not have injured her for the prize of a world. He joyed as the returning life beat from her heart to his, he joyed to press the small, cold hands, and mark them begin to glow beneath his touch—he joyed to feel that gentle little head lie so confidingly upon his breast, and gaze upward in his face, half love and half exhaustion. No! he would not have injured her for *more* than worlds could give. That was a holy—that was a happy hour—perhaps the happiest of both their lives—because the purest.

And so they went on, rolling through the dingy and deserted streets in that wretched vehicle. Ah! what tales could the street cabs tell—what errands have they not borne on—what scenes have they not stifled amid their low and narrow pannels!

At length, they reached the outskirts of the town—the cab stopped—the student gave directions. "Oh, no! not there! not there!" cried Anna, anxiously.

"Where will you go to then—dear Anna? Tell me—and I'll take you."

"Oh! not there—let me go!"—she murmured, half stupified, alike by the effects of exhaustion, and of the stimulants that had restored her to life.

She tried to get out of the cab—he detained her.

"But, for the love of heaven! Anna, tell me, where are you going?"

"I don't know—anywhere. Oh, heaven! let me die!"—and a flood of tears burst from her breaking heart.

"Anna! have you no home!"

She was silent—but the tears rolled in great drops to the ground, and the low, half-stifled sobs answered bitterly.

"Anna! you know I love you—you know you can trust me—tell me all—what has happened?—where would you have gone, had I not met you?—tell me, dearest Anna!"

He soon gleaned the sad tale from her broken words and sobs. He asked her to seek refuge with him, until returning day enabled them to take counsel as to the best course to be pursued.

Anna refused—refused resolutely. Meanwhile the cab had been dismissed and drove off—they stood alone in the bleak midnight. A deadly chill crept shuddering through the poor young girl.

"Come, Anna!" and he wound his arm around her waist, and drew her towards him.

But she tore herself away, with momentary strength, and hurried down the lane in the darkness.

The student rapidly pursued, but ere he could reach her, she had fallen senseless to the ground.

Without loss of time, he raised her in his arms, and bore her to the door of the old lodging-house, from which they were not more than about one hundred yards distant. Its inmates had long retired to bed; but he

was possessed of a latch-key; cautiously he opened the door; cautiously he closed it; stealthily and silently he bore his precious burden up the stairs, and entered his own rooms. Once he started, and stopped; he thought he heard a creaking sound in the lobby; he turned, and a shadow seemed for a moment to flicker along the steps by the dim light of the expiring lantern in the hall—but it might have been merely the oscillation of the smoky light itself.

He deposited the still unconscious girl on a sofa, and then shut and locked the door that led from the landing to his rooms.

A warm fire still glowed in the grate, quiet and rosy—the silver gleam of a night-lamp mantled through its alabaster lotus over the damasked walls. Cordials and wines in crystal flagons stood on the table, beside dainty viands, placed ready for his return. The thick sheltering curtains closed in rich mysterious folds before the windows,—there was a charm of secrecy and silence.

The student had suffered from the chillness of the night; he quaffed a glass of generous wine, and, stooping over his unconscious guest, moistened her lips alternately with the kisses of Bacchus and of love.

A light flame began to leap upward in the grate, like the pulse of a hidden life—its genial glow played over the cold limbs and dripping robe of Anna—he chafed her hands, he unfolded her dewy shawl, he undid her moist torn bonnet; her hair's brown luxuriance fell in a ravishing shower over her white shoulders—her symmetrical beauty lay in listless helplessness;—the enjoyments of the social table he had left, the glass just added, began to make his blood bound hotter in his veins—he quickened his ardent kisses on the unconscious maid. She was restored to animation—he hung over her, he clasped her to his breast—her cheek and eye soon brightened—her elastic form glowed—body and soul were vivified alike. The heating draught, the nourishing viands, roused the dormant pulse of animal life, while the love in every look and tone, the strange magnetic influence of affection, lulled and charmed alike the higher faculties of heart and brain. Half stunned, dizzy, and exhausted, stimulated by every condition of time and circumstance,—oh! Nature! why did you make them human? Oh! Fate! why did you bring them thus together?

World! judge not harshly of them. She fell—let her who would have stood under the same circumstances, throw the first stone! He sinned—he *did* sin—but, by the temptation and the danger, weigh the crime.

That was a night of ecstasy.

IX.—THE WAKING.

The grey light of morning, like chiding finger of severest saint, came faintly through the window-shutter's cleft.

It scared the brightest dream, the fondest delirium, mortals ever knew.

The lovers rose—she blushing, abashed, distracted; he, like a victor, and without one pang of conscience,—the deed once done, his light philosophy played Stoic with the act.

"Mine! mine! sweet Anna!—wholly, solely, mine!" and he clasped the shrinking maiden to his heart.

She was his—she felt it—yes, she felt instinctively the full force of that union; hesitation and fear had flown—and she gave herself up, after a passing coyness—the last faint stand of retiring innocence before its foe—to the full torrent of her generous, ardent, enthusiastic love. She tried to drown reflection in continued ecstasy.

This, too, had been a happy hour, had not the thin, wavering spectre of foreboding doubt, risen silently on the horizon of that warm heaven of passion now enfolded round her.

But counsel came with sobering, chilling day. The poor struggle was made to screen from the world without, what could not be screened from the world within the breast and brain. The first object was to keep up appearances, and to get Anna out of the house unperceived. Then the student was to take apartments for her—and * * * what then?—what future?—what end? Alas!

All precautions had been taken: the student had been down to the very street door, to see that nobody was in the way—the moment seemed auspicious—he returned to fetch Anna, but scarcely had he re-entered his room for the purpose, and was beckoning to Anna, ere—

"Good morning, sir!" said a voice close behind him, and Treadstone stood on the threshold.

Anna gave a shriek, and hid her face in her hands.

"What do you want? I did not call you!"

"No! not likely, sir! with such pleasant company. Good morning, miss! you needn't hide your face, for I know all about it—I saw you come in at 12 o'clock last night."

"I'm lost!" murmured Anna.

"No! not a bit of it—you're *found!* just the other way. You're found! just caught—found out—I've got you now. He! he!"

And a devilish grin distorted his sinister countenance.

Poor Anna moaned cowering beneath the words. The flush of anger mounted to the face of the student at the man's insolence, but he controlled himself.

"Lower your voice, Treadstone! you've no occasion to speak of this further——you understand."

"Understand? to be sure I do. I understand what I see—and the whole house shall understand it too. Do you suppose I will allow my mistress's roof to be disgraced by bringing——"

"Silence, sir," thundered Trelawney, thrown off his guard by indignation, then added in a subdued tone, "You know me—it shall be worth your while to be quiet," and he slipped a sovereign in his hand.

"Take back your bribe, sir," said the lacquey, with a malicious sneer. "I have a duty to perform—a painful duty—He, he, he!"

Trelawney supposed that Treadstone merely stood out for a higher bribe, and was about to satisfy him, as he thought, when the spiteful tone and the revengeful triumph in his voice, shewed him, for he was a keen observer of nature, that there was something more than sordid avarice working in his breast.

He paused. The lacquey continued:

"So, so, Miss Anna! this is the why you gave me the cold shoulder. You were hankering after a fine young spark like this—you were intriguing with a richer paramour—after you had got all the money you could wheedle out of me." Anna remained silent and tearless. "But I'm even with you now; I'll publish your disgrace to the whole house and the whole neighbourhood. I didn't think when you jilted me, you'd be brought in like a street-walker in the dead of the night into my mistress's house."

"Out of the room this instant, fellow!" and Trelawney dashed the door open, and raised his clenched fist in menace.

"Mercy! mercy! don't let all the house hear it," cried the miserable girl.

Again Trelawney mastered his anger—"Name your price, sir!"

"My price! ha, ha! That I'll take out of *her*, not *you!*" and his keen, grey eyes shot livid fire. The secret was out—he had loved as far as his coarse, callous nature could—and if he was unable to feel the higher and softening influences of love's holy passion, he was doubly open to the shadow it so often leaves—unpitying revenge and jealous hate. Treasures could not have subdued, at that moment, the otherwise sordid, avaricious lacquey.

"My price? I wish you joy of *your* bargain. You have but second-best though, Mr. Trelawney; she did that with me long ago, which you did only last night. Ha, ha!"

Before he could finish his laugh, the strong hand of Trelawney had beaten laughter and breath alike down the throat of the audacious libeller.

But, having done so, he paused, as Treadstone, raised himself, writhing, from the ground. He had struck the blow in the first generous confidence of indignant love. But an after-thought came like ice upon his heart, an after-thought born of the hollow conventionality of his order. What did he know of Anna? She might, for aught he knew, be a beautiful, crafty, designing intriguante. One glance at the girl stamped the doubt as sacrilege. She had risen: there she stood, calm, grand, and glorious, confronting the traducer. She spoke no word, but none, who saw, could waver.

Treadstone cowered beneath her look more than at the blow of her avenger; but he turned his face aside, and grew strong once more.

"Help! murder! help!" he shouted at the top of his voice, as he clung to the banister of the landing, and the raised household thronged to the scene, and entered the room before Trelawney could close the door.

"I take you all to witness, I've been murderously assaulted," cried the lacquey.

"Pretty doings this, sir," said the wizzened landlady. "When I had a reference of you, sir, I didn't think——. Well, I never! I have let lodgings for fourteen years, and I never knew a gentleman bring a street-walker into my house before. Get out of my sight, you thing!" she continued, turning to Anna, whom she affected not to know, but whom she had long hated, as she did all that was beautiful and young. "You will see, sir, you must leave my house at once——that ever such a thing should happen in a respectable house like mine! I'm ruined! I'm undone! The honour of my establishment is gone!—— Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!——" and she pretended to cry, till the scanty crocodile tears did indeed ooze down her leathern cheeks. "And as for you, you jade, you common harlot, I wonder you don't sink in the earth. I wonder you're not ashamed to look an honourable woman like me in the face."

(She had been the discarded mistress of Lord Kickstool!)

Poor Anna had once more cowered down overwhelmed. She was tasting the first consequence of plucking the forbidden fruit.

Ere two moments had elapsed the intruders were driven pêle-mêle down the stair, as with a very whirlwind of unreflecting rage, Trelawney silenced the vile pack in their midcry. But the stab had been given—the poisoned arrow had reached home—it struck its gentle victim mortally.

The door was closed—the hungry world, a wolfish crew howling for reputations, was shut out—but that door would have to be opened, that ordeal of raving jaws and blighting eyes would have to be confronted and passed through!

(To be continued.)

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(Continued from No. 34, p. 655.)

XXV.—MISTAKES.

After the battle of Raab, Kossuth had summoned Gorgey to hasten to Pesth, for the defence of the capital. Gorgey well knew that the capital could be defended much more safely by an army at Komorn, keeping the enemy at Raab, eight days' march from its walls. The right bank of the Danube was certainly in the Austrian hands, but it was not very probable they would venture on Pesth, leaving an unbroken and unconquered army to fall upon their rear. Accordingly, Görgey sent a letter to Kossuth, informing the government that the overwhelming force of the Imperialists prevented his maintaining the right bank; that, therefore, the road to Pesth lay open to the invader; that he had concentrated the patriot army at Komorn, and if the government thought proper to come to that place, he would defend them. If not, they had best select whatever place they thought most suitable.

Kossuth was excessively irritated at this letter. Unfortunately, the Commissioner Ludwig reached Pesth on the following day, and drew a most gloomy picture of the state of affairs, entreating Kossuth and the government to quit the capital.

Kossuth at once adjourned the Parliament, stopped the bank-note press (the only source of money), emptied the depôts and magazines, sent the stores and provisions away, and, with the most fatal want of judgment, urged on by Perczel and Dembinski, issued the sentence of removal, already recorded, against Görgey. The sensation in the army was immense. The news reached them the morning after their victory—Görgey, their hero, was lying severely wounded,—there was one burst of indignation and astonishment.

Meszaros, the new commander-in-chief, entirely lacked the confidence of the army—he had ever been unfortunate, if not incapable, as a general. The selection was most ill-judged. Meszaros embarked on a steamer at Pesth to proceed to the army; but, having arrived as far as Almas, he heard the reports of artillery, and afraid of falling into the hands of the enemy, he put about, and returned to whence he came.

General Klapka now saved the country in this crisis. He knew that the deposition of Görgey, if persisted in, would end in the mutiny of a part, and the dissolution of the whole, of the army. He, therefore, as the oldest general after Görgey, who was confined to his bed, called all the officers of the army together. He there explained to them, that Görgey was not removed from the war-office, but only from the chief command of the army; if, however, they wished him to retain the command of the army, and would sign a petition to that effect, he doubted not that the government would respect their wishes. The officers declared for themselves and their troops, to a man, that they had confidence in none as they had in Görgey. The petition was signed by all, and Klapka and General Nagy Shandor were commissioned to leave on the following morning (the 4th of July) for Pesth, for the purpose of its presentation.

This step saved the authority of the government. The troops were contented to wait, and compliance would turn aside the storm.

Meanwhile, Klapka had given directions that Görgey, who was in bed, dangerously ill of the fever consequent on his wound, should not be informed of the bad tidings: the intelligence was communicated to him notwithstanding. A deep and sullen gloom at once became manifest in Görgey's manner. It had made an impression on him not to be effaced—it had strengthened him in the conviction that Kossuth sought nothing else than his downfall, and that, to save himself, he must shake off all control of the central government.

The second mistake in this transaction was now made by Kossuth. Having discovered that Görgey's delay had arisen, not from

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

treachery or hostility, but from sound generalship, resulting in a glorious victory, he ought to have atoned for his rashness, and for the insult inflicted on the general, by a revocation of his decree, and a conciliatory measure, for the dignity of the government was covered by the respectful petition of the army. But instead of this, when Klapka and Shandor arrived at Pesth on the 8th of July, Kossuth refused to revoke the appointment of the incompetent Meszaros as commander-in-chief—he insisted, moreover, on Görgey's resigning the war-office; and consented only to leave the latter in command of the army of the Upper Danube, in the midst of which he now lay wounded on the bed of suffering. Nothing could have been more unwise! Instead of rewarding him, he punished him, after a victory—he degraded him from the two most important offices in the country—naturally disgusting him and irritating him to the last degree—and, having done so, actually left him the means of gratifying his anger, by continuing him in the command of the greatest and most important army in the field!

The interview between the deputies and the governor was a mournful and a fatal one. At its conclusion, the old minister Csanyi took Klapka's arm, and asked him to follow into another room.

A solemn conversation ensued between the two best patriots of Hungary—the old statesman and the youthful warrior. Csanyi dreaded the effect that evil counsellors would have upon the mind of Gorgey; he especially feared Colonel Bayer, the chief of his war-chancellery, who—bitterly hostile to Kossuth, a creature of Gorgey, but at the same time one possessing great influence over his patron—saw in the estrangement of the General from the government the rise of his own fortune and importance. His power depended upon the enmity between Kossuth and Gorgey. A reconciliation implied his fall.

"Csanyi's," says Klapka, recording this interview, "was among the loftiest and purest characters of the Hungarian revolution. He was sincerely attached to Gorgey, whom he loved as his own son. When we were alone, he pressed my hand, a tear of agony rolled over his haggard cheeks, and with a voice trembling with emotion, he told me that he saw the country faltering on the brink of an abyss. Salvation was still within our reach, if Gorgey would consult his heart as well as his head; if he could but break the charm which bound him to a man who was his evil genius [Colonel Bayer], and who sought to estrange him from his country's interest, and the affection of his friends.

"'As for me,' continued Csanyi, 'I am old. I have nothing to lose. If Pesth is again given up, I shall again be the last who leaves it. Perhaps I'll go to Szegedin, and even to Arad; but beyond Arad I will not go. I am too old to be an exile. I do not care what will happen to me; it is the thought of my country which harrows my soul.'"

Klapka protested in reply, that if Colonel Bayer and some other persons were removed from Gorgey's side, there would be no obstacle to his complete and sincere reconciliation with the government.

Thereupon, "Csanyi wrote a few touching lines to Gorgey, reminding him of the duty he owed to the nation, and entreating him not to allow any evil influence to prevail to such an extent as to sever him from that firmness of faith and unity which alone could preserve the country. At a later time, when Gorgey left Komorn, Csanyi's letter was found on the floor of his apartment, with other papers and documents of minor importance.

"As for Csanyi, that high-souled man, and generous patriot, he died on the gallows on the 8th October, 1849, but a thousand yards from the spot where he spoke and wrote words of such lofty tenderness and devoted affection."

At noon the disheartened generals returned through the deserted streets—the foreshadow of the coming Russians, and terrible Haynau, had already fallen over its silent steeples, and embarking in a steamer, reached Komorn at night. They found Gorgey much better, and handed him the decrees of Kossuth, ordering his implicit obedience to the incompetent Meszaros, confirming his deposition as commander-in-chief, but continuing him, if he would resign the war-office also, in the command of the army of the Upper Danube.

Gorgey read the decrees in silence, a deep "cloud passed over his brow,* and protesting that he was quite reconciled to the measures of the government, he sat down and wrote a few lines, petitioning the government to accept his resignation as Secretary at War.

"*He then invited us to meet him in the course of the next day,* to consider what steps it was incumbent on us to take."

The last fatal turning point of the Hungarian insurrection was at hand! and, to appreciate its importance and its nature, the reader must glance at the position of the three armies, (Russian, Austrian, and Hungarian), of the government, and of Görgey. Komorn, as already described, is situate on the Danube, about half-way between Buda-Pesth and the Austrian frontier. The right (or southern) bank of the Danube was now in the power of the Austrians, the Russians were advancing rapidly against the left (or northern). Paskiewitsh already stood at Erlau. Paskiewitsh, by forced marches, could reach the Danube as soon as Görgey. It must further be

* Klapka.

recollected, that the Danube makes a wide sweep between Komorn and Pesth, running eastward as far as Waitzen, and then turning southward as far as Pesth. Görgey would have to describe this circle; whereas Haynau could march in the straight line direct on the capital. Thus, while the Russians could reach the Danube *as soon as* the Hungarians, the Austrians could reach the metropolis *before* the Hungarians.

Kossuth was calling on Görgey to march to Pesth, and to concentrate all his forces there, or further eastward on the Theiss, or south-eastward on the Maros. The object was to effect a concentration of all the Hungarian forces in the south. Perczel with 10,000 men, and Visocki with his corps, were marching up from those quarters, while a rising of the peasantry was being organised, and the heroic Bem was conquering in the south, and trampling back the Russians from the Hungarian rear.

The idea was good for a civilian; but the execution was difficult and dangerous. Görgey, by attempting it, would have the entire Austrian army on his rear, and the Russian on his left flank; or, if he succeeding in anticipating the Russian march, he would, after a long, fatiguing, and dispiriting march, have to face the fresh and far-famed Russian troops, for the first time. Görgey, therefore, thought it better to face the old enemy, Austria, whom he had signally defeated a few days before in the glorious battle of Komorn. His troops had rested—they were fresh—they were confident—and he accordingly resolved on attacking Haynau, and breaking through on the right bank of the Danube. By doing so, if successful, he would command the short road to the south, instead of the circuitous movement; he would be in Pesth long before the Russians could arrive; the Austrians, trampled back and broken, would be held in check completely by the garrison of Komorn, and the walls of Buda; while a junction could be effected, with double certainty, with Perczel and Visocki. But if separated, notwithstanding, from the capital and the other corps, he would have the yet unexhausted countries of the south-west to fall back upon, and the large Platten lake, where the best organised rising of the peasantry was waiting to receive him. It was a daring step—a gallant plan—a soldier-like idea; had it succeeded (and the reader will see how near it was to success) it would have been lauded by an admiring world, as the noblest act of strategy in modern times.

Thus far of Görgey as a general. Now as a man.

He has been reproached in the adoption of this measure, with the intention of separating himself and his army from Kossuth and the cabinet, by marching his troops thus, as to allow Russian and Austrian divisions to interpose between himself and the goverment, thus separating all communication between the latter and his army, and being enabled, free of dictation and interference, to make war on his own account. Seeing the recent treatment he had experienced, and coupling it with the long course of annoyance and aggravation to which he had been subjected, and the fatal impediments—the impediments and instructions of a body of civilians remote from the seat of war had thrown in his way—it is not unnatural to suppose that such intentions may have been harboured in the mind of Görgey. But it is also but justice to remember the fact, that in point of generalship, it was the best plan he could adopt; or, to say the very least, one that, which challenging admiration for its boldness and gallantry, leaves no room for accusation, either of rashness or duplicity.

It must also be not forgotten, that, after writing his letter resigning the War-office, with a clouded brow, and embittered feelings, *Görgey suddenly rose from the table*, and *then first* invited the leaders of the troops to meet him on the following morning, for the purpose of considering the future movements of the army. His mind had evidently received the overflow of animosity against Kossuth, by his last, fatal, and ill-judged decree.

Perhaps the fairest decision will be, that Görgey was influenced by both motives combined: the one to adopt what he conceived to be the best plan of action in a military point of view—the other, to place himself completely beyond the reach of control and interference of Kossuth.

The secret had, however, hitherto been sealed within his own breast; but, on the 6th of July, at ten o'clock in the evening, Gorgey told the assembled chiefs, who, as appointed, met in his quarters, of his intention to cross the river, break across the right bank, and push southward through the very heart of the Austrian force. He explained his reasons for the expedition, and the chances of its success.

General Klapka alone objected, that this would separate the main army from Visocki and Perczel, and leave them at the mercy of the Russians; an unfounded objection, since they could, at any rate, fall back on Bem in Transylvania, and, united with him, operate a junction in the south with Görgey, more easily than he could operate a junction with them in the midland districts. He further urged that, by attacking the Russians, they would fall on them with almost equal numbers, and that the Russians were raw, and new to the country, and therefore likely to be defeated. He might have added, that the conquerors of Poles and Caucasians were veteran troops, and that they were fresh and unexhausted in the first flush of their strength

and confidence, and that while fighting the Russian force, the Austrians would have time to come up and fall upon his rear, after having taken Pesth and Buda. In conclusion, he observed, that if it was found expedient to avoid a battle, they might push on past the Russians in a rapid and incessant retreat towards the Theiss (he forgot to say that the Russians would get to the Theiss long before the Hungarians could, being not one-third of the distance from it), thence they should concentrate their forces on the Maros (a river that flows from the east into the Theiss, which there running from north to south, falls into the Danube; whereas the Danube, again winding from west to east, and thus forming the southern boundary of Hungary, comprises with its two just-named tributaries, the province called the Banot), and circumscribe the war of independence within the limits of this south-eastern corner of the country; turning round the pivot of the strong fortress of Arad.

Thus to circumscribe and limit the war, would have been to circumscribe and limit its resources. It was attempting to fight the two vast empires of Austria and Russia with the power of a single little province. It was cutting the army and government off from the whole of Hungary—it was sacrificing Komorn, left isolated in the north-west—it was giving up altogether all hopes of raising and organizing the peasantry; and instead of enabling the Hungarians, with concentrated forces, to fall upon the separate divisions of the Austro-Russian army, as Klapka wound up by saying, it was allowing the Austrians and Russians to effect a junction in the rear of their flying foes.

When Klapka had done speaking, Görgey rose to reply: he protested he had no intention of separating the army from the government, an accusation Klapka had brought against him in the course of his speech. He pointed out the manifest advantages of his plan—the desirability of a sudden attack on their nearest foe, the Austrians—of preventing their junction with the Russians—of paralysing and confusing their plans by breaking through their lines, and thus destroying their base of operations. Then, in allusion to the notion of slipping through between the Russian and Austrian armies, which, like a pair of pincers, were collapsing to seize them, he added with a withering sneer: "that he, too, thought it was easier and safer to skulk out of the back door, instead of turning our faces to the enemy and shewing fight; but he would leave it to his hearers to decide which of the two alternatives was most likely to obtain the praises of the world, and ensure honourable success."

These words rallied the audience that had been wavering, and on Gorgey's proposition being put to the vote, it was carried with Klapka standing alone as a dissentient.

On the day after this council of war, Gorgey suddenly fell ill with a violent fever, a relapse from that caused by his wound. His life was in the most imminent danger.

That very evening, after Gorgey had retired to his bed, unconscious and delirious with fever, a courier brought a letter from Kossuth to Klapka, acquainting the latter that the movements of the other generals had been successful—that the Russians had been beaten in Transylvania by Bem, that Visocki and Perczel were advancing to operate a junction with Gorgey upon Kossuth's plan, *forbidding any conversation on the government or on politics* to take place in the camp, and sending a new commissioner, Samuel Bonis by name, to represent the government in the camp, and to be present at the military councils. Above all, Kossuth urged the homeward march of the army along the left bank, for the following day. "The salvation of the country," he says, "depends upon your operations of this day, and upon the success of to-morrow's march."

"Had Kossuth," Klapka observes, "instead of sending this letter, made his appearance at head-quarters, he might have succeeded in bringing matters to their proper level, and in enforcing the expedition. Görgey was, indeed, a favourite with the troops, but their affection for him was by no means equal to Kossuth's authority. Görgey could not have dared to confront the governor of the commonwealth, and to refuse to obey his orders. He would have been compelled—at least, seemingly—to comply with Kossuth's commands; for such was the power of that extraordinary man, that his appearance gained him all hearts, and the generals who refused to listen to any voice, could not have resisted the imposing severity of his attitude, and the energy and persuasion of his words; the troops, their enthusiasm once inflamed, would have regained confidence and courage for the impending struggle. Victory would have crowned our endeavours. But *Kossuth wanted the energy*; or the anxious friends who surrounded him, prevented him from taking the only step which would lead to salvation. Neither he, nor Meszaros appeared, (!) and the management of affairs was left to me. I, who was under Görgey's command, was suddenly expected to impose upon him, his staff, and the majority of the commanders, obedience and respect to the voice of the government."

How the melancholy mismagement of this magnificent insurrection shows, that something more than a fine talker and a ready penman is wanted to reallse a revolution!

On receiving Kossuth's letter, and seeing that he, in common with the rest of the government, was in full expectation and reliance of the army's march along the left bank of the Danube

to their support—Klapka at once sent for Colonel Bayer, the chief of Görgey's war-chancellery, and his most confidential and fatal adviser. He showed Bayer the decree, and told him, he could no longer sanction the delay of the march, or the intended operations of Görgey to break through the right bank. This, after the council of war had unanimously (save himself) decided in its favour—when preparations were making—the army was preparing for the movement—and all was expectation, hope, and ardour. Klapka further observed that, if Görgey was too ill to make the necessary dispositions,—he (Klapka), as the oldest general after Görgey, was bound to make them himself—for, positive orders having come from Kossuth, he could not, and would not, disobey them. He therefore ordered Bayer to immediately draw up the requisite instructions for the retreat of the army along the left bank—to submit them for his inspection—and to arrange so, that the first corps should leave before daybreak; the others were to follow after noon—and the garrison of Komorn was to stand under arms, in the entrenched camp, as well as in the fortress. *If the condition of Görgey allowed him to be informed of the orders, they were to be communicated to him before they were issued.*

Colonel Bayer made no objection of any consequence, but observed that *Görgey was much worse*—and that the physician would not allow him to interfere with things that might excite him.

"At five o'clock in the morning of the 7th of July, the first corps, under Nagy Shandor, marched quietly from the fortress to Batorkeszi, the first station on the road to Waitzen."

General Klapka was just congratulating himself on the success of his plan—in getting the army again within reach, and under the control of the government—when Generals Leiningen, Pöltenberg, and others, entered in the greatest excitement, and informed him that Görgey had just written his resignation!

While lying in bed, half unconscious with pain and fever, the sound of the marching troops had reached his sleepless ear—he had inquired the meaning of the movement—and was informed that large masses of men were moving past his windows. He immediately suspected a plan to ply the army out of his hands, insult his authority, and betray him to his enemies, while ill and helpless in his bed. Hurt in his feelings—and either disgusted and indignant, or else feigning to be so, he forthwith wrote a paper, throwing up his command. The generals added that the army was on the brink of dissolution—that the most sinister rumours were abroad, and conjured Klapka to take some steps calculated to stay this imminent ruin. Colonel Bayer entered at this moment.

Klapka turned to him and said: "Since it appears the Commander-in-chief is, after all, not too ill to attend to affairs, how is it you did not shew the dispositions to him before the orders were issued?"

Bayer gave an evasive answer, and referred to the injunctions of the surgeon, who would not allow Görgey to be troubled with anything connected with the service.

It afterwards transpired that Colonel Bayer had never asked the surgeon, or taken any steps whatever, to ascertain whether it would have been safe to communicate with Görgey. The fatal impression was therefore produced on Görgey's mind, that a disgraceful conspiracy was being executed against him.

But not on Görgey's mind alone, was a ruinous impression made—it pervaded the whole army, and the best generals turned away from the government in disgust, and clung with double ardour to their betrayed and injured chief, as they considered him to be.

They all urged Klapka to at once countermand the expedition, to induce Görgey to recall his resignation, to stay with the army, and to attempt to break through the enemy's lines on the right bank of the Danube. In that case, they promised the utmost devotion and perseverance in the war, but in case of non-compliance——then it was, that for the first time in the struggle, an ominous word was spoken—in that case they should prefer an honourable NEGOCIATION, to the dissolution and destruction of the army.

The men who first spoke that word, remained true and courageous to the last—the men who first spoke that word, expiated it on the gallows of the Austrians.

Klapka was forced to submit. The leaders of the army sent a deputation to Görgey, entreating him to remain. His reply, though acquiescing in their wish, breathed a tone of bitter resentment and hostility towards the government.

Klapka now thought his turn was come for resigning, and he did so, but Görgey compelled his stay, by giving him the command of the army, in the projected grand attempt upon the enemy's lines. Klapka says, he thereupon "devoted himself to the execution of Görgey's plan, *though not without causing each individual leader to pledge his word, that in case the attempt were crowned with success, he would insist on a junction with the rest of the Hungarian forces!*"

What could be expected of a campaign in which the one general thus conspired against the other? It was of no use for Görgey to gain a victory: as soon as it was gained, some intermediate intrigue among his officers threw obstacles in the way of his profiting by its fruits. Thus the great Hungarian cause was ruined by the rival jealousies of two ambitious dictators, the one in the cabinet, the other in the camp.

Görgey kept delaying the attack, in order to give him time for the columns of Armin, Görgey, and Colonel Horvath to reach Komorn

from the mountain cities. Delay was dangerous, since, in case of being defeated in the attempt of breaking through the Austrian lines, it enabled greater forces to be drawn up by Paskiewitsh, to intercept the retreat along the left bank. But delay was necessary, unless two columns of the army were to be abandoned and sacrificed to the enemy.

Meanwhile, terror and dismay reigned at the seat of government. Meszaros now sent orders, dated Pesth, July 7, 1849, ordering Görgey not to attack the Austrians, and commanding him, since he had delayed so long, not to attempt a retreat now, along the left bank, but to keep his army in Komorn, and the entrenched camp—sending merely 3,000 cavalry to the capital.

How the troops were to maintain themselves in Komorn does not clearly appear.

On the 8th, Meszaros sent another letter addressed "to the Commander of the Army on the Upper Danube," acquainting him that he had again tried to reach Komorn, but that the enemy's picquets prevented him; and that Buda-Pesth was left defenceless, without a garrison, because the government had sent the troops that had occupied it on an expedition towards the south, in anticipation of the arrival of Görgey's army from Komorn. Therefore he had been obliged to destroy the suspension bridge.

On the same day from Pesth again, he wrote a letter to Görgey, beginning thus: "I summon you in the name of the country which you pretend to love so much, to declare whether you mean to subject your will to the decrees of the government, and whether you mean to conduct the army *to this place?*"

He further directs Görgey to move on to the right bank of the Danube, and to reach Waitzen (on the left bank of the Danube), in three or four days.

These utterly contradictory orders were written on the same day—breathing in every line the evidence of vacillation, terror, and confusion that had possessed the government.

The letter finished with the following ominous words:—

"*I expect your report in Czegled.*"

Yes! the Commander-in-chief, without having once been near the army, was about to fly from the capital, and further from his troops.

Görgey wrote a marginal note on the order letter, characteristic of the man:—

"The more reason for not losing time—AT THEM and THROUGH THEM! but it wants boldness and resolution for its execution."

By this time Kossuth had already fled to Czegled (on the 7th—8th of July), and by the 10th, Meszaros had placed his valuable person in safety as far south as Szolnok, whence on that day he wrote another letter to Görgey, urging him to march right on to Waitzen, through Austrians and Russians alike, and move on to Szegedin; authorizing him, however, in case of danger, to retreat back to Komorn.

To Szegedin Kossuth and the Government had now retired, out of the reach of cannon-balls and battles.

Görgey received, and may have smiled at these incoherent epistles, of a commander who had superseded him—of a general who never came to see his army. "At them and through them" was his still unshaken resolution, and hapless was it for Hungary that on the day of this fateful struggle, illness prevented him from taking the field in person. He might perhaps have rallied his soldiers as at Pered; he might perhaps have beaten their foemen as at Atsh.

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

TO THE WORKING-MEN,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statemen of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent: but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of al charge.

Letters to be addressed to ERNEST JONES, care of Mr. PAVEY, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London

I.—THE PUDDLERS OF MERTHYR AND TREDEGAR.

"None can feel like those who suffer."—PAINE.

PERMIT me, through the medium of the *Notes*, to make known, to all lovers of justice, the grievances which a certain branch of firemen, called puddlers, have to endure. I shall confine my report more directly to the puddlers of the Merthyr district, with the exception of Tredegar Iron Works, in Monmouthshire.

Puddling is a chemical process, being a second stage in the refining of iron. Through the aid of heat, produced by coal only, with the ability of the workmen, the iron is brought to the proper state of malleability to be introduced to the heaters and rollers, where it is wrought to the size and form required.

The process is as follows:—a certain given quantity of pig or metal is weighed by some individual appointed, in charges of 4 cwt. 2 qrs. of metal; the pig is generally fined at 4 cwt. 1 qr.; and in some iron factories five or six charges are weighed together; so that the puddler has to give six lists to the one of the weigher, subject to the loss that sometimes occurs through the neglect of the weigher; the above amount is placed in a furnace, there to remain until such time as the puddler thinks fit to commence working. From 4 cwt. 2 qrs. given, it is required of the puddler to produce, of pure iron, 4 cwt. 1 qr. of yield, and 4 cwt. yield of pure iron from the pig. I beg to make here one remark, so as to give a proper idea of the difference of metal and pig. Pig is iron taken direct from the blast furnace to the puddler, while the metal has been produced from the pig's being melted in a refinery. Their motive for bringing pig to the puddler, is the saving of coke and labour required in producing metal.

It is the policy of all manufacturers to produce their materials with as little hired labour, and as much economy as possible, regardless of the misery, the degradation, and poverty, they will throw on the poor workmen, so as to enable them to undersell each other in the markets.

The masters accordingly put almost all the refuse of iron manufactured into the blast furnace, instead of the pure ore. Consequently, from the amount given to the puddler it is very difficult to fulfil the demand made on him for pure ore. He consequently makes use of the only way he has to fulfil the same, by stealing, as they say, a piece of cast iron, or some small pieces of wrought iron. Now mark the result of not being able to fulfil the demand. He is either turned back "on share,"—that is, to work with another—the money of the forehand to be divided equally; and sometimes turned to a second hand. That is the lowest stage in puddling. And if caught stealing iron, his fate will be to pay one guinea as fine for every such offence, or to be discharged. Sometimes he is allowed to pay the fine by instalments, which is considered a great favour.

Some puddlers, of late, have been summoned before the magistrate of this place for the like offence, and this gentleman had the audacity to say that such a case was felony; but that the difficulty would be to get a jury to return a verdict to that effect.

Thank God it is so!

I will now relate another trick. In some factories, every man's iron is to be tested, or to be approved of by the manager. Bear in mind that every heat or charge is divided into five or six balls. When the overlooker gives his orders to that effect, a piece about five or six inches long, is cut off each of the balls, to be tested during the week or day. Some factories have them stamped with the number of the furnace, and if any piece should prove to contain a portion of impure iron, or to cut "cold short," he has to pay for every such piece one shilling, and the only way he can escape such is by stealing a piece of iron bar to put inside his balls. Here he must be careful to hide it so that the gaffer shall not see it, or the guinea will be his fate.

So much for the Merthyr district; now for Tredegan.

The charge is here nearly the same, but the yield required is 4 cwt. 0 qr. 12 lb.

In case a puddler be unsuccessful enough not to produce the yield, he will receive three pence per ton less than the successful man. During the month, this has been the fate of some, for so little a waste as 28 pounds above that allowed.

I will in future send you further disclosures.

A WELSH PUDDLER.

II.—THE POTTERS.

It will be recollected, that in a former number an exposure was given of the wrongs inflicted on the Staffordshire potters, and of the mistake under which the potters laboured, in common with that once entertained by several trades, now disabused by sad experience,—that, as competition among the hands was not so rife with them as in other quarters, they need not fear a fall in wages, or an adverse fate. We pointed to the fact that the better-paid trades were being undermined by working-men's competition from below, and assailed

by capitalist-encroachment from above. The substrata of labour, the poorer-paid, once conquered, the turn could not fail to reach the aristocracy of labour too.

The prediction has been verified on every side; the potters are now bearing witness to its melancholy truth. A "CHAMBER OF COMMERCE" is being formed by the masters in the Potteries. The *Staffordshire Advertiser* informs us that:—

"Meetings of manufacturers have been held within these few days for the purpose of promoting the establishment of a Chamber of Commerce for the Potteries, and a provisional committee has been formed to frame rules."

The *Working-man's Journal*, an organ of the potters, observes:—

"There is nothing that can possibly affect the interest of working-men more than this. It will either be a great and perpetual blessing to the manufacturers, or a great curse to the toiling portion of the district. In no wise can it do much towards injuring or effecting the interests of the manufacturers.

"If the manufacturers will increase and regulate the selling price of their goods, and give to labour a corresponding rise of price, it will be a great blessing. If they will uproot the accursed 'allowance system,' which, we are convinced, is still secretly practised amongst some of them, which plunders the poor toiler of his earnings, and sends him home with little more than half a sufficiency for his family to subsist upon—if they will entirely abolish the abominable "Good from Oven" system, which is upheld neither by justice nor honesty—a system which deprives men of a part of their wages weekly, and sends them home almost heart-broken and dispirited, or, still worse, drives them to the public-house to spend the small pittance which is left;—if they will regulate the number of apprentices, and curtail and regulate the hours of labour;—if they will send all the women home to attend their domestic affairs who are performing men's labour, and by this means rid the district of all unwilling idlers, and secure constant employment to all those who are willing and able to work, it would be a still greater blessing.

It would also add to the happiness, independence, and well-being of their work-people if they will abolish the present "agreement," which binds the employed as slaves for twelve months, while it gives every facility to the employer to tyrannize and oppress his servants; and substitute in its place an agreement which shall be just and equitable, equally binding on both parties. But this Chamber of Commerce will be a powerful engine of oppression if its intentions are to bring down the price of labour, and introduce and put in operation measures which will so bind down working-men that they become abject slaves—mere machines to minister still more to already overgorged capital, while their own wants and necessities are but partially supplied.

"If we may judge from the proceedings of the last Chamber of Commerce, we should say the first effort will be to bring down the price of potting industry to its former standard. The second will be to hunt out all the leaders of the present union, and each counting-house will contain a list of those who are proscribed, in order that no one may employ them, and thus doom them to starvation. The third will be to issue a decree not to employ any man who is a member of the present union; and by this means endeavour to create such fears in the minds of working potters, that will so dishearten them that they will not have the courage and energy to defend themselves; and so mould them to their will that they may do just what they please with them.

"We expect this will be the policy of the manufacturers, from the complaints made in their organ."

The *Staffordshire Advertiser*, to pave the way for the "Chamber of Commerce," remarks:—

"It is worthy of note that selling prices have not advanced by any means in proportion to the rise of wages;—a singular phenonemon peculiar to the Potteries, and calling loudly for inquiry and explanation."

The *Working-man's Journal* very truly replies:—

"A presumptuous falsehood is here elicited forth, told in a spirit which carries insult and contumely with it. It is not true that the selling prices have not increased. They have increased in greater proportion than the rise of wages."

The *Working-man's Journal* further suggests a remedy—a "Trades' Union" of the potters' trade.

Alas! are they also going into the delusion blindfold? Have they, too, get to make the melancholy experience of the weavers, and miners, and colliers, and the long list of trades that built on the broken reed of a mere trades' union? How very, very, difficult it is to prevent men from following after the phantom of a remedy, when the real remedy is within their grasp!

Your union cannot prevent the fall of your wages, as long as there are surplus hands in England who are potters, or who may become such.

III.—THE NATIONAL UNION OF MINERS AND COLLIERS.

This fine and promising union is almost broken up. It originated in a strike of Earl Granville's colliers and miners. The strike was unsuccessful—the men thought from want of union. The union has been tried, and there's the result! Lord Granville is not one whit less rich, less powerful, or less triumphant than before.

The Electors and the Elected.

TO THE CHARTISTS.

BROTHER CHARTISTS,—

You are being told you cannot elect an executive of three (or five) men, and pay them for labour done, because the last convention did not make such a regulation—and therefore it would be undemocratic to alter the constitution of the committee.

I do not understand such very nice scruples. My notion is, that *that is most democratic which is best for democracy.* My notion is, the constituency that sends delegates, is greater than the delegates whom it sends—that primary assemblies are higher than elected bodies, and that, therefore, the full, free vote of the entire Chartist movement, can make any improvements it pleases in its organisation. So much for the objection on the score of democracy.

A nice position we should be in at a time of crisis, if we found there was something wrong in our organisation, and we must needs wait until we could afford the money, and get up the machinery requisite for summoning a convention If there is an evil, get rid of it as quickly as you can. And here is an occasion when we cannot afford to wait till a convention is called together. An executive (by the rules) must be elected at once—a convention could not meet in less than six weeks—therefore I suggested the *only* democratic course left in the emergency, to make forthwith a direct appeal to the Chartist body, whether certain alterations were not needed in the formation of an executive.

You are further told, you should elect a committee of nine, because the larger number "ensures a good average attendance."

Pay the men—then you can *command* their attendance—and discard them if they are negligent servants.

Nine are further recommended as giving the advantage of a multiplicity of opinions. That is just what we should avoid—it prevents unity of action. One man tells us:—"I'm a communist,—elect none but communists with me!" Another says:—"I'm for supporting the middle-class movement." Each one tries to divert Chartism into a tool to carry out his own peculiar notions—and thus all pull different ways, and neutralise the Chartist power. This comes of having men given to other movements on our committee. Would you take a locksmith to plane a board, or a bricklayer to make a pair of shoes? In the same way in which you want a carpenter for carpenter's work, or a weaver for weaving, so you want a *Chartist* for *Chartism.* And until you feel and act upon this, you will never have Chartist work done properly.

One rich gentleman—who, if he had given that time to the interest of man, which he has devoted to his own, would not possess the riches he now boasts of—one rich gentleman,—and there are others who might be as rich, or, perhaps, richer than he, had they not trampled upon Mammon to kneel before humanity—had they not preferred the dungeons with which he taunts them, to the counting-house in which he revels, or the courts in which they might have harvested—one rich gentleman tells us it is "unnecessary" and "impracticable" to pay an executive. Let the *rich man* say it is unnecessary—I, the *poor man*, say that it is not—I am prouder of my poverty, than he is of his riches. He tells us:—"We do not want an executive to live upon our energies and sacrifices!"—then neither should *he* want to live upon the energies and sacrifices of an executive. It is disgraceful, in any movement, to ask men to do that for us, which we refuse to do for others.

"Impracticable!" What? With such numbers of rich friends ready to form an executive all for nothing? Surely, if so ready to *form* an executive, they *must* be ready to *support* one.

He tells us, moreover, we should "be better served" by rich amateurs than by men whom we paid. By whom should we be better served, than by a Harney or a Kydd—and can they serve us unless we give them the means of living. People have such a naughty habit that they will not live without eating. The unpaid system, by the inevitable law of bread and cheese, drives such men from our active advocacy—and I tell the rich gentleman, one such man is worth a thousand of his order, with ten thousand times his sovereigns to boot.

Another evil in an unpaid executive is, that it renders it almost imperative that none but *London* men should be elected; whereas the metropolis should enjoy no such monopoly in the committee, which should not be tinged by local interests, but represent a national feeling.

The writer further objects to a committe exclusively! of working-men. I never proposed it. What I said was, that the committee should consist of men who would *do our work*, and not be coquetting with a hundred different things. That was a strange perversion of my meaning.

I perfectly agree with our wealthy monitor, that a man, because he has been in prison, is no better than another man. I am as opposed to an aristocracy of "convicts," as I am to any other aristocracy: but I do say this, that getting into prison is no cause of reproach, as he makes it, and that it does *not* "evidence," as he says, "a want of the fore-

sight and calmness necessary to be possessed," —since none could be more discreet, thoughtful, and calm, than the leaders of the trades' union, and they are in Stafford gaol notwithstanding. Calm or loud, despotism imprisons democracy whenever it grows dangerous.*

A more important point is the policy of not electing men pledged to other movements.

Our friend talks largely of the "Society for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge;" the "Anti-State Church-Society;" the "Secular-School Society." I said nothing about those—though if a man gives his *time* to those, he cannot be giving it to us; but, what I did say, was, we should not elect men wedded to hostile *political* movement. We are engaged in a struggle of labour against capital, and we should not elect men united with the capitalists. The question is not, are we to join a "*parallel* association," as the writer says—but are we to join a *hostile* one, and have its agents on our executive, to neutralise and strangle our movement? Such is the association in No. 11, Poultry†—unfledged political birds, who have not yet got the first down feathers of democracy upon them?

Why do I call them hostile? Because, in a struggle of labour against capital, *every extension of the franchise*, THAT INCREASES THE POWER OF THE RICH, MORE THAN IT INCREASES THE POWER OF THE POOR, *weakens and lessens the chances of the latter to obtain their rights.*

I know of no "parallel" association. If financial reformers mean the same thing as the Charter, let them give up the field to the working-men, who raised the Charter fifteen years before these political *poultry* had ever cackled.

But, if they mean not the same—and they do not—if they mean merely an instalment of the franchise (as I showed in last number), and that an instalment of 100 per cent. given to the middle-class, for every ten per cent. given to the working-class, and if that ten per cent. be given only to the aristocracy of labour —then I say, it is a hostile movement, one ruinous to the people's cause,—and the man who supports it, is, though unconsciously, our enemy.

I say, "though unconsciously," for our argument is not, as this writer tells you, "that all men are *villains*,"—but it is, that *we* won't be made *fools*, and have the old tricks of 1832 played over again. I desire, as well as he, to see Chartism made "loveable," but I do not wish to see it made a plaything and a laughing-stock of the rich—I would sooner see it *hateful* in their eyes, than contemptible in our own. And you may depend upon it, as soon as the rich begin to *love* it, it will be a thing not worthy the affection of the poor.

"Having said thus much as to whom I conceive the people should elect, permit me to offer a word to those whom they are electing. There seems a misapprehension on the part of some, as to the amount of labour expected from a member of the executive. I do not believe the Chartists expect unreasonable work from him—but I think they *do* expect, and I know they have a right to expect, that their servants shall perform their work, and that it is not unreasonable to expect the member of the executive who remains in town, to attend at the office for at least as many hours as a banker's or a merchant's clerk would do—and that each should be prepared to pass in rotation one out of every three months in the country. I do not see that a man need have the capabilities of a "steam-engine" to perform that, which, in his respective line, is performed by every commercial traveller or trader's servant.

I regret that any should refuse to serve in the people's cause. Poor chance has democracy when its best men refuse to serve it. This is false pride, and its error should be pointed out to a friend, (however intimate and valued,)—for he is no honourable man who does not reprove the errors of a brother as freely as the sins of a foe. No man should be too proud to live by work; and if not too proud to take wages from a private employer, no man should be too proud to take them from the noblest of masters,—the people, in the holiest of works—their redemption. It is wrong—very wrong—to reject the helm, when called to it in the most critical and dangerous hour.

Is this the way to help the movement on? Stray lecturing and isolated tours won't do it. The shout and the cheer of the meeting may be more attractive—the independent, desultory journey may prove more pleasant, —but the steady, obedient, and assiduous service is what *we* want; and, when called to the post of duty, no man should shrink from it in the time of apathy.

To the rally, then, every man who has a heart in the cause. We cannot spare one, amid the honest, sterling few, who stand unshaken in the vanguard of our battle.

Do you see what comes of such refusals? You leave the helm to the incapable or designing; you repress the rising courage of the people; you shake their re-awakening confidence.

* There have been many personal remarks written—these I do not answer. Whether I did or did not regularly attend the committee, when not on Chartist business in the country, has nothing to do with the question, whether three, five, or nine should be elected as an executive—paid, or unpaid. The reader is referred to the weekly attendance-list, as published in the democratic papers.—E. J.

† The Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association.

What must the people think and feel, when they call on those, whom they love and trust, to serve them—and one by one they answer:—"Not I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" Is this the way to help democracy—and that in its most trying and critical hour?

Oh, no! The Charter is endangered. Stand by it—stand by it! every man of heart. Strengthen your ranks! face round on every side! Hold up the banner in your centre! Stand firm, till the storm has blown by—then comes the signal, MARCH!—and we'll move onward.

ERNEST JONES.

Why is Ireland Enslaved?

BECAUSE superstition and servility have been engrafted on the people. Of the superstition, nothing need be said; of the servility, take the following specimen from the *Belfast News-letter*, of the 3rd instant.

The Marquis of Downshire has been trying to make the most of his estates. Enriched by the sweat of the helots who tilled his fields, he is seeking additional gain out of the minerals beneath their surface—minerals which ought to be the property of the nation, and not of any individual. The iniquity of the minerals of a country being possessed by a few individuals is manifest. Take the instance of iron. Iron is requisite for the agriculture, manufacture, and defence of a nation. If all the iron-mines of a country belong to about a dozen proprietors, those men can raise the price of it to any amount, leave off working the mines, or *sell their produce to a national enemy!* Do you say: "Oh! then the Government would interfere." Exactly so—but there you concede the principle.

Access to that which is necessary for the well-being of all, should never depend on the self-interest of one.

Well—the noble Marquis has been making the best penny he can out of his mineral riches, and the *Belfast News-letter* goes into ecstacies of gratitude at "the patriotic exertions of the Marquis of Downshire, to develope the mineral resources of his extensive estates"—"the distinction to which he is entitled, by the *ardour* he has evinced....in opening up the mines." Is the ardour of every shopkeeper to sell his goods equally patriotic?

But the servile company, whose foundry in Belfast is supplied with iron by the noble Marquis's patriotism—(the reader will understand the patriotic Marquis does not *give* them the iron, but sells it to them for as much as he can get)—thought their new foundry would not be sanctified, unless sprinkled with the holy water of the noble Marquis's presence. Therefore, his lordship was humbly solicited to draw the first bar out of the furnace. He complied; and, accordingly, "THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE, attended by the managers of the works, Messrs. Gladstone and Pace, and other gentlemen, commenced, *with his ordinary coolness, and manly contempt of affectation*, to prepare himself for his part. Flinging off his wrapper of Irish-manufactured frieze, along with his inner coat, [do you not thrill, reader?] and tucking up his shirt-sleeves to the arm-pits, (!!) *he displayed a pair of sinewy arms*, of which the brawniest workman in the place might be proud, [if the starved serf ate, and drank, and slept, and lodged like the noble Marquis, he would have brawny arms, too] and seizing in his hands a massive pincer, with it grasped the solid red-hot bars." (!!!!)

Think of that, reader. He really did! A marquis did it—and nobody ever did such a thing before!

"The noble Marquis then resumed his outer apparel." He did! positively! He did not roll home in his splendid carriage, in his shirt-sleeves! How admirable! As the *Belfast News-letter* says: "It is paying no flattery to the Marquis of Downshire to say, that he deserves the warmest encomiums in our power to express, for affording this fresh instance of genuine patriotism!"

It is thus the teachers of the people—the press—write in Ireland; and let the reader remember, the *Belfast News-letter* is not a Romish paper, but a violent Protestant one, and a bitter opponent of the Pope and Popery.

England's Prosperity.

A QUESTION.

How comes it, if England is as prosperous as some maintain, that, for months past, the colonial trade is in a condition literally hovering upon the verge of ruin?—that every week, in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, &c., some fresh failure occurs among the great firms;—that, within the last few weeks, three joint-stock banks have suspended payment;—that employers are in all quarters beginning to reduce wages;—that the mills are beginning to run short time;—that strikes are multiplying throughout the country;—that money is a

drug in the market, owing to the want of confidence which is necessary for its employment,—and all this in a period of profound peace and domestic quiet, with consols nearly at par, and the coffers of the Bank of England nearly choked with bullion?

To conceal the terrible truth, the *Times* parades the last return of pauperism in England and Wales. By this return it appears that, whereas the amount expended for the relief of the poor, in 1850, was £5,395,021, in 1851 it has been only £4,970,722 ; and that there has been a decrease in the amount of money expended in 607 unions, this year, of £181,665, or 5.2 per cent. "If," says the *Times*, "we are importing four or five million quarters of wheat every year, besides other grain, and if we are not doling it out in relief, who, in the name of common sense, are the people that eat it, and pay for it?" Well, we admit that England is not entirely pauperised —that she is still able to buy the crust her rival grants her in exchange for her very life's blood, wasted in the gulfs of artificial toil—but has, in reality, pauperism decreased The figures of the *Times* are as fallacious as all *ex parte* statements ever must be. The total expense in the 607 unions, in the year ending Michaelmas, 1850, was £3,469,897; but the COST of maintenance was *twenty per cent. less* in the year ending with Michaelmas last,—so that there *ought* to be a decrease of £693,978 upon the past year; whereas the actual decrease was only £181,665, which, taken from £693,978, *leaves a positive increase of* £512,313 ! But large numbers of paupers have emigrated during last year from England, the expense of each of whom, in the workhouse, would amount to £10 per annum. Hence, 18,600 emigrant paupers would save the whole amount of last year's decrease, and it is confidently asserted that far more than 18,000 paupers have emigrated from the 607 unions included in the return, since Michaelmas, 1851.

What now becomes of the statistics of the *Times?*

The Co-operative Movement.

THE CASTLE STREET TAILORS.

[We give insertion to the following, believing that every act of a public man, performed in his official character, should be weighed before the tribunal of public opinion —and is amenable to its judgment.]

In giving your readers a statement of the doings in the Castle Street Association, which led to the expulsion of nine of its members, I shall confine myself to the unvarnished facts, that an unbiassed opinion may be pronounced on "who are the tyrants." Of the aforesaid association two "histories" have appeared: the one by Thomas Hughes, Esq.,—the other by Walter Cooper; the former full of kind intentions, "wise saws and modern instances;" the latter replete with sophistry and misrepresentation. On the 11th of February, 1850, commenced the much-vaunted Working Tailors' Association, of 34, Castle Street. Nine men, unknown to each other, began the work which was to redeem them from the master and the sweater, increasing their number in the first week to 17. At the end of the first quarter we numbered 30. Listen we now to the historian Cooper. He says:— "We called each other brothers, sang songs about labour's social chivalry—we did wonders in the way of work and *profit*, and for *four or five months all went smoothly enough.* But the slack season came, for which we had not provided, and brought with it those terrible evils, jealousy and disunion." Alas! sir, it is a sad and sorry picture to see "history" made the father of falsehood; it's a fact that *five* weeks had not elapsed, ere one of our "brethren" fell a sacrifice to Mr. Cooper's "iron grasp." Jealousy and disunion! how came they? and what was the "head and front" of this first victim's offending? Simply this; the man had repaired a job, for which he *charged nine hours'* labour (4s. 6d.), when Mr. C. disputed, and said eight hours was sufficient—that as an attempt had been made to *impose* on the association, he would discharge the individual, which he immediately did. *No over-charge had been made in the case.* Thus, for *sixpence*, Mr. C. denied labour, and the right to live by that labour, to his fellow-worker. Nothing could restore this man to his position, although two deputations waited on the manager for that purpose. Here was the first sample we had of forgiving others their trespasses as we wish to be forgiven. Ah! indeed, these are "terrible evils." How sad the contrast with the following from Hughes. He says, page 7:—"The feeling which prevails in the workrooms is most encouraging; they are open to the world, and those who take an interest in the matter, should go and see for themselves." Again he says:—"I think no fact can prove more clearly that these men, at least, are fit to *govern themselves* than this,—that

they voluntarily left in the hands of their manager an *absolute* power of dismissing any of the number during the first three months of their associated life."

Again, let us see how this "power" was directed; whether it tended to enervate or strengthen the men's confidence; whether it was used in a manner calculated to engender or to allay "those terrible evils, jealousy and *disunion*." In the penultimate week of our first quarter's existence, it was *unanimously* agreed that the manager should be asked this question, viz., whether *he* had any objection to any individual then in our number, if so, to say whom, and they would retire, as it was then spring, and no difficulty would be found in their obtaining employment elsewhere. "No," was the bland reply. Seven days had not elapsed ere *two more* fell victims to misplaced confidence. For what? "Can't say."

On the part of the men every endeavour was made to know *why* those two could not be allowed to *unite*—every means was used to restore them to *share* with their fellow-workers. At this time that base and sycophantic mode of memorialising was resorted to, but, alas! to no purpose,—a mode which must ever debase and dishonour the man, and enslave the mind. Yet in the face of all this we are told, for "*five months*" all went smoothly enough, and that this is the "*most democratic movement of the present day.*"

Let us now examine this "democracy." Does democracy *elect its chief*, or allow one to be *heaped* upon it? Is it democratic to say, "that the association from time to time may *nominate* a manager or foreman from among their body, so that there shall always be a manager to represent the association. Provided *always*, that so long as any of the capital advanced by the promoters shall be unpaid, the promoters *reserve to themselves a right of vote on the appointment of the manager, and on the regulations of the associations relating to his powers and duties?*" If this be democracy, it has no confidence in *itself*, and is only fitted for slaves enjoying the blessed privilege of calling themselves "republicans of the workshop." Not a single individual would be safe who had the temerity to *nominate* any other person than the man whom the *promoters* delighted to honour. Is it democratic to tell men "that the promoters shall cause the said house to be *fitted up and furnished at their own expense*," &c, and then charge it to others? Is it democratic to say "that a *competent accountant shall be employed*, who shall make up the accounts of the association once in every week, &c.;" and yet when it is found that a *competent* sum has been paid for performing a task *incompetently* and *slovenly*, those who dare speak of it shall fall sacrifices to "ignorance," unaccompanied by any *kind* of conception? If this be democracy in faith, let us not any more "talk big about our own democratic feelings."

Return we now to the 11th of May, 1850, when *we started* as the *veritable* association. As leasehold property after a stated period passes into the hands of its owner, so thought we that the first lease had expired with us, namely—probation. With regret we *accepted a code of laws* from the manager, this having been left in his own hands. Now, sir, I hold it as a maxim that the man who has the making of the law, should be the first to show his obedience to it. As I have before stated, we memorialised the manager (not of our choice) for the re-admission of two of our fellow-workers, but to no effect; bickerings, there had been none ere this. Four or five of our number, whose zeal outdid their good sense, caused the "memorial" to be taken out of the workroom with the determination to meet secretly, and also to wait upon the promoters, in order to effect the return of the two already mentioned. When one of us was asked to join the "conspiracy," he objected unless the *whole number* should be made acquainted, as well as the manager, with what was about to take place It was cowardly to attack the manager without his knowledge, when we ourselves were asking open investigation. However, the conspiracy became known; an open statement made unfortunately introducing into the ranks that feeling of hostility which had originated in the head. A ballot was the result by common consent, which led to *four* being declared unfit persons to remain in the association; three were discharged accordingly. More next week.

G. E. HARRIS.

4, *Great James Street, Lisson Grove.*

Atrocities of our Landlords.

WE extract the following from the *Dundas Warder* (Canada), since such atrocity should be known through the wide world. How long will the world tolerate this?

"The following horrid story is told by the *Quebec Times*. To ship people to any part of the northern portions of America, east or west, so as to land in the month of October, without proper clothing, and without money to support them during the winter, is next door to a high crime:—

"PAUPER EMIGRANTS.—We noticed in our last the deplorable condition of the 600 paupers who were sent to this country from the Ennistymon, and Kilrush Unions. We have to-day a still more dismal picture to draw. Many of our readers may not be aware that there lives such a personage as Colonel Gordon, proprietor

of large estates in South Uist and Barra, in the Highlands of Scotland; we are sorry to be obliged to introduce him to their notice under circumstances which will not give them a very favourable opinion of his character and heart.

"It appears that his tenants on the above-mentioned estates were on the verge of starvation, and had probably become an eye-sore to the gallant Colonel. He decided on shipping them to America. What they were to do there was a question he never put to his conscience. Once landed in Canada, he had no further concern about them. Up to last week, some 1,100 souls from his estates had landed at Quebec, and begged their way to Upper Canada, where, in the summer season, having only a daily morsel of food to procure, they probably escaped the extreme misery which seems to be the lot of those that followed them.

"On Thursday last, the ship 'Admiral,' from Stornoway, in the Highlands, arrived here with 413 paupers from Colonel Gordon's estate, perfectly destitute, without food, warm clothing, or money. Many of them children under fourteen, and old men and women. On their arrival here they voluntarily made and signed the following statement:—

"'We the undersigned passengers per 'Admiral,' from Stornoway,' in the Highlands of Scotland, do solemnly depose to the following facts:—That Colonel Gordon is the proprietor of estates in South Uist, and Barra. That, among many hundreds of tenants and cottars that he had sent this season from his estates to Canada, he gave direction to his first factor, Mr. Fleming, of Cloyne Castle, Aberdeenshire, to ship on board of the above-named vessel a number of nearly 450 of said cottars, from the estate in Barra. That, accordingly, a great majority of these people, among whom were the undersigned, proceeded voluntarily to embark on board the 'Admiral,' at Loch Boisdale, on or about the 11th of August, 1851. But that several of the people who were intended to be shipped for this port (Quebec), refused to proceed on board, and, in fact, absconded from their homes to avoid embarkation. Whereupon, Mr. Fleming gave orders to a policeman, who was accompanied by the ground-officer of the estate in Barra, and some constables, to pursue the people who had run away among the mountains; which they did, and succeeded in capturing about twenty, from the mountains, and from other islands in the neighbourhood; but these only came with the officers on an attempt being made to handcuff them. And that some who ran away were not brought back, in consequence of which, four families, at least, have been divided; some having come in the ship to Quebec, while other members of the same families are left in the Highlands.

"'The undersigned further declare that those who voluntarily embarked, did so under promise, to the effect that Colonel Gordon would defray their passage to Quebec: and the Government Emigration Agent there would send the whole party, free, to Upper Canada, where, on arrival, the Government officers would give them work, and furthermore grant them land, on certain conditions.

"'The undersigned finally declare, that they are now landed at Quebec, so destitute that if immediate relief be not afforded them, and continued until they are settled in employment, the whole will be liable to perish with want.

"'HECTOR LAMONT, and 70 others.'

"This is a beautiful picture. Had the scene been laid in Russia or Turkey, the barbarity of the proceedings would have shocked the nerves of the reader; but when it happens in Britain, emphatically the land of liberty, where every man's house, even the hut of the poorest, is said to be his castle, the expulsion of these unfortunate creatures from their homes—the man-hunt with policemen and bailiffs—the violent separation of families—the parent torn from her child, the mother from her daughter—the infamous tricks practised on those who did embark—the abandonment of the aged, the infirm, women and tender children, in a foreign land—forms a tableau which cannot be dwelt on for an instant, without horror. Words cannot depict the atrocity of the deed. For cruelty less savage the slave-dealers of the south have been held up to the execration of the world."

Our Laws.

II.—THE LAW OF DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

NOTHING can be more ill-judged or more iniquitous than to imprison a man for debt. A protest was made against such imprisonment, by a recent act of the legislature, which provided that a man should not be imprisoned for *small* debts,—unless fraudulently or recklessly contracted—and then that the imprisonment should be for the *fraud* and recklessness, not for the debt, as such. The Americans have gone still further. Now, what holds good in a small thing, must, in such a case, hold doubly good with a larger.

Let us now trace the absurdity and iniquity of "arrest for debt." A man purchases goods on credit, or borrows money. He suddenly falls into difficulty—is unable to pay—and what is done? He is prevented from trying to pay—his ability of paying is put a stop to,—he is not allowed to make money—he is thrown into prison! Why the very act by which the

creditor tries to recover his money, is the one which throws the greatest difficulty in the way of getting it! The wise law would be, to allow the man to be at large—to follow his business, to make money—to have him up before the court, when it was ascertained that he was in receipt of funds, to order the payment of instalments, *and then to imprison him*, if, being able, he still refused to pay, for this would be a species of fraud, and an imprisonment for that offence, and not for debt.

Again: the blow frequently falls on the wrong head. A man contracts a debt—he is unable to pay it, owing to the dishonesty of another—who suffers? Perhaps the man who is the real cause of the non-payment is never touched—perhaps, as is the case in numberless instances, he has acted within the letter of the law—he is not legally liable—but the poor man who has been victimised by the one, is now to be punished by the other!

Again: a man becomes unable to pay owing to the insolvency of another. What is done? Why he is imprisoned, or made insolvent also—and the matter is mended by ruining two men, when there need have been the ruin of one alone.

To remedy this, no creditor ought to have it in his power to make a debtor an insolvent, or a bankrupt. A court or commissioner ought to be empowered to investigate the state of a mercantile man's affairs, and if, though not solvent at the time, there was a prospect of his recovering his position, the court should refuse to make that man a bankrupt or insolvent—but should, from time to time, examine his proceedings, until he should have become once more solvent, with a view to prevent any improper advantage being taken by the debtor.

Again: no man ought to be deprived of those articles which are necessary to the following of his trade. The law recognises the principle when it says: the tools of a workman necessary for his trade are not to be taken; and that in a case of insolvency, &c., a certain amount of household goods and apparel shall remain unseized. But while the law recognises this principle, it does not carry it out in practice, to a sufficient extent,* For instance: if the tools of a workman ought to be exempt, so ought to be the waggons, horses, carts, harrows, ploughs, &c., of a farmer—the books of a lawyer—the necessary stock-in-trade of a shopkeeper, &c. *Superfluous stock*, &c., only ought to be sold off for the benefit of the creditor, who ought to have a claim on the proceeds of the remainder, under the same restriction as provided by the Small Debts' Law,—and by *the Insolvency Law as it now stands*, in one of its present aspects—namely: though the goods an insolvent may acquire after having passed through the court are not liable to execution and seizure, yet *his income is*; he may be had up, and the court may order a certain portion of his income to be set aside for the repayment of his debt.

Now, where is the use of first selling the man up, ruining him, and then, if he crawls upward again, deducting so much from his income? How much better would it not be, not to ruin him first, but let the deduction from his income be ordered and enforced at the outset, when he has better chances of repayment.

It may be urged, "if the creditor, by the seizure and sale of a debtor's goods, can repay himself at once, why should he not do so?" Why? *Because one man has no right to gain or to indemnify himself by the ruin of another.* If the debt was fraudulently or recklessly contracted, punish him for fraud or recklessness. But you have no right to ruin a man because he is unfortunate, and to enrich yourself out of his misfortune.

Again: what is a man sued for, if it is not to recover the money due? If a man owes *one* pound, and cannot pay that, surely he is still less able to pay *two!* Notwithstanding, the law adds materially to, often doubles, often trebles, and sextuples the original debt! The legal expenses have to be paid, before the creditor gets a fraction; and then the law, instead of facilitating the recovery of the debt of the creditor, in nine cases out of ten, throws an insuperable difficulty in the way,

To remedy this, *the law should never* INCREASE *the debt it is trying to* DIMINISH.

Therefore, no fees, dues, or imposts of any kind, should be levied in an action for debt—but summonses should be granted, and served, plaints heard, judgments given and enforced, without one iota of expense to either creditor or debtor.

The attendant expenses should be defrayed in the same way in which the judge is paid—by a given sum paid by the state, out of the national revenue.

Many a poor man cannot recover the money due to him, because he cannot find money to carry his case into court.

Do you object that this would encourage litigation? Not in the least! For it might be made a punishable offence (as it is in some cases), to bring vexatious and unfounded actions.

Thus our present laws of debtor and creditor are, firstly, unjust; since they punish, frequently, the wrong man, and visit as crime what really is misfortune. Secondly, they are unwise; because they promote the evil they attempt to remedy—they increase the debt they pretend to diminish—they throw obstacles in the way of the repayment they assume to facilitate; and instead of benefiting society, they ruin several in their mistaken effort to relieve one.

* The Americans, in some states, exempt the homesteads, the farming implements, and standing crops from seizure.

III.—THE LAWS OF VAGRANCY.

The laws of vagrancy tend to promote vice, without relieving the vagrant. A man is imprisoned, and treated as a common criminal, if he is so poor that he cannot keep a roof over his head—this being the man's misfortune, not his fault. He is actually put into prison for being destitute, though he may be willing to work. You may say, "There is the workhouse," but the treatment of the pauper in the workhouse is worse than that of the prisoner in the gaol, and a stigma is attached, in society, to the name of "pauper." The poor pariah, therefore, standing in the street, starving and houseless, knows that he *must* go to prison at any rate, if he does *not* commit a crime—for he must go as a vagrant. But if he does commit a crime, he may commit it unobserved, and so escape. He therefore *steals*, in order to pay for a night's lodging. If he *don't* steal, he must go to prison, because he has no lodging. If he *does* steal, and is not found out, he need *not* go to prison, because he will have got a lodging! The incentives are, therefore, in favour of stealing—all the advantages are on the side of theft, because not one in a thousand is discovered, and every man thinks he will be one of the 999 to escape detection.

Therefore, our laws of vagrancy, instead of being a safeguard to the public, are an incentive to crime, and a fruitful source of making criminals.

Such are our laws! A clear proof that when the foundations of society are radically wrong, every pillar that you plant upon it, will be crushed and distorted.

HE HAS LEAGUED WITH OUR FOES.

"*But Socialism, as I understand it, is inconsistent with social order and the security of property.* That being the case, *I am entirely convinced* that it is important and beneficial to humanity, when a man, plain or simple, however undeserving, can influence by his acts and by his activity the next struggle in Europe. Now it is not my merit, but from the state of my case in my country, that I can somewhat influence the next revolution, which is unavoidable in Europe. *And I declare that I have the most determined resolution to influence it in such a way, as that it shall not take a direction contrary to the great principles of security for personal property,* * * *

"But men who, like me, merely *wish to establish rational freedom, will, in such circumstances (the advent of a democratic and social Republic), lose all their influence, and others may get influence who may become dangerous to that principle.*"—M. Kossuth's Speech to the Profitmongers. *Vide* "Daily News," November, 1851.

Mourn ye, Democracy! Kossuth has fallen
Off the proud pedestal, built him by thee;
Urged by ambition's vile dictates—forestalling
That high sense of duty adored by the free—
Kings would he o'erthrow, but not to extend to
The people their rights in a true Social sense—
Wealth and position alone would he tend to
Exalt, while Toil suffers by specious pretence.
Sold! sold again! On a reed that is broken—
Lured by fine phrases, and eloquent rant
Against Tyrants and Tyrannies, prettily spoken—
We've leant—and applauding the Demagogue's cant—
Have rushed forth by millions, in homage have hailed him,
As Freedom's stern champion—and honoured his name—
Hung on his words—and where slander assailed him
Dared his traducers to sully his fame.

Oh! how we loved to believe him unrivall'd—
Dwelt on the tones of his deep, manly voice;
Caught up its fire, as the flash from his eye call'd
The impulse of ardour to sanction our choice.
England's lank labour slaves! rushing to greet him—
As one who was still poor Humanity's friend—
Knowing not self, with success, could entreat him
To use us as tools, to attain his own end.

Leagued with our foes—who by discords divide us—
Choice hath he made, let him keep to it still.
Conquer without him, shall *we*—he's supplied us
A motto: "No obstacles if ye but will."
Yet a lesson he's read us, and sad is the warning,
Forget it not! Shrink from those covetous elves;
And when the bright morn of dear Liberty's dawning,
To make Freedom certain, depend on yourselves!

Many—who know how I've sternly contended
Resenting when stigmas upon him were cast—
Bidding them wait till himself he defended,
And proved by the people he stood to the last—
May blame me for now having changed my opinion,
What joy should I feel could I prove him the same
As I deemed him—unswayed by a love of dominion—
And blot out the stain that now sullies his name!

On his words and his acts—which too surely convict him—
Our hopes in the future in faith I relied;
Yet while I presume not in act to restrict him,
In the friend of our foemen—oh! can you confide?
However distasteful—the truth must be spoken!—
Too often have Peoples by such been misled—
Blood hath flowed freely—and hearts have been broken—
Traitors have triumphed, and Freedom lay dead.

ATHOL J. WOOD.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—THE WORKING-MAN'S WIFE.
II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.
III.—THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.
IV.—THE LADY OF TITLE.

II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.

(*Continued from page 652.*)

"ANNA!" said Trelawney, and his calm, manly voice carried comfort and strength to her in every tone, "Anna! you are mine, and I am yours. Rely on me! Lean on this arm—it shall support and shelter you—and so we will walk out into the world together. Come!"

Lamb-like, she followed; she felt that she was helpless; with confiding or reckless resignation—gentle, impulseless, as though she had no longer a will of her own, she obeyed his every word, followed his every motion—and so they *did* go forth into the world.

As they passed out of the house, terror of Trelawney silenced every voice, and forced some semblance of decorum on the crowd—for a crowd *had* gathered—but the voice of Treadstone was heard from the rear rank:

"Assault and battery—he, he, he?—it'll be in all the public papers—he, he, he!"

Trelawney's brow darkened; it was disagreeable, at the least—his family, his relations, would hear of it. What would they say? Trelawney had left his room with a proud, indignant love, with a heroic resolution to do his duty towards Anna, and "face down the prejudices of the world." Those prejudices met him, ere he had reached the door-step, like cold water. Not to say more, he felt daunted and uncomfortable.

Oh world, how strong thou art!

And Anna? she looked nor right, nor left—she shunned the sneering glances that might be felt through the grim silence. But once, she stole a timid look upward to Trelawney's face, and clung more fondly to his arm. She knew that her only protection, her only hope, now lay in him! Alas, for her, whose sole refuge and dependence is the constancy of man!

X.—LOVE'S SUMMER.

Charles Trelawney had taken lodging for Anna in a respectable house. He loved her too well (a true love is wedded to respect) to take her to a disreputable neighbourhood. He was too jealous of her purity to take her a questionable abode; and in order to obtain an honourable dwelling-place for her, he passed her off as his sister. But he came too often, he spoke too tenderly (ah! brothers do not love sisters so kindly, so devotedly!) for the safety of his secret. He was watched—he was overheard; and while poor Anna mourned, with love's spirit of monopoly (for love *is* a monopolist) Trelawney's too frequent absence, his too frequent presence excited, and verified the suspicions of the mistress of the house.

Her manner became rude and insolent to Anna, whose requests remained unobeyed, and whose feelings were wounded every hour by the remarks and looks with which she was assailed. She lived in a perpetual terror, yet she shrank from mentioning her fears to Charles, lest it should render his visits more scarce and short, and these visits were her only solace in her mournful, mournful solitude. There was a perpetual constraint upon her—a continual apprehension. She feared to speak to him above a whisper, and she feared to whisper, lest she should strengthen suspicion. She lived

a wretched life! One by one she was passing through the stages of her bitter expiation.

At length, one morning, the landlady came with a severe countenance—Charles had staid later than his wont on the preceding evening—and said, with violent upbraiding, she would no longer allow her to stop in her house. It was a disgraceful thing for a disreputable person like her to palm herself off upon respectable people; and she insisted upon her leaving her house that very day.

Anna could do nothing but bow to the reproof in silence—and weep. What could she answer the world—the cold, inexorable world was against her. It classed her at once with the great troop of the depraved, the designing, the fallen daughters of crime, and vice, and sin. What did it know—what did it care for the extenuating circumstances? What did it know—what did it care for the terrible trials of that poor child of want and suffering?—that tender young heart wrecked against its base conventionalities.

Oh! reader! Do not imagine that our object is to extenuate sin, or to gloze over vice with sentimental sophistry—but we do say this,—broadly, boldly in the face of society and all its power, its prejudice, its ignorance, its cruelty, do we fling down the assertion: that young girl was better, more virtuous, more good—aye! more *pure*—than ninety-nine out of every hundred of the sanctimonious tyrants who, in their self-righteous morality, would trample that appealing spirit down into the street!

Hunted down again—driven by the wolves of mock morality from her fresh refuge, with tears and breaking heart, Anna faltered forth the fact of her expulsion to Trelawney when he came.

Her lover pressed her in his arms; he kissed away the tears from those soft, sweet, blue, eyes. He could not bear to see her grieving thus—he loved her still so dearly—and folding his arms around her, as though to shield her from the world, he swore to cherish and protect her—to tend her, and love her for ever; and cursing, with scornful laughter, what he called the hateful conventionalities of life—proud to show how he defied them, he bore her away from the house.

The career of Anna was progressing rapidly. She now lived with him openly and avowedly as his mistress. She settled down in her shame.

But there was at least this comfort: there was not the constraint of concealment—the terror of discovery. She breathed freer. There was a pause in the bitter blast that was to chill her out of life.

And those were happy days—those first few honey-days of their unblessed union! Charles scarcely quitted her side—the domesticity of love was new to him—and its novelty was ravishing. And Anna!—Oh! she grew more beautiful every day, her very soul came melting in her eyes—a sweet melody haunted her voice—a buoyant grace adorned her every movement. Freed from the drudgery of heart-sickening toil and care, her mind expanded—the treasures of her intellect opened forth—but, alas! she became more sensitive—less proof against adversity—as her delicate hand grew softer and more white, so her nature grew less capable of tolerating the harsh, rough surface of society.

She was blessed, indeed, but those Oases of life make bitterer the barren desert that surrounds them!

Soon the passion of Charles Trelawney began to cool. A thousand little annoyances, that had been lost amid the unspeakable bliss of their new union, began to make themselves felt. It was soon known that a young girl lived with him, and mothers and guardians, who speculated on his hand for their daughters or wards, for he had large expectations, ceased to invite him to their parties. Young ladies ceased to flirt with him, and their mammas cast sinister looks. His friends began to ridicule him, and to blame him: it was all very well to have an amour, but not to parade it in his home with all the sanction of legitimate domesticity. They advised him to send Anna back, whence he had taken her: Anna—blighted, despised—ruined! Anna—who lived by him, and for him only!

Pecuniary embarrassments joined to these social vexations. His allowance had been sufficient to maintain him in comfort; but they were inadequate to the new calls upon his purse. He had to maintain another—to keep house—his purse could not support the burden—he got into debt. Soon his parents heard of his conduct, and the most reproachful letters were sent to him: "Was this what his parents were pinching their household for, in the expectation that he was following up his profession, while, in reality, he was living in open disgrace with a common harlot! Did he mean to bring his grey-headed father—his fond mother—in anguish to the grave?" Everything was had recourse to, that could play upon his feelings. He began to think—to doubt—to feel dissatisfied with himself. But one look of Anna—so good, so gentle, so confiding, so innocent, so helpless——oh! it chased away all his misgivings, but it brought the tears to his eyes—it had once brought the fond, glad smile to his lips.

His father threatened "to come up to town, to turn the woman out of his lodgings—illness alone prevented him." Charles lived in constant terror and agony. He trembled lest the visit should take place—Anna insulted and maltreated—he dared not

quit the house, lest she should be left alone to face him; he trembled to remain, lest he should suddenly see the dreaded visitor come up to his door; he wanted to seek another dwelling, but now poverty tied *him*—he had not the money requisite to pay his way out of the neighbourhood.

At last, by borrowing from friends, he moved to a humbler and a duller lodging, in a remote part of town. Thus once more they were hunted from their refuge by the hounding spirit of society. Like weary birds, scarce could they rest and breathe, ere the wolfish pursuit scared them on through the stages of ruin.

They lived under a feigned name, to avoid the dreaded visit, and Charles broke off, as he thought, all clue to their wandering. Here their economy became more rigid. All that Anna could do, was done; she joyed to make his home pleasant to her lover—ever watchful for his slightest wish—her thousand winning ways—her thousand pretty devices—and the kind efforts of her helpless poverty to soothe—to amuse him—deserved the worship of angels; but alas! she could not supply him with what he wanted: money—ease—society—the world! Intellectual, highly educated, versed in literature, politics, and the arts, as her lover was, poor Anna, with her neglected education, could bring him nothing but Nature and Love. And, alas! with the child of the world, Nature and Love (after the first heyday of passion and enthusiasm is passed, and they live so short a time!) become insipid and unamusing, and to compensate for all the sacrifices of position and intercourse, of ease and affluence, he had a companion whom he could not own—whom, if any one called, he was obliged to motion out of the room with a blush, and with whom he could not venture to be seen in public, stealing out with her in the dusk along the parks, and at every step trembling to be recognised!

Charles Trelawney's love began to chill beneath these thousand petty influences. Anna still maintained a power over him, but it was another sentiment that called it forth—*love had sunk into* PITY. Alas, for her whose reliance is only on the pity of her spoiler! Trelawney's absences from home now became long and frequent—he grew moody and fractious. It is true, when he saw Anna pained, the sight of a tear would recal him to her side; he would fold her in his arms, while her sad, sad eyes were turned so mournfully towards him! Then, when alone, he would walk about with hurried steps, and begin—yes! *to curse his folly!* With a self-righteous sophistry (though based on truth as well,) he dwelt on what he once before had spurned to think of—the grief and anger of his parents. It was a shield against the arguments of his conscience, for, as his love waned, *he summoned the self-reproach of the truant son to stifle the self-reproach of the truant lover.*

He never, again to do him justice, entertained the idea of abandoning Anna. "No! he would have died first! He would stand by the consequences of what he'd done—he would not do anything so dishonourable—but it was a sad business, and *he cursed his folly!*"

Love and pity had sunk a step lower—it was *honour* alone that Anna had for her reliance.

Alas! for her, whose reliance is only on the honour of society!

And Anna—did she mourn the peace and calm she-once had known—did she mourn her lost innocence? (Lost innocence!) No! given with her whole soul to Charles, she mourned only his lost love—for she could feel its loss—she could see and hear its loss in every look and turn, save that now and then, and for a fleeting moment, the olden music returned to the voice, the former light to the eye, to make the blank more dreary when 'twas past.

XI.—THE VISIT.

One morning, while Charles Trelawney was from home, and while Anna was working alone in her room, the door suddenly opened, and an elderly lady of stern, repellent aspect entered uninvited.

Anna rose—her heart beat quick.

The lady looked at her intently and sternly.

"Does Mr. Charles Trelawney live here?"

"Yes, madam."

"And am I in his room?"

"Yes, madam."

"And who are you? How is it I see you here?"

"Me? ma'am?"

"*Who are you?*"

"Madam—*I am*——"

"Ah!"

The poor girl felt her suffocating tears burning her heart, and a deep blush came scorching to her cheek.

"Well?" said the lady, with a cutting coldness, and seating herself quietly.

Anna burst into tears—her only answer.

"*You are his mistress*—are you not? I've not been mistaken."

The old lady rose, and added,—

"*I am his mother!*"

"You!——Oh, heaven——"

"I. I suppose you didn't exactly expect me here? And where is my son? Answer. You can cry afterwards."

"Charles has gone out, madam."

"And pray, where is he now?"

"At the lecture theatre—at the University."

"That's well: then we can finish before he returns. No doubt you understand the reason of my coming here. I have been informed of

the scandalous conduct of my son—I have written several letters without avail—and I have resolved on coming down myself, to put an end to this disgraceful business. Hear me, young woman! I do not come here for the purpose of reproaching you. Reproaches with persons of your sort would be thrown away; but I order you forthwith to leave my son's house, and, as I detest all scenes and noise, and as I don't wish the matter to be carried further, here is a cheque on my bankers for £20. There's no need of another word—the business is settled—you had best go."

There was a deep silence.

"Did you hear me?"

"Well! Have you heard me?"

Anna remained motionless—her eyes fixed in agony on the speaker's face—her arms hanging helplessly by her side—her mouth open as one who was speaking—but there came no tone. The old lady seized her rudely by the arm.

"Come! We must end this, and quickly. You have understood me, I suppose? I order you to quit this room before my son returns!"

"Mercy! madam? mercy, for the love of God!" cried the poor girl, falling on her knees before the stern old woman.

"Enough! enough! I detest all scenes. Do not constrain me to have recourse to force, to expel you from the house."

"Madam! oh, madam! for heaven's sake, do not drive me away. Let me see him once again."

"To try to seduce him, eh? To persuade him to disobey me?"

"Oh, no! good heaven! no! but to wish him farewell—to embrace him once more!"

"What impudence! Embrace him!"

"Oh! If you but knew! it is because I love him! Yes! Great God! love him—love him! I have ruined myself for his sake—to him I have sacrificed my reputation!"

"The reputation of a milliner!—and, no doubt, it was not the first time you made the sacrifice."

"Madam! madam! say not so, for the love of mercy! I was pure—I was—I was—believe me. Ask all who knew me!—Madam! but do look at me—do I look like a bad girl? Do you see my anguish? If you but knew how I love him—his wife will never love him more—his wife will never be more true to him. Enquire of the people in the house—I speak to no one but him. I see no one but him—I do not even open the window. Madam! do not tear him away from me—oh, spare me—spare me!"

"Young woman! you are insane!"

"No! Oh, no! But Charles is my life—my hope—my all! If you take him away from me, you kill me. I have grown so to feel the need of seeing him—of hearing his voice; let me remain near him as his servant—as what you please—but let me be near him—on my knees, with folded hands—see! —I beseech you!"

"I regret you should put so much passion into the matter," said the lady, in a voice somewhat less harsh. "You may be less guilty than you appear, but that is nothing to me. I have come to save my son from disgraceful entanglements. To-morrow he leaves town with me, therefore, resign yourself to see him no more, and *forget him.*"

"That is impossible!—he—leave me—forget him! What—I to remain alone! I should go mad!"

And Anna, in fearful excitement, bounded up from her attitude of supplication.

Suddenly, she seized the hand of Mrs. Trelawney, and pressed it to her heart.

"Do you feel—madam? Do you feel? That's his child. I shall soon become a mother.

"Miserable creature!" cried the old woman, white with rage, "dare you confess this proof of your infamy?"

"That is the child of your child," resumed Anna, folding her hands, and weeping.

"And who assures me of that?"

"Madam!—Oh! before heaven, it is his child!"

"Oh! perhaps you want to have him recognised by that title. I understand you, now—designing minion! You try to frighten me with a public exposure."

"No! no! no!—but it is his child—yours! what is to become of it?"

"You can't be ignorant on that head; there is the hospital, and the parish."

Until then Anna had observed a meek and suppliant attitude: but wounded now in the dearest, holiest, sanctuary of her young heart—her dawning mother's love—the weeping girl suddenly raised her death-pale forehead, and stood erect, proud, noble.

The old lady looked at her, and said, "Take this cheque, and let us close this painful business."

Anna took the cheque—tore it coldly, and quietly returned to the chair she had occupied when Mrs. Trelawney entered.

"We will wait till your son returns, madam. This is *his* house," said she, with calm dignity.

In vain Mrs. Trelawney tried to tear her from her grand silence. She could not provoke a single word.

Enraged—she rushed to the door.

"I go—I will await his return. But, miserable woman! he shall not mount that stair. You shall never see him again."

Anna made no motion, spoke no word—and the old lady descended the steps rapidly.

Anna sat in silence—waiting—and watching. She waited, motionless, and speechless. The twilight was descending—and no Charles Trelawney came.

(To be continued.)

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

*Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.**

ELJEN A HAZA.

(*Continued from No. 34, p. 678.*)

XXVI.—THE RIGHT BANK.

The 11th of July was the day fixed on by Görgey for his effort to break through the Austrian lines. After the severe repulse he had met with in his attack on the entrenched camp, Haynau had taken up his head-quarters at the village of Nagy Igmand, fronting the camp and fortress from the south. He vented his fury on the districts within reach of his arms, and executed the clergymen who had taken any part in the Revolution. His forces on the right or southern bank of the Danube, surrounded the Hungarian army in a semi-circle, from Atsh to Almas. The Russian reserve was in his rear, while an Austrian corps under General Ramberg, had been sent against Buda, which his vanguard reached on the day fixed by Görgey for the battle.

At nine o'clock on the morning of that day, under cover of a thick mist which hung along the ground, two corps and the cavalry division issued, unobserved, from the Hungarian camp. Meanwhile, patrols coming in reported that the enemy were concentrating strong bodies of troops at Atsh. At eleven o'clock, the first thunders of artillery boomed through the mist; first from Almas, and then from the vineyards of Uj-szöny, where Assermann had led his columns, and commenced his attack on the Atsh forest.

At the same time General Pigetti moved the cavalry division in the same level of advance towards Herkaly.

Görgey, still weak, and disabled from his wound, had himself taken to the entrenchments, on the height of which he sat, watching the battle.

Unfortunately, Pigetti, instead of breaking on the enemy in a charge, commenced a cannonade—ineffectual, since the enemy were in a covered position.

The third corps, which advanced on the Igmand road, against the enemy's centre, attacked Czem, which was the key to their position. The village was gallantly taken at the point of the bayonet. The Austrian line was broken—the gate to the command of the right bank of the Danube was opened—Görgey's plan was being crowned with success—"but before my reserve columns," says Klapka, "could press to the charge, and follow up our advantage, the gap in the enemy's battle-line was filled by the whole of the Austrian reserve, and by the Russian division Paniutine, who received the fugitive brigade, rallied it, and sent it, with a strong support, back to the charge, while eighty field pieces opened upon us from the neighbouring heights. For an hour the earth trembled with the roar of the cannon, which, assembled on one point, were to decide the fate of the day. The effect, on either side, was ruinous. The field was strewn with corpses. Batteries were dismounted, powder-carts exploded. We kept our position; so did the Imperialists. Some of their divisions retreated for a time without range of the fire, but they were either returned or were replaced by fresh troops. If, according to the dispositions, Nagy Shandor and Pigetti had advanced, and joined the attack of the third corps, they would have secured the victory—for the enemy, wavering as it was, could not have resisted the impetus of their charge. *But Nagy Shandor advanced slowly,* and *Pigetti did not move at all.* The favorable moment passed, and the Austrians, who were strongest in the centre, seemed to prevail. Leiningen, who saw his battalions lose ground, placed himself at the head of his reserves, and led them onward to another bayonet charge. The whole of his corps followed. Before I could manage to support this hasty and disorderly attack, they were exposed to a raking fire, and, after several unsuccessful charges, they were compelled to fall back. Leiningen was so far advanced, that his retreat lay for a thousand yards within bearing of the enemy's guns. His troops suffered proportionably. The courage of his corps (at other times the bravest in the

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

army) was seriously shaken, and without greater successes in either wing, another attack in the centre was not to be thought of.

"Leiningen rallied his troops under shelter of the heights along the Igmaud road; I hastened to the right wing to direct the battle in that quarter, I found the troops in full retreat, and the Atsh forest, which was thrice lost and won in the course of this day, was again given up by our troops.

"Another unsuccessful assault convinced me of the certain loss and little gain which would result from a continuation of the attack. It was late in the day, and I ordered the whole line to retreat under protection of the batteries.

"I could not expose the army to severe losses, which would have ruined it in its future operations."

I have given the description of this decisive battle—decisive of the future movements of the army—in General Klapka's own words, who, owing to Görgey's illness, held the command that day.

From this account it appears how nearly success crowned the effort—that the neglect and delay of Generals Shandor and Pigetti alone frustrated the attempt,

"Pigetti," Klapka observes, "whose inactivity was the principal cause of the failure of our attack on the enemy's centre, excused his conduct by protesting that, just in the decisive moment, his batteries were short of ammunition, and that a new supply was not sent early enough to enable him to support his advance by his artillery."

A poor excuse—since he should have seen that the supplies were sent before his ammunition began to fail.

It is evident that, had the Generals performed their duty, Görgey's plan would have saved Hungary—as it was, he was doomed to watch, chained, like a Tantalus, to his seat, the failure of that plan through the wretched incompetency or negligence of his commanders. It is also probable that, had Görgey been able to lead the troops in person, the same courage, the same spirit he had previously infused into the soldiers, the same active supervision and forethought, the same presence of mind in moments of extremity, would, in this instance, as before, have gained the victory. Fate willed it otherwise.

The immense combined army of the Imperialists rolled after the retiring Hungarians—the return to the camp is thus described.—"In the course of the retreat, the enemy made several attacks with the whole of the cavalry, which were brilliantly repulsed by General Nagy Shandor, whose irresolution had hitherto prevented him from taking part in the battle, but who advanced to cover the retreat of the left wing. His hussars of the first and eighth regiments drew up for the protection of our artillery and foot, who fell off and retreated *en échiquier*, and ranging in a line, and with their horses at rest, they allowed the enemy's horse to approach them within distance of a few yards, when they fixed their columns, and then commenced the onset. When repulsed, they retreated round and disappeared amidst the squares of foot, who meanwhile presented their front to the enemy, and rallied, while the enemy was being raked by a harassing fire of musketry and cartridge, which occasioned a severe loss, and compelled them to turn and fall back."

One thousand five hundred were numbered in killed and wounded on the Hungarian side in this day's battle. The loss of the Imperialists was equally great.

The failure of this attempt to break through on the right bank decided the future fate of Hungary. There remain but two alternatives between which to choose—either to remain with the army in Komorn, or to retreat along the left bank.

Had Görgey wished to terminate the war by a surrender, he would have chosen the former; for, shut up in a fortress, with the combining forces of Russia and Austria to surround it, hemmed in by a junction of Prince Paskiewitch with Haynau, severed from the rest of Hungary, nothing but a surrender remained possible. This, then, would have been the very position to choose, if an excuse for surrendering had been sought by Görgey.

To march along the left bank of the Danube, was to meet the main army of Russia under Paskiewitch, and the reserve under Grabbe and Lacken—it was to front danger, but it was also the only means of braving it—it was the only chance of saving the country, for he would come up with the Russians before they could form a junction with the Austrians, and he would fall on Paskiewitch before he could unite with the other Russian generals.

Moreover, Paskiewitch was still at Erlau—it was probable he should have only a part of his force to engage, and would thus be able to break through between the Austrians advancing along the right bank, and the Russians marching from the north and east, to form a junction with Visocki and Perczel, who stood in the centre, and to fall back on Dembimski and Bem, who were making head in the south.

Görgey accordingly summoned the leaders of the army to his quarters on the evening of the 11th. "All the commanders protested they would prefer the most desperate struggle to the danger of being cut off and surrounded in Komorn, where the want of provisions and ammunition would soon compel them to make a disgraceful surrender."

These words of Klapka sufficiently prove the loyalty of intention, and the determination of resistance with which Görgey set out on his last and fatal march.

That march began early on the morning of the 13th of July. The last luggage vans crossed the Waag at noon. The garrison in Komorn was left isolated and alone—and the bold, adventurous expedition was commenced.

XXVII.—RETROSPECTION.

We have now brought the history of the Hungarian insurrection from its historical and social origin to the last act of its eventful drama. We have unveiled the secret causes which wrecked the public good against selfish individualities, but the plot thickens—the interest deepens, as the conclusion draws near.

It is our duty now to pause, for the purpose of taking a retrospective view. We have already sketched the historical career of Görgey—we have already analysed the motives dictating his military operations; now, when so near the eve of his surrender to the foe, it becomes our duty to examine the views he entertained as to the national policy of the insurrection.

To record one feature of a man's character, and to omit another, is an act of injustice, and by conveying an erroneous impression, is a misstatement of facts. A half truth is often a whole lie.

We therefore extract from the pages of Kossuth's ardent admirer and friend, Klapka, the following analysis of Görgey's political views. Görgey was no democrat. As Kossuth strove at first but for a constitutional monarchy, and then for a middle class republic, so Gorgey was averse, throughout, to republican form, had little sympathy with republican institutions, and though ready to chastise a refractory king for breaking through a constitution, but reluctantly punished him by removal from a throne. A thoroughly military character, when the force of circumstances had involved him in the guidance of a republican war, he then rebelled against the supremacy of penmen and civilians. In Klapka's words:—"Gorgey was a *soldier* throughout. A Spartan education, an innate and carefully fostered stoicism, which at times ran into cynicism, and a manner of thought positive, and foreign to all ideal creations of the mind, impressed his character with that striking roughness which was at war with all forms, and which caused him to look with deep aversion on the pomp, pride, and circumstance of commonplace revolution, the unruly proceedings of an excited crowd. These sentiments, and his attachment to a legitimate power, remained in him unshaken, even amidst the overpowering storm of a revolution. So long as the Hungarian government of 1848 moved on a smooth legal pivot,—so long as their actions had the King's name and authority, they found in Görgey one of their staunchest adherents, and one who was firmly resolved to support them, with all the energy of his iron will, against the Austrians, whom he hated as the hereditary enemies of his country. But when, after the resignation of the Bathyany cabinet, he received the commands of the government, not from the constitutional Hungarian War Office, but from a Committee of whom the major part were civilians, who had no knowledge of military things, he appears to have become impregnated with the conviction, that the fate of the country could be decided only by a soldier. After the fatal battle of Schwechet (in autumn 1848) he was appointed to the command of the army on the Upper Danube. And when this appointment opened an unlimited field to his ambition—when he looked around, and found no military character that could vie with his, the thought was but natural, that fate had destined him to play that left part.

"The contradictory disposition which the Committee of Defence sent him in the course of his retreat, in December, 1848, and the undecided, nervous, and planless conduct of that body, prevailed at length against his patience, and incited him to a determined opposition. He betrayed that form of mind in the course of his march through the mountain cities (Jan. 1849)."

The following extracts from his proclamation on that occasion will at once reveal his sentiments:—

"Waitzen, 4th January, 1849.

"To the Hungarian Corps on the Upper Danube.

"I believe that the cause of Hungary is a *just cause.*

"And I mean to stand at my post, as long as it is left in my power, even though the best among us were to waver and to withdraw their arms from the support of the just cause."

He then alludes to the errors and fallacious measures adopted by the Committee of Defence, whose mere civilian pens presumed to dictate the operations of his campaigns. He endeavours here at once to place his conduct in a *legal* point of view. In alluding to the orders which he obeyed, he says:—

"I received these orders from a board of functionaries which Meszaros, the responsible secretary-at-war, (elected by the country, and *confirmed by our King*, Ferdinand V.) himself had acknowledged to be the supreme power of government.....I was conscious that my action was not illegal, and that the *Royal* Hungarian corps under my command was not induced to any such illegal action, so long as the Committee of Defence did not disavow its own leading principles.

"But on the 1st of January 1849, when the corps on the Upper Danube, in spite of the orders to fall back upon the first line before Buda, was still resolved on combat before Hausabegh, Tarnok, Soskut, Bia, &c., the Committee of Defence, instead of justifying our confidence in their loyalty, their heroic perseverance

in the vicinity of the danger, *most inexplicably and suddenly abandoned the capital*, thus devoting us (and still more *by the sending of a deputation to the commander-in-chief of the enemy's troops without our knowledge and consent*) to a helpless and even equivocal position. This measure was calculated to make many of us suspicious less we had been caused to descend from the elevated position to which we are entitled, as champions of the constitutional liberty of Hungary! to the humble condition of beings who are *used as the means of promoting the egotistical interests of individuals.*"

Görgey then called on the troops to sign a declaration containing the following passages:

"The Hungarian army of the Upper Danube, of which the essentials once formed part of the Austrian military establishment, (that is to say, before the sanction of the Hungarian War Office placed the Hungarian regiments under the sole and exclusive direction of that office,) took, *obedient to the will of the constitutional king of Hungary*, their oaths to the constitution of that country.....Notwithstanding the most melancholy political troubles, they have since remained faithful to their oaths, by yielding their obedience only to the commands of the Hungarian responsible secretary-at-war, or of the Committee of Defence, *whose legality has received that secretary's recognition and sanction.*

"Leaning on this incontrovertible fact, the corps of the Upper Danube makes the most decided protest against any insinuations of its having served to promote the *private interests* of any party in Hungary, and the corps brands all such rumours as disgraceful calumnies."

An account is then again entered into, in this memorable declaration, of the achievements of the army, and the "equivocal conduct" of the Committee of Defence towards it. The gist of this statement is to fix the struggle upon a legal and constitutional basis—to make it a war of the constitutional king against the foreign emperor, (regardless that both were the same man;) or, at most, of a constitutional government against a monarch who infringed the constitution. It was a protest against insurrection — and "private interests" may perhaps mean the revolutionary party.

The Declaration continues:—

"In order, therefore, amidst the *political intrigues* which are likely to prey upon our unfortunate country, to maintain an unshaken and *legal position*, the corps of the Upper Danube makes the following declarative professions:—

"1stly,—The corps of the Upper Danube, faithful to its oath for the maintenance of the constitution of Hungary, as sanctioned by King Ferdinand V., intends to defend that constitution against all foreign enemies.

"2ndly,—But the corps of the Upper Danube intends likewise to oppose all those who, by *untimely republican agitations* in the interior of the country, would endeavour to overthrow the *constitutional kingdom.*

"*Waitzen*, "Gorgey,
"*5th January*, 1849. "Major-General."

This declaration struck dismay into the government at Debrezen. Many called it treason. It was resolved to place the army under a foreigner, lest native leaders should be tempted by ambition. A great name was sought—Dembinski was selected for the purpose. His appointment gave great umbrage to all the Hungarian generals—and Görgey's influence forced him to resign in favour of Gen. Vetter, who succeeded him.

The illness of the latter brought Görgey to the chief command about the end of March, and victory having driven the Austrians past Komorn and Raab, Kossuth joined the army on the 7th of April. At Gödöllö he held a conference with the commanders of the corps, and on this occasion acquainted them that, since "the new constitution of the Austrian empire did not recognise the ancient constitution of Hungary,—since the country was thus degraded to the level of a province, of a crownland of the Hapsburg dynasty,—and since all hope of mediation was cut off by the despotic phrase—'*There is no treating with rebels;*' it had become necessary, openly before God and the world, to confront this shameless perjury and unparalleled treason with a public and decisive act."

"The other commanders agreed with Kossuth's views,—*Görgey was silent.* But at Leva, when the news reached him that the parliament had voted the act of repudiation, Görgey professed to dissent from this measure."

"After the victories at Sarlo and Komorn, he accepted the post of secretary of war in the new cabinet; this step of his implied his assent to the change in Kossuth's administration and policy."

It will thus be seen that Görgey took up arms readily in a constitutional struggle—but that he supported a republican insurrection only with hesitation and reluctance. That he did his duty in the field, however, under either aspect of the war, his greatest enemy cannot deny.

Another conviction entertained by Görgey deserves especial consideration: that is, the hopelessness of the struggle as soon as Russia interfered.

"When the siege of Buda drew to its close," says Klapka, "the rumour of a Russian intervention became daily more distinct; in the commencement of June there could be no doubt as to the intention of the Czar. Görgey, impelled by his fatal practical manner of viewing men and things, considered the forces of our enemies, and compared them with the means of defence which were actually at our disposal. But what he counted on either side were the bayonets, guns, and stores. His calculation led him to the mournful conviction of the cer-

t[a]inty of the enemy's success, and of our own ruin. Gorgey's calculations were those of a soldier, not of a politician—nor, indeed, of a Hungarian. All the moral advantages which in this war were on our side, appeared to him as mere illusions, and not worthy of notice. He misunderstood our national character, and cared little or nothing for the *sense*, for the *original strength* of the people. He counted his battalions."

It must also be remembered that a strong party in Hungary were in favour of peace, who constantly importuned him to negociate an arrangement.

"They all co-operated in their attempts to persuade him that all resistance was in vain—that he alone could snatch the country from certain ruin, and restore it to peace. The enemy, they said, would never consent to treat with Kossuth or the revolutionary government, but they would treat with *him*, and him alone, whose proclamations to the army had always adhered to the principles of legitimacy and monarchy."

Gorgey therefore, alone, had it in his power, supposing resistance to be in truth hopeless, to save the land from carnage and devastation, and to reserve the strength of its youth for a future struggle under more favouring auspices.

With all these circumstances surrounding him—with these convictions more or less upon his mind—Gorgey set out on his last adventurous march. Before him lay the front of Russia, behind him crept the snake-like coil of Austria, beside him glided distrust, intrigue, and treachery. With but a handful of troops, compared to the overwhelming hosts of his foes, he dared the appalling danger. In that last hour the heroic spirit of past victories seems to have rekindled in his breast, and as he swept majestically onward with the destiny of Hungary around him, in the ranks of his devoted soldiers, the eye follows his steps with admiration, and the historian will measure his deeds by the explanation given in this chapter.

We now lift the veil from the last, great closing scenes.

The Hungarian Exiles.

Hail! to the sov'reignty of truth!
Hail! to Hungary's manly youth—
Hail! to the day of coming years,
When Freedom dries Hungaria's tears,
And vengeance shall repay the debt—
The tears of blood her sons weep yet!
Blood for blood, and life for life:
War with Austria, to the knife—
No thought—no word, but deadly strife!
What recks it to the fugitive,
Or let die—or let him live?
The home—the peace, he cannot find,
For ever madden in his mind;
Till silence in the grave shall be
A blessing to his misery.
Then Austria tremble in thy might,
When desp'rate men shall arm for right.
Hark! I hear their trumpets sound.
Gaze! I see their chargers bound.
Round and round, the darkened air
Gleams with battles deadly glare;
And from the darkness cries Despair!
For tyrants' blood is shedding there!
There where ev'ry step they move
Stirs the ashes of old love—
There! where every sound that rings
Amidst the mountains' echoings,
Awakes some sleeping voice of youth.
That hurls them back the naked truth;
And whispers, answering to their tread,
Come breathing "vengeance!" from the dead.
Here, press the wreck of tyrants' hand
A small, but true and fearless band;
For life they heed, nor death they care—
Theirs! all that foemen do or dare!
"My God! my God! take that you gave—
"One stroke at Austria! then the grave!
"'Tis all I ask! 'tis all I crave!
"To show I would not die a slave!
"To let the lying despot know
"That men are men, whate'er he do—
"That silence means not, to forget—
"That absence ever may return—
"That Freedom's sword is ever whet—
"That freeman's soul must ever burn!"

S. R.*

* The above lines show the spirit of poesy. Those printed in italics are truly beautiful. We make this note on the poem, for the lines are the first poetic effort of one who reveals the capabilities of a true poet, and will, we believe, devote his talents to the aid of true democracy. E.J.

TRADES' GRIEVANCES.

To THE WORKING-MEN,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statemen of all the grievances under which you labour, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent: but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to ERNEST JONES, care of Mr. PAVEY, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London

I.—THE MINERS OF THE NORTH.

THE SPITAL TONGUE'S COLLIERY.

THERE was in a recent number of the *Notes* an article which emanated from Spital Tongue's Colliery, in which deprecation was made of the compulsory means adopted to compel men to pay sixpence per fortnight to maintain a very inefficient medical attendant; and I regret very much, that the writer of that article did not make public mention of some more very heavy grievances which are imposed on the heads of the workmen of that colliery; but as I happen to be working at the Spital Tongue's Colliery myself, and experienced some of the great enormities practised by the employers, to look tamely on and submit without making a public exposure of their base, heartless system, would, on, my part, be a great dereliction of duty. It appears very plain to me that the proprietors are very anxious to accumulate fortunes, or else recruit embarrassed ones—that they insist upon having all the coals which the men work for nothing, or nearly so, as the following will prove. There are twelve of us working in one locality of the mine, at the stipulated price of four shillings per twenty tubs of 7 cwt. each; to work ten of these require us to labour twelve hours on the average, and pay for sixpenny-worth of powder, and twopenny-worth of candles. Were we to receive the full balance, it would leave us the splendid sum of one shilling and fourpence. But, ah! no—they cannot think of letting us have even this miserable pittance without exacting the one-half from us. There has not been one single day this last fortnight, to my certain knowledge, wherein any one of the whole twelve men here employed have escaped being filched of nearly one-half of their earnings. One of these men informs me that he has a wife and six children to maintain out of this miserable pittance. I asked him the question how he managed to support them, wondering very much how he could do so, as I could not even make a precarious livelihood myself, being a single man. The answer was touching in the extreme. Alluding to his children, poor things! he said they were as ragged as sheep; neither could he get them anything to put on. This is an individual who toils incessantly every day above twelve hours in this pit; and what renders it still worse, it is constantly surcharged with poisonous carbon—(what's the government inspector doing?) Let us just take a glance at the value of one day's labour: ten tubs of coals sells at the pit for about one pound ten shillings—there is neither freight or loadage to be deducted off; and I will just leave it to the public to judge, whether there is not a sufficient source of profit here without pilfering the poor workmen of their too hard earned pence. For myself, I can say, without fear of contradiction, that my existence would not be worth keeping at the price I have received at Spital Tongue's Colliery. Even while I am penning this, the employers have refused to pay the workmen on their regular day, because they want some coals on the Saturday, to suit their own demands. They sent an individual about to inform the men that they should have a quart of beer each if they went to work on the Saturday; but that they should not receive their fort-

night's money till Saturday evening. But if the workmen had had one spark of manly dignity left, they would have insisted on being paid at the original time, and spurned both them and the beer; for they may be well aware before a week transpire they will make them pay a tremendous price for their beer. If the miners are really wishful for their emancipation, let them do something noble and dignified—let them arise to a man, and join that system which will elevate them to their proper position—both morally, socially, and politically—viz., the Charter Association.

A NORTHUMBERLAND MINER.

II.—THE LIVERPOOL JOINERS.

In pursuance to your invitation to publish any account of oppression or injustice exercised by employers upon their men, I take up my pen to record another of those acts of injustice by which the encroaching spirit of employers more and more manifests itself to us—the case in question is that of the joiners in the employ of Messrs. A. and G. Holme, of this town, joiners and builders. I may state for the information of those not in the trade, that it is a custom for the joiners in this town (except in very few instances) to work in summer from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., and in winter from daylight until dark, with a reduction of two shillings per week. But this last few years an attempt has been made every winter to make the men work from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. for summer wages, without success, until last winter, when one of the large employers partially succeeded, by getting the men to work from 6 A.M. till 5 P.M. But, however, a deputation waited upon the Messrs. Holme, and said they were willing to work from 7 A.M. till 6 P.M.; the answer was—that if they (the men) did not agree to their (the employers) terms, they would part with 50 or 60, and keep the work back until next March. The men went to work on Monday morning as usual; but last Friday a paper was sent into the shop, stating that those who would work from 7 A.M., *getting their breakfasts* before they came, were to sign a paper to that effect. But no one signing, there was between 50 and 60 of the best paid and oldest men in the employ turned off last night, Dec. 20. There is no Joiners Trades' Union in this town, and I, for one, have no faith in Trades Unions, as witness the Tin-plate workers of Wolverhampton, now in Gloucester gaol; besides, they can get plenty of men from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, aye, and England too. Now all this seems a very trifling matter, but it should be recollected that it is impossible to see to work sooner than half-past 7 A.M., and not later than half-past 4 P.M., which amounts to fifteen hours a week—which they want the men to work for two shillings—the average wages being twenty-three shillings per week, added to the inconvenience which a working-man would experience by getting his breakfast before 7 o'clock. I will now conclude, urging upon the working classes the necessity of political organization throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Your's fraternally,

A WORKING-MAN.

Liverpool, Dec. 21, 1851.

III.—AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

The farmers of Chigwell have had a meeting about three weeks ago for the purpose of reducing the men's wages in their employ, which they have done. Instead of getting 12s. a-week, they only get 10s., and some of the farmers wanted their men to work for them for nine shillings. The boys for scaring crows and other occupations get only three shillings a-week from daylight till dark, out in the fields in all weathers. The house at which I lodge is inhabited by a gardener, who works for the "gentlemen" in the neighbourhood; his wages are 2s. 6d. a-day, but some will only give him 2s. and 1s. 6d. a-day, and find his own beer. Near where I am at work, there are gardeners at work for nine shillings a-week, and what do you think they have for their breakfast? dry bread and coffee water—it is but little better. Three are married men, and have a family to support—their house rent being two shillings a-week, and this within 11 miles of London. Here is the place where delegations are wanted. I have not mentioned names, as I know not what injury it might inflict.

* * * *

IV.—THE WOOLCOMBERS OF HALIFAX.

[Everywhere reductions are being attempted, and in a time of "brisk trade and high profit." What will it be when trade is dull, and profit low. Those who know the sufferings of the woolcombers, and the intelligence, industry, and integrity of this much injured body of men, will feel, as we do, indignant at this dastardly attempt to crush prostrate labour. The Halifax woolcombers have issued the following address:—]

"We, the woolcombers of Halifax and its district, have had to submit to repeated reduc-

tions of our wages, within the last thirteen months; our employers not satisfied with this, they have now deprived us of our fire and light money. This is a violation of our rights, which we have enjoyed from time immemorial. These, with other reductions, we have had to endure within the last thirteen months, will amount to nearly thirty per cent.

"Messrs. Whitworth and Co. were the first to deprive us of our rights, others soon followed; it is but just to say, the firm of Messrs. Akroyd and Son, were the last in the train. This has created great excitement amongst the woolcombers, to be deprived of the last remaining privilege we had.

"Under these circumstances, a general meeting was held, on the ninth of December, to consider what steps should be taken. After the meeting had been addressed by several speakers, it was resolved to appoint deputations to wait on the respective firms, to try to get back their rights, of which they had been unjustly deprived. The deputation was received by Henry Akroyd, Esq. (one of the representatives of the firm of Messrs. James Akroyd and Son), in a gentlemanly manner; he listened to their complaints with attention, and promised to restore what they wanted, on condition that Whitworth and Co. would do the same; he kindly favoured the deputation with a note from his hand to that effect, and that as he (Whitworth) was the first aggressor, he ought to be the first to comply. This, however, Whitworth refused to do, unless all the other firms in the district would favour him with a similar note as Henry Akroyd, Esq., had done. Accordingly, the principal firms were waited upon, but they objected to gratify his (Whitworth's) ambitious desires with their signatures, and so the labours of the deputation proved unavailing. The general meeting which had been adjourned, again met to hear the report of the deputation; after which, it was resolved an effort should be made to provide ways and means, by subscriptions among the woolcombers of all firms, and that an appeal be made to a generous public in order to help us to prevent one firm from holding a whole district of woolcombers in bondage.

"A committee and collectors are appointed to wait upon the combers and other friends who may sympathise with us under our oppression. That no deception may be practised, the collectors will have a book with the words printed John Hammond, Secretary."

[Woolcombers! place not your trust in the "kindly feeling and gentlemanly manner" of any capitalist. I impute no bad motives to Mr. Akroyd, more than the general policy of the whole capitalist class—to depress labour, and pay wages as low as possible. It is all very well to say "I will raise wages if so and so does," but the kind speaker *knows amazing well that the other won't do it!* How long will you be led in leading-strings, and twisted round the little finger of the capitalists—your enemies—your bitter enemies, by the very constitution of your false social system—by a soft word or a smiling face? Working men, arise! and learn to know yourselves and your foes.

E. J.

The Co-operative Movement.

(Continued from p. 685.)

I.—To the Editor of the "Notes."

Sir,—To prevent collision, Mr. Walter Cooper had been placed at the mast head of the psuedo Association in Castle-street. After the dismissal of the three "conspirators," the manager, on behalf of *one* of them, appealed to the "Associates" (!) for his re-admission. Why was this? Because he was *a friend of the foreman's*. The men in the workshops had no objection to this, *provided all the excluded* should be re-admitted. But no, the manager could not consent—asking from others that which he himself did not possess, for in *his* "history" he says, "unless the men had in their hearts the spirit of brotherhood," nothing "would make them feel that they were brothers." Oh, thou "*faithful exponent*" of working men's views—thou who darest repeat the calumny on working men that they are "difficult to manage." True, thou mayest have found them so, but, I tell you, and their base calumniators, that they are not "difficult to manage," when they have *competent, kind, and just persons* placed over them for that purpose. The dawn of the 11th of August closed the first quarter of the veritable (?) Association, and "brought with it those terible evils" the performance of certain *duties*. The law (made by Cooper himself) stated that every third month, the council (four) with the manager, should examine the accounts, and prepare a balance sheet with *vouchers annexed*. Alas! what found they? Books certainly. But as for accounts, it was confusion worse confounded. We found

twenty pages gone from the Order book, no Stock book, the Day book, Journal, and Log book, in no relation whatever, and, alas! the Ledger, which had been kept by a "competent accountant,"—a "comedy of errors." Consequently, when the manager and his council *ought* to have been ready to meet their fellow associates, to render up their accounts, they were unable to do so, and the "competent accountant" was ill. Thus passed the quarter and no Balance-sheet! Trade very dull, wages low—not more than 14s. the average, the manager *must* leave for a lecturing (?) tour. Before doing so we exhibited to those who had been living in idleness on the work of others, how little we understood the "spirit of self sacrifice," by proposing that those who had been receiving two guineas per week with house rent and coals, should forego their share of the profit. But, oh no, such monstrous idea "would not make men feel that they were brothers." The love of gold was dearer than the love of man!

Out of ten men (probationers), six still remained as helpers, and it was now proposed to make them "associates," to share the benefits the Association was capable of conferring. This was opposed by the manager, but insisted on by the men; this led to arbitration—and Messrs. L. Jones and Holyoake declared against the men, because the *laws* made no provision. Let Mr. Neale deny this, "Be it our blessed privilege to help them," says the historic manager, "they are our brethren." Yes, slopworkers, you are, but be careful how you leave your garrets and fly to ills you know not of. The Castle-street plan for increasing trade, was by *reducing* the ranks!

After a month's absence on the part of the manager, it was *unanimously* resolved that he should be written to. Accordingly, the following letter was sent him,—I give it entire, that your readers may judge of the construction put upon it by the manager:—

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter, we, as associates, unanimously agree, that, as manager of our Association, it is your duty to be at home at the head of our affairs,—especially so when you must be aware of the state which trade is in at present. We firmly believe if you were at home exerting yourself to the utmost of your abilities to establish clothes clubs in different parts of London and places adjacent, we should not at present be suffering so much from want of trade; and furthermore, you must be well aware of the very unsatisfactory state our books were in when you left town, when, in justice, you ought to have stayed with us until the accounts were fairly balanced. *If we were any ways inclined to be suspicious, we would be led to believe that something was wrong, and that you fled from a fair examination of the accounts.* Believing, however, that the supposed errors in the supposed balance-sheet which we have had sent, will be shown and proved by you to be no errors at all, and hoping we shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon at your post,—Yours in behalf of the Association,

"The Council of Administration."

This brings the manager back, but only to enact the tyrant. How did he proceed? did he show any "mental discipline?" No! *He demanded an "unconditional retraction"* of the letter. For what? Because it impeached his honesty. Where? In that part italicised. It no more touches his honesty than it does his neglect or incompetence. *The letter was not retracted.* I would advise Walter Cooper, the next time he essays to write "History," to think a "little *more* about mental discipline," and not forget there are *two kinds*: that of the *slave*, and that of the *free* and *independent man*.

He now dismisses his council! They take the law as their guide, and he has actually placed himself in the predicament of being obliged to consult the council about their own discharge. Arbitration again is resorted to; and L. Jones and Holyoake give in favour of the men! Foiled by his own laws—disarmed by "mental discipline," he resigns! A letter is received by the associates from one of the promoters (Furnivall), calling on the men to fall down and worship *their* molten calf. Its length precludes my giving it now, but does not out-do it for educated "blackguardism."

Unable to bend the majority of the men by their cajoling, the promoters undertake the pilotage of affairs, promising an indiscriminate investigation. To their verdict I shall return next week.

G. E. Harris.

II.—CASTLE-STREET TAILORS.

To the Editor of the "Notes."

Sir,—I do not agree with the *Christian Socialist*, that the way to expose a fallacy is to keep silence. I happened to be enticed to go into Castle-street, but I had not long been there before I became so disgusted with the proceedings, that I voluntarily withdrew, as did several others. Perhaps as Mr. Lloyd Jones knows all about Castle-street, he will inform your readers of the reason. I think it but just towards Mr. Harris, to add my testimony to his statements, and to thank him for the spirit he has shown.

Matthew Thomas,

12, *Dorrington-street*,
Holborn.

P.S.—Who is J. T.? Working men do not wear masks.*

* I believe it is *Mr. Ludlow*.

III.—To the Editor of the "Notes."

Sir,—I am by trade a carpenter, and am anxious to free myself and order from the trammels of the "middle man." Mr. Lloyd Jones tells us the present co-operative movement will do this. I tell him it will not. It may elevate a *few*; it will never emancipate the *many*. Co-operation, on a political basis, will alone do this.

Pray let me ask Mr. Lloyd Jones whether he himself is not a middle man? Walter Cooper the same? Woodin and Co., the same? Do they not stand *between* the capitalist and the labourer, living on the sinews of the latter? I tell them they are; and if we must have middle men, do not let us have them in disguise. There are stores at Limehouse where twenty families need not stand at a railway station, nor wait at a neighbour's house for their treacle,* and where business is carried on without a paid agency, or the fine name of "commercial firm." Let me also inform Mr. Lloyd Jones that it was political power which gave Catholic Emancipation; political power gave the present *middle class* free trade, which Chartists denounce as "humbug;" and when the time shall arrive for the masses to possess that power, then, and not till then, will the slaves of England be free. Let us seek some better light than the candle of Mr. Lloyd Jones, in our miserable abodes, is the advice of

Henry Baxter,

West End, near Southall,
Dec. 21, 1851.

IV.—CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

Manchester, Dec. 17, 1851.

Dear Sir,—In looking over the pages of the *Christian Socialist* of this week I perceive the Editor, J. T., has the Beam so large in his own eye, that he can perceive nothing in you but evil, and he warns you, therefore, "*as a demagogue whose interest it is to keep the working classes poor, in order that they may remain his slaves.*"

Will you allow me to ask Mr. J. T. when the working classes were your slaves? for I can hardly see how those who never were your slaves can remain your slaves.

I applaud much your lynx-eyed watch over the *principles* and the *doings* of the *principals* of these self-styled *Christian* co-operative associations, as you will do much towards keeping down their mammonism; for although I reverence highly the motives of Messrs. Maurice, Kingsly, and their band of benevolent confreres, yet I cannot disguise the fact, to me too apparent, that Christianity never will be evolved by any number of capitalists, large or small, entering the arena of competition, to fight the battle of religion, in doling out for profits small quantities of flour, tea, coffee, sugar, butter, bread, and Bath bricks.

Ah! my good Sir, Christian Socialism can only be worked out by each man learning his duty, and doing it. Christianity is self-sacrifice, not accumulation, either individually or associatively.

We have no Christian Captain in this Land, so mammonism leads in every scheme now put forth for the redemption of the people, and the only idea is, how can we make most money, shall we make most by Owenism, or Christian Socialism, or some other bubble by which the earnings of the multitude can be drawn from them?

Trusting all may come to a knowledge of the grand truth, that as there is but one centre, so there can be but one circumference; that is to say, men may associate for the common good of all mankind, but not for individual benefit at the expense of any. The first is Christianity; the last, though dignified with the title of Christian Socialism, is positive active infidelity.

I am, very truly your's,
William Willis.

* This is in allusion to an argument used by Mr. Lloyd Jones at the Padiham Discussion.

Why I Welcome the New Year.

'Tis past! the old year is no more!
With its young breath, the new
One ushers in ('twas so of yore)
Fresh hopes—to perish too.
For in the busy lapse of time—
Though mankind brothers be,
The wide world o'er, in every clime
For self unceasingly.
An ever grasping, sordid few,
While building up their own
Huge fortunes, strive, in doing so,
To crush the millions down.

What matters it if new or old,
To us? we still must toil,
And gather glitt'ring yellow gold,
While plund'ring knaves despoil
Us of our hard earn'd gains, and say,
'Tis duteous to support
Our glorious Constitution—aye
And rotten Church. In short,
All kinds of craft; both king and priest,
Which, had we common sense,
Would now be scattered west and east,
With all its vain pretence.

The new-born year, to our hard lot,
No dalliation brings;
And why I welcome it, is that
Stern Retribution wings
Its way, with Time. The coming; for
Its advent, how I crave!
That welcomes me to freedom, or
A patriot's honored grave.
Why should we tame the wolf remain,
Of Mammon's vulture brood,
When freedom may be ours again,
If purchased with our blood?

Hail! then, all hail! young 'Fifty-two.
Propitious on the poor
It smiles, unfolding to our view
The great eventful hour,
When Right with Might shall grapple, till
By monarchy of Mind
Justice triumphs: at its will,
Shall happy peoples find
The hellish spell is broke, that bound
Us as with bands of steel;
While slave oppression to the ground
Is buried! and 'neath our heel!

ATHOL J. WOOD.

Scene from the Sea.

Were within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one had struck us, we would be buried in foam and spray, and then rise heavily on a heavy sea. We, however, prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The sight sails were all in, the jibs, top gallants, and spanker, furled close, the mainsail clewed up, and we were crashing along, under close-reefed topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves.

In a moment, that most terrific of all cries at sea. "A man overboard, a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter-deck, just as the poor fellow, with "that fearful human face," riding on the top of a billow, fled past. In an instant all was commotion; plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter deck, and, in a voice so stern and stern—I seem to hear it yet—shouted, "In, men! in, men!" But the poor sailors hung back; the sea was too wild. The second mate sprung to the side of the first, and two men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed. "Cut away the lashings!" exclaimed the officer.

The knife gleamed around the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea, but the officer who held the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked; and for a moment I forgot the danger, in admiration of his cool self possession. He stood erect, the helm in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the nose of the gallant little boat on each high sea, that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they laid to, to look for the lost man.

Just then I turned my eye to the horizon, and saw a squall heavier than any we had yet encountered, rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work; for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track.

Between it and us appeared at intervals that little boat, like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away, apparently engulphed for ever. One moment the squall seemed to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew now settling the question of life and death to themselves, and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she

sunk, away she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud literally covered with foam and spray.

The captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the rattlings, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "Pull away, my brave bullies, the squall is coming—give way, my hearties!" and the bold fellows *did* "give way" with a will. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap.

On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again. The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope, as on the one that brought that boat up to the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport.

As they stepped on deck not a question was asked—no report given—but "Forward, men!" broke from the captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew, but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round, close to our bows.

The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birth-day (he was twenty-five years old), and, alas! it was his death-day. * * We saw him no more—and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts.—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

Poets of America.

Edgar Allan Poe.

(Continued from page 669, No. 34.)

ANNABEL LEE.

"It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

"*I* was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea.
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

"And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling my Annabel Lee.

"But our love, it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who are older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,

In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

Now, reader! mark the perhaps unequalled beauty of this poem!

The happiness of the loving rises beyond the scope of earthly bliss—and pursuant to the old classic reminiscence of heaven forbidding heavenly happiness on earth—the gods envying the bliss of their creatures—pursuant to the equally old, but more homely adage "the course of true love never did run smooth"—that happiness is blighted. No doubt there is a truth in the adage—perfect mutual love is perfect bliss—and the physical organisation of man can no more bear extreme *pleasure* than extreme *pain*. But how is the happiness of the lovers blighted? Not by the poor machinery of tyrants, jealousies, avarice, or similar agencies—by death! The finely wrought susceptibilities give way before the excitement of supreme love. But this is not shadowed forth with any sentimental affectation—a common cause is suggested, producing consumption:

"A wind blew out of a cloud; chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee!"

Then the secret fate is hinted at—

"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
"Went envying her and me!"

But mark! a further barrier intervenes—her highborn kinsmen came and shut her up in a sepulchre. After death, the conventualities of life step between those, whose love no state of society could part. But now the glorious power of true love is shown—death and life—fate and man combined, cannot extinguish or baffle that intense affection—it lives on with the living, it never dies with the dead, for

—"Neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Exquisite! whether in conception or execution, of its kind, this poem, is—yes! it certainly is—unrivalled.

We will advert to one more poem on a kindred subject—a lost love—how differently handled—but how similar in its power—how divine in its sombre beauty.—It is entitled

THE RAVEN.

(The poet is sitting in his study.)

"Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore.
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor,' I muttered,
Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Then his thoughts revert to the lost maid of his love—

—"The rare and radiant maiden,
Whom the angels name Lenore."

How beautiful the suggested idea! The student goes to the casement—he steps forth:

"Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word 'Lenore!'
Merely this, and nothing more.

"Back into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment
And this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!'

"Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

To produce effect by the outer shape of verse is here made apparent:

"Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven
Wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'"

"Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-balls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe
And forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'"

"'Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the raven 'Nevermore.'

"And the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming,
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

Not many casual readers will, perhaps, taste all the beauties of this effort. It is a contrast to the former. In "Annabel Lee" melancholy finds its only joy in thinking of the loved and *unlost* though dead. Here remorse and grief come with the blackness of a raven—the loved *is* lost, because the lover is unworthy—the hapless wretch implores "respite and nepenthe, from the memories of Lenore!"—"but his soul from out that shadow, shall be lifted—never more!"

The purest of morals, the highest of thoughts, are compassed in these two astonishing efforts.

The Old Man's Song of the Old Year's Dying.

To sleep—to sleep—'tis the Old Year's dying,
Let me sleep till he be dead;
Comfort and Hope and Time are flying—
Gladness and Youth are fled.
Year after year has been ushered in—
So many are lost there are few to win,
But enough for sorrow and toil and sin:—
Let me sleep while the Old Year dies!

Ke not the passing away from the earth
Of the thing we have watched so long;
I cannot welcome the New Year's birth
With the Old Year's dying song!
Wake me at morn when the dust is flung
On the ancient head that so late was young:—
If rest may be where the soul is wrung,
Let me sleep while the Old Year dies!

Rivers of tears have flowed to him—
Strong tides of the soul's despair;
Many a passionate prayer and hymn
Been poured on his midnight air.
Why have we wished that his days were o'er,
When the life that goes with him returns no more?
I shall miss his weary step on the floor.
Let me sleep while the old year dies!

Wild pulses are playing in many a heart
With the hopes of the dawn to come;
For they know not yet of the nights that part
What the morrow shall never bring home.
Their New Year friend as the old they greet;
But mine are the memories sad, if sweet,
That pass the new guest in life's crowded street.
Let me sleep while the Old Year dies!

My heart is bowed, and my eyes are dim,
And *take* not the light they *gave*,
Then, call me not up to make merry with him
Who treads on an old man's grave!
In the morning light of the life-long year
The outer mists themselves look clear;
But *I* to the Shadow am all too near,
Let me sleep while the Old Year dies!

In the cave of the earth, down fathoms below
The greeness whereon we stand,
'Tis said that a central fire doth glow—
A sea-less and burning land;
If deep in the heart such fires abide,
And the valleys stretch and currents glide
That see no greenness and feel no tide,
Then—sleep when the Old Year dies!

Perhaps while gleams of the future's light
On his forehead the New Year wears,
We may not care how the long dread night
Falls down on the old grey hairs;—
But the veil of the grave-clouds gathers near,
And the long death-silence lies close to mine ear;
So, I have no joy in the coming year—
Let me sleep while the Old Year dies!

Scottish Labourers.

You wish to give a [voice to the wrongs of the people; I therefore enclose you a specimen of the manner in which my countrymen have been treated for the last thirty or forty years. Year after year the work of spoliation has been going on, so that our once happy and populous mountain land has become lonely and desolate. The homes of our fathers, where are they? Desolation and solitude reign where they once stood, and scarce a stone is left to mark the spot that gave birth to the brave sons of our mountains, whose dark plumes ever waved in the foremost ranks of their countrymen in the hour of danger, and whose broadswords have so often hewed themselves a path through the ranks of their country's invaders. The echoes of those gray rocks which were awakened at evening tide by the athletic sports of our youth, and by the joyous laugh of our highland maidens, for more than a thousand years, are now mute, or only awakened by the bark of the shepherd's dog, or the cry of the wild bird on the mountain. Is it really true that the landlords have the right to drive the people from the soil? If it is so, then indeed the toiling millions have neither right nor portion in the land for whose nationality and independence their fathers have fought and bled on so many battlefields; for, as all the land in the country is possessed by landlords, they can at will drive us forth into exile as mercilessly as men drive rats from the barn-yard This is a question of the greatest importance; and I think it is high time that the people had a distinct answer to it; for among all the questions that agitate our time, this question of wholesale extermination stands in the first rank, Talk of surplus labour in the labour market; and there are men who have these words continually on their tongues, who have never bestowed a thought on the source from which that surplus is being continually supplied. I am convinced that were this question fairly examined and well understood, that every honest man would raise his voice in indignation against the oppressors, and that every society claiming the name of Christian would brand them as infidels, and avoid them as the persecutors and destroyers of their brethren. Christian men and Christian ministers talk loudly about the advance of modern infidelity; but I tell them, that the greatest foes to Christianity are the men whose conduct is in exact contradiction to their professions, and the unbeliever will never want a telling argument while he can point to their atrocities, and triumphantly ask, "Where is the Christian congregation which has expelled them from its communion?" Where are the Christian ministers who have raised their voice in holyindignation against the exterminators and destroyers of their Christian brethren?" Even the parish ministers have preached LIES from the pulpit to their confiding flocks, in order to further the designs of the exterminating landlord; and have received as their share of the spoil the stipends of two or three parishes which are formed into one after they have been depopulated. *

There are still some glimmerings of consolation which lighten up the gloom of present wretchedness, and these are found in the hope that, warned by their present sufferings and misery, those who shall succeed in conquering for themselves a home amid the dark forests of the west, shall take good care that neither the weeds of landlordism nor aristocracy shall ever take root in, or overshadow with their blighting curse that land of refuge. We have the hope that they will bear in remembrance that God gave to man the soil of this world as his inheritance; an inheritance which is well able to supply him with all his wants, while he is willing to apply his strength and his skill to its cultivation. And that they will teach their children, that they and their fathers were banished from their homes amid the glorious mountains of their fatherland, and suffered untold of hardships, misery and death. Aye! that they had seen fathers, mothers, and brothers; their wives and children dying before their eyes, without having the power to help them, and that all this privation and misery were from the simple fact that they and their fathers had allowed a class of men, calling themselves landlords, to stand between them and their God-given heritage.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1851. ALEX. B. HENRY.

* Witness Blair Athol, where five parishes have been formed into one.

Class War and Class Friendship.

THERE are some who wish to fraternise all the world, but forget that with some portions of society fraternisation is impossible, because of the innate hostility of their social positions. It is a NECESSITY that some classes should be enemies. This is a melancholy truth—but it is a truth nevertheless. It is injurious to create a false impression for the sake of writing with ink made of rose-water. Those who try to dissipate this false impression are accused of being obstructives—of preaching the doctrine of mutual hate and distrust—they are placed in an invidious light—are asked if they consider "all men villains," and have no generous confidence and Christian love within their breasts? We reply—we do not consider all men villains—but, at the same time, we won't believe all men to be *angels*—and, though admitting that there are good and bad in all classes, we do assert, and that distinctly, that there are certain classes whose interests are bitterly opposed to those of other classes—and who are, therefore, enemies by the very constitution of that society which makes them what they are.

To suppose that these can possibly honestly and sincerely fraternise, is to suppose that the one should give the lie to all its antecedents—that the capitalist class, for instance, should say—all that we have done is wrong and criminal—our power was got by oppression, our riches were obtained by robbery—we are determined to make ourselves comparatively powerless and poor.

Let us illustrate our meaning.

We assert that the interest of the capitalist o land, money, or machinery, is decidedly hostile to that of the working-man and the small shopkeeper—that, therefore, the capitalist must be their bitter enemies—must seek to compass their ruin, and prevent their emancipation and prosperity—and that, from the same reason, any measure of political or social reform emanating from the ranks of the capitalists, must be either, in reality, hostile to the working-man and small shop-keeper, or else a mere nullity, that will make matters neither better nor worse—or else, at the most, a concession extorted by the public pressure from their temporary fear or weakness—producing a measure that will be curtailed within the narrowest limits, or undermined and done away with at the first seeming opportunity.

Why these interests are hostile will appear from the following incontrovertible propositions:—

The interest of the working-man consists in having high wages.

The interests of the capitalist consists in paying low wages.

The interest of the working-man consists in working for himself.

The interest of the capitalist consists in making him work for another.

The interest of the working-man consists in making hired labour scarce.

The interest of the capitalist consists in keeping hired labour plentiful.

The interest of the shop-keeper consists in the prosperity of the working-classes—since high wages, or prosperous independent labour, can alone create and maintain home-trade.

The interest of the capitalist consists in unavoidably destroying home-trade as the necessary consequence of low wages, and of wages-slavery, which alone enables him to compete with the foreign manufacturer in foreign trade.

The interest of the shop-keeper consists in the diffusion and distribution of wealth, through countless channels.

The interest of the capitalist consists in the contraction and centralisation of wealth around a few fixed centres—since the necessary consequence of our competitive system is to centralise and contract wealth—ever to drive the weaker to the wall, and as countless small fortunes are extinguished day by day, to merge them by dozens and by scores, in the blaze of the few great capitalists who stand their ground, and scorch up all the rest.

The interest of the working man is to obtain the land, in order to make labour scarce, and thus emancipate himself from the tyranny of capital.

The interest of the capitalist is to prevent his getting it, in order to keep him poor and enslaved.

The interest of the working man is to obtain capital wherewith to co-operate, and thus take the monopoly of production and distribution out of the hands of the few.

The interest of the capitalist is to crush co-operation, as its success would be fatal to monopoly.

The interest of the working man is to become the owner of machinery, because machinery in the hands of the monopolist throws him out of work.

The interest of the capitalist is to monopolise machinery, since, by it, he keeps up the labour surplus, by which he drives wages down, and dictates to poverty, non-employment, and starvation.

The interest of the working man is to get political power, in order to unlock the monopoly of the land, to get capital for co-operation, and laws to protect it.

The interest of the capitalist is to prevent his getting political power, as that power, if rightly used, would be the death-blow of monopoly.

In fine, the interest of the working man is to make the capitalist poorer and weaker.

The interest of the capitalist is to grow richer and stronger.

Now, how is it possible that these two classes can fraternise?

The one can rise, only by the fall of the other.

Now, how is it possible that these two classes can work together on the field of political reform and social right?

It is therefore, I say, that a union between capitalists on the one hand, and working men and small shopkeepers on the other, is perfectly impossible; and that politician who recommends, expects, or strives for it, is no statesman—cannot understand the common rudiments of social economy—and is only, however unconsciously, playing into the hands of enemies—smoothing the path for a new delusion; and, by lulling and softening down the public mind, facilitating to our enemies the means of tricking us, and casting us at their feet once more.

ERNEST JONES.

POSTSCRIPT.

MUST THE RICH BE IMPOVERISHED?

In the preceding remarks it has been observed, that the interest of the working men and small shopkeeper is to make the capitalist poorer and weaker.

Some may object to this, and say, can we not, by developing additional resources, make the poor richer, without impoverishing the great capitalists? I say—impossible! For, in the first place, if you enriched the poor, without making the rich *richer*, you must necessarily make them *poorer*—for riches are *relative*—the commercial value of money, and of all wealth, is dependent on its plenty or its scarceness—and the wealth of the rich, being less scarce, would become less valuable to its possessor—*the rich men would grow poorer.*

But, not looking at the question from this abstract point of view, how are the poor to be enriched without the rich being impoverished? What is to enrich the poor? High wages? Then high wages must impoverish the rich, since foreign competition will prevent prices rising in proportion.

What is to enrich the poor? Obtaining the land. Will that not impoverish the landlord?

What is to enrich the poor? Developing co-operation. Will that not take trade and commerce out of the hands of the capitalists?

Shew me any possible means by which the poor can be enriched, without the rich being impoverished.

E. J.

Woman's Rights.

[THOUGH we abstain from inserting anything eugolistic of our own writings, we think ourselves authorised to break through the rule in the case of our fair friends; but, especially, because thevoice of woman is not sufficiently heard, and not sufficiently respected, in this country. The greatest test of enlightenment and civilisati on among a people is the estimation in which women is held, and her influence in society. Woman has an important mission in this country, and our fair friends in Sheffield shew themselves worthy of the task.]

Women's Right's Association,
84, Pond-street, Sheffield, Dec. 17, 1851.

Respected Sir,—A recent number of your "Notes to the People" was brought to our last meeting by one of our members, to consider that ably-written letter on "Raising the Charter from the Pot-house," and it was unanimously carried that a vote of thanks be given to you, and reply sent to that effect, for your advocacy of woman's influence; also to solicit your continued support; and in doing so, sir, we beg to state, or rather confirm your statements, that did our brothers but admit our rights to the enjoyment of those political privileges they are striving for, they would find an accession of advocates in the female sex, who would not only raise the Charter from those dens of infamy and vice from which so many of us have to suffer, but would with womanly pride strive to erase that stigma, which by the folly of our brothers has been cast on Chartism, not only by exercising their influence out of doors, but by teaching their children a good sound political education. This, sir, will never be done while men continue to advocate or meet in pot-houses, spending their money, and debarring us from a share in their political freedom.

Signed on behalf of the meeting,

ABIAH HIGGINBOTHAM, Cor. Sec.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

[The Workingman's Wife commenced in No. 27. The Young Milliner in No. 32.]

II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.

(Concluded from page 692.)

XII.—MORALITY.

Where was Charles Trelawney? Back in his father's house, far away in the country.

Mrs. Trelawney was a clever woman—a woman of the world. She had gone to King's College—she had summoned her son; she began by telling him of his father's dangerous illness (he had, in truth, *a severe cold*), of their love, grief, and anxiety—she predisposed his feelings for her influence. Then she told him what she had done—that she had settled everything with Anna, made her a handsome present, and that Anna had conceded that such an arrangement was the best.

With keen tact, she carefully abstained from speaking slightly or offensively of Anna; she knew that would but rekindle Trelawney's love on the altar of antagonistic pride. She said it was "an unfortunate business;" she spoke kindly of the "poor thing," and said that, "for the girl's own sake," they ought to separate, and she ought to be restored to the respectable walks of life. Meanwhile she insisted on Trelawney's not returning to his lodgings, but going straight to the railway from the college, and returning with her to see his "poor sick father."

Charles resisted stoutly: he grew very violent, he tore his hair, gnashed his teeth, shed tears—*he was saving appearances to his conscience*, for he was tired of his false position, sated with Anna; "he would never have abandoned her, not he!—but how could one resist the prayers, entreaties, and commands of a mother—and his father, too, very ill!" but let him see Anna! let him tell her, let him console her!....." He never wished it all the time; he merely wanted some really good excuse to "save his honour,"—some other duty behind which to screen himself, in breaking his duty to Anna. The coward! he never wanted to go and see her—he was afraid of facing her—he was glad of some one to keep him away from her; therefore he raved, and foamed, and stamped—but one-tenth of the violence, one mere volition, would have taken him back to his desecrated love-home, and the presence of his sacrificed love.

But his mother knew too well the dangerous consequences that would result from permitting him to see Anna; she therefore said, in her own name and his father's, "that was the only condition of their pardon, that he should come away with her direct; no harm would be done, he might drop a line to the poor girl, and, at the worst, he could but return—it would do Anna no injury—they could then take counsel as to what was most for her advantage—how they could place her in a respectable position—they would treat her most tenderly and most kindly—but all depended on his immediate and implicit obedience. It was to Anna's own interest that he should do as he was told."

The poor sophistry was sufficient to soothe down Trelawney's easy conscience—and—*he went!*

His honour was saved—the encumbrance was got rid of—the wild oats were sown, and gathered, and winnowed away—oh! he was an honourable man!

In the midst of his family, Charles Trelawney was surrounded with every enjoyment and amusement. We have seen how his passion had changed from love to pity, from pity to honour—now it changed from honour to *remorse*—but the remorse of a man of the world—a remorse that evaporates in champagne, or digests in a *pâté de foie gras!*

His mind was soon made up that "all was for the best," that he was doing his real duty to Anna—"saving her from the effects of her own unhappy passion"—and he accordingly wrote her a long letter—filled with the noblest sentiments—breathing the most disinterested Platonic love—inculcating the highest possible morality—and enclosing a check of a moderate amount—"less," he said, "than his affection would bestow, but more," he protested, "than his means would warrant,"—by way of closing his relations with his victim.

One round of gaiety succeeded another at the house of the Trelawneys. It was absolutely necessary to amuse him—and occupy his mind. "Poor Charles was getting melancholy;" indeed he wore,—part affectation,

partly a tribute paid his reproaching conscience,—a sort of sombre air, which he put on in his manner, the same as a heartless mourner puts on a sable coat upon his back—for decency's sake. There was vanity in it too—it made him interesting—it was rumoured about that "the poor, dear young man suffered from a blighted affection—a breaking heart—a secret sorrow"—it was perfectly ravishing to all the young ladies and old maids in the neighbourhood—he was so much pitied! so much soothed and courted—it was quite delicious! He played the guitar, sung sentimental songs—rowed, walked by moonlight, and danced with Miss Rosa, and Miss Matilda, and Miss Arabella—and soon the dance went in quicker time, the music in more lively cadence—the melancholy vanished—the laugh pealed out—and Charles Trelawney was himself again!

XIII.—THE HOSPITAL.

In a ward of the hospital, two men were standing by the bedside of a woman, who seemed plunged in a slumber of exhaustion. The one was a physician—the other a medical student.

"Well, Mr. Weldon!" said the former, "does this young woman continue in the same state?"

"The same, sir!"—replied Arthur Weldon, for it was Trelawney's friend who answered.

"Perspiration—shortness of breath—cheeks flushed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just as I said it would be," said the doctor, with a great satisfaction in his manner, and taking a deliberate pinch of snuff. "Only I must be quite sure that the liver is attacked. We must examine that, Mr. Weldon. This young woman cannot last beyond the day—you will take care to have her dissected with the greatest attention."

Weldon drooped his head, and a tear slowly gathered in his eye.

"This is very important, for mark you," continued the physician, "I have at this moment three ladies of consequence attacked with the same complaint. It's very fortunate we have this young woman to operate on. Her anatomy will be of the greatest possible service to me in the treatment of the ladies I have alluded to."

The physician passed on to another ward.

After a short time, the patient seemed to recover consciousness. Her dull faded eyes wandered over the room. The young student approached her bedside.

"Well, Anna! how are you now?"

"Better, much better—I've slept. But I am still so weak.....Oh! sir, may I not see my child?"

The young man shuddered.

"Presently, Anna! The sight of him, now, would excite you, and retard your recovery."

"Is my child quiet?"

"Very quiet Anna!" replied Weldon, sinking his voice.

The child had died three days before.

Anna remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments, then stretching her head towards Weldon, she said, with that soft, indescribable smile of the dying—replete with a heartbreaking sadness:—

"How kind you are to me, Mr. Weldon! What would have become of me had it not been for you? You gave me courage, for I *have* courage now—I feel that I ought to get well for my poor child's sake—I must work to support him—I will cheerfully undergo all the insults that can be heaped on me for his sake—I will beg, if need be, with my little Charles in my arms—but *he shall not be torn from my side!* I ought to thank Heaven that it is a boy! Men are by far the happier in this world. If they are born poor, they can work—if," and her voice trembled and broke—"if they love any one they are not disgraced by it..... I wish I.....

She paused suddenly—crossed her long, thin hands together, and two tears coursed slowly down her sunken cheeks.

Weldon bent over her.

"Dear Anna!—discard these melancholy memories!"

"Yes! yes! you are right. They do me harm. Besides, I am seen to cry, and the other women in the ward laugh at me! Oh! sir! it is that which has added to my troubles since I have been here—all the women mock me; when they hear me groaning, they call me a hypocrite, and say I pretend to repent, only to stand well with the matron. Oh! how hard it is to be in a room full of people—not to be able to hide my tears, or to speak his name! How happy the rich are, that they can have a room all to themselves to mourn and die in! I had never been here, but—oh! its horrible—this hospital!"

She ceased again, and this time, seemed to succumb once more beneath exhaustion. Her eyes closed and opened alternately for a few minutes, and then she sank into a deep lethargy.

Anna had been four months in the hospital. Arthur Weldon had made her the especial object of his care. During her long illness, he had become intimately acquainted with the character of that young girl. He had learned to respect it—to admire—to love its excellence. An instinctive feeling of regret overcame him, to behold so sweet a flower so cruelly torn and trampled. He lavished on her all that his position and his science enabled him to bestow for her cure—but in vain. Anna's condition grew rapidly worse, as is the case at the close of mortal maladies. On the very evening of the day in which the conversation above re-

corded occurred between her and Weldon, her last agonies approached with hurried strides. Retaining all her consciousness, she felt herself to be dying, and asked for Weldon, who had rather avoided her of late, in order to save the last moments of her life from harrowing explanations. When he came, she begged him to sit down by her bedside.

"I am very ill, Mr. Weldon. I am about to die—I know it, and I have asked to see you—to implore your protection for my child—my child! oh Heaven!

Maternal love summoning all that remained of life and strength in that exhausted body, the dying girl raised herself, unaided, in her bed, and taking both hands of Weldon in her own, said, beseechingly,—

"Let me have my son—I want to see him once again. Oh! bring him to me!"

"Anna! what are you thinking of?"

"Bring me my son—my poor orphan! Oh! to leave him alone in the world—that thought makes death terrible!"

"Yes!" said Weldon—suddenly, as a new thought flashed across his mind—"his fate will be very sad among mankind. Why can you not take him with you into heaven?"

"Oh! would that I could!" moaned the poor young mother.

"*You can.*"

"What do you mean?"

"*Your child is dead.*"

Anna made a sudden bound in her bed—her eyes flashed—her arms stiffened—it was but a moment, and then she breathed:

"Dead! Oh, my God, *I thank thee!*" and her eyes closed gently.

"Anna!" said Weldon, after a long silence; "Anna! have you no question to ask me?"

"None. My child is dead. I shall join him."

"Anna! what do you wish me to say to——"

"My *child*——"

"To *Charles*?"

"Yes—*Charles*, MY CHILD——"

The lips of the dying still murmured some unintelligible sound. Weldon dried his eyes, blinded with tears, and again whispered over her—

"Anna! do you hear me?"

"*She's dead!*" cried a hoarse voice near him. Weldon started up—it was the warder, who threw a grave-cloth over the face of the corpse.

XIV.—THE STUDY.

About twenty young men were assembled in the anatomical theatre of the University. It was one of the first lectures after a vacation, and acquaintances were being renewed.

"Ah, that's you, Trelawney, is it?" cried several voices. "Where have you been all this time? When did you return?"

"Yesterday—only yesterday. Ah! How are you, Harry? How are you, Weldon?"

And the young man advanced, offering his hand to Weldon, across two of the rows of seats; but the latter remained motionless, with his arms folded.

"Well, don't you know me any longer?"

"Just the reverse, you should suppose, because I refuse to shake hands with you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You will learn presently," said the student, drawing back.

The arrival of the professor interrupted further explanations.

The professor proceeded to his task. He raised the cloth from a body that was stretched on the dissecting-table, and commenced his lesson. It was on complaints of the chest.

The attention of the students was, as usual after the long vacation, very careless. A buzz of conversation was maintained here and there in an under-tone; and it was only when the professor raised the cloth from a part of the body, that silence became at all general.

"I have told you, gentlemen," the professor continued, "what was the state of the lungs when the complaint has reached its last stage: behold an instance. The young woman whose autopsy we have made——"

All heads were raised—the words "young woman" had rivetted attention—all eyes were fixed on the body.

"This young woman died of a pulmonary complaint; here are the lungs—you can examine them. With regard to the moral causes of this kind of maladies, the woman we are examining offers another striking case of what I have before explained to you; a great grief undermined her—a grief that even whitened part of her hair—as you see; she was only twenty years of age."

All the students turned towards the dissecting-table. *Weldon raised the head of the body.*

Suddenly a piercing cry came from the backmost seat, and Charles Trelawney fell senseless to the ground.

He had recognised the face of Anna!

"What's the matter?—what is it?"—asked the professor.

"Nothing, sir," said Weldon, coldly; "it's only Mr. Trelawney, who has found out that this is the body of his mistress,—and that it is he who killed her."

Ah! I understand," said the professor; "take away the body."

"Yes!" observed the young man in an undertone. "Daughter of the People! you have worked—you have suffered—now your fate's accomplished: your body has ministered to the *amusement* and to the *instruction* of the favoured few: now to the pit society gives you in the common graveyard; and

SLEEP! DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE!"

END OF THE YOUNG MILLINER.

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.

ELJEN A HAZA.

(*Continued from No.* 36, *p.* 697.)

XXVIII.—SEPARATION.

The Hungarian power was now severed. General Klapka, with 18,000 men, remained in garrison at Komorn. Gorgey, with the main army, marched along the bank of the Danube, eastward. Visocki and Perczel were moving about the centre of Hungary. Dembinski and Bem were struggling in the south-east. Kossuth was flying from point to point, drawing more southward towards Turkey and safety.

From the west the victorious Austrians were pressiug on; from the east and north-east the tremendous Russian force was forcing inward. Both Austrians and Russians were driving at the one centre-point—Buda and Pesth, to crush Görgey between their junction. Görgey's object was to push on, so as to slip through before the two masses could join hands in his front, and intercept his passage; or, at worst, to fall on the Russians before Haynau could march up in time to interfere.

Klapka, with his large force in Komorn, would be enabled to operate behind the Austrians, if they advanced, or to hold them in check, while a junction might be operated between Görgey, Visocki, Perczel, Bem, and Dembimski, and a pivot found in the strong fortress of Arad, the Komorn of the south.

For a while, the retreat of Görgey was veiled in silence. The Austrians seemed not aware of it; aud no tidings came from the retiring general. Klapka every moment expected that Haynau, having heard of the Hungarian march, would renew his attack on the entrenched camp, now denuded of so large a part of his defenders; and accordingly all the divisions in the camp were ordered to be in instant readiness, and their commander took up his quarters in a redoubt to be ready for the crisis.

But Haynau well knew that if Gorgey fell, Komorn must fall too, were it only by hunger. He was not, therefore, going to weaken his army by throwing it against the stubborn resistance of a desperate garrison, behind impregnable works. He sought only to push on into the heart of the country to jcin the Russians, and interfere between Gorgey and the Hungarian generals in the south and centre.

On the 14th and 15th of July all remained silent and motionless; and still no news came from Gorgey.

"On the afternoon of the 16th," says Klapka a stir was perceptible in the Austrian camp. I hastened to the bastion of the old fortress, and with the aid of a good glass, I soon discovered that the *gros* of the Austrian army was wheeling round upon Dotis. Their long columns, as they passed along the heights of Csem, offered an imposing spectacle, with the Austrian and Russian colours fluttering gaily on the breeze. It gave me pain to see these black masses singing and shouting as they marched against my poor bleeding country."

General Haynau left 16,000 men behind nim to besiege Komorn. The garrison, therefore, were stronger by 2000 men.

Until the 19th no tidings were heard of Gorgey in Komorn; but on the evening of that day tidings were brought to the fortress, from various quarters, of a grand victory of the Hungarians at Waitzen. However, after having passed through terrible suspense,—at last, wayworn, wounded, hungry men began to stagger toward the gates along the eastern roads. They increased in numbers, and the fatal truth was known.

XXIX. THE DEATH-MARCH.

A great battle had indeed been fought—a glorious battle—a battle of two days, at Waitzen, against the entire Russian force, strengthened on the 2nd day by the Austrians from Pesth!

* Kossuth and Hungary *commenced* in No. 26.

The first day's action was successful—the Russians were trampled back. On the second, the Hungarians still maintained their ground, but regiment after regiment, battalion after battalion came swelling the ranks of the foe. For two days, on that scene of former victory, the ground shook with the portentuous thunders of the death-cry of Hungary! For two days the brave flags of insurrection fluttered across the fields; and the protesting voice of patriotic battle was thrown over the world to wake the distant nations into future retribution.

On the third—retreat was inevitable! Gorgey shall speak for himself. Thus he writes to Klapka:—

"*Geszthehely, 25th, July* 1849.

"I did not reply to your last letter of the 18th inst., because I was uncertain of my fate, or that of my corps; and because I had no authentic information of the movements of the other Hungarian armies.

"At present, my army stands pretty much on a level with our other forces; and I therefore take it to be my duty to inform you of the state of affairs in the Hungarian army in general, and of the adventures of my own corps in particular.

"On the afternoon of the 15th of July our vanguard arrived at Waitzen, and engaged the Russian troops, under General Rudiger. The result of that engagement was so far favourable to us that we maintained our position not only throughout the day, but also during the night.

"On the following morning my two corps had come up, and supported the vanguard in a general attack upon the Russian troops; but I became convinced that the enemy, too, had, in the course of the night, received considerable reinforcements from Godollo and Pesth, and that their artillery force, especially, was by far superior to the forces I could dispose of. This conviction, and a careful review of our strength, caused me, (in the interest of my country), to resign all thoughts of breaking the Russian lines at Waitzen, and to proceed on a safe road—viz, to Losoncz, Putnok, and Miskoltz. My plan was to effect, as speedily and efficiently as possible, a junction. *This junction has been effected* in spite of the Russian troops, which pursued us from Waitzen. General Kuezich, whose positions extend from Tisza Fured to Tokaj, is prepared for our reception. The enemy are now at Harsany. If they should dare to attack our position behind the Hernat, General Knezich will bring his forces to bear on the line from Ratka to Lok. The rest of the Hungarian armies lean on the line from Tisza Fured to Szegedin. The enemy's plan to cut off our retreat from the ground behind the Theiss, and from the other corps, *has consequently been foiled* by the movements of the latter. Our future successes are likely to bear a a striking similarity to the past. The military forces of the country will have time to assemble in our rear, to organise themselves, or to join the army,

"If you, general, will consider these facts, and if you think of the last few weeks, you will understand what part the fortress of Komorn ought to play in the next act of our revolutionary drama, and what duties fall on you, as the commander of that unconquerable bulwark.

"ARTHUR GORGEY."

This letter, and the movements of Gorgey's army, plainly show his intention to prolong the war, and to defend Hungary to his best ability. He exhorts Klapka to spirited and continuous action, and instead of scattering the Hungarian forces, he concentrated them for a united effort against the enemy,

The war had now gone back behind that Theiss, from which the early victories of Gorgey had called it forth, to free, for a time, his country from the foot of the invader.

Where was Kossuth now? On the 13th, Klapka had written to him from Komorn, exhorting him "to join the army as soon as it approached the Theiss, and regenerate the spirit of the troops by the power of his words." "Kossuth did not go to the Theiss." says Klapka, "and his not going was attended with the most disastrous consequences!!"

Again Klapka writes, a few days later: "I was confident in my hopes that Kossuth would, at this juncture, repair to the army to reanimate the confidence of the troops by the charm of his appearance, and the magic power of his words."

He did not! The cause he gave was, that he was afraid of falling into the hands of the flying detachments and patrols of the enemy.

While the government were thus pusillanimous and inactive, closing around one gallant combatant from every side, the Russian and Austrian forces were pouring inward. Haynau left Pesth with the main army on the 24th of July, 1849, and addressed, on leaving, the following terrible proclamation:—

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF BUDA-PESTH."

"I have scarcely made my appearance within your walls when I leave you with the greater part of my army to carry my victorious arms onward in pursuit, and to the annihilation of a rebellious enemy. But before I depart I will express an expectation which I entertain respecting your conduct,

and the non-fulfilment of which will certainly be attended with the most grievous consequences for you. I expect that you will zealously and unanimously labor to maintain order and tranquility in the cities of Buda and Pesth. I expect that you will give that religious observance to all the points of my proclamation of my proclamation of the 19th and 20th inst., which you would give them if they were continually enforced among you. I expect that you will provide for the safety of all and any of the officers and soldiers whom I leave behind, as well sa for the safety of the gallant army which is allied with us for the sacred purpose of restoring order. If you allow these my warnings to pass by unheeded; if only *some* of you, in arrant depravity of heart, should dare to scorn them, your fate, the fate of *all*, would be ANNIHILATION. I will make you responsible *one for all*, and ALL FOR ONE. Your lives and properties shall be forfeited in expiation of your crimes. Your beautiful city, ye inhabitants of Pesth!—your city, which partly bears the traces of a just chastisement, *I will turn into a heap of ruins and ashes*, as a monument of your treason, and as a monument of my revenge! Do you doubt my words? Am I the man who fails in punishing outrages, or rewarding merits? *Look to the faithless inhabitants of Brescia.* They, too, deceived by the leaders of the rebellion, made themselves accomplices to treason. Their fate will show you whether or not I know *how to pity rebellious subjects.* Look to the chastisement they suffered; and beware lest by scorning my warning, you will force me to accord a *similar fate to you.*

HAYNAU."

Pesth, 24th, July, 1849."

Such was the sanguinary monster loosed on Hungary, and against whom Gorgey formed it's only hope,

Gorgey hastened onward to the Theiss by way of Rétság, Losontz, and Miskoltz,—battling at every mile, against the pursuing masses, incessantly rolled after him, and gathering as they went. Time after time, Görgey faced round, gave battle, and threw the Russians back again—but as often they closed together once more, and lay hot and deadly on the flanks and rear of his host. By the time he reached Tokay, one fifth of his men had fallen in action on the march!

It was at this time, a time when Kossuth's presence on the Theiss might have reinvigorated the struggle,—when the head of the state should have stood in the front of danger,—when the man who tried to control and interfere with the campaigns of victorious generals, should have shewn equal eagerness, to have shared in the plans and operations of those generals when defeated—it was at this time of crisis and danger, that Kossuth, who had fled from Pesth to Czegled, from Czegled to Znolnok, from Znolnock to Szegiden, from Szegiden to Tergova—withdrew from the post of responsibility to cast on Gorgey the odium of the national fall, that their mutual jealousies had equally contributed to produce. Kossuth resigned!—and threw the weight of Hungary the impossible task of saving it—the painful duty of its political and warlike funeral, on the shoulders of his hated rival. The following is the address of—

"KOSSUTH TO THE NATION.

"After the unfortunate battles w erewith God in these latter days has visited our people, we have *no hope* of successful contin uance of the defence [mark this—"no hope"] against the allied forces of Russia and Austria. Under such circumstances, the solution of the National existence. and the protection of its fortune, lies in the lands of the leaders of the army. It is my firm conviction that the continuance of the present government would not only prove useless, but also injurious to the nation. Acting upon this conviction, I proclaim, that—moved by those patriotic feelings which, throughout the course of my life, have impelled me to devote all my thoughts to my country—I, and with me the whole of the Cabinet, resign the guidance of the public affairs; and that the supreme civil and military power is herewith conferred on the General Arthur Gorgey, until the nation, making use of its right, shall have disposed that power according to its will. *I expect* of the said General Gorgey,—and—*I* make him *responsible* to God, the nation, and to history, —that, according to the best of his ability, he will use this supreme power for the salvation of the national and political independence of our poor country and of its future. May he love his country with that disinterested love which *I* bear it! May *his* endeavours to reconquer the independence and happiness of the nation be crown with greater success than *mine* were!

"I have it no longer in my power to assist the country by factions. If my death can benefit it, I will gladly sacrifice my life. May the God of justice and mercy watch over my poor people!

"LOUIS KOSSUTH.
S. VUCKORITS.
L. CSANYI.
M. HORVATH."

Thus Kossuth, after saying there is "no hope for a successful continuance of the defence," confers on Gorgey the task of defending the country, and makes him "responsi-

ble to God, the nation, and history," for that defence!

In the time of victory and success he had tried to undermine his powers—he had deposed him, but was foiled and baffled,—now he takes his revenge! Defeated in his rival's victory, he is victorious in his defeat! Now he gives him supreme command—now he showers honours and "responsibilities" on him. Now he holds him prominently before the nation and the world, because the nation is lost, and he will teach the world to trace that loss to Gorgey! But he, himself, slips through the dilemma into Turkey, gets comfortably clear of danger, and we shall see, by his next letter, under cover of what excuse! Meanwhile, he leaves behind him a grandiloquent expression:—"If my death can benefit the country I will be glad to sacrifice my life." One is forcibly reminded of the Irish members, who, in our "Commons" are eternally "dying on the floor of the House."

To the letter alluded to, that of Kossuth to General Bem, the reader's attention is now particularly requested. It shews the state of the war; it shows the hopelessness of resistance; and it is by that hopelessness that Gorgey's conduct must be measured.

Kossuth's letter runs thus:—

"I do not care for my own safety. I am tired of life; for I see the fair fabric of my country, and with it the sanctuary of European liberty, thrown down—not by our enemies, but by the hands of our brethren. It is not a coward's yearning for life, which induces me to hasten away. I go, because I am convinced that my presence has become obnoxious to the country.

"General Guyon writes to say that the army at Temeshvar is in *a state of complete dissolution*. As for you, General, *you, too, are disabled*. Gorgey, at the head of *the only army that remains*, protests that, instead of obeying, he means to command. I have adjured him to be a patriot, and to remain faithful to his country, and I have made way for him. At presnet I am a citizen—nothing more nor less. I went to inspect the state of affairs, and the forces at Lugos. I found General Vecsey's corps in good order, and well-disposed; *all the other corps were disbanding*. Dessewfi and Kmetty protested that instead of fighting, *their army was likely to take flight at the first gunshot*. I found them altogether without provisions, and forced to make requisitions,—a wretched expedient, which serves only to exasperate the country people!" Let us pause here, and, considering the state of all the Hungarian forces, as described in those passages marked in italics—considering this, and that Gorgey had only 30,000 men, surrounded by hostile armies of 300,000; that the Government itself had given up the country, and abandoned it shamefully in the hour of danger; that Kossuth in his letters had pronounced the cause to be hopeless,—let us, I say, ask with what justice the Dictator can shout from the platforms of Europe and America, that Gorgey is a traitor and betrayed at Vilagos a country that he might have saved!

To resume. Kossuth continues thus:—

"The Bank has been brought to Arad; it is in Gorgey's hands. What I saw convinced me that, if he surrenders, the army at Lugos cannot hold out for twenty-four hours, especially since they want the means of subsistence. In an enemy's country an army may possibly exist on forced requisitions, and contributions, *but by no means can it exist in this way in its own country*."

Then Gorgey was right' according to Kossuth's own showing, to spare that country the horrors of the polongation of a war, which such means could alone enable to continue for twenty-four hours!

"I for one will never lend my hand to forcible measures against my own people. I would give my life to save, but I will never oppress, the nation. You see, General, it is a case of conscience. I cannot resign one day, and claim the power of government on the other. If the nation and the army were to will it otherwise, things would of course take another course; but then Gorgey's army, the bravest of all our corps, ought to assent. Unless this be done I am simply a citizen, and I will never consent to give the assistance even of my presence to measures of terrorism, to destruction and robbery, to requisitions and oppressions." [Oh, no! that was to be Gorgey's task. Gorgey was *expected* to carry on the war. Kossuth admits that it *can* be carried on only by such means, and then he denounces the means, washes his hands of them, and imposes a necessity upon his rival, the responsibility of which he meanly refuses to share!] "If Gorgey's army, too, were to *call* ME *back to the* Government,—if you were to succeed in some operations tending to ensure the provisioning of yonr troops without violent measures against the people,—if the Bunk could be brought to work; and if it stood at *my* disposal—*then* indeed *you would find me willing*, on the nation's demand, *to resume the duties of office*." [Oh, yes! If, contrary to expectation, Gorgey should perform impossibilities, and defeat 300,000 men with 30,000,—if, by his stern, tremendous guidance, he should save the vessel in the storm, then Kossuth, the hero

of the calm, would come and bask in the sunshine of another's glory, clear of the odium of those measures which had alone dispelled the clouds! Skilfully does he throw out the hint for the people to clamour for his re-appointment in a coming hour—flying to safety in a Turkish caile, because he will not witness an Hungarian army, getting its forage from the people it is defending!] "But, unless these things are done, there is no office for me. With me, war is not the end—it is a means to save the country. If I see no probability of accomplishing the end, I will not lend my hand to make war for its own sake.

"As a citizen and an honest man, I advise you to call a Committee of the Representatives of the people, for it is their supreme power alone which can lawfully dispose of the government. Send couriers to Komorn and Peterwarasdin, *tell them to hold out.*" [What? carry on the war, though "hopeless," although forced requisitions are so condemned?] Endeavour to obtain certain information about the co-operation of the commander of Arad. These are matters of the first importance, but my presence is not—for, since you are *forced to adopt* violent measures to provide for your army, I cannot lend the assistance of my presence to measures of that kind.

I remain with great respect,

"KOSSUTH."

"*Tergova*, 14*th August*, 1849."

XXX.—THE SURRENDER.

The day before that on which Kossuth dated his letter, a final event had occurred. Görgey surrendered on the 13th of August, at Vilagos, to the Russians.

On the 11th he addressed the following letter to the Russian General Rüdiger.

"General!

"I presume you are familiar with the melancholy history of my country, I will not therefore enter into a detail of events which are so ominously connected and which involved us in a desperate struggle for our legal liberties, in the first instance, and for our existence, in the second. The better—indeed, I may say, the larger— part of the nation, did by no means completely brave the chances of such a contest, but once engaged, (and enjoying the support of many honorable men, who, though not Hungarians by birth, came by the force of circumstances to be parties in the conflict,) they have honestly manfully, and victoriously, held out to the last.

"But the policy of Europe compelled his Majesty the Czar of Russia, to league with Austria for our overthrow, and for the termination of our war for the Hungarian Constitution. Many of our true patriots had foreseen and prophesied the event. History will one day unfold what it was which induced a majority of the Provisional Government to close their ears against the views of our patriots.

The provincial Government exists no more. *The hour of danger found them most weak.* I, who am a man of action, (though not of a vain action,) *I* saw that all further effusion of blood was useless—that it was fatal for Hungary. I knew this from the commencement of the Russian invasion,

"I have this day called upon the Provisional Government to make an unconditional resignation, for their continuance in office cannot fail still further to cloud and jeopardise the fortune of my country. The Provincial Government became convinced of this truth: they resigned, and gave the power of the State into my hands.

"I make use of this circumstance for the purpose of preventing a further sacrifice of human life; and since I am too weak to defend my fellow-citizens, I will at least liberate them from the miseries of war. I make an unconditional surrender. This act of mine will, perhaps, induce the leaders of other Hungarian armies to follow my example. I place my reliance in the notorious generosity of his Majesty, the Czar, trusting that he will consider the case of numbers of my brave comrades, who, as former officers in the Austrian army, are seriously compromised; and that he will not sacrifice them to a melancholy and uncertain fate. I trust that his Majesty will consider the case of the unfortunate people of Hungary, who rely on his love of justice and that he will not hand them over, helpless unarmed, to the blind thirst of revenge of their enemies. Perhaps it is enough if it is *I* who am the only victim.

"General! I address this letter to you, because it was you who gave me marks of respect which have gained my confidence.

"If you wish to put a stop to farther and useless sacrifice of human life, I entreat you to take measures that the melancholy act of surrender may take place at your earliest convenience, but in such a manner that our arms be surrendered *only* to the troops of his Majesty, the Czar of Russia. For, most solemnly do I protest, I would rather see my corps engaged and annihilated in a desperate battle, no matter against what odds, than make an unconditional surrender to Austrian troops!

"To-morrow, on the 12th of August, I intend to march my troops to Vilàgos. On the

13th I proceed to Boros-Ienö; and on the 14th to Béd. I inform you of these movements, because I wish that you should lead your force between the Austrian troops and mine—that you should surround me and cut me off from the Austrians.

"In case this manœuvre were to prove unsuccessful, and in case the Austrian troops were to pursue ours, I mean to oppose an effective resistance to their attacks, to turn upon Great Warasdin, for the purpose of meeting the army of his Majesty the Czar; for it his to his army alone that my troops are prepared to make a voluntary surrender.

"I expect your reply at your earliest convenience, and I remain, with my assurances of unlimited respect,

"ARTHUR GÖRGEY.

"*Old Arad*, 11*th August*, 1849.

"9 *o'clock*, P.M.

The surrender was accomplished on the 13th at Világos. There may have been deep policy in Görgey's selecting the Russian troops as the force to which he would surrender, instead of the Austrian—for it would be easier to get his soldiers, numbers of whom were Slavonians, to surrender to the former than to the latter. As it was, when Görgey galloped past the ranks of the hussars, he had several shots fired at him, and with moody, vacillating, silence, muttered curses, and mournful hearts, the heroic bands surrendered the arms they had so nobly wielded. This submission was rendered more possible by the arguments of Russia, that "Russia was, in heart, friendly to the Hungarians. That the time might, perhaps, soon come when the allied Hungarians and Russians would make perfidious Austria account for her misdeeds"—but the views of Görgey are further illustrated by a letter which he wrote from the Russian camp, shortly after the surrender, to General Klapka. It runs thus:

"My dear friend Klapka,

"Events which, though by no means unexpected, are still decisive, have happened since I saw you last. The jealousy and the selfishness of some members of the Government have brought affairs to the crisis which I prophesied to you they would bring them to.

"When, after many an honest battle with the Russians, I had crossed the Theiss at Tokaj, I found that the Parliament declared that they desired me to take the chief command.

"Kossuth appointed Bem. He did it secretly.

"The country believed that I was commander-in-chief, for Kossuth returned a jesuitical reply to the motion of the Parliament.

"This piece of knavery was the source of all the later events. Dembinski was beaten at Soreg. Bem's troops were routed at Maros Vásárhely.

"Dembinski retreated to the walls of Temeshvar. Bem hastened to the same place. He arrived on the field of battle at Temeshvar, and succeeded in restoring the fight for a few hours. But afterwards he was so fearfully beaten, that of 50,000 men (according to Kossuth's calculation), only 6,000 remained in the ranks. Vécsey informed me that all the rest were dispersed.

"The Austrians advanced meanwhile *between* Temeshvar and Arad. The War-Office had instructed Dembinski to retreat, *as of course he ought to have done*, upon our own fortress of Arad, and not upon Temeshvar, which was held by our enemies!

"Dembinski—Heaven knows why—acted in opposition to this order. There are a great many facts which makes me believe *that he acted from motives of jealousy*. He was jealous of me.

"The consequence was, that I stood alone with the forces which I took from Komorn (*minus* the serious losses I had at Waitzen, Rétsag, Goromboly, Zsolna, Geszthely and Debrezin). From the south I was threatened by the Austrians, and from the north by the *gros* of the Russian army. I might, indeed, have retreated from Arad by way of Radna into Transylvania, but my affection for my country, and my desire to restore it to peace, *at any price*, induced me to surrender.

"But, before taking that step, I convinced the Provisional Government of their inability to save the country, and of the certainty of a still greater ruin if they continued to remain in office I induced them to resign.

"They gave all the powers of the State into my hand. Time pressed, and I took the resolution, (rash though it seems, it was maturely considered,) to make an unconditional surrender to the troops of His Majesty the Czar of Russia.

"My brave and gallant troops gave their assent. All the detachments in the vicinity of Arad volunteered to surrender with me. Damjanitsh commanded in Arad: he declared that he would follow my example.

"Up to the present, the treatment we have met with was such as a brave soldier has a right to expect from a fellow-soldier.

"Consider what you can do, and what you ought to do. "ARTHUR GORGEY."

Kossuth had sought safety in Turkey—the main force had laid its arms at the feet of Russia—the peasants were awed into quiescence—to Klapka and Komorn alone the eye can turn, to read an epitaph *worthy* of Hungarian liberty.

Lessons from History.

III.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

We resume those Lessons* afforded us in the history of the past, after having for a while been interrupted by the narration of a grand national drama of the present age, and once more unfold to the Proletarian Reader that which has, to him, been ever either a sealed book, or a falsified record—the triumphs and sufferings, the betrayals and the struggles of his own order—not concealing either its foibles or its faults.

If the working classes knew history they would not be deceived so easily by the rich.

Reader! I call your mind back to a classic age,—to that period when, from the midst of working men, soared up the noblest models of human greatness—when exalted characters shone aloft, not because of the moral or intellectual prostration of the many, but because of their own unrivalled excellence and grandeur. These *are* models of nobility—the nobility of heart, and brain, and soul—presented to us by the past. Men before whom we well may bow without meanness—for, if virtue, honor, greatness are worthy worship, those men are to be worshipped by worshipping the greatness in them—not the *man*—for he is but the statue that represents the unseen God.

Those, too, were ages, in which the mean, low, petty passions, the thousand pin-points that assail the modern democrat, were all unknown. The bold stroke of rampant tyranny, the open enmity of jealous greatness, the fierce ingratitude of a deluded people—were there indeed; but, at least, it was greatness that assailed greatness—at least one had to meet a worthy foe—if an Aristides fell, it was before a Themistocles; if a Socrates perished, it was before the wisest priesthood of the world—but the contemptible, the drunken, the dissolute, and the debauched, were not raised on the shoulders of ignorance to antagonise with those apostles of heaven. The petty trickster was not allowed to delay or to wear out each noble pioneer—for, as the fable tells us, the mouse could liberate the lion, so, in modern times, the lion can be shackled, cramped and crippled by the mice. In those ages, there was a great thought among the peoples—and little things fell down before it, and were silent. *People of England! you have let your giants of Democracy be done to death by Dwarfs.*

I purpose bringing before the Reader a scene of ancient Sparta, pregnant with instruction. I purpose introducing him to two of the noblest Democrats that ever graced the world—and those two men were *Kings*!

The greatness of Sparta had been based upon its virtues, and as long as those virtues lasted, that greatness lasted too. The foundation of both were the laws of Lycurgus,—who banished money, and rendered the land the inalienable property of every free Spartan family. He did not nationalise it in reality; but, having divided it in equal lots among the men of Sparta, decreed that those lots should descend undiminished from father to son. He made laws against luxury and effeminacy, and arranged that the young men should eat and drink together in community, and in sections.

But, at last riches crept in—and behold the consequence: "When the love of money made its way into Sparta, and brought avarice and meanness in its train, on the one hand, on the other, profusion, effeminacy, luxury, that state soon deviated from its original virtue, and sunk in contempt."—(*Plutarch.*)

"The first symptoms of corruption and distemper in their commonwealth appeared at the time when the Spartan's had entirely destroyed the Athenian empire, and began to bring gold and silver into Lacedæmon. Nevertheless the *agrarian* law, established by Lycurgus, still subsisting, and the lots of land, descending undiminished from father to son, order and equality in some measure remained, which prevented other errors from being fatal."—(*Plutarch.*)

The Spartan constitution recognised two kings joint heads of the republic, and a senate. But, the kings being engaged in wars, and their power growing disproportionately great and dangerous—a magistracy of five *ephori*, or inspectors, was established, to watch, curb, and counteract the royal authority. These men were at first, indeed, merely ministers of the kings—but they soon became their masters and their tyrants. The new powers of the ephori, not being recognised by the laws of Lycurgus, naturally drew their influence from another source—that was the interests of the ambitious and avaricious. It was they who encouraged riches and luxury, and, gradually representing the monied interests depressed the popular and regal element. A struggle accordingly existed between the rich, led by the

* See "Notes to the People," 3 to 10 for "the History of Florence," 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 19 for "the Plebeians of Rome;" and 21, 23, 24, 25, for "Heraclides and the Syracusans."

Ephori, and the poor, sometimes led by the kings—but generally speaking, the kings and the ephori were remarkably good friends, and, aided by the priests, played completely into each other's hands. The result was, the gradual accumulation and centralization of riches in a few hands, and the impoverishment and demoralisation of the masses. Law after law of the old constitution of Lycurgus was *legally* swept away—the ephori always leading the way. We have already seen how the law of "primogeniture, settlement and entail," if we may use the modern terms, according to Plutarch's testimony, alone stayed the ruin of the republic, and prevented the monied class from absorbing the last vestige of liberty and independence. They had the money, it is true; but as long as the people retained the land, there still remained strength and power in popular resistance. They could not quite enslave the working-man as long as he had his farm and cottage to fall back on. Accordingly they sought, having the money, *to get the land into their own hands too.* Just as the modern money-class in England: the land still belongs to the nobility and squirearchy. "Primogeniture, settlement and entail" saves it to them. The money-men want to get the land and thus complete their power. If the land is thrown into the market now, we can't get it, for we have not the money to buy it—and if we are not to have the land ourselves, it is better in the hands of the landlords than in the hands of the money-lords, not because the former are better than the latter, but because power is better divided among two of our enemies who quarrel among each other, than centralised in the hands of one, with nothing to do but to crush us.

True to their policy of wresting the land from the people, when Epitadeus was appointed one of the ephori, he tried to realise this object. He was a man of very great influence and authority—founded on his wealth and nurtured by his ambition. He accordingly procured a law, "that all men should have liberty to alienate their estates in their lifetime, or to leave them to whom they pleased at their death."

We are told that the immediate cause of this was a quarrel of Epitadeus with his son; and his consequent wish to disinherit the latter. Be this as it may, the law could not have been enacted without the aid and power of the rich—and the bribery or coercion of the poor. It was a measure of class folly, not of individual anger. And Plutarch proves this when he says: "it was to indulge his private resentment that this man proposed the decree, *which others accepted and confirmed from a motive of avarice*, and, thus, the best institution in the world was abrogated."

The rich would not have succeeded in carrying this point, had it not been for their monied wealth, which enabled them to bribe and corrupt a portion of the people, and, if need be, to hire mercenary soldiers to coerce the refractory.

An additional proof, if any were wanted, that even the possession of land is not a sufficient guarantee for the liberties of a people, though a necessary condition for the existence of those liberties, and that, as long as one monopoly is left within a system, it is the ladder up which other monopolies will climb into supremacy.

The result of the measure soon became apparent: "Men of fortune now extended their landed estates without bounds, not scrupling to exclude the right heirs; and *property quickly coming into a few hands, the rest of the people were poor and miserable* [How old Plutarch lets the eternal truth glide forth!] The latter *found no time or opportunity for liberal arts or exercises*, being obliged to drudge in mean and mechanic employments for their bread, and consequently looking with envy and hatred on the rich." [Again that truth; overwork and poverty are a barrier to education. If you wish to educate the people, make them prosperous—then education, aye! and self-education too, follows as a necessary consequence. But you cannot make them prosperous, without making them free—the interest of their present rulers being, even if otherwise inclined, to keep them miserable. Therefore it is, that, instead of education being needed for the franchise, the franchise is needed for education.] "There remained not seven hundred of the old Spartan families, of which perhaps *one hundred* had estates in land. The rest of the city was filled with an insignificant rabble *without profit or honour*, who had neither heart nor spirit to defend their country against war abroad," [of course they had not when they had nothing worth defending! they would have been fools if they had defended the country for others who had robbed them of it! And, of course they had not—when they were debased by servitude and emaciated by hunger!] "And who were always watching an opportunity for changes and revolutions at home." [And not to be wondered at either.] (*Plutarch.*)

The above words of Plutarch shew, indeed, the aristocratic spirit of the author breathing through his language, but they also read us a deep lesson—they are addressed to England as well as to Rome and Greece, for truth speaks to all times.

Amid this decay of Lacedæmon, a young man stood forth favored by circumstance, to free the people and regenerate society. That

young man was Agis, King of Sparta. "He thought it a noble undertaking, as in fact it was, to bring the citizens again *to an Equality*, and, BY THAT MEANS, replenish "Sparta with *respectable* inhabitants." (*Plutarch.*)

"By that means!"—Yes! Poverty is the mother of vice, of crime, of cowardice, and of ignorance. If you want to remove these, *remove poverty first*, or you begin at the wrong end.

Agis was of the family of Eurytion, the descendants of Hercules, the sixth in descent from that famous Agesilaus, who carried the Greek arms victoriously through Asia Minor against the Persian power,—and succeeded to the throne when just emerging from the age of boyhood. Joint-king with him was Leonidas, eighth in descent from Pausanias, who conquered Mardonius and the Persians at Platæa. Leonidas was advanced in life, and succeeded to the joint-crown, through the death of the recognised heir, of whom he was the guardian.

Leonidas was disliked by the people, proud, insolent and tyrannical, he was the mainstay and the leader of the rich. "Though the corruption was general, and they all grew daily more and more depraved, yet Leonidas was more remarkable than the rest for his deviation for the customs of his ancestors. He had long been conversant in the courts of the Asiatic princes, particularly in that of Seleucus, aud he had the indiscretion to introduce the pomp of those courts into a Grecian state, into a kingdom where the laws were the rules of Government." (*Plutarch.*)

The character of Agis is thus contrasted: "Agis far exceeded not only him, but almost all the kings who reigned before him, since the great Agesilaus, in goodness of disposition and dignity of mind: for though brought up in the greatest affluence, and all the indulgence that might be expected from female tuition, under his mother Agesistrata, and his grandmother Archidamia, who were the richest persons in Lacedemonia; yet, before he reached the age of twenty, he declared war against pleasure; and to prevent any vanity which the beauty of his person might have suggested, he discarded all unnecessary ornament and expense, and constantly appeared in a plain Lacedemonian cloak. In his diet, his bathing, and all his excercises, he kept close to the Spartan simplicity; and he often used to say, that the crown was no further an object of desire to him than as it might enable him to restore the laws and ancient discipline of his country." (*Plutarch.*)

This young man, then, looking from the height of his throne over the prostration of the people, determined to raise them up to liberty, intelligence and happiness. He stood alone in the task. One thing only was in his favour; he was a king, and could, therefore, make his voice heard. But against him were all the rich; against him were all the priests; against him was his colleague on the throne, Leonidas, who overshadowed him with superior age and power, and sneered down his generous efforts as the boyish extravagance of inexperienced youth;—while as materials to work with Agis had but an enslaved people, accustomed to servility, trained to revenge, and immersed in ignorance by a long period of suffering and oppression. That ignorance—that turbulence—are often used as arguments against reform. Yes! The rich create a disability by bad laws, and then justify the continuance of those laws, by the disability they create.

Against all this the boy-king rose single-handed—and thus commenced his task.

(*To be continued.*)

Trades' Grievances.

I.—THE TARTAN WEAVERS OF ALVA.

The reason that I have not answered sooner to the call for the Exposure of Trade Grievances is not because we have none, but because they are of so long standing and so common. We are chiefly employed in Tartan shawl weaving: there are about 600 looms here for this manufacture. As a sample of the treatment that we are subjected to, I may just confine my observations to one factory, viz.—James Morrison's. He employs about seventy hands of different ages and sexes; in the first place, he makes his weavers tenter his cloth, which is stretching out the cloth to dry, after being scoured, and gives them at the rate of sixpence per month, or one eighth of a penny for each time of fifteen minutes that they have to come off their looms; formerly he paid nothing; but the men struck, and that was all they could get him to pay; but they do not get that always; for should any

one not have a proper position taken up in three minutes after the call is given, he forfeits his tenter-money *for the whole month.* The call is sometimes imperfectly given, and there is no appeal heard. Of course the master pockets the money although the men have to do the work of the absentees. Were that all, they might escape; but if there be a damage discovered, which is sometimes done in the scouring, or from other causes which they have no control over, the man whose lot it is to do the work nearest it, gets it thrown on his hand; it may amount to 1s. 6d. or to 10s. They have to take in all the wool that comes, weigh it, and store it by and take it out again when required; take in fuller's earth, oil, or anything that comes. He will even have his days-wage-men discharged when he can get the weavers to do their work for nothing. In fact they are not certain of being one hour at their loom at a time. About two years ago the weavers presented a table of prices to their masters to be paid uniformly in the town. It was not a rise from the ordinary rate. The masters met it by another one, when after some resistance we agreed to their terms, thinking that they would stand to their own table better; but in that we were deceived, for J. Morrison broke it before a week. One way he has of reducing wages is by making them put a fourth more picks or shots on the inch than he pays them for; thus taking a fourth part of their labour for nothing, and threatening to fine them should they not do it. In fact, he breaks the table whenever he thinks fit; not even the Factory act does he respect, which is abused most shamefully. There is a piece of ground adjoining the mill, which is usually planted with potatoes, the workers have to *plant them and work them for nothing*, afterwards they are let out in lots on the truck system. Just think of an order coming for all the weavers to come at a certain time to work the master's potatoes, and every one to bring his own implements with him! As stated before, this is only a sample; there are thirty manufacturers in the village and had I gone over them, I might have exposed worse tyranny. I have confined myself to one factory, but I must leave off that to expose an injury that is inflicted on the female workers in another factory. [An act of gross indecency systematically continued, is here narrated.]

A Scotch Weaver.

II.—DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

A Royal Speech. May 16, 1849.

How the rich treat those who minister to their comforts.

Prince Albert, at a public meeting for the "Servant's Royal Provident and Benevolent Society," spoke as follows:—"On enquiry, we find that in this metropolis *the greater part of the inmates of our workhouses are domestic servants.* [Hear, hear.] I am sure this startling fact is no proof either of want of liberality and kindness on the part of masters to their servants, or of vice in the latter; but *it is the* NATURAL CONSEQUENCE *of the peculiar position in which domestic servants are placed.*

III.—ADDRESS OF THE PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY OF OPERATIVE CARPENTERS AND JOINERS TO THE CARPENTERS AND JOINERS OF LONDON.

Fellow Workmen.—We, the members of the above Society, being anxious to promote the interest and to increase the happiness of our fellow-toilers, deem the present a fitting opportunity for directing your attention to what we consider calculated as a means to promote that interest and increase that happiness; and feeling confident that nothing but increased intelligence can permanently better the condition of our class, it becomes our duty to devise some plan whereby that intelligence may be obtained and that happiness permanently secured.

Union! (that stereotyped phrase, that has been perpetually upon the tongue of every agitator) is an essential in any project to benefit the working classes, which cannot be dispensed with.

We therefore urge the necessity of a more cordial and extending union, established upon a basis which will at once secure the means for the progressive intellectual improvement of all so united, and which will, at the same time, protect and conserve the rights and privileges of the trade.

Attempts have been made, at different times, to carry out that union that we now recommend, with but (we regret to say) very little success.

We believe that want of success has been mainly attributable to the fact of all trade societies being held at public houses, where other influences than those inspired by intelligence and reason too frequently prevail.

To effect a reform in this particular, and also in other matters connected with trade

societies, the above society was formed, five years ago, with the following objects in view :—

1. To establish an institution which shall afford facilities to the members in meeting together for the transaction of business, the study of science, and for mutual improvement, apart from the pernicious influences of the public house.

2. To provide means, and carry out plans, *for the profitable employment of the unemployed members, in order to relieve the market of the surplus labour*, and at the same time afford permanent support to such members as the vicissitudes of trade may place in a position to require assistance.

3. To make good any loss of tools by fire or otherwise.

4. To establish a depôt for the supply of tools to the members at wholesale prices.

5. To establish a library of such works as treat on subjects relating to the trade; to assist in the formation of classes for their study; and to provide the institution with those current publications which may be considered most useful to its members.

6. To ensure a sum of money at the death of a member, or a member's wife.

How far we have succeeded in carrying out the above can better be ascertained by an acquaintance with our members, or by visiting our Society House, 17, Ryder's Court, Leicester Square, on Monday evenings, which information and Rules may be obtained, and members enrolled.

We are enabled to recommend the above with some confidence, having gone through the ordeal of difficulties which must be experienced by all bodies associating for similar objects. We will here state, that we have no desire to see the breaking up of other societies, nor be on any but friendly terms with them, but we do earnestly invite their consideration of our principles, and if approved of, to establish others on the same or better principles. We will not look upon them as rivals, but as auxiliaries in the good cause of progress. We pledge our assistance and the benefit of our experience.

In conclusion, we hope that the time will come when those who contribute to the splendid habitations of the wealthy, and their stupendous club-houses, which give beauty and grandeur to the vicinity of St. James's, replete with every comfort and convenience to which the advancement of science can point,—we repeat, we hope the time will come when we shall be enabled to direct attention to our own comfortable habitations and club-houses, with a pleasure which shall be enviable by that class who have hitherto lived upon our produce, and who have doubts as to our ability of availing ourselves of that power which directs us to the improvement of our condition.

We subscribe ourselves,
On behalf of the society, yours, &c.,

RICHARD HACKWORTH, *President*,
THOMAS D. FERRIS, *Vice-President*,
ROBERT WEBSTER, *Corresponding Sec.*
WILLIAM NIXON, *Financial Sec.*

Dec. 12th, 1851.

[The above is a cheering evidence of enlightenment. The talented and spirited promoters of this noble undertaking have appreciated the only means by which a union can do good, that of "finding profitable employment for the unemployed"—and thus "relieving the market of its surplus labor." Altogether it is a noble plan in every one of its six "points." Its condemnation of pot-house localities is a great step in advance—it is laying the moral foundation, without which, social prosperity is a farce. We trust we shall hear further tidings of the progress and success of this noble institution.]

IV.—TO THE AMALGAMATED IRON WORKERS.

Fellow Labourers,—

As a very humble member of your body, I take upon this occasion the liberty of offering for your consideration a few thoughts which at different times have suggested themselves to my mind. In doing so, I claim no other aim or object but our common good; and entertain no wish that does not contemplate advantages to the whole of that great family of which we are a part—not an insignificant one certainly—but a part nevertheless.

An honestly written history of the strikes and struggles in our own and indeed in every other trade for the past quarter of a century, would be little more that a list of defeats, and those of the most decisive character, sustained by the operatives at the hands of the employer. How it could be other, is, indeed, difficult to conceive. I know, and you know, how unequal that struggle must be in which wealth is pitted against poverty; combination made legal by Act of Parliament with a mercenary soldiery and police to carry out its behests, against combination made *illegal* by the same means. I know, and you know, that in this country there is arrayed against the interest of labour a press powerful for evil, hopeless for good, corrupt even to brutality, and the enemy from sheer instinct, of the working men; you know, in fine, that our

chances of final or lasting success in any struggle with our masters—masters in every sense—compared with our chances of failure, are as disproportionate as is Olympus to a mole-hill; besides, even supposing to-day we realized an exemption from all the evils under which we struggle, what guarantee have we that tomorrow would not find us once more in the slough of despond? Assuredly none, when the pledged word of a master is the only foundation upon which either right or privilege rests: you know, as I know, that such foundation is of sand only. To fight the battle of Trade Reform with any hope of success we must meet our masters upon a surer footing than any we have yet attained to. *We must have political power;* the right to assist in legalising the means of our own defence, the power of saying to what extent and for how long, a commercial system will be tolerated that centralizes the wealth of the country in the hands of a few persons, *enabling ten soulless men to threaten as many thousands with starvation.* We must not forget the disease in the symptoms—the cause in the effect—the system in the results it must inevitably produce. Let the 12,000 voices of which our great society is composed, proclaim to the present government this demand for Manhood Suffrage, and a fair field for its exercise (and nothing short of that). Let us do this in conjunction with our brethren in other societies, and the day is not far distant when instead of wasting our energies in battle with shadows, we will be in a position to lay the axe of Reform to the very roots of our social system. Permit me to repeat once more my conviction, that, without political power, without the means of beginning at the beginning, from a point that is sure, we but add new ills to the old, furnishing our enemies with additional power for annoyance and evil doing.

W. W., *a Manchester Mechanic.*
Dec. 30th, 1851.

V.—TO THE LONDON EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMALGAMATED IRON TRADES.

Gentlemen,—Since you refused to give me a hearing at your meeting last night in the Hall of Commerce,—since, *as the Chairman stated from the chair*, you were fearful of letting me speak, lest you should be supposed by the press, the public, or your masters, to be in any way connected with Chartism, and thus create a hostility against you in the rich—and since I cannot stand by and see a numerous body of men with large resources rush blindfolded into destruction, dissipate their means, and leave themselves weakened and powerless in the hands of the capitalists without raising my voice against so ruinous a proceeding—I beg to express my readiness to meet you at any time in public meeting, for the purposes of friendly and mutual explanation.

Permit me to observe, that you invited your *opponents* to attend and promised to give them a hearing; I don't know what chance they would have had, since you would not even hear a *friend.*

It is not very creditable to put down the free expression of opinion, on so vital a matter, at the drilled signals of a platform Committee. Wise and thoughtful men—men who wish well to the cause they profess to embrace, are generally glad to investigate it in all its bearings—you seem to shirk hearing anyone speak, whose voice might tend to warn your members from the fatal error to which you are striving to commit them. That is not performing your duty wisely or well. If you seek to carry your object by mere clamor and onesided platform-spouting, you will fail.

I had pledged myself not to commit or compromise the meeting to any political movement, but merely to analyse the propriety of the course you were pursuing, and the results to which it must tend; but notwithstanding that, you must drown my voice by violence—merely out of fear, lest you should irritate your employers, or the press, *by letting a Chartist speak.*

Would you have refused a man leave to speak, simply because he was known as a *tory*, or a *whig?*

Permit me to tell you, if you feel yourselves as weak as that, if your success depends not on yourselves, but on the good will of the press, and of the rich, your resistance has not much prospect of victory. What a lamentable confession of cowardice and impotence!

Rest assured, your repudiation of an attempt to seek political power—your repudiation of Chrrtism—(*yours*, Gentlemen of the Committee! not that of the trade) will weaken instead of strengthening you. Your masters well know they can beat you down with *their own* weapons—Time, Gold, Law.

You fear to *create* hostility in the rich, and the rich man's press? Don't waste your labor—*it is there already.* You should try to face it—not shrink before it, as you did last night.

I am, however, gratified to think that the majority of the meeting did not support you

in your noisy platform policy. It was but a minority, a *small minority*. that obeyed your signals. The iron-traders are neither so unwise nor so cowardly as you strive to make them appear.

In conclusion, I hereby challenge you, Gentlemen of the Committee, to meet me in presence of the Amalgamated Iron-trades in London, at any place and time you may appoint—when I undertake to prove the fatal errors of the policy you are pursuing.

London, Dec. 31st, 1851. ERNEST JONES.

VI.—THE WELSH MINERS.

The mines in Merthyr Tydvil are let to contractors called "pit-masters," who engage to clear the miners; that is, to find them the quantity of "trams" required for the carrying on of the work, and to find "tram-plates" and "timber" to keep the workings safe. But they take good care to do neither the one nor the the other, and the miners have to suffer in in consequence. The miners have to carry the "tram-plates" from the foundry, or from wherever else they may find them, and that too at the risk of being fined, and called thieves for taking them. But what is still worse, the miners *have to pay for the greater portion of the "timber"* they use to keep the roof of the workings from falling in on them. (This is in the works of W. Crawshay only, it being the worst for timber I am acquainted with.) This system, if not exposed, bids fair to become general. I would that the miners generally knew how to appreciate the boon, now for the first time offered to them, to state their grievances in the columns of the "Notes." Such is the aversion the miners have to pay for timber that the roof of the workings becomes unsafe, and it is impossible at this day to say how many have been "accidently killed," as a coroner's jury call it:—rather let it be called by its right name, that is; barbarously murdered—murdered by the most horrible of all deaths—crushed to atoms—a death which human nature shudders to contemplate. But such is the position of the miners. The miners *have to pay three-pence* for the carriage of the powder they use, monthly, to the "pit-masters," who spend their time in the "pot-houses" patronised by the mining agents. On Saturday evenings they leave the "pot-house" for a couple of hours to divide the "draw" between the miners. It makes the heart sick to see those "drunken bullies" insult the poor miners when they ask for a "draw" of ten shillings. They frequently give only five. It is heart-rending in the extreme to hear the poor men *begging for their own money.*

A WELSH MINER.

The Chartist Movement.

I—ADDRESS TO THE CHARTISTS.

Brother Chartists!—In my last I shewed, I think from incontrovertible data, that the interests of the capitalists were bitterly hostile to those of the working-man and small shopkeeper. That, therefore, any salutary union of the two latter with the former was an impossibility.

It is no argument to ask "are all men villains! Will these men, when in power, deliberately set to work for the purpose of crushing labor? Are they such fiends, coolly and practically to try to make working-men poor, hungry, starved ignorant immoral, diseased and short lived?"—I do not charge them with the deliberate wish of torturing the working classes—I will gladly give them credit thus far, as to believe that, if they would be equally rich, equally powerful, by keeping labor in an easier kind of slavery, they would not, for the sake of gratuitous cruelty, torture it in misery. I am perfectly ready to concede that point. But I do assert this: that in order to remain as rich as they are, and as mighty as they are, they must monopolise land, machinery, money, and political power; they must force a foreign market by competition; they must keep labour at starvation pittance to effect this: they must prevent the working classes from participating thus far in the franchise, as TO TURN THE BALANCE OF POWER in the Constituency.

The whole question of the future depends upon whether legislation shall be reactionary or democratic during the coming quarter of a century. Twenty-five years more of the present system will depress the greater portion of the working-classes below the level of resistance. *Think of Ireland.*

The extension of the franchise proposed by

the rich *will* settle the question, probably for a long time to come.

The extension of the franchise, as proposed by Cobden, Bright, Walmesly, and (for what we know of it,) by Russell, will, as shown in a previous number, enfranchise the rich among the middle-classes, with a slight infusion of the aristocracy of labour. Three millions out of seven millions! Those three millions are nearly all (excepting, to some extent, the small retail shopkeepers,) virtually represented now, *because their interests are represented* as *component parts* of the great interests next above them. Consequently, by giving them the vote you give them merely the formal expression of their power, adding little to that power in reality—merely transferring the remaining monopolies of the landed aristocracy to the monied aristocracy. Therefore, *as far as the working classes are concerned*, the proposed extension of the franchise LEAVES EVERYTHING UNCHANGED. It merely hands one portion of them from one master to another equally bad,—or, to judge by experience, *worse*.

Consequently, the proposed extension of the franchise only strengthens the existing interests of competition, monopoly and class-oppression, and, therefore, can prove only injurious to labour.

Let who will try to subvert these arguments. I challenge them, and defy them to do so.

If this be true, working-men!—IF this be true—and let any mortal living disprove these arguments if he can,—you commit social suicide, if you support the "Reform movement" of the Rich. You commit social suicide, if you allow them to strenghten themselves *at your expense*. For, strengthening themselves without strengthening you as much IN PROPORTION TO YOUR NUMBER—*IS* doing so at your expense.

A man may have a right to benefit himself—to get his own rights—so may the rich—but neither man nor class have a right to do so to our detriment.

Therefore you should say—YOU SHALL NOT HAVE YOUR RIGHTS, TILL WE HAVE OURS.

Some may say—"What! prevent them from doing that for themselves, which we claim on our side?"

I answer: *decidedly so*!—By the supremest of all laws—The law of self-defence. We wont hinder them, if they wont hinder us—but as long as they combine to keep us out of our rights—it is commou sense, common prudence, aye! and common justice too, to combine to keep them out of theirs.

Besides: they place it out of their own power to talk of "right." If the franchise is a *Right*, they have no right to withhold it from four millions. If it is not a right, but merely a matter of expediency then it is *expedient* for us to have it too, and to prevent their having it, until they join with us for universal suffrage.

Be it also remembered that we do not oppose their having the vote—on the contrary, we say "you *shall have it*—but *we shall have it too*." Whereas they say: "We will have it, and you shall *not* have it too."

Now see the result, if we let them carry their measure to our exclusion; four million of the poorest class remain without a vote on their own life and death! Three million privileged men, the interests of the majority of which are hostile to those of the four million, rule over them. It is their interest to keep them more and more enslaved and poor. They are the living cushion under the rich, the easy springs on which they sway themselves in luxury.

The spread of machinery and science renders fewer of these poor wealth-creators necessary every year.—The more they are displaced, the poorer, the more helpless they become. Lower and lower, from crisis to crisis, from new invention to new invention, sinks this layer of labour. Its constantly increasing surplus is caged in workhouses and prisons, till they are ready to burst with their surcharge.

Then the penal settlement, and the, virtually compulsory emigration, draws away the annual shoals, and then the famine and pestilence (sure results,) quiet the dwindling masses down beneath the deadly lull of "Order." Again: *look at Ireland*!

Murmur! and the insolent rich-caste laugh at your petition, and say—"Reform is final. We cannot again unsettle the Constitution."

Try public opinion! What is the public opinion of three million to that of three?

Resist! Aye! throw your emaciated, unarmed bodies against the bayonets and cannon-balls of stalwart, drilled assassination.

That is the future before you, if you *allow* of any extension of the franchise *that will not turn the balance of power in your favour*.

What chance have you now? That of six millions against one—for the two million unenfranchised rich will still join for the vote with a party strong enough to prevent their having it on other terms. That, of still retaining health and strength enough in addition to those numbers, to make your public opinion tell upon your foes. That, of still standing on the platform of the rock, instead of merely clinging to the margin of the precipice.

My friends! do not read these words lightly.

Your future—your fate—your all—is involved in their truth.

Many good and true men are warning you—alas! how often the prophets preach unheeded in the wilderness!

If, having eyes you will not see—havnig ears you will not hear—having *memories* you will not *remember* the delusions of the past—not ours the fault—not on our heads be your tears and blood.

These words are solemn warnings. Lightly they may pass, lost in the ephemeral leaves of a weekly magazine—many may not open the page—many may only skim the surface, even of those who are readers of the "Notes"—and how very many will never hear of these words at all. Alas! alas! that we were rich! that we could shower a million tracts across the land—and take a hall for meeting in every town in England; But we are poor—and poverty silences our tongue, and ties our feet!

There—what I *can* do—I do—and you who read this, even if you differ from it, take it and tell it in every meeting of your friends—read these words, or similar writings of abler men, wherever you can get a hearing, for if we are wrong, we shall be refuted—if we are right—oh! how important that all minds should be disabused! Many. taking advantage of their position are misleading you,* by abusing the confidence their predecessors have gained, many, using the confidence they themselees possess, are drawing you aside from your only path of safety. The policy of the "Star," lures off a portion of the Chartist body to the Middle-class Reform Movement. The Co-operative movement, and the Trades-union by holding out, (however fallaciously,) another road to prosperity, draws off another portion, under similar delusions into similar apathy. The party of true Chartists that remains is too small to turn the tide. While the "Star" paralyses, deludes and divides us, while Co-operations and Trades Unions decimate our force—the Money-Class reformers will have it all their own way, and walk over the course, if the real, practical Chartists do not rally to the movement and save the future of the People.

One measure now alone can rescue Chartism, that is

THE SPEEDY ASSEMBLING OF A CHARTIST NATIONAL CONVENTION.

It should meet as soon as possible—not later than the last week in February. Let the localities take this into consideration, I implore them! Let them express their views and send up their resolves to the Executive and to the Press. ERNEST JONES.

* I feel bound to warn you against the dangerous policy of the "*Northern Star*." That paper possesses the confidence of many for its past great and good services. *That confidence is being abused.* Under cover, and insidiously, it is becoming a Middle-Class reactionary paper. The last guarantee for its democracy is gone; *Mr. O'Connor owns it no longer, it has been purchased by Mr. MacGowan and Mr. Fleming*, and I refer you to its recent leaders, letters and articles, to shew that it is a paper that ought to forfeit the confidence of every true Chartist and thoughtful democrat. The Chartist organ ought not to advocate the Money-class-Movement—and it is more an organ of the Financail Reform—Party than of our own. Serious times demand plain language, and I am not the man to mince my words.
E J.

II.—LIMEHOUSE AND RATCLIEFE.

Dear Sir,—At the Meeting of the Members of the Limehouse and Ratcliff Localities—last evening—I was requested by the whole of the Members, to express to you their sorrow and indignation at the treatment you received at the Meeting of Amalgamated Engineers on Monday evening last, and we feel certain that your concluding words at the meeting will soon be realised, "That the next time you address them they will listen to you."

Dear Sir,—I feel pleased to inform you that your article upon *Pot House Localities*, has caused a determination among our Members to have a Hall of their own We have met with great support already, we shall soon be able to commence.

THOS. SHEPPARD.
Secretary.

III.—THE POTTERIES.

Dear Sir.—At a Meeting of the Hanley Shelton Branch of the National Charter Association, on Sunday December 21st it was resolved.

1st.—That Julian Harney having declined to act on the Executive and being one of the list nominated by this branch we supply his place with J. B. O'Brien.

No objection being offered to the list nominated 68 votes were given in favour of the following gentlemen F. O'Connor, Esq., E. Jones, T. Cooper, J. B. O'Brien and T. M. Wheeler.

2nd.—That the Executive be requested to publish the number of votes sent in from this and every other locality with the names for whom the votes, are given for the purpose of satisfying the Members that a faithful return has been made; it was also considered that the executive had acted a very partial and unjust part in not retaining Mr. T. Cooper's name on the list as qualified, while it is positively stated to us that C. F. Nicholls has not been a Member the required time, yet he is retained quali-

fied notwithstanding this; circumstance we believe Mr. Cooper to be a most honorable exception to the rule that the country at large would have entire confidence in him seeing that he has always advocated and never swevred from the principles of the Charter, never allowing himself to be made a tool of by any other party in advocating partial and unjust measures of reform, so called, but abiding by principle and sustaining himself by his own energy and talents. In addition we have to complain of the neglect manifested in not publishing the list of candidates in last Saturday's Paper.

E. Nixon.
Secretary.

P. S. We have sent the above to the "Star" but they have curtailed it so much that the Members have requested me to send it to you to see if you can find room for it in your valuable Journal.

Yours truly
E. Nixon.

Mr. E. Jones.

IV.—POTHOUSE LOCALITIES.

The Metropolitan Chartists are taking a step in the right direction, which will, we trust, be followed out all over the country.

At the Delegate Council Meeting on Sunday last in the Literary Institution, Finsbury, the following was unanimously carried.

Moved by Ernest Jones,

Seconded by J. Farrer,

That the Council, representing the Chartists of theMetropolis, pledges itself not to countenance or sanction the formation of any Chartist localities in future, which shall have their place of meeting at a public house where spirituous liquors are sold, and this council further pledges itself to use every means in its power, to transfer with all possible speed, the meeting places of existing localities from such pubic houses.

The Co-operative Movement.

I.—To the Editor of the "Notes."

Sir,—"Truth asks no favor save that of being heard:" it dresses itself in no disguise, neither does it fear being silenced by the libels of the *Christian Socialist*, whose doctrine it is to create, rather than suppress, evil, since to combat "*falsehood*," it is necessary to keep silence.

Contrary to my intention, I now give the letter spoken of in my last, so that working men may learn the art of polite letter-writing. The general cry is, "Educate the people," when, in the name of Justice, the people ought to be teaching their traducers. On the 20th September, 1850, the following was received by the Castle Street Association, dated from Queen Square, Thursday midnight.

"Associate Tailors of Castle Street,—I have just returned from a meeting of the council, where I saw the letter which you, by your council of administration, sent to your manager, Mr. Cooper, recalling him to London, and I cannot *go to sleep* without sending you my indignant protest against the abominable selfishness of the first part of that letter, and the miserable meanness, nay, *downright blackguardism of the latter part*, in which you insinuate that he fled from investigation. I cannot believe that that letter was deliberately approved of by all—it must have been the work of a few, thoughtlessly assented to by others. For look at the case; you, a body of men in association, professing to believe that association is the remedy for the evils under which yourselves and your fellow-workers are suffering; professing to care for the association and to desire above all things the extension of its benefits to others; you, I say, when your manager is successfully (?) spreading the cause of association in the country and asks you (this is false) to give him leave to spread it further—this manager, not drawing any salary* from you, but paying his own expenses—you say, *in effect*, no, let the cause go to the dogs, what do we care for our fellow-workers? we only care for ourselves, come back; we know London business is always slack at this time of year, and no mortal power can prevent our being slack *too*, (bravo) but never mind that, come back and hunt about for work for us, you are our *tool* and though we know that working-men must at this slack time be unable to subscribe to them, go and get up clothes clubs. Is not this base unmitigated selfishness? Would your own association ever have been established, if its founders had only thought of themselves? But when, in addition to this, you go on to insinuate that this manager, W. Cooper, a man long tried and true (?) a man honoured by all classes of society, (?) and the more honoured the better he is known; when, I say, you go

* The manager's salary of two guineas per week appeared regularly in the wages' book. How was this friend?

on to insinuate that this man is little better than *a thief* (for that is the impression your letter leaves was unanimously assented to this evening) your meanness is hardly credible. It is the most degrading, ungenerous, humiliating affair that has happened in the society yet. What *do* you think a generous high-minded man, like Hughes, *for instance*, will think when he sees the letter? I wish he was here to tell you. The whole thing is selfish and disgraceful in the extreme. And I hereby call upon all of you who have a spark of gentlemanly feeling *or true English generosity* to repudiate all share in that letter if you had nothing to do with it, and if you did join in it, I call upon you, like gentlemen and honourable men to say you are *ashamed of yourselves* for having joined in it, and to withdraw it; this is really the least you can do.

"I am, your friend,
" though a plain-spoken one,
" FREDERICK JAMES FURNIVAL."

No comment is here needed; I only ask the verdict of an impartial public and return to the *interregnum*. Between the men and their rulers a crisis had arrived. It was evident that the position of *some* of our "brethren" had now become perilous and that those who had sternly remonstrated would fall sacrifices to egotism. It was therefore unanimously *resolved* that if *one man* should fall, *all* would be prepared to share his fate. This was not sought by the "few, nor was it observed by the *many*—the very proposers. A memorial was now presented to the promoters, requesting them to EXAMINE into the state of the association, reposing in the *honour* of gentlemen. Alas! here is their *fiat*. Read it, ye who are so "difficult to govern" by *laws not made by yourselves*. Had such a verdict emanated from my own order, I would have blushed for its sapience, and shouted, "O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves" But no, it comes from *Lawyers, Parsons, and Doctors*, those still wishing to govern you, even in the workshop. A glorious Trinity, and

" From their writings all may see
Not one incomprehonsible, but three.

1.—"The council find that the association is virtually dissolved, because it is impossible for any association to work which is at variance with its manager, and because the manager dismissed three persons for a certain act which the whole shop adopted as its own.

2.—"Under these circumstances the Council have considered; first, what causes have led to this result. Second: whether it is possible to re-constitute the Association.

3.—"To determine the first question the Council have carefully examined all the statements in the memorial which has been presented to them by the shop in Castle Street.

4.—"They find that the *manager has on several occasions departed* from *the Laws of the Association*. They have not been able to discover any case in which this *neglect* of the laws has proceeded from tyranny, or from carelessness of the feelings of the Associates. Often it has arisen from mere forgetfulness—sometimes from an over anxious desire not to interfere with the independence of the shop.

5.—"They find that the mistakes in the accounts which were said to exceed sixty, have been satisfactorily cleared up *with the exception of four*.

6.—"They find no one charge alleged against the manager which can warrant the remotest suspicion of a desire on the part of himself, or anyone else, to suppress or garble the accounts.

7.—"They find, therefore, nothing that can affect the slightest justification for the insinuation contained in the letter of the 12th of September,

8.—"They have examined the laws of the Association, and the *objections made to them by the associates*. They find them *susceptible of very considerable improvement*. But they do not find that the defects in them were the cause of the troubles in the Association, or that the associates were without legal means of settling their disputes.

9.—"They are compelled, therefore, to attribute the *breaking up* of the Association to those internal causes which no success can prevent, *which no improved legislation* can set right, and which would possibly have been as much at work if the manager had been chosen by the associates, as if he had been appointed by the Council of Promoters.

10.—"They do not, however, believe that the bad feeling which had given rise to these disputes characterised the associates generally or habitually. They can *suppose* various causes, such as the ordinary transactions in Autumn from full to slack work, and various mistakes and misrepresentations within as without, which may have made it much more bitter than it would otherwise have been.

11.—"They do not, therefore, *despair* of seeing the Association with *most or many of its* present members, and with the *advantage of a humiliating experience*, restored to more than its former surength.

12.—"They conceive that *all parties are bound to make sacrifices for this end*. In laying down a plan for the re-construction of the Association, they desire to show that they did not claim the right of appointing a manager, chiefly because they were solicitous about the security of their own capital, but because they were anxious to promote *the principle* of the Association *by placing* at the *head* of the first which was established, a man in whose devo-

tion to the cause of his fellow-workers as well as in whose honesty, singleness of mind, and *kindness of heart, they* had and continue to have perfect confidence.

13.—"They require that Mr. Cooper *as a pledge for the oblivion of the past differences* shall unite with him *two* of the persons whom he dismissed from the Association, Mr. Lamb and Mr. Acton, together with Mr. Field (the foreman) as the nucleus of a new Association.

14.—"They require that these four should choose a fifth *by Ballot*, that the fifth should in like manner choose a sixth, and so on in like manner *till the number elected is considered* sufficiently large enough to carry on the business.

15.—"They *consent that the choice of the manager and other officers shall be vested in the Association when complete*, SUBJECT TO A VETO OF THE COUNCIL OF PROMOTERS.

16.—"They require that the Association shall accept the code contained in Tract 5, subject to such modifications as may be agreed upon between the associates, and the Council of Promoters.

17.—"But the Promoters are *determined that they sanction no alteration in the general code whic will weaken the authority of the manager*, such authority they conceive essential to the continuance of the Association.

18.—"The Council of Promoters *guarantee* to any of the tailors now working in the shop No. 34, Castle Street, who *shall not* find themselves elected into the re-constituted Association *their share of the profits, up to the time of their ceasing work.*

"Signed on behalf of the Council of Promoters,

FREDERICK D. MAURICE."

I have numbered the clauses to faciliate reference, and now call on the "examiners" of "the laws"—Messrs. L. Jones, J. T. & Co. to come forth and tell us by what "law" they "virtually dissolve" the Association—tell us if we were at "variance" with the manager; whether we had *no complaint* for being so. Ye lovers of morality, show us your constitution of which you speak so vauntingly? In one sentence of your sophistocated verdict you find the manager *guilty*, and then attempt to gloss it over by talking of the "independence of the shop." Alas! we understand plain English, and privilege is sacrificed to *interest!*

Of the accounts, we complained of their being *slovenly* and *imperfectly* kept, and you attempt to distort our complaint into "garble."

You speak of "legal means," and when the "legal means" are observed by the men, and honorable arbitration resorted to, you declare the "laws" "susceptible of very considerable improvement," and cause to be thrown out of employment, in the worst season of the year, men whose only endeavour was to seek that "mental discipline" from those put in authority over them, which they themselves were prepared to obey. Explain to us the meaning of the 11th clause of your judgment. The lacquer is of so foul a composition that you have failed to produce a brilliancy. Tell us what it is you mean when speaking of *all making sacrifices* in your 12th clause, and yet dare not "to assist in the carrying into practice those truths" that all men are brethren.

What mean ye, when ye talk of "the ordinary transition in your 9th clause?" Had we not been long accustomed to this "terrible evil?" and was not the associative idea to relieve us from such inflictions? Did not the men, with the manager, wait on a certain Railway company to engage their contract for clothing? and was there sufficient energy or competence displayed by those who were receiving *fixed* salaries, whilst the poor journeymen had to *sacrifice* even the expences necessary for refreshment?

Why was it that two men who had never taken upon themselves any active part to amend the "laws," and improve the "mental discipline," (save that of passive obedience) of the Association were *selected*, with Mr. C., to re-constitute the new Association? And how did they observe the 14th clause, with respect to the Ballot? How was the Ballot violated in Castle-street by Cooper, Field, and Co.? It was on this wise: The "nucleus" ensconsed in a little back room, declares that it shall be a majority of two-thirds to elect. Now mark the net-work. The first man called from out the work-room was *secretly pledged not to divulge anything that might be said as an objection* to any other men in our number. This was repeated, till the whole number reached nine. *After this, not a single individual more was called*, although they elected fourteen or fifteen. Many were waiting in the work-room, anxious to hear the result. At last "the apparition comes," and the *Secret*-ary actually declares, in one instance, that nine voted for, and two against! thus making *two votes more* than the number present! In another there was a doubt on the number in favour of another man, one of the elect contradicting the correctness of the Society; but look at the *cheat, it was morally impossible for particular individuals to obtain a majority of two-thirds out of these nine Virtuoso's!* Oh, righteous Daniel's come to judgment! How dare ye elect the eleventh of your number without calling the tenth, "and so on?" Was it because ye considered nine sufficiently large to carry on your dishonourable business?" Working men, with

common honesty, will recoil at your dastardly abuse of the Ballot. Why did ye not come openly in the work-shop ; and if you had any *objection* against any man why did you not *manfully* allow that man an opportunity of hearing and explaining ? No, no—you dared not do this ; and it succeeded but very *doubtfully* when concocted in *secret*. In vain did the expelled protest against this abuse before the Council of Promoters who are "all—all honourable men," in proof of which I go to the "last, tho' not least" clause of their judgment "Guarantee their fair share of the profits." Dreadful words ! And you, Mr. Editor, have been guilty of applying "hard names," such as "profit-mongers," and "robbers." "Get thee behind me, Satan," and hear the fulfilment of this promise, WE RECEIVED BY INSTALMENTS 17s. 6d.

I have done with the gentlemen promoters, and return to the authority of the historian, On the 22nd of March I find him stating that the Association could, if broken up, "divide, a net sum of £300 among its members ; that it was impossible that there could have been dishonesty anywhere." Sweet, Hudsonian logic ! Pray cannot a man put money in his purse, boast of a prosperous exchequer, and yet violate every principle of honesty ? Proudhon says all property is plunder ; and the Castle-street Association fulfils the assertion. If at the end of twelve months a sum of £300 is netted, it is only a fair supposition to take £200 for nine months. Now, if this sum be divided by thirty, (the average number of men), it brings a result of £6 13s. 6d., as each man's "fair share of profits." Yet there has been no "dishonesty anywhere," *when the Association has been "dissolved," eleven men excluded*, and a sum of 17s. 4d., paid to them by gentlemen who deny profit-mongery, and they themselves are had profit-mongers. "It was necessary," says the historical manager, "that we should make the Castle-street Association successful. That it is so, is now proved beyond all doubt by mulcting of the labourer. Whence came this £300, and why was it that the men were deprived of the produce of their labour ? Answer this, ye promoters of working men's associations, and learn to deal honestly with those whose position in society is cast in a less propitious sphere than your own. Spite of Walpole having called history "Fiction," I must again draw from that of Cooper. Writing with the "law of Love the law of Christ," he says if "some of your readers (the Socialist) ask who was to blame for the disunion that for a time prevailed in our Associations ? I answer frankly and honestly—every one of us. I for one am willing to bear my just share of blame." Magnanimous Cooper ! I ask thee as "frankly and honestly" to tell us, why, if all were guilty, all did not "sacrifice" alike ? Tell us who they were that "thought too little about duties ?" 'Till then rest that accusation upon you. 'Till then speak no more of the "spirit of brotherhood." And till then it will be evident that "What's in the captain but choleric words, is, in the soldier flat blasphemy."

When you speak of "mental discipline," let it be that of the free man. Tell us no more of "unkind looks—of unkind words" till those, whose *lease of labour* depends on you, shall shake off servility, for the sake of truth, heedless of yourself or your employers. With that freedom I would enjoy myself. In conclusion, let Mr. L. Jones, show that the laws provided for the admission of members, and then J. T., the "Christian Socialist," may call me the "utterer of gross falsehoods." By my humble endeavour to expose evil practices I have done a duty, and remain in the cause of truth,

G. E. HARRIS.

4, Great James Street, Lisson Grove.

II.—THE CASTLE-STREET TAILORS.

A letter, containing twelve pages of full-sized and closely written foolscap, has come to hand from Mr. Gerald Massey, in answer tn Mr. Harris.

Every portion that bears upon Mr. Harris's statements, is given below—the rest *I decline to insert*, for the credit of Mr. Massey himself, and out of respect to the reader. The omitted portion is one tissue of virulent abuse or most fulsome adulation. The abuse is my share, who exposes profitmongering ; the adulation is for the wealthy gentlemen, who have advaneed money for the Castlr-street shop, and enabled it to profitmonger.

I might possibly have tresspassed on the patience of my readers by inserting the entire letter—*had not Mr. Massey assured me that he had two other journals in which his letter will appear*. There can, therefore, be no reason why I should offend good taste, good sense, and decency, in my own pages, by the insertion of his disorderly language.

If he sends version to other papers, he need not vary them from that with which he has favoured me—for *he assures me he retains a copy*.

Should a newspaper be found so far to forget its self-respect as to insert his letter, I shall DEMAND and EXPECT the eight to reply *there*—not to the abuse—(for that I am prepared whenever I touch the pocket question of well-paid gentlemen who help the cause of

Co-operation,—but to any tangible point (if there *be* anything tangible in it,) which may be discoverable in Mr. Massey's communication. As to my own pages, they are sealed against personal virulence. If Mr. Massey has a principle to argue, or a public movement to discuss, he—and all others—have ever found the "Notes" open for their arguments—but if his Christian Socialism so far forgets itself as to deal in personal invective, my Chartism will not lend it a hand to disgrace itself down to the level of its patrons the bishops.

Perhaps Mr. Massey will take a friend's advice. I can forgive his violence and I can smile at his fury—they are the passion of an inexperienced youth; but I must lament the spirit of bitter hatred that festers through his letter. One would almost be led to believe that certain passages were the concoction of older, more callous, and less honest, hearts than his.

That was not well done, Massey? I speak to you as a friend—for I *have* friendship for you. You are young, talented, and enthusiastic. There is good stuff in you—good hope for you—do not let your fine young talents be made the the tool and plaything of worn-out and hacknied craft. Come, Massey! you have a nobler mission than that, into which you are being dwarfed. "Come out of the unclean thing." Beware, lest entering the polemical arena, you let your passion alarm your pride, and both blind your judgment. Many a young man has wrecked himself in this way—and committed himself darkling to a bad cause,

And now, sir! I leave it to your honesty to say, whether I have not given EVERY SYLLABLE of your letter, that is a contradiction of Mr. Harris, or a vindication of the Castle-street management. If you publish elsewhere, I leave it to your readers to say, whether I have not acted a kindly part in screening you from the self-abasement the remainder of your letter inflicts on you.

The questions as to the conduct of your association in Castle-street, as to what profits you do or do not divide, as to why, or how, the nine associates were expelled, as to how you treat your hired labour, and as to what value may be attached to your assertions in contradiction of Mr. Harris,—it would ill become me to enter into at present—since the matter rests between you and Mr. Harris,—and I should be stepping out of my place and acting presumptuously, were I to interfere and take the conduct of his own case out of the hands of one so much better able to conduct it,—from the fact of the personal experience he has suffered.

On this point *I refer you and the reader to Mr. Harris's letter in last week's "Notes," and to his communication in this number.*

But I feel bound to observe—I shall take these points up—and not with Castle Street alone; and, I will add,—my charges against the present co-operative movement are not confined to mere errors or sins of management—they take far higher ground,—the ground vindicated at Padiham, and to be contested ere long at Halifax; they embrace the whole basis of the movement in its principles and its essence—from its fallacious origin to its inevitably fatal results.

I now give Mr. Massey the advantage of the publicity he seeks.

ERNEST JONES.

III.—To the Editor of the "Notes."

No. 28 of your "Notes" contains a letter signed, "G. E. Harris, one of the Castle Street victims," which letter asserts that nine associates were expelled the Castle Street Association, "because they wished to admit additional members to share the benefits it was capable of conferring."—This is so false a statement, that I am induced to make a reply, although the whole affair has been satisfactorily detailed in the "Christian Socialist." I cannot here pass in review the series of circumstances which led to the expulsion of those members.* It must suffice at present, that disagreements arose between the men and the manager, and that a crisis came, at which time the Promoters were called on to separate the combatants, hear their grievance, and award justice. All the members, Mr. G. E. Harris among the rest, agreeing to surrender the affair entirely into the hands of the Promoters, and all parties were willing to abide by their decision. The Promoters, deeming such a step necessary, did "virtually dissolve" the Association, though they have no power to do so, unless by consent of the Association, and, at its reformation, Mr. G. E. Harris, and eight others, were not re-chosen into the new Association. There were various reasons for this; but certainly they were not martyrs to their late fellow-shopmates, who ought to have been the best judges of their relative merits and claims. The Promoters had no influence in this non-election, and the Manager had but one vote. They were considered ineligible, but though rejected, they were not "robbed of the fruits of their accumulated labor," as Mr. G. E. Harris falsely asserts; each man having had his share of the profits, earned while he was a member, over and above the usual weekly allowances, had no claim to any further dividend, as he left the Association with its debt of £300.

* Mr. Harris does pass them in review. The reader is referred to his letter in last week's "Notes."

E. J.

To be continued.

To the Chartists.

I receive numerous complaints of the non-insertion or mutilation of resolutions sent to the "Star," by Chartist localities—also of their non-insertion in Mr. Reynolds's Newspaper. With reference to Mr. Reynolds's Newspaper, I think no one has a right to urge any objection,—for that paper does not profess to be the organ of our movement; it cannot, out of regard for its circulation, fill its columns with Chartist intelligence—and no man can deny that it is doing the cause of democracy good service in its letters and leading articles. We, therefore, ought not to expect it to insert matter, which, by injuring its circulation among the middle class, would impair its efficacy in spreading the *principles* (though not the local news) of Chartism among the ranks of other classes.

The "Star" has not this excuse—for it professes to be the organ of our party. I wish to put you on your guard against it. It is playing, or trying to play, our movement into the hands of the financial or Cobden-Bright Reform party. *Some* Chartist intelligence it *must* insert, for appearance' sake, or it would lose what little circulation it still has. But it inserts only that which suits its purpose. The rest it either mutilates or omits. In its original reports, it indirectly misrepresents. You will easily understand that an editor may report *facts*, and yet convey a wrong impression, by over-coloring some, and under-coloring others,—and by stating only a part of the facts. This wilful misrepresentation, this sly and gradual undermining of the Movement has long been going on in the "Star," ever since the control of that paper was being gradually but surely wrested out of the hands of Mr. O'Connor.

It is painful to see the spoil of the worn out warrior divided as a monied speculation—it was painful to behold it wrested, wrench by wrench, out of his grasp: and as his hold became more powerless, his name and popularity used as a blind, to foist the political porison of interested parties on a deluded and still confiding people. Doctrines that would not otherwise have been tolerated, were listened to, almost accepted by some, because they came from the "Northern Star"—utterly ignorant as the readers were that Mr. O'Connor's pecuniary embarrassments and failing health, had lost him the control of his own paper!—that advantage was being taken of his weakness, to get the ear of public credulity—to divide the Movement, and thus throw it at the feet of our Middle-class Enfranchisers; and now, the same parties live upon the name and reputation of the man whose power they have taken out of his hands, and actually claim the support of the friends of him over whom they have triumphed!

The Chartist Movement has thus no organ—no fair and comprehensive chronicle of its weekly doings. This is fatal to any movement. I will do all I can to obviate this evil. I offer to my brother Chartists to devote four pages of the "Notes" under the head of

The Chartist Movement,

to record the weekly proceedings of our organisation.

Intelligence that reaches by the Post of *Thursday* morning, will appear in the "Notes" on the *Monday* following.—For instance: intelligence sent on Thursday the 8th instant would be published in the "Notes" of Monday the 12th instant, and may be in the hands of the country agents on Monday evening. Thus, the intelligence would be in the country nearly as early as it would be by a weekly newspaper.

Some may say (and it is necessary to prepare for such objection) that this offer is made with a view of raising the circulation of the "Notes." If so, I answer, where's the blame? I have a right to try to increase the circulation by all legitimate means.

But, the fact is, that I fear this will *injure* instead of benefiting the circulation,—at least, it will not increase it, for most of those who read the "Star" read the "Notes" also,—and many others read the "Notes" for the features contained—not for the mere political intelligence. But personal motives shall be second to public duty—and therefore, Chartists! I place four pages of the "Notes" at your disposal, for the purpose stated. This forming eight

columns of close print, will be more than equal in matter to the space devoted in the "Star" to intelligence from the Chartist localities. I cannot undertake to insert speeches—but I promise *fairly* and *fully* to insert all resolutions, votes, subscriptions, and in fine all locality proceedings—forming thus

A COMPLETE RECORD

AND

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

Readers are requested to acquaint herewith the Chartist Councils and Secretaries—and the latter are solicited to send up reports of the meetings, and all the weekly proceedings of their localities.

That these should be reported is more necessary than ever—since no national organisation can exist without one part of the country knowing what is done by the other. Every Chartist should know what is being done by and in the Movement to which he belongs, throughout the country—thus, one locality gives strength and courage to another—thus union and harmony of feeling are created—and thus the scattered elements of democracy are welded into one united homogeneous mass.

A medium of organisation and of weekly intercourse is thus afforded to British Democracy, more cheap and more certain, than it has ever yet possessed—and thus a three-penny newspaper, and a special organ, combining the advantages of a Democratic Magazine as well, are within the reach of the reader, for not more than one paper alone, the "Northern Star," costs to its subscribers.

The offer is made—I respectfully solicit the response.

ERNEST JONES.

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

Memoir of Kossuth and of his Companions.—History of the Hungarian Struggle The Origin and Annals of the Magyars.—The Causes of the Great Hungarian Rising.—The War of Insurrection.—Its Battles, Sieges, Councils, Heroisms, and Treasons.

ELJEN A HAZA.

(*Continued from No. 37, p. 718.*)

XXXI.—THE LAST GLEAM.

While darkness had closed over all Hungary one last gleam of light still hovered where the republican tricolor floated yet above the walls of two old fortresses, far distant from each other: Peterwarasdin and Komorn.

In the latter General Klapka commanded with 18,000 men. He was determined to give a fresh impulse to the war—to spread terror and dismay behind the Austrian advance, and to recal them back to the defence of their own country: a masterly conception.

To effect this, he began to draw recruits to his army, from all sides,—in which he proved eminently successful—and, in order to keep up the spirits of his men, he resolved, while waiting for these new levies, to find them occupation.

The hussars, famed for their restless gallantry, those splendid sworders, whose achievements have fringed the stream of Hungarian insurrection with a border of undying glory, were especially dispirited at being confined in a fortress. Natives of the broad plains on the banks of the Theiss, where they had galloped their horses at will, now pent up within the walls of a fortress in inactivity, (while foes were sure ere long to concentrate around in overwhelming numbers), kept there imprisoned like victims waiting for a sacrifice while their far homes were overrun by a blood-thirsty and lascivious enemy, they grew, in Klapka's words, more "sad and sullen" every day.

Klapka, to cheer them, launched one division of hussars, eight honved companies, and four field-pieces against Dotis, where the Austrians had collected large stores, and

where his spies told him, that, unsuspecting an attack, the enemy had left but a weak and negligent garrison. Colonel Kosztolanyi fulfilled his mission well—the bold stroke succeeded; the entire garrison, eight officers, all the stores, a hospital and the imperial mail were captured, and brought triumphantly into Komorn.

Klapka now told the hussars he would conquer for them a territory on which they might ride at will—and accordingly arranged an attack upon the Austrians, who now occupied the left bank. This attack came off on the 30th of July, at six o'clock in the morning. It was eminently successful. The mass of life pent up within Komorn, burst forth, and before its irresistible expansion the encirling imperialists were driven back. One hundred and fifty of the enemy were captured—the astonished Austrians kept retreating during the night.

In the night of the 1st, Klapka repeated the assault: the Austrians fled to Guta.

Communications were opened with the cities and villages on the left bank—the townsmen and peasantry began to breathe—provisions flowed into the fortress—and the western star of Hungary began to mount once more.

On the second of August it was resolved on risking a general battle—and under cover of the darkness before day-break, the Hungarian battalions mustered for the struggle. Coming unawares upon the enemy, several detachments were surprised, surrounded, and forced to surrender.

Klapka's object was to surround the Austrian army, and, therefore, while attacking the enemy in front, he intended not to drive them back too rapidly, in order to give Colonel Assermann's column time to glide in their rear—and thus prevent their retreat. Igmand was occupied, Czem was taken, the enemy kept concentrating their forces, unsuspicious of the trap—when Assermann's delay in executing his part of the manœuvres forced Klapka to attack. He shall himself record this splendid feat of arms:

"I gave the signal to attack the enemy.—Our batteries advanced, and were received with a well-directed fire from the entrenchments, which, owing to the circumstance that the enemy's guns were heavier than ours, occasioned a severe loss and some confusion in our ranks. Finding that to delay was to risk our success, I ordered my storming columns forward, while I sent instructions to Shalz to attack the entrenchments, *en face*. His execution of my order was truly heroic, he and his handful of men secured us the honors of the day. Forming in a battle-line, with artillery and horse on either wing, preceded only by a weak row of tirailleurs, and cheering "*Eljen a Magyar!*" he led his troops through a fearful fire of grape and musketry to the very parapet of the enemy's works. His boldness startled the Austrians, who feared, from the side attack of our other troops, that their position was on the point of being surrounded. They turned and fled upon Atsh. Victory was ours! Herkaly was the most elevated point of the blockading line. We posted our artillery on its heights, and hurled death and destruction among the fugitives. Atsh forest too was taken. The Austrians fled to Lovad.

"Our batteries followed at their heels, stopping and firing every now and then, wherever the nature of the ground seemed to favour their intervention. Our hussars and honveds clung to the heels of the flying army, and the field was covered with the dead and the wounded, with swords and muskets, guns and ammunition-cars. Large crowds of prisoners and troops were brought in from all sides.

"The Austrians made a last desperate attempt to stand at bay. They rallied some troops at Atsh, but after a short engagement they were dislodged by our infantry. Nothing was left to them but to seek their safety across the Danube. As Colonel Assermann's vanguard had not yet reached the heights of Lovad, the enemy were at liberty to cross the river—though at considerable sacrifice. At the moment when the last Austrian column was crossing the bridge, Colonel Assermann's artillery opened upon them. If that officer had but arrived half an hour earlier, it would be my good fortune to record a great feat, and one unheard of in the history of military operations,—of a blockading force surrounded and captured by the garrison of the fortress which they were in the act of besieging.

"Night had set in. A few shots were still firing across the Danube. Lovad bridge was burning: its flames on either bank threw their glare on the bloody traces of a day which stands prominent and glorious in the history of Hungary. I sent my exhausted troops into bivouac at Atsh.

"Patrols were sent out and posts stationed round our quarters; and in spite of the skirmish, on the Danube,—in spite of the groaning of the wounded and dying, and the drizzling rain which continued all night, my troops settled down in a firm and sound sleep."

The Austrians lost 1000 in killed!—1000 more with 48 officers were captured. Twelve field-pieces were taken on the field of battle, eighteen carronades in the bridge-head of Lel, 3000 muskets, 2000 head of cattle, and immense stores, fell into the hands of the victors—who, by this victory, broke Haynau's lines of communication with Austria, and freed the warlike peasantry of the west. The Austrians fled in despair to Presburgh.

I have dwelt thus on this battle, for it was Hungary's last victory!

XXXII.—TWILIGHT.

Couriers were sent to Kossuth and Gorgey, to acquaint them with these great successes; to tell them that the rear of their foes was threatened, that the West was free, that the Austrian frontier lay open—that Vienna itself might tremble. Had those couriers reached their destination, the catastrophe of Vilagos would probably never have taken place, for Klapka pledged himself in his letter "to raise and bring into the field within four weeks from that date, besides the necessary garrison for Komorn, a force of 30,000 men from among the enthusiastic and patriotic inhabitants of those districts." He likewise informed them, from the intercepted correspondence of the Russian general, Berg, that Haynau and the Russians were afraid of facing the winter season in Hungary, and that want of means and communication would compel them to postpone further operations till the ensuing spring, unless they could bring the war to a speedy termination.

So near was the Hungarian cause succeeding! But those couriers never reached, being probably taken and shot upon the road. "Kossuth learnt the victory and the successes of the 3rd of August, on Turkish territory. The news came to Gorgey at Groswardein, after the consummation of the great and deplorable sacrifice."

This fact, as recorded by Klapka, deserves notice, since the hopelessness of the cause, as pronounced by Kossuth in his proclamation, is the vindication for Gorgey's surrender. Though, in truth, no one ought to consider a great or just cause hopeless, as long as one man breathes who dares to uphold it in the face of man and heaven. To doubt the victory of truth is high-treason to humanity.

No Austrian detachments being now found west of Presburg, Klapka, after giving his troops a day's rest, proceeded on his victorious career. He shall narrate in his own graphic words, this last triumphant march of the Hungarian arms:—

"On the 5th of August, I marched to Raab, taking with me ten battalions, six escadrons, and thirty field-pieces. I entered that city amidst the touching, though silent and saddened sympathies of the inhabitants. They had seen the enormous masses of Austrians and Russians marching through their town, and that sight seemed to have stifled all better hopes for the future. Besides, they were aware that the Austrians were already in possession of Szegedin, while the Russian army stood at Debrezin. In spite of our successes of the moment, they could not believe that the small army within their walls would suffice to save our ill-starred country. Wreaths of flowers were, indeed, showered upon my hussars and honveds, and the good people of Raab willingly shared their last crust of bread with them; but it struck me painfully, as though these marks of kindness and affection were bestowed upon favorites, indeed, but upon favorites who were doomed to death. Only a few flags with our national colors were to be seen. The people were evidently afraid of informers and spies—whom our fraternal friends, the Austrians, left behind, to pursue their hateful trade, and to pave the way to courts-martial and executions. What, indeed, would more worthily grace the triumphal entry of the Austrian cavalier, than the hanging of men and the whipping of women?

"But far different from the gloomy feelings of the townspeople was the temper of the population of the country districts. Proud of the successes of their brethren, glorying in the spectacle of an Austrian rout, they cared little for the enemy's numbers and artillery. All they asked for was—whether now the time had come for the people to rise *en masse*? Grey-bearded peasants shook the hands of my soldiers, and said with that tranquillity which characterises the Hungarian peasant: 'Don't you care! we'll get the better of the Russians too. Hitherto we sent our sons only, but now we, the old ones, will take horse.' They meant well, and would have acted up to their words; for, of all classes of society, it is a bold and substantial peasantry, which is most ready to fight in the cause of freedom, and least inclined to abandon its banner."

Klapka now sent flying columns as far as Stuhlweissenburg and Vesprim, and detachments on the road to Buda. The west of Hungary was in his power, he was enabled, if he chose, to fall on General Nugent and annihilate his corps, the result of which would have been the reconquest of Buda and of Pesth; or, and he decided upon the latter, to invade the Austrian dominions in Styria.

For this purpose, he observes, "I lost no time, but proceeded at once to recruit my forces, and in the counties around me I ordered, as a preliminary measure, to enlist the men of between the ages of 18 and 30. The readiness with which the people responded to my call, showed me that *a similar proceeding at an earlier period*, if carried on throughout the country, *would have produced astounding* results, and that it was *not the fault of the people*, if the enemy's forces were not met by double and even treble their number of Hungarians!!" Here the fatal effects of Kossuth's reluctance to arm the people, as shown in a

previous chapter, are further exemplified. Let democrats, then, learn this lesson—

A PEOPLE ALONE CAN SAVE A PEOPLE.

"In a few days I had from 5000 to 6000 men, whom I sent to Komorn, and who, when armed and ranged in five fresh battalions, turned out to be trustworthy and efficient soldiers."

So complete was the command Klapka had obtained over this part of Hungary, that, free from all molestation, he was enabled to concentrate his forces, and organise them for the projected expedition into Styria, after having destroyed the entrenched works of the Austrians before Komorn. The expedition, covered by a sham attack on Wieselburg, to deceive the enemy, was to commence on the fatal 13th of August. We again recur to the graphic narration of Klapka.

"On the 11th, I reviewed the troops which were to accompany me on my expedition. They were splendid soldiers, tried in war, and full of courage and hope.

"When the troops were informed that they were on the eve of another expedition, and of fresh battles and victories, their exultation vented itself in a thundering 'ELJEN!'

"This happened on the very day on which Gorgey, as dictator of Hungary, announced to the people, that 'the wise and inscrutable decrees of providence had sentenced us to ruin.'

"After the review, the staff-officers dined at my quarters. It was a merry feast. We drank health and prosperity to Kossuth and Gorgey." [At that very time Kossuth had run away, and Gorgey was surrendering!] "We drunk to the liberation of the country, the downfall of Austria, and the future greatness of Hungary. We were still at table when I was told that a peasant insisted on seeing me on urgent business. I ordered him to be introduced to my presence. A man came forward, whose peasant's dress, worn and travel-stained, cloaked a face and figure which were not those of a stranger. The new-comer was *Paul Almasi*, the speaker of the Lower House, who told me, in accents broken with grief, that he was a fugitive—that all was lost! Nagy Shandor's troops were routed at Debrezin. Dembinski was defeated at Szoreg; Bem's troops were dispersed at Shassburg; the Parliament was despairing, so was the government. Such was the state of affairs! He added, that his late successes had enabled Haynau to send a large mass of disposable troops against Komorn! Jablonski's brigade was ordered against us. His troops had entered Pesth and were preparing to effect a junction with Nugent's advancing battalions."

The golden vision melted into air! the evening gleam of Hungary's sun was overcast. Before the rising clouds of those returning armies, the once victorious banners were furled in darkness! Fearful of being surrounded and cut off in the open plains, Klapka was obliged to return to Komorn.

Still, however, he lingered outside its gates—and hearing that Nugent's corps was advancing alone and carelessly, was about to throw himself upon it, when, on the 18th of August, the fatal news arrived, that Gorgey had surrendered at Vilagos.

This scared the daunted and despairing battalions into Komorn. Alone, in the far east, Hungary's best army had foundered amid a sea of men. Alone, in the far west, her last battalion clung to the stony bastions of Komorn, like shipwrecked sailors to an island rock, against which the surges of battle were rolling up amain.

Pale, haggard and desponding, honved and hussar gathered on the ramparts to see the first plumes of that human deluge, rise climbing the horizon. Alas, the waifs of the wreck came heralding the approaching storm; vast numbers of fugitives kept pouring into the fortress, flying before the following masses.

On the 22nd of August the besieging armies took up a final position before the fortress.

XXXIII.—NIGHTFALL.

Repeated summonses to surrender were vainly sent to Komorn—and even when informed that Peterwarasdin, the only other stronghold of insurrection still unconquered, had surrendered unconditionally, Klapka refused to resign so strong a fortress, without at least the honor of defence. On the 5th of September Komorn was completely surrounded, the Austrians possessed an almost incredible artillery force—and concentrated 100,000 men around the walls.

The garrison at once saw their position to be utterly hopeless—but Klapka determined to make a stand for the honor of Hungary in the eyes of Europe.

The siege commenced—but cannon balls and musketry were not the only weapons. Practices disgraceful by the rules of war were resorted to. The patrols of the enemy advanced with printed handbills, distributing them among the Hungarian outposts, inviting the soldiers to desert, and promising them safe-conducts to their home and families.

Failing in this, the imperialists smuggled many thousand copies of a proclamation into the fortress, by means of peasants, forcibly pressed into the service, whose wives and children were kept prisoners, to compel them to fulfil the odious mission. Klapka had the emissaries arrested and shot. In these pro-

clamations Haynau told the garrison "to force their officers to surrender, since the officers for their own self-interest, were sacrificing the troops, whom the emperor would forgive, to prolong their lives by prolonging the defence, since they well knew they had no mercy to expect for themselves. If the officers refused to surrender, the men were exhorted *to betray and murder them*!"

To strengthen the impression, the fugitives from Vilagos, the more to justify their surrender and flight, exaggerated the enemy's strength, and held the most ghastly picture before the eyes of the garrison.

A general demoralisation began, and the desertion became alarming. On the 12th of September, forty-eight men absconded from the 61st battalion. They were captured, and handed to a court-martial. While the trial was proceeding, the Bocskai hussars mutinied. Scarcely was this mutiny quelled, ere another broke out, and a whole squadron threw down its arms! Klapka expostulated with them—but in vain. Mutiny within the walls, and death around them—pointed out as a victim to his own troops, Klapka stood forth single-handed against their combined treachery and force. He never wavered for a moment, but handed the mutineers over to a court-martial, determined to strike terror into the insubordinate, and meet treachery with stern unflinching firmness. The forty-eight deserters, and the entire squadron were doomed to death, but, as far as the Bocskai hussars were concerned, Klapka commuted the sentence to decimation, and, "when the sun had set, seven hussars and eight honveds, had ceased to live! This fearful execution awed all minds. From that day we had no desertions or mutinies to contend with."

The next effort of the Austrians was assassination. A hideous emissary of Haynau, "a one-eyed man, with thick hanging lips, nose awry, and his face covered with scars and mottles," was introduced to Klapka, on the plea of confiding to him an important secret.

Suspected and interrogated, he became confused; searched, he was found possessed of a recommendatory letter from the Austrian police—arrested, he confessed that he had been *sent to assassinate General Klapka*—having been previously sent to attempt the assassination of Kossuth.

Foiled in this, another expedient was had recourse to: on the 19th of September two Austrian officers brought a letter from General Ernest Kiss, formerly commander of Komorn but then a prisoner at Arad. This letter entreated Klapka to surrender—saying that the Hungarian leaders were kept in prison and severely treated merely on account of Klapka's obstinacy in not surrendering; but that, as soon as he surrendered, they would be restored to mercy and freedom. Numbers of other letters were brought from Hungarian prisoners all imploring Klapka to surrender, and telling him their blood would be upon his head, if he persisted in his defence. Moreover, the negociators assured their commandant that his conduct was the only obstacle to the pacification of Hungary; that Komorn, once surrendered, universal amnesty, forgiveness, and peace would be the result—Komorn defended, the emperor's wrath would be roused, and Hungary would sink in a sea of blood. These were terrible trials to Klapka—a fearful responsibility rested on his head—that of wasting myriads of lives uselessly, and having the death-reproach of Hungary's best heroes on his heart! He had the moral courage to remain firm—he had the sense to know that mercy was a stranger to the House of Hapsburg, and that the real way to help the unhappy prisoners was to make so formidable a defence, that the garrison might dictate the conditions of surrender—and, in those conditions, include the amnesty of the captives.

Then the Austrian made his last effort: to bribe Klapka, who was promised an *enormous annuity* if he would surrender the fortress! Such were the series of vile means resorted to by the Austrians. Such is the manner in which an Austrian general conducts a siege!

When the imperialists had rejected the honorable conditions of surrender proposed by Klapka, the latter called a Council of War, and informed the garrison of the fact, telling them at the same time that resistance was utterly hopeless; but that he was determined to resist for the honor of Hungary, since, after the surrender at Vilagos the Hungarian cause could not sink without a halo of courage to grace its last hour.

Thundering cheers hailed his address, as those gallant men devoted themselves to death for the sake of honor! A noble, an almost unsurpassed instance of heroic self-devotion.

Meanwhile, the Austrian commander exhibited a strange eagerness and anxiety to get possession of the fortress—an anxiety the more inexplicable, since its ultimate capture was inevitable. The secret reason for this anxiety was to be fearfully manifested ere long.

On the 26th of September, 1849, Haynau took personal command of the besieging army, and sent a remarkably civil letter to Klapka, soliciting a meeting to come to a final arrangement about the capitulation. Klapka refused to attend himself—but sent some members of the Council of War.

At the appointed time, on the 27th, Haynau and the Commissioners met, and, after a long

resistance, the Austrian marshal agreed to the following terms:—

Free withdrawal of the garrison. Officers, with swords. The officers previously in the Austrian army to have passports enabling them to leave Austria in safety, or to return to their homes. The soldiers of former Austrian regiments to have amnesty. Passports to foreign countries for all who claimed them.

Officers to have a month's pay; soldiers ten day's pay.

The Austrian government to pay 500,000 florins to liquidate the debts incurred by the garrison of Komorn.

The sick and disabled to have the treatment required by their condition.

The garrison to be entitled to their moveable and immoveable property.

Thus the firmness and courage of Klapka gained the desired object—the safety of the garrison pledged and guaranteed.

When the capitulation was signed, a memorable incident occurred. Let us trust it was prophetic of a brighter future. A Frenchman succeeded in threading the enemy's lines, and reaching the fortress. He brought a letter from Manin, Dictator of the Republic, to Kossuth, and failing in finding Kossuth, gave the missive to Klapka. It was a proposal for an offensive and defensive alliance between Venice and Hungary. IT WAS TOO LATE! That alliance ought to have been made when Kossuth moved for 40,000 men to crush Italy! Now it came but as a reproach sent by the hand of Providence to point the moral to a hapless history! When that letter reached Komorn, Venice had capitulated, Gorgey had surrendered, Komorn was surrendering and Italy and Hungary were lost alike!

When they rise again, may they learn the lesson, that for democracy to conquer all democracies must be united. But, alas! the probability is, when Hungary again rises, she will be marching amid the vanguard of Panslavonian monarchy.

The capitulation concluded, before evacuating the fortress, Klapka performed the obsequies of the insurrection. "I ordered," he says, "the whole of the garrison to meet in parade, and attend a funeral service in commemoration of our brethren who fell in the war of liberation. For the last time were they assembled beneath the victorious banners which so often led the way through the fiercest contention of battle. The *Requiem*, which was chanted for our comrades was chanted for us, for we all buried our happiness and our hopes. When the service was over, and when the first division defiled before me in sorrow and silence, it seemed as if the soldiers felt that my grief was even greater than their own, and rallying for the last time, their trembling lips uttered a loud and thundering *Eljen!* to the beloved and the forlorn—to our country!"

Thus fell the last bulwark of Hungary—thus ended the war—night closed over the land, and amid the darkness the blood ran red from a thousand scaffolds! then it was seen why Haynau had been so anxious that Komorn should be surrendered speedily: *the sixth of October*, the anniversary of the Vienna Revolution and of Count Lemberg's death was at hand. It was to be celebrated by a terrible retaliation. Komorn was to fall before that day, that the Austrian butchers might stalk into the cells of their noble captives, and murder them in cold blood. Night closed over Hungary, and the assassin prowled abroad—night closed—and the shriek of the victim alone told where the blow had been struck amid the darkness!—Night closed—but we are waiting an Aurora!

THE END.

Lessons from History.

III.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 37, p. 721.)

THE young king let the words of truth and liberty drop from his throne among the people. They were received in a very different manner in different quarters. "The young men listened to him with a readiness far beyond his expectation. —But most of the old men, being far gone in corruption, were as much afraid of the name of Lycurgus, as a fugitive slave, when brought back, is of that of his master." Verily, *the hope of the world is in the young.*

Three men, however, of rank and influence joined Agis. These were, Lysander, the son of Lybis, a man of great reputation and authority among the Spartans; Mandroclidas, the son of Ecphanes; and Agesilaus, the king's uncle, a man famed for his eloquence, but notorious for effeminacy and avarice. This Agesilaus was a wily, cunning, unscrupulous man—overwhelmed with debt—who saw in the proposed measures of his royal nephew the means of liberation from his lia-

bilities. Having gained these three peaceful allies, the young king tried to win his mother over to the cause. "She was sister to Agesilaus, and by her extensive connexions, her wealth, and the number of people *who owed her money*, had great influence in Sparta, and a considerable share in the management of public affairs." At first, his mother was horror struck at the revolutionary idea she thought her son half mad; when she heard her cautious brother Agesilaus abet the scheme, her amazement increased tenfold; but from wonderment she subsided into acquiescence, and the proud, rich, avaricious mother was made a convert by her generous son. Agis now exhorted his mother to interest the ladies of her court in his plan. They were sent for —and agreed to what a king proposed, and a queen and prince supported. These ladies again spoke to their friends among the matrons—and thus the boyish reformer was creating a conspiracy of the women to found a republic for the men of Sparta. For he knew, as honest, unsophisticated old Plutarch says, he "knew that the Lacedemonians always hearken to their wives, and that the women are permitted to intermeddle more with public business than the men are with the domestic." *Proselytise the women, and the men will follow.* But, it appears, the women were very impracticable. They had got hold of the money; "great part of the wealth was in the hands of the women, consequently they opposed the reformation." The women therefore applied to Leonidas, the other king, and desired him, as the older man, to put a stop to the proceedings of Agis." Leonidas, however, did not venture on public opposition—for the words of Agis had touched the people, and their masses were beginning to gather for the charge—he had recourse to the old device of the foes of truth—aspersion of its advocates. When they can no longer combat the arguments of democracy, they assail its champions—and just what the patricians accused Gracchus of in Rome, did Leonidas and the rich accuse Agis of in Sparta—"that he offered the poor a share in the estates of the rich, as the price of absolute power; and that the distribution of lands, and cancelling of debts, was only a means to purchase guards for himself, not guards for Sparta." So it is whenever a man tries to snatch a falling movement out of the hands of paralytic impostors, he is accused of aiming at "dictatorship," or striving for "a throne."

But Agis had interest enough to secure the election of Lysander as one of the ephori, and forthwith proposed his *rhetra*, or projects of new laws, to the Senate. They were as follows: "Debtors to be released from their obligations, and the distribution of the lands in 19,500 equal lots."* Strangers were to be admitted as allottees, if the number of the native Spartans fell short of the specified amount. These were to be divided into "fifteen companies, some of 400, some of 200, who were to eat together and keep to the diet and discipline enjoined by the laws of Lycurgus."

The Senate consisted of the rich—usurers and landlords, and they, of course, threw out the bill, for they were not yet frightened enough to be tamed into asquiescence. Fear alone can make these enemies of the human race consent to the happiness of mankind.

It was determined, however, by the mild and merciful Agis, to fight the battle on the ground of law, and all violence and tumult were religiously avoided. Lysander, as one of the ephori, legally summoned an assembly of the people. All the Spartan youth, of the poorer classes, gathered at his call. Mandroclidas and Agesilaus appealed to the meeting in fiery and impassioned language, "entreating them not to suffer the few to insult the many." When their enthusiasm was beginning to kindle, King Agis entered the assembly, and making a very short speech, "declared, that he would contribute largely to the institution that he recommended"—and, on the spot, "gave up to the people his great estate, consisting of arable and pasture-land, and six hundred talents in money. Then his grandmother and mother, and all his relations and friends, who were the richest persons in Sparta, followed his example." There it lay, before the eyes of that astonished multitude, the noblest offering self-interest ever yet had made to virtue! A pause of wonder overcame the crowd, and then an acclamation burst forth from their midst, rolling in thunder around the palaces of the rich. Still, Agis and his friends determined on doing everything in peace, law, and order.

Seeing this, Leonidas and the rich recovered courage. The Senate had the power of previously determining what laws should be proposed to the people—and avarice so far conquered fear in the patrician ranks that the senate again rejected the *rhetra* by a majority of one.

Still determined to use only legal means, Lysander imagined a plan by which he could get rid of the opposition of Leonidas. There was an ancient law which made it capital for a descendant of Hercules to have children by a stranger; and for a Spartan to settle in a foreign country. Now, Leonidas had once

* It has already been observed that Sparta, like all the republics of ancient Greece, was almost, in point of territory and inhabitants, a miniature state. The more admirable is it that such small commonwealths should have been the *foci* of art, science, and arms, and have given light and law to the world.

settled in Asia, and had two children by an Asiatic woman, presented to him by one of the lieutenants of Seleucus. His foreign wife, however, taking a disgust to him, he had returned home, and mounted the throne of Sparta.

It was the custom of the *ephori* every ninth year, in a clear starlight night, where there was no moon, to sit down and in silence observe the heavens. "If a star happened to shoot from one part of them, to another, they pronounced the kings guilty of some crime against the gods, and suspended them till they were re-established by an oracle from Delphi or Olympia." Thus the conspiracy between money and priesthood could coerce the highest and most sovereign popular authority, and the rich had it in their power to control and destroy any king, who should dare to ally with the people against their class. On this eventful night, Sparta lay hushed in prostrate expectation. The people slept not—the kings trembled in their palace, while those five old men were calling down their destiny from heaven. This time, the trick was used in the interest of democracy; Lysander affirmed the sign had appeared to him—that the gods were angry with one of the kings, then raked up the old story of the foreign marriage of Leonidas, and prosecuted him according to law. During the trial he persuaded the attainted king's son-in-law Cleombrotus, to lay claim to the crown. He did so. Leonidas fearing for the issue of the trial, and, with that, for his life, fled to the temple of Minerva*, was deposed, while there, on his neglecting to respond to the summons sent him by the judges, the crown was given to Cleombrotus. wife of Cleombrotus fled from the palace to the prison, from her crowned husband to her discrowned father—one of those noble touches of true greatness, with which antiquity so especially presents us.

Thus far the victory was gained. But, in the ensuing year the indefatigable and persevering rich prevented the re-election of Lysander as one of the *ephori*. The way the rich beat the poor is, that the former never give up—if beaten, they return to the charge, with steady, unflinching perseverance, whereas the agitation of the poor is like straw,—burning sky-high one moment—and sunken in cold ashes the next. The new *ephori* followed up their advantage, and (shrinking from attacking the popular Agis,) prosecuted Lysander and Mandroclidas for the cancelling of debts and distribution of lands, which they pronounced contrary to law. A condemnatory verdict was as sure to follow against Lysander in this instance, as it had been certain against Leonidas on the previous occasion. Both parties were thus far determined to be "legal and constitutional." But, in struggles like this' "law and constitution" are convenient panders, that always do the work of the most powerful. It soon became manifest, that Agis and his friends were pre-doomed, the people enslaved, if they adhered to their motto of "peace, law, and order."

The young king, therefore, called his followers around him, entered the hall where the *ephori* sat, and drove them from their seats. Meanwhile the Spartan youth had been arriving, and opened the doors of the prisons. The rich were stricken with terror, expecting an immediate massacre, but not a single life was lost. On the contrary, Agis understanding that Agesilaus designed to kill Leonidas in his flight to Tegea, and had planted assassins for that purpose on the way, generously sent a party of men whom he could depend upon, to escort him, and they conducted him safe to Tegea."

Thus the victorious populace shewed themselves merciful and forgiving, and, like the men of France in modern times, spared their enemies to become their tyrants.

The triumph was complete—what "peace law, and order" had failed to achieve—and might have struggled after for generations till the people were worn down with hunger and exhaustion into servility and impotence,—one touch of arms effected in one instant! But the wellmeant plan was destined to miscarry—not because it had been realised by force, for the same cause that undermined the constitution of Mars, would have blighted that of Pallas as effectually. It was the designing treachery of a rich ally.

When the *ephori* were deposed, new men were elected to replace them—Agesilaus of the number. This man had obtained a popularity second only to that of his nephew Agis. Every body was crying out, what a blessing it was that so great, so powerful, and so rich a man should have taken up the cause of the poor, and it became akin to sacrilege, to speak a word against Agesilaus. How like modern times! Let but a rich man, be he ever so knavish, profess democracy with his lips, however plain it may be that democracy would ruin him, that man is at once believed to be superhuman, and, in the true angelic style to be wishing for a measure that would prove the destruction of his monopoly, his riches, and his power.

Agesilaus never meant democracy. The rich never do. He had his own objects in joining the working-men's movement. "He was possessed of a large and fine estate in land, but at the same time deeply in debt." Now,

* Built entirely of brass and in those days prized like gold—the "fine brass" of scripture.

he was glad of any scheme that would relieve him of his debts, without depriving him of his land. Therefore he had joined Agis in his plan for financial and agrarian reform. The financial reform was the measure he, and all the rich who were indebted, required; the agrarian reform was what the rich dreaded. Agesilaus, therefore, desired to make a tool of the people to wipe off his debts, but to take very good care to dwarf and cripple the movement before it should reach the land. Accordingly, in the words of honest old Plutarch, "as he was neither able to pay his debts, nor willing to part with his land, he represented to Agis that, if both his intentions were carried into effect at the same time, it would probably raise great commotions in Sparta; but, *if he first obliged the rich by the cancelling of debts they would afterwards quietly and readily consent to the distribution of land.* Agesilaus drew Lysander, too, into the same snare. An order, therefore was issued, for bringing in all bonds. The Lacedemonians call them claria."

They were piled in a heap in the market-place—and Agesilaus set fire to them. His restless, twinkling eyes could recognise many a one of his protested bills among the pile—there he stood, the sly old man, rubbing his hands beside the blaze, and exclaiming, in a scoffing voice, "he had never seen a brighter or more glorious flame!"—while, Plutarch amusingly tells us, "the creditors walked off in great distress."

The people now demanded that the distribution of lands should take place forthwith, as well—and Agis and Cleombrotus, the joint-kings, gave orders for it—but Agesilaus found out continual pretences for delay. He had got what he wanted through the aid of the people, and beguiling them with a sham advocacy of *their* reform;—he had got them to support financial reform, by pretending to support agrarian reform himself;—but, when he had got what *he* desired, he would no longer help the people to what alone could benefit the mass.

What lessons these old histories read us! Thus, in financial and parliamentary reform, the financial is what the rich want—the parliamentary what the people need. The rich can't carry financial reform, unless they get the people to help them under a parliamentary pretext—but, like Agesilaus, those who *recommend* an instalment, will *take* an instalment, and that will be—financial reform for themselves—and nothing at all for us—on the true plan of the "taking-all-by-instalments" principle.

But to resume. Agesilaus contrived to throw obstacles in the way of the division of the land, until he had an excuse for getting Agis out of the country. This he contrived on occasion of the Achæans, who were in fear of an Ætolian invasion, applying to the ephori for assistance. They immediately sent Agis on the service. Agis, young, brave and ardent, was, perhaps, but too well inclined for the work, and accordingly left Sparta for the camp of the allies.

No sooner was he gone, than Agesilaus, profiting by his absence, and clothed in authority as one of the *ephori*, began to oppress the people by the most unjust and unequal taxation. "He even added a thirteenth month to the year, though the proper period for that intercalation was not come*, and insisted on the people paying supernumerary taxes for that month—he absorbed the public taxes into his private coffers—and to screen himself in his iniquity, assembled a lawless guard around his person.

The public discontent at the nondistribution of the lands emboldened the rich and Leonidas, and the latter was openly sent for from Tegea. Meanwhile Agis had returned, whose time had been wasted in a useless expedition, owing to the timidity of the Achæan general Aratus—but whose reputation had been heightened by the admirable and unwonted discipline he maintained among his troops. But his influence had flown. He was blamed for the breach of promise which was occasioned by the arts of his uncle, Agesilaus, alone. Leonidas returned in triumph from Tegea. The people took arms and flocked to meet him, then rushing on the palace of Agesilaus, would have torn him to pieces, "had not his son, Hippomedon, who was held in great esteem by the whole city, on account of his valour, interceded for his life."

The two kings Agis and Cleombrotus took sanctuary—Agis in Chalcioecus, the temple of Minerva, Cleombrotus in that of Neptune.

The temples were considered sacred and inviolable—but Leonidas, with the rich around him and the people with him, stormed on to the retreat of the unfortunate princes. His fury was especially directed against his own son-in-law, Cleombrotus—and the sacriligious flood rolled past the Chalcioecus to seize its other victim.

In the temple of Neptune a sad group was listening to the coming destruction: it was the young king Cleombrotus and, at his feet, Chelonis, the beautiful daughter of Leonidas, with her two little children, one on each side, sat in silent expectation at the altar. The trampling flood rushed in—but the rudest were touched at the sight, and recoiled before the

* The Greeks, their calendar being imperfect, lost so much time in the lapse of a few years, that they were obliged to reconcile their time-keeping to that of nature, by adding, at stated intervals, a thirteenth month to the year.

daughter of their king, and the majestic love of the mother and the wife.

That noble woman, when her father had been deprived of his crown by her husband, refused to share the throne of the latter, preferring to soothe the exile of the former. Now, when her husband was a death-devoted prisoner, and her father a sceptred and resistless monarch, she shared the dungeon of the former, in preference to the palace of the latter.

Leonidas vented his first rage on Cleombrotus in reproaches for having conspired against him, though his son-in-law, robbed him of his crown, and sent him into exile—and the captive would have fallen a victim on the spot, had not Chelonis interfered,—and threatened to destroy herself, if her husband were sacrificed, —then, when her prayers were still unanswered, concluded by this powerful appeal to her father, "you furnish him with a sufficient apology for his misbehaviour, by showing that a crown is so great and desirable an object, that a son-in-law must be slain, and a daughter utterly disregarded, where that is in the question."

"Chelonis, after this supplication, rested her cheek on her husband's head, and with an eye dim and languid with sorrow, looked round on the spectators. Leonidas consulted his friends upon the point" [probably, too, shrinking, when his first rage was over, from violating the sanctuary of the god,] "and then commanded Cleombrotus to rise and go into exile; but he desired Chelonis to stay and not leave so affectionate a father, who had been fond enough to grant her her husband's life. Chelonis, however, would not be persuaded. When her husband was risen from the ground, she put one child in his arms, and took the other herself, and after having paid due homage at the altar, where they had taken sanctuary, she went with him into banishment, so that, had not Cleombrotus been corrupted with false glory, he must have thought exile with such a woman, a greater happiness than a kingdom without her!

Leonidas, having expelled Cleombrotus and removed the *ephori*, now schemed how to get Agis in his power. This was a less easy task—for a lingering affection was rekindling in the people for their young, generous and deserted champion.

Trades' Grievances.

To the Working-men,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labor, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent; but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—TO THE CHARTISTS.

Brother Chartists,—In thanking you for the honor you have done me in electing me a member of your Executive Committee, I beg most respectfully to resign the office conferred, since, in regard for the best interests of our movement, I cannot consent to sit in an Executive constituted like the present.

Permit me, in retiring from that Committee, to urge on your consideration the absolute necessity for calling a Convention together with all possible speed, and to express a hope that, in re-modelling the internal organization of our movement, we may find such men as Julian Harney, Samuel Kydd, and Thomas Cooper called to the guidance of its affairs.

I feel no doubt that, if you were to associate them creditably to themselves and to the cause, they would no longer avoid the fulfilment of duties, however responsible or onerous.

It may excite some surprise, that, by declining to serve with the present Committee, I should myself enact a part for which I blame others. It is just the retirement of those others, which, out of respect for the cause, leaves me at present no alternative but to adopt the step I am now taking.

I need not say that I shall continue to labor for the Charter as unremittingly and publicly as heretofore; that not for one moment do I intend relaxing in my exertions, humble though they be; and that I shall ever be found in the active, steady, and unflinching advocacy of our cause—a cause, whatever some may say, not distant now from a triumphant issue. But, unless you wish to see that cause perish, despite all its elements of success, I implore you to elect a Convention without loss of time.

ERNEST JONES.

London, Wednesday, January 7, 1852.

II.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

January 4, 1852.—Thirteen delegates present. Mr. Murray in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, subscriptions were received from the Islington, Hoxton, Ship, and City localities. A report was then heard from Mr. Harman on behalf of the sub-committee appointed to make arrangements for a public meeting. Mr. Ernest Jones then moved that the public meeting be held at the John-street Institution on Monday evening, January 19th; this was seconded and, after some discussion, carried. The previously appointed sub-committee was empowered to make the necessary arrangement.

Mr. Ernest Jones then rose to move that that part of the Rules relating to the Executive Committee, and empowering them to act *ex officio* as members of the Delegate Council, be struck out.

Mr. Cottle rose to move, as an amendment, "That the Executive Committee be allowed to attend and speak, but not to vote." A general discussion then ensued, and the motion was carried by a large majority, only three hands being held up for the amendment.

The time of meeting was fixed for three o'clock on each Sunday afternoon, the meeting to adjourn at five o'clock, if possible. The Delegates adjourned to three o'clock next Sunday, January 11th.

JOHN WASHINGTON, *Secretary*.

III.—FINSBURY.

This locality held its weekly meeting in the hall of the Finsbury Literary Institution, on the 4th instant, Mr. Livesay in the chair. Messrs. Butler and Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council. Mr. Crochet reported from the Visiting Committee. Moved by Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Fennel,—that Mr. Loomes be elected Secretary for the next three months, carried. Moved by Mr. Atkinson, seconded by Mr. Winmill, that Mr. Batchelor be elected as Treasurer for the same time. The following persons were elected as council, Messrs. Butler, Atkinson, Livesay, Mason, Winmill, Fennel and Weedon. Moved by Mr. Weedon, seconded by Mr. Winmill,—That this locality disapprove of any large expenditure at present by the Metropolitan Delegate Council for getting up public meetings, and recommend them, above all things, to keep out of debt, believing all levies on new localities to be injurious to their progress; carried. Messrs. Livesay and Atkinson were elected as auditors.

E. J. LOOMES, *Secretary*.

IV.—EXETER.

The Chartists of Exeter are taking a worthy step. They see what folly it is to act on the principle of the Chartists being the balance of power, and using that balance to unseat a Tory for a Whig, or a Whig for a Tory. What does it matter which rules us? Both are equally bad. At *every* hustings, a Chartist candidate should be brought forward, and, when it can be afforded, should go to the poll, even if he can count on but a dozen votes. The Chartists of Exeter have issued the following spirited address:—

"Electors and Non-Electors of the City of Exeter.—Several candidates being in the field for the representation of this City in Parliament; viz.:—Sir J. DUCKWORTH, Sir FITZROY KELLY, and Mr. DIVETT, the two former Tories, the latter a professed Liberal.

The past misrule of the Tories, their religious intolerance and obstinate refusal of any popular political measure, is surely sufficient reason for not supporting them or their principles; but, on the contrary, to shew them by your actions, that the days of religious intolerance must speedily and for ever cease, as well as political serfdom.

But will the *professed Liberal*, Mr. DIVETT, do aught to contribute to such a needful and happy consummation? It is evident, judging from the past, HE WILL NOT. He has hitherto promised and not performed, and cannot claim credit for candour equal to his Tory opponents

—therefore, Citizens of Exeter, who possess the elective franchise, withhold your promises for a while, for when the proper time arrives, a candidate will be named of sterling democracy, to stand for the representation of this city in Parliament, whose principles will be more in accordance with the growing intelligence of the age and requirements of the times. Non-electors, you whom the friends of Mr. Divett in their address did not deign to notice, use your every endeavour to further the return of a candidate, who protests against your disfranchisement, and will use every means if elected to enfranchise you.

Exeter Charter Association, 21, *South Street*, *January*, 1852.

V.—THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE N. C. A.

The new Committee met for the first time on Wednesday evening, the 7th instant.

Present: Messrs. Arnott, Bezer, Grassby, G. I. Holyoake, E. Jones, Shaw, and T. M. Wheeler.

Mr. Bezer in the chair.

Mr. Arnott then read the list of Committee Members, as reported by the inspector of votes, and read a letter from Mr. W. I. Linton, declining to sit unless the Chartist movement joined the middle-classes.

Ernest Jones, rose and read a copy of the letter he had sent to the *Star*, *Leader*, *Reynolds' Newspaper*, and *Sentinel*, wherein he resigned his seat and gave the reasons for so doing. Mr. Jones then withdrew.

Mr. Arnott then read over the auditor's report, which stated that the receipts up to Dec. 31, 1851, were £44 16*s.* 0½*d.* Tract fund and tracts £2 1*s.* 9*d.*; total £46 17*s.* 9½*d.* Expenditure during the same period £58 8*s.* 8¾*d.* leaving a balance due of £11 10*s.* 11¼*d.*, in addition to which the liabilities are, for rent £14 8*s.*; for printing, £9 6*s.* Total debt, £35 4*s.* 11¼*d.*

The Committee then determined to avoid the increase of liabilities, to give up the office, and elected James Grassby as a gratuitous secretary *pro tem*, after much discussion and a series of motions and amendments.

A deputation attended from the National Reform League, requesting the insertion of their advertisements in the weekly executive list; granted.

Mr. T. M. Wheeler having resigned, the Committee adjourned, without appointing a time of meeting.

JAMES GRASSBY,
Secretary, pro tem.

96, Regent Street, Lambeth.

To whom all communications must be addressed.

The Co-operative Movement.

I.—THE CASTLE-STREET TAILORS.

(*Mr. Massey's Letter continued.*)

[We regret that Mr. Massey's letter should have been divided between two numbers, but beg to assure Mr. Massey that this division was totally accidental. It originated with the hurry attendant on a sudden change of printer, the copy going to the printer's much later than usual, making more than was anticipated, and the printer not having time to refer to the editor as to what should be omitted.]

Nevertheless, an estimate was made of the Association's property after it should have paid off its liabilities, by an accountant, and an impartial disinterested person, and each man received what accrued to him to the utmost farthing*.

In the second place your "esteemed correspondent" asserts that the men employed as helpers do not receive the same share of profits as the Associates, which is false again; and I can challenge an instance in which any person has been suspended, through slackness in trade, or dismissed from want of work, where he has not received his full share of profit over his weekly earnings, seeing that I have always estimated this profit (i. e., since the dissolution), and Walter Cooper has proved it. We have no desire to employ hireling labour, and thus perpetuate the system of wages-slavery which we are striving to abolish; nor should we be permitted if we had. We have a common identity, associates and auxiliaries; and as an instance of this I may mention that at the end of our late summer season, the Association, with the hearty consent of the Manager, determined upon having a pound each out of the funds to enable them to spend a few days each in the country—when the helpers shared alike with them. And I can assure the readers of your journal that the advocates of annual Parliaments have realized "short Commons" in our Association,

* See Mr. Harris's letter in last week's "Notes," as to this.—E. J.

in their disinclination to send away the helpers when work run short, and little as they may have had, they have heroically determined to share it with them in hopes that times would mend.

[Mr. Massey then quotes a letter of his already published, relating to the London Tailors taking 10 per cent. discount for selling the goods of the Salford Hatters. He says this was the fair offer of the latter—that they added no profit on to the price, and gave their customers the advantage of the 10 per cent. *Did they sell their hats to themselves?* He adds, they forgot to charge for the hat-boxes, and, finishing *a la Moses* with a puff, recommends smart young men who want cheap hats to go to Castle Street.

Mr. Massey subsequently says:]

The stores divide profits with their customers*.

We share equally in our Associations, associates and auxiliaries†. One of our laws provides that when we have repaid borrowed capital, one-third of our *net profits*, be they *never so large*, shall go to the General Association fund for the assistance of others. Now if we had been as utterly selfish as you represent, we should not have made such earnest endeavours to pay off our capital, because that would entail upon us the giving away of a good portion of our profits for the benefit of others; and, secondly, if we had retained the £150, already paid, we might have considerably enlarged our business. Another law provides that, if the Association be broken up from any other cause then insolvency, four-fifths of the whole property shall be given up to the general fund of the Association. . . . To enable us to get out of debt all the speedier we have agreed for some time past to forego any further division of profits. . . . We pay four per cent. interest for our borrowed capital. . . .

GERALD MASSEY.
Secretary to the Castle-street Association of Tailors.

Dec. 24, 1851.

II.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NOTES."

I thank you for the service you have done us in making known the tyranny of the aristocrat of Castle Street. I have just read the Christian Socialist's report of the discussion between yourself and Lloyd Jones; and beg to add my name to the truth of Mr. Harris's statement, with this correction, that it was *eleven* instead of nine, expelled from that pseudo Association. I myself was discharged by Mr. Cooper before the "virtual" dissolution, contrary to all law; because I freely expressed my opinion upon the balance-sheet we had sent us. I hope you will allow Mr. Harris a little of your space and time. I also ask the same for his opponent.

Your's truly,
JOHN PENGELLY.
Another Castle Street victim.

P. S.—I have a brother that left a good shop, and went to work at Castle-street, with the intention of carrying out what he considered the right principles of the Association; but one week convinced him that it was based upon falsehood, and he left it disgusted and returned to the old system, considering it better than the Castle Street affair.

III.—THE CASTLE STREET EXILES.

SIR.—I beg to observe I made a wrong statement as to the number discharged.

There were twenty Associates in all. Eleven were discharged and nine retained.

I give you the names of those discharged.

James Callagher,
James Fletcher,
John Pengelly,
Robert Noble,
James Benny,
Samuel Thomas,
George E. Harris,
William Richardson,
William Evans,
William Jenkins,
Charles Coatsworth,

GEORGE E. HARRIS.

4, *Great James Street, Lisson Grove.*

IV.—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SIR.—Permit me, if you please, to call your attention to a few plain questions, which, I think you are, in justice and fairness to the Co-operative Societies, bound to answer.

FIRST.—Do not Co-operative Societies, as they are, tend to keep down Local monopoly; and consequently are not only their members, but the public generally benefited by them?

SECOND.—Do not Co-operative Societies, as they are, make men more intelligent, by bringing them to work socially together, and making them practically aquainted with the qualities and price of such commodities as are universally used.

THIRD.—Is it not better for the laboring classes to form themselves into Co-operative Societies, that they may compete with the middle classes, and thus have a voice in the market, than the middle classes to have the whole rule of the market, and the power to stamp upon labor, such value, as they think proper.

If you will insert these questions in your

* This is not true.—E. J. † This is not true.—E. J.

"Notes to the people," and your answers to them, it will afford me the opportunity of making a reply in behalf of those Co-operative Societies which you have lately taken so much pains to expose.

Yours, &c.,
J. Learoyd.

London, Dec. 27th, 1851.

[I insert your questions, in order that public attention may be directed to all points of interest connected with the Co-operative movement. The answers I reserve for Mr. Lloyd Jones, when we meet at Halifax.

But I may here observe that Co-operative Societies supplant *one* local monopoly by *another*—I will endeavour to show how when at Halifax;—that they teach men to profitmonger, and I dont think that calculated to heighten the intelligence or morals of a people, and, thirdly, that, in endeavouring to compete with the capitalists, they have not the remotest possible chance of success; instead of ruling the market," the market will *rule them*.—E. J.

MORE WORDS TO, AND SOME WORDS BY, PARSON LOT.

[We have to thank Mr. Fenwick of North Shields for the following communication.]

In looking over the "Christian Socialist," No. 58, at page 365, I find the following remarks.—"The last number of the 'Notes to the People,' for 29th November, contains an article entitled 'A few words to Parson Lot,' in which Mr. Ernest Jones treats our friend as one of those who look to the redemption of the people by *purely* social means. Mr. Ernest Jones is generally unlucky in his instances; never more so than here, since 'Parson Lot' avowed himself a Chartist, years ago, at a Working Man's Conference. And as to his friends—the readers of the *Christian Socialist* probably appreciate the difference, which Mr. Ernest Jones chooses to overlook, between 'purely social means,' for the redemption of the people, and advocating social means as the *best* for that end." A Chartist indeed! I think the writer of the above has forgotten that his friend "Parson Lot" published his creed in No. 7, p. 50 of the *Christian Socialist*, and so strange a creed I never read, I will give it verbatim: the title is—"My Political Creed, by Parson Lot."—"Having been accused of 'Revolutionary principles,' &c., &c., I beg leave to state I am a monarchist; and that so strong a one, that I am inclined to prefer for an old country at least, a despotism to a republic; a rule which is above all classes and interests*, to one which will ultimately become, as in America; the puppet of the press, or, as in so-called Monarchic England, the slave of the monied classes. I believe that as, without the complete enfranchisement of the people, there can be no righteous or christian monarchy, so without monarchy there can be no true enfranchisement of the people.

"I believe that the crown has now too little, and not too much power; that it is practically in commission, as the representation of the people is; that the ancient balance between king, lords and commons, is destroyed; that the only element of English society now represented in either house, or by the Queen's ministry, is capital; that capital ought, like everything else, to be fully represented; but where, as in England now, it monopolizes the whole representation†, the state must end in the worst possible form of government, namely, an oligarchy of wealth, which is contrary to the ancient spirit and fact of the British Constitution, as well as to the abstract idea of a perfect government. I believe that any revolution in England now would be utterly ruinous to poor as well as rich, and very probably prove the death-blow of the country. I believe it to be the duty of every Englishman to devote all his energies in preventing so disgraceful and unnecessary a catastrophe; I believe, on the authority of the very wisest of all sects and creeds, that England is now walking with her eyes open into such a revolution, while she has more means of preventing it than any country on earth; and I believe that the simplest method of averting that danger, is to assert its existence; I may be mistaken,—I pray God that I may.—But, in the meantime, it is unjust to accuse a man of desiring evil, because he foretells it, even though his fears be groundless, and utterly absurd to accuse him of making the lower classes discontented by drawing public attention to social evils, of which daily experience has made them already too fearfully aware. I never yet heard that you can increase your friend's disease, or his dislike of it, by expressing to him your own pity, or your willingness to procure a physician. Finally, I believe that the modern French dogma, that the will of the people is the source of power, *is Atheistic in theory, and*

* Is not the *people* above all classes. E. J.

† This is amusing: the landlords and Parson Lot tell us that *capital* alone rules.—The Capitalists—Cobden, Bright, Walmsley, &c.,—tell us that *aristocracy* alone rules. Both, however, testify to one fact, that *the people* don't rule. Aye! there's the rub, Parson Lot. E. J.

impossible in practice, as the history of France for the last two years has sufficiently proved. I believe that there is no authority, but of God, and that the authorities which exist, are ordained by God; not that I am a non-juror or believe in the divine right of kings to govern wrong; but I believe that the king of kings is the fountain of all authority; and the queen and all her magistrates, from the greatest to the least, His ministers; and therefore I will loyally obey them, believing that if in anything they are bad, (which Queen Victoria is not), they *are much better than I deserve;* and that their very possession of authority is proof that they were intended to hold that authority* as long as they govern, not merely according to the people's fancy, but according to the laws and constitution of this realm *which I consider* (making due allowance for human frailty) *as the sum total of the political truth* which God has been revealing to the nation of England for 1500 years, capable, of course, of continual future expansion, but as long as it remains law *to be obeyed utterly*.† Therefore, my political creed, while it justified the civil wars of 1641 and the glorious revoolution of 1688, abhors any physical-force attempt of any party or class against the rest.‡ And if, as at present, any large party remains still unenfranchised, *I believe that such a state will be ultimately found to have been for their good*§, a wholesome, necessary and divinely appointed preparation for enfranchisement, and that He who bestows all real and righteous power, will raise them to their proper share in the commonwealth, as soon as they have made themselves, and proved themselves, fit for that share, and not till then; unless he should intend, which, heaven forbid, to fill them with the bitter fruits of their own want of patience and trust in Him, and by their sins, to punish the sins of the whole nation. I assert that this creed practically unites these popular political opinions which I hold (and earnestly pray God that I always may hold), with the most legal conservatism, and that it is at once English, scriptural, and fit for a staunch high-churchman. If anyone differs from this opinion, all I can say is, that I am very sorry for it. If I am wrong I trust that I shall be made to repent thereof, by any method, however unpleasant, and I wish neither better nor worse to all honest men who *dislike me!*"

* Which did God ordain? Louis Philippe, or the National Assembly which upset him? or Louis Napoleon, who upset the National Assembly? Or is he who happens to be the strongest, the power ordained by God? Why, according to that, oh Parson! *the strongest devil* is your *god*. Perhaps we shall be "ordained" too, when we become the strongest—and, you see, we can't tell whether we're strongest or not, *till we try*. E. J.

† Then how are you to "expand" it? E. J.

‡ Of course, 1641 and 1688 were all right, because they were 1641 or 1688—but if their ghosts were to show themselves in 1852 or 1888 they would be all wrong, because they would be inconvenient for landlords, lawyers and *parsons*. You can sympathise with Kossuth, because he is a *Hungarian* and struggled at the other end of Europe; but if there were a whole legion of Kossuths in Ireland, you'd crucify them all. E. J.

§ Very good—it's an excellent thing to be poor, hungry, cold, sick, and miserable, Your parsons are very fond of saying that poverty and misery are good for us, because they try to sober, and purify us. But, I say, if poverty was good for us, it would make us better instead of worse. *Poverty is the mother of crime and of disease*—you can't deny that! Then what do you parsons mean by saying that "poverty is good for us?" Now, those who have the franchise grow rich—those who have it not are made and kept poor—then how, oh parson! can it be good for us not to have the franchise? E. J.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.*
II.—The Young Milliner.†
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book 3.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

I.—THE SHOP.

"One quarter of a pound of four shilling mixed."
"Mixed."
"One ounce of figs."
"Figs."
"Two cakes of mottled soap."
"Soap."
"One pound of soft sugar."
"Sugar."
"Mrs. Susannah Sniggs."
"Sniggs."

* "The Workingman's Wife," commenced in No. 27, and ended in No. 31.
† "The Young Milliner," commenced in No. 32, and ended in No. 36.

And a white little hand might be seen driving a large steel pen at a rapid rate, behind a crimson curtain—while, against the rails of a high placed desk lay the top edge of a ponderous ledger, over which, ever and anon, some delicate silken tresses were sweeping to and fro, from a face, invisible to the customers at the counter.

"One flask of oil."

"Oil."

"Quarter pound tenpenny coffee."

"Coffee."

And so the catalogue went on, at rapid reprisals from morning to night.

At an early hour the dingy shutters of the soapy shop were opened, and the sallow flicker of the glaring gas streamed antagonistic to the coughy fog that rushed in at the open door. At that early hour, Laura Trenton was obliged either to ensconce herself at her high desk, or else to hold herself in momentary readiness to mount it at the slightest footfall in the shop.

During the long day the same tedious routine was undergone—and still it lasted when unwholesome gas again flared up of evenings, struggling with the cold blasts of a winter evening, or mocking the soft glow of summer twilight. A machine—a moving anatomy of penmanship and arithmetic was behind that crimson curtain, perched up at that lofty desk; and day by day, and week by week, and year by year, the same routine went on.

And who, among the many customers that received the finely drawn and delicate handwriting of that unseen clerk, who would guess of the sweet thoughts that had breathed over it, the gentle heart that had beaten against the paper? To many that handwriting was an object of aversion and disgust, reminding them of liabilities difficult to meet; and yet—!

II.—THE QUAY.

"Good heavens! what a wonderful being a tradesman is! Have you never stared with astonishment at one of those wooden men, who make double entry, and live suspended for life over a ledger? What an extraordinary power of will a man must have, to take his heart out of his breast, throw it out of window, turn himself into a calculating machine, reconstitute himself bit by bit, and replace all his passions, all his impulses, by pounds, ounces, and grains, simple and compound interest, stock, discount and percentage. And then enact the part of a chained dog—to go from the bed to the counter, and the counter to the bed—with an occasional stretching of the chain to its full length—that is, from the shop to the docks, and from the docks to the shop. Is there not something awful in the cold calm of such a man, who has taken all the dreams and charms of life, torn them out of his heart and brain like flowers from a bed, cast them beneath his feet, and stands trampling on them, without even once looking downwards? Is it not terrible to see a man thus abdicate humanity, to encrustate himself in a counting-house, turn himself into a pair of scales, make himself into a packet of samples, and become a walking ready reckoner? Cold, callous, unimpressible to all that God has placed of great and beautiful around us! —the sun dying in the ocean—the song of girlhood heard by moonlight from an open window—a solitary star, burning like the chariot of an archangel, who has suddenly stopped to look down upon the world!"

The speaker of this fantastical tirade, was a young man about twenty—and the scene of his poetic rhapsody was London docks. He walked to and fro upon the quay, noting the packages disembarked from a huge vessel. It was evening—and over London flamed a glorious June sunset—sapphire, emerald and opal, ruby, gold, and silver, blazing and melting in mingled effulgence over masts and spires, and throwing its long streaks of ruddy light aslant the long façades of the colossal warehouses. Commercial, busy, bustling and commonplace as it was, the scene was not without the eminently picturesque in its effects.

"Mind what you're doing, Edward," cried a voice to the young man, "there are three cases you've forgotten to mark."

"I beg your pardon, sir!" cried Edward Trenton, somewhat confused—and jotting down his figures.

The voice of reproof came from a tall, pale, bony man, of about 40. He was nearly bald. Stepping to the side of the quay, he spat into the river, and resting his left arm upon a capstan, and his head upon his hand, gazed attentively up the water. His eyes seemed to rest in admiration on the magnificent spectacle presented by that glorious sunset, hallowing the merest commonplace of life with a poetic grandeur.

"Ah!" said Edward, who had completed his task, "you are lost in admiration at this sight the same as I. What a gorgeous scene —that sky! those vessels, gliding out there, like birds of peace, borne on the aerial bosom of the stream!——what are you thinking of, so solemnly—it *is* indeed a scene to solemnise the feelings."

The gaunt, pale man fixed his china-like eyes on Edward, and said:

"I was thinking the wind don't serve to bring the Mary Jackson into port—and that

will make a farthing in the pound difference in my coffees."

The young man stepped back a pace—and turned away abruptly.

He had been but a short time in London, yet it was not the first occasion on which commercial ice had given a chill to his feelings.

Edward Trenton was the son of a country schoolmaster, and had been sent to his uncle, a grocer in Cheapside, preparatory to starting in business himself. That uncle was very much what Edward had described him in his rhapsody. He had an only child, a daughter, and she was his clerk—a female calculating machine. Not that he was without affection for her. Mr. Trenton was an honourable man of business; he did everything in business-like style—loved, married, christened, like a good son, husband, and father, because it was proper to do so. He took care of his daughter, he was fond of her, kind to her, (in his way—and that kindness consisted in giving her good food, clothing, and dwelling, with education in arithmetic, needlework, and grammar), just because she *was* his daughter. If any one else could suddenly have been substituted with the same claim, he would have acted in the same way.

Edward was a young man full of enthusiasm and overwrought poesy. Brought up by a fond parent, in a romantic part of the country, his character was almost as much warped into the one extreme, as that of the London tradesman in the other. Conversant with the literature of England, especially the modern,—Bulwerized, however, more than Dickensified,—he was one of those beings, who, without a fault of their own, are sure to be miserable, and certain to be ruined, since they are out of harmony with the sphere in which they are placed.

On returning home from the docks, after he had shut himself up in his little garret at his uncle's house in Cheapside, at midnight, he indited a long letter to a young friend of his, a surgeon, in his native village, from which the following are extracts:—

"Prepare my mother to see me back again soon. I can't stop here. From eight in the morning till ten at night you may see me making double entries, or superintending the weighing of sugar—or haggling with dealers. . . . . My only companions are the former assistant of my uncle—once his shopman—now his partner. He's a man who would be adding up his ledger if he knew it was the day of judgment. I am sure when the archangel's trumpet sounds, he'll wake up with the rule of three on his lips. He's a proof, that, if a man really *wills* a thing he is very likely to *do* it. He has become rich because he never thought about anything else. He's all-powerful in the house—and, to say the truth he don't abuse his power. He's always quiet, and never gets out of temper. He has calculated how much patience brings in per cent., and what discount must be allowed on anger. . . . .

"As to my cousin Laura, I'll say nothing—that's all one can say of her. Just fancy a pale young girl, with large blue eyes, and false over-sleeves of green cotton, to prevent her gown being soiled—and gloves upon her hands to keep her fingers from being inked! she keeps the day-book—enters orders—scores up accounts—writes a fine Italian hand—and—that's all. You never hear her voice. Just fancy, young eighteen, and that she's always there—but I don't notice her once a fortnight. She's a libel on girlhood!

"You may imagine, my dear Winfred, whether or not I choke, morally and mentally, in such a house. And, indeed, I should have left it on the second day, had it not been on my mother's account. She wished to see me in some way of making a living. She thought my uncle could be of use to me; her whole future for me was planned on that basis. She has built up a life for me, that I don't like to knock down before her eyes, as yet! But, my friend, you know I was not made for this. There's more in me than was meant for that. I look to the paths of literature—my heart beats when I see a new work. . . . . I don't know how it is, but I don't hear of a new author without feeling almost angry—for it appears, that, while I wait, *my place is being forestalled.*" I believe I feel envious. Oh! the human heart is a sad mixture———!"

III.—THE PARLOR.

Eight days after this letter had been sent, a young girl might have been seen sitting in a little back parlor about ten feet square, at a high desk, her body rigid, her face serious, solemnly adding up columns of figures in a ledger. On her hands were inky gloves, with the finger-tips cut off for the easier holding of the pen—and by the green over-sleeves, reaching from the wrist to the elbow,—by the pale and apparently unanimated countenance, might be recognised one who had been nailed over an account-book all her life—a heart, crippled in the narrowing compass of a counting-house, like the Chinese lady's foot, but not with the excusing motive that distorts the latter—to make it beautiful. It was the unseen clerk of the crimson curtain—Laura Trenton.

It would be difficult to say whether Laura was plain or pretty. She was not considered the latter for she lacked the fresh coloring of

rural life, the robust, undulating marble of healthy youth, so enticing to the middle-class. But, without having that which engaged the coarser fancy of the latter, she possessed attractions that would not have failed to win admiration in a more refined class, —if seen under better aspects of dress and association of circumstances. Her tall figure, her pale face was scarcely enlivened by large blue eyes; her shoulders were high and rather bent, the result of continual stooping over an account-book, her breast was thin and hollowed—her demeanor was embarrassed, and sometimes almost awkward. She seemed to have two left sides. She moved at angles, like an articulated doll. Yet, there was a gleam of feeling and refinement through it all, disfigured by her ungainly dress, like a noble poem by a miserable travestie.

And how could she be otherwise than ill at ease? She had never known the joys of childhood—and the elegance of the body depends on the happiness of our early years. A happy child makes a graceful man or woman. An unhappy child is sure to grow up ungainly. For youth is like a flower, that cannot develop itself, except in the free air and beneath the genial sun.

The arrival of Edward Trenton, however, had wrought a change in Laura. The romantic young man had shot like a star across her horizon. It was the first time she had heard a man talk about aught but prices, goods, money, or parish affairs. She became absent and thoughtful. Her cheek flushed when she saw Edward: and her father remarked with horror that she made blots in the ledger, and errors in her totals.

At the moment in which we have introduced the reader to Laura, she had just finished her morning's work—and she sat at her desk pensively, with her large eyes fixed on vacancy. A quick step rattled down the stair-case. It roused her from her reverie. She hastened to resume her pen, and reddened to the forehead. Edward entered.

He approached her, and gave her a paper:

"It's the bill of lading, Laura."

"Thank you."

"I'm sorry to bring you more work—it will take a long time to copy—it will tire you."

"Oh, no! not at all. Quite the contrary."

Edward smiled, and seemed looking for something on the desk.

"I had a set of accounts there to add up and balance for my uncle,"—he said.

"Here it is."

"Thanks. Oh dear! what a lot of columns, I yawn beforehand."

Laura raised her head, took up a little piece of paper that lay by her side, and timidly handed it to the young man:—

"I have added them up," she said, "and balanced them for you—just to amuse myself. They're correct, you will merely have to enter the totals into the book."

"Really, Laura! you're too kind. There's an arithmetical flirtation!"

Laura bowed her head—humbled. She had thought to save Edward from a task she knew he disliked, and, in return, had gained nothing but a jest. It had cost her hard labour—a labour, need we say it, of *love*—and the tears almost gathered in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Edward sat down, and began in a careless manner, to make entries in the book. Neither he nor Laura spoke for about ten minutes. Then the silence and the task seemed too much for the impulsive disposition of the young man, and he began to hum an air, to draw figures on the blotting-paper, and, at last, to relieve himself, found out it was absolutely necessary to mend his pen! Laura continued at her work assiduously.

"I admire your cool contentedness, cousin Laura! Nothing puts you out. How *can* you sit drudging here this beautiful sunshiny summer-day?"

"I'm used to it."

"And when the sun is laughing over the city, as it is now, do you never feel a longing to quit this atmosphere of smoke, gas, and groceries, and to feel the air that has passed over the sweetbriars, and to hear the wild birds sing?"

"I have no time to think of it."

"Do you never go out, then?"

"Oh, yes! On Sunday afternoons, after church."

"And don't you find this life monotonous, withering and horrid?"

"I have known no other."

"And how do you pass the time not murdered at that desk? Your long winter evenings, for instance?"

"I knit or embroider till ten o' clock, and then I go to bed."

Edward cut the pen he held, in two at one stroke, and muttered:—

"Really, it's impossible to remain in such a house." Then he said aloud—"I envy your resignation. For my part, I've always been accustomed to fresh air, and a free life. I choke in your counting-houses. I can't bear it."

Laura raised her eyes and fixed them on him:

"What will you do then?"

"Oh! I'll give up trade—and go away."

The young girl clasped her hands in an attitude of sorrowful surprise; then observing that her cousin was looking at her, she bent down, and seemed more busy than ever with her ledger.

Our Laws.

III. THE LAW OF RIOTS AND UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLIES.

It is believed the people are by law allowed to meet and to petition Parliament. The jugglery in this instance is such, that, virtually a government can suppress public Meetings whenever it likes. This will be seen by the following.

A riot is described to be a tumultuous disturbance of the peace, by three persons or more assembling together of their own authority, with an intent mutually to assist one another against any who shall oppose them in the execution of some enterprise of a private nature, and afterwards actually executing the same in a violent and turbulent manner to the terror of the people, whether the act intended were of itself lawful or unlawful.

The object must be of a private nature, as for instance, gaining possession of a house the title to which is in dispute; for the proceedings of a riotous assembly on a public account, as to redress grievances, or to reform religion, and also resisting the queen's forces, if sent to keep the peace, may, it is said, amount to high treason. In order to constitute a riot, it is not necessary that personal violence should have been used, but there must be some such circumstances, either of actual force or at least of an apparent tendency thereto, as are naturally apt to strike terror, as the show of arms, threatening speeches, &c. Upon this principle, assemblies at wakes, or other festival times, or meetings for the exercise of common sports or diversions, are not riotous. Persons also may assemble to do in a peaceable manner any lawful thing, as to remove any common nuisance.

The violence and tumult must in some degree be premeditated. It has been decided, that although the audience in a theatre have a right to express the feelings excited at the moment by the performance, and in this manner to applaud or hiss: yet if a number of persons having come to the theatre with a predetermined purpose of interrupting the performance, for this purpose make a great noise and disturbance so as to render the actors entirely inaudible, they are guilty of a riot.

If any person seeing others actually engaged in a riot, joins himself to them and assists them, or if he encourages or promotes the riot, whether by words, signs, or actions, he is as much a rioter as if he had at first assembled with them for the same purpose.

Rioters demolishing a church, or chapel, or house, or any building used in carrying on any trade or manufacture, or any machinery, or engine used in working any mine, or any bridge, or waggon-way for conveying minerals from any mine, are liable to suffer death as felons. 7 and 8 Geo. 4, c. 30, s. 8.

Women are punishable as rioters, but infants under the age of discretion (that is fourteen years), are not.

An unlawful assembly may be said to be a meeting of great numbers of people, with such circumstances of terror as endanger the public peace, and raise fears among their fellow subjects. At the trial of Henry Vincent, Baron Alderson, who was the judge, said, that any meeting assembled under such circumstances as, according the opinion of rational and firm men, are likely to produce danger to the tranquillity and peace of the neighbourhood, is an unlawful assembly; and that in viewing this question, the jury should take into their consideration, the way in which the meetings were held, the hour at which they met, and the language used by the persons assembled, and by those who addressed them, and then consider whether firm and rational men, having their families and property there, would have reasonable ground to fear a breach of the peace, as the alarm must not be merely such as would frighten any foolish or timid person, but must be such as would alarm persons of reasonable firmness and courage.

All persons who join an unlawful assembly, and all who give countenance and support to it, are regarded as criminal.

An assembly of a man's friends in his own house, for the defence of the possession of it against such as threaten to make an unlawful entry, or for the defence of his person against such as threaten to beat him in his house, is allowed by law, for a man's house is looked upon as his castle.

An assembly of persons to witness a prize fight, is an unlawful assembly, and every one present and countenancing the fight, is guilty of an offence.

Several statutes have been passed in relation to his subject. By 1 Geo. I., stat. 2, c. 5, persons to the number of twelve, or more, being unlawfully, riotously, and tumultously assembled together to the disturbance of the public peace, and being required by a justice, sheriff, or mayor, by proclamation in the king's name to disperse, if such persons shall, to the number of twelve, or more, unlawfully,

(*To be continued.*)

A People's Paper.

I.—WHY IS A PEOPLE'S PAPER WANTED?

THE very first, the most essential requisite of a movement is to have an organ to record its proceedings, to communicate through, with its several branches—to appeal through, to exhort through, to speak through, to defend through, and to teach through. It is the fundamental bond of union, the ensign of progress and the means of organisation. It is that which gives a party a local habitation and a name—it is that which enables it to hold up its head amid the whirl of parties and to keep its various elements together. It is the shield with which it defends, it is the sword with which it strikes. A movement that has not the mighty organ of a press at its command is but half a movement—it is a disenfranchised cause, dependant on others, pensioned on others, pauper on others for the expression of its opinions.

A PEOPLE'S PAPER is therefore an essential of a People's Cause, and just in proportion to the excellence of its organ will be the efficiency of the movement.

THE CHARTIST BODY HAS NOW NO ORGAN.

Reynolds's Newspaper does not profess to be the organ of Chartism—it reports not its proceedings—and a few stray lines are with difficulty doled out from a deluge of police news, for its chartist circulation.

The Leader never reported us much—and during the last fortnight its chartist intelligence has most miraculously dwindled.

The Northern Star is doing all it can to betray the movement. It has long been an organ of the Financial Reform Party. *Wrenched by his former servants out of the hands of their lenient master*—wrested from him because of his poverty—*torn away because his mental health rendered him incapable of preserving it and watching over it—the men who lived on it* pounced upon their prey—*and turn it against the movement that fostered them and fattened them.* Perhaps a bill for printing was owing—perhaps an editor's salary was in arrear—and why was it so? because of the reduced circulation. But why was the circulation reduced?—Because that very Editor—that very servant who has torn his master's property from his grasp, pursued a policy that disgusted every thinking and sound-hearted democrat.

Every friend of that deserted and maltreated master should refuse his countenance and support to a paper so possessed and so perverted from its use.

Every friend of an outraged, but yet sacred, Cause, should endeavour to give it a voice, to raise for it an organ that shall enable it to resist the trickery of its foes, and the insidious efforts of those who try to live by it while they are strangling it at the very time.

Good heaven! What chance has a movement, in which its own organ is arrayed against it! In which that organ, in reporting proceedings, picks out all that can damage, and hides almost all that is creditable and can do good! That gives, in the same column, two reports of the same proceedings, as in last week's "Star,"—merely and manifestly to inflict an injury. The Secretary of the Executive Committee, sent his usual weekly report.—The Editor dared not omit it—that report was a faithful one, but did not record that which, while *perfectly unnecessary* to be reported, was at the same time, damaging in the public eye. Another report must be subjoined (two in the same column,)—for what?—Merely to hurt the executive by revealing its disenssions. Yet that very Editor had refused to insert the list of votes for the executive.—That very Editor had refused to insert the weekly notice of the Executive. That very Editor suppresses half the resolutions and reports sent to him—and mutilates all the remainder that still show consistence, heart and spirit in the localities—thus belying the movement to itself and to the world, destroying the courage of the true, and taking from them the confidence for rallying the people.

It is time the mask should be torn off such conduct! How deeply its editor may or may not be connected with the Capitalist's "Reform" movement, I know not—but the "*Northern Star*" has proven itself the enemy of Chartism, and the hack-tool of the financial and Capitalist Reform.

It is rapidly growing bolder with impunity—it is shelving the Charter more and more—Chartist intelligence is now fleeting to secondary columns—soon it will perhaps go to inside

pages, and then the "Northern Star" will perhaps become as beautifully innocent of Chartist news as either Reynolds' Newspaper, or even the Leader itself could desire to be.

Meanwhile, the Editor-Proprietor of the "Star" is trying to get up a circulation by making his paper an organ for Trades' Union and Co-operative Movements.

The Chartist body then have no organ. Nay, worse! that which was, and still assumes to be, its own special organ, is turned against it—a parricide that stabs its parent.

We must, therefore, lose no time in laying that basis for a regenerated movement, in establishing that safeguard and instrument by which alone our organisation be kept in existence—by which alone our cause can be brought to a triumphant issue.—A PEOPLE'S PAPER.

II.—ON THE MEANS FOR STARTING A PEOPLE'S PAPER.

Two courses for starting a democratic paper are presented to our view: 1, National Chartist Proprietorship; 2, Individual Proprietorship, on a more or less extended base.

1st.—The first is *impossible*—however much to be desired in one sense. The law recognises no Chartist body—no conveyances, trusts, settlements, or legal instruments can be effected in its name or for its benefit. If the Chartists subscribed their money tomorrow, and started a paper, that paper would be the legal property of the man or men in whose names it was entered at the Inland Revenue Office. A National Chartist Proprietorship is, therefore, impossible.

Now, as to the wisdom of the plan: it has been proposed that the Chartist Executive should edit the paper. This implies that the Executive should consist of literary men. Now, no paper like the one proposed, can ever flourish with a multiplicity of editors—and the Chartist Executive ought to have something else to do, besides spending their time in an editorial office. Moreover, the Chartist paper ought not to be an organ *of* the Executive, but a censor *over* them. It ought to be as free and independant, as it is possible for a paper to be.

2nd.—Individual Proprietorship: that can be on a more or less extended basis—making the paper the property of one or two men—or of a company. In a Joint Stock Company the numbers are limited. It seems very captivating to suppose the union of some score or scores of the first talents in Chartism, for the purpose of conjointly bringing out a paper—and if they all worked harmoniously together like one piece of machinery, a great result might be produced. But, Chartists, ask yourselves, amid all the Chartist talent, where will you find twenty-five talented men in the Chartist ranks who will work together in harmony? Each has his peculiar notions. Each has his particular ambition, It would be like bagging twenty-five Kilkenny cats! The only way to prevent them from an immediate break-up, would be to allot to each a twenty-fifth of the paper, in which, probably, each would write against everything written by the other twenty-four, and a pretty paper we should have!

In a Company of Shareholders each would be liable to the debt of the whole—and this is the worst possible form for a newspaper proprietorship, since, the shares being marketable, *might be bought by government or enemies and no legal guarantee could prevent the control of Shareholders*, for even if they delegated their authority to a Committee, any individual shareholder could file a Bill in Equity against the Committee.

At the best, even on this plan, the paper would be in the hands of a Committee, whose power for good would be destroyed by law, whose power for evil, for betrayal and treachery, could not be interfered with.

The most feasible method, therefore appears to be the old one: individual proprietorship. By this means, all the talent in democracy could be engaged, it would be retained while useful but if it desecrated itself by squabbling, it would no longer have a charter of impunity. By this means, you have the best guarantee for the good conduct of the paper, for the self-interest of the proprietor would be identified with the interest of democracy. Let it no longer be a reflex of the democratic mind, and it would lose its democratic circulation. Witness the *Star*.

The question is not, therefore, what is most democratic in *theory*, but what is most democratic in *practice, by proving itself best for democracy*. The question is, in fact, a choice between the impossible and the possible. In the present state of the movement, a paper is wanted, and wanted IMMEDIATELY, or the movement, is lost. In the present state of the movement there is not cohesion and union sufficient for the national machinery requisite for a national paper. To expect it, is to expect an absurdity. We shall have debating, squabbling, suggesting of plans, doubt, hesitation, delay, a small subscription—and then the thing will drop. What is everybody's work, is nobody's.

If, therefore, you want to have a paper, Chartists! to be *really* a Chartist paper, help some man in whom you have confidence, to start one.

"Ah!" I hear some cry, "*he* wants to be the man—he wants you to help *him* to a paper." JUST SO! *that is the very thing I want you to do.* Seeing that nobody is in the field, seeing no moral chance of a national paper, and no legal possibility of starting one, seeing that the paper Mr. Harney intended establishing with me, has been abandoned, and that its affairs have been wound up—seeing that Mr. Harney has expressed to me his absence of any intention to start a democratic newspaper at the present time (as, indeed, is evidenced by the abandonment of the projected one), and seeing that to leave Chartism without an organ now is utterly fatal to the cause, I come before you with the following definite propositions:

1st,—That the Chartist localities should meet without loss of time, and decide whether, in case of my being able to start a newspaper, they would make it the official organ of the Chartist movement; and whether they will collect subscriptions in their localities for that purpose. There are about 100 Chartist localities. If each raised five pounds, the requisite sum would be obtained from that source alone. Some would raise less, but many could raise more.

2,—That individuals, favorable to the democratic cause, should advance money, in the shape of *loans*, on the security of the paper, and on my own personal security, to bear interest at the rate of four per cent. from the issue of the first number of the paper, until repayment. Minor conditions and guarantees to be further specified,

As a commercial investment, as a mere mercantile speculation, the investment is good—since there never yet was such a need or such an opening for a democratic paper.

In return for the acquiescence in the above two propositions, I make the following pledges:

1st,—As soon as the sum of five hundred pounds shall have been raised by subscription or loan, I undertake to start a weekly newspaper,

2,—That newspaper shall be a faithful organ of the Chartist movement, cheap in price and comprehensive in its matter.

3,—As I do not wish to monopolise the personal benefit accruing from a paper (although, of course, I have as good a right to seek to start a paper as any other man,) but as I should spurn the idea of standing in the way of others more deserving than myself, I will, firstly, drop the project, should the Chartist body prefer to entrust any one else with the control of the Chartist organ—and, secondly, I will associate with myself, *on perfectly equal terms*, any ONE *man* (not more), whom the majority of the Chartist body may, by open vote in full meetings in their localities, decide on being so associated.

4,—In having expressed my opinion in favor of starting the proposed democratic organ on the *individual* principle, I have given my reasons for so doing—not that I prefer the principle, but because I am convinced that the plan proposed, or one like it, is the only one that, under all the circumstances, can be carried out. But so little do I admire individualism, so little do I wish to see the Chartist body start papers for individual benefit, that, in case the paper is started, I further pledge myself to the observance of the following condition:

As soon as the net profits of the paper exceed £100 per annum, I will pay, every week, FIFTY PER CENT of the said net profits, beyond the said £100 per annum to the treasurer for the time being of the National Charter Association, for the purposes of the National Charter Fund.

I feel bound to tell you, that owing to the law recognising no Charter Association, you would have no *legal* hold for the fulfilment of this pledge—unless the money was to be paid to individuals on the understanding that they would thus apply it—in which case you would have to trust the honor of the said individuals—at any rate I pledge my honor as a man, and my reputation as a democrat in the eyes of the present and in the estimation of the future, to the fulfilment of this stipulation.

That there can be no possibility of deception in the matter, you shall have an estimate made out of all the expenses of the paper, with proportionate allowances for increase or decrease in circulation. The circulation itself there can be no mistake about, since a reference to the Stamp Office will at once shew the number of papers issued.

You now have my propositions before you, I respectfully solicit an answer with all possible speed, and would therefore request

1st,—That Locality Meetings should be forthwith called to decide upon the matter. Their verdict to be sent to the "Notes" for insertion—not to the other "democratic" papers, for it would be useless, they would not be published.

2nd,—That those who read these pages, will not depend on the local secretaries seeing, or hearing of, my proposition, but will write to them, or call on them, and request them to summon Locality Meetings on the subject—since many local secretaries may not see the "Notes" at all, or not notice the article. Further, that they will communicate with neighbouring localities, without loss of time.

3rd,—That all friends will communicate the proposition to those whom they think likely of advancing money on loan, or subscribing for the Paper Fund.

4th,—That those interested in seeing a democratic paper started, will at once supply me with a small sum for the preliminary expenses.

Twenty pounds would be required. This is for the purpose of circulars, handbills, placards, posters, advertisements, and carriage of parcels. As a guarantee that this money shall be devoted to none but the specified purpose: I will announce every week in the "Notes," the detailed list of the subscriptions, and the detailed list of the expenditure, with copies of the printer's and other's receipts, with their names and residences affixed.

The money to be sent in Postage Stamps, or Post-Office Orders, payable to Ernest Jones, Barrister, at the Post Office, 210, Oxford Street, London.

Letters to be addressed:—Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

In conclusion, brother Democrats! I have stepped forward now, because no one else is doing so. I have waited long, but I find those who entertained the project, have abandoned it. As long as that project was entertained I lent what aid I could; now that it is given up, no feeling of personal diffidence ought to stand in the way of realising a great public requirement.

I can only say, if you want to save the Movement, you must have a safe, true Democratic paper in the field. No time is to be lost. Treachery, doubt, and vacillation beset us. Allurements and pitfalls meet us on all sides. A split in the cabinet, four franchise parties in the field, a coming Reform Bill, a General Election, probably, almost certain, before Easter—a European War imminent—continental revolution, more than probable,—with rumour of invasion, the artful herald of greatened taxation, and increased soldiers, to coerce the people during the effervescence of Reform Bill-agitation,—*(a cunning trick devised between Russell and Napoleon!)* with all this to meet, expose, unmask, resist—Say Chartists! shall we be without an organ?

I will add, if you will supply me, on the terms and conditions above stated, with only £500, *within six weeks from the subscription or loan of that sum*, I pledge myself that you shall have a Chartist Paper—not a sham one—but a *really* Chartist Organ!

I may also observe, that I conceive that paper, while making the Chartist Movements its predominant and official feature, ought not to neglect any other movements of the working-classes and the democratic body. My views as to the efficacy of Trade Union and Co-operation as national remedies AT PRESENT, are well known. But I deem it the duty of a Democratic Journalist to report them fully, fairly and impartially.

I, therefore, further pledge myself, in the projected paper, to record as fully, fairly and impartially, the Movement of Trade and Co-operative bodies, as they themselves can possibly require.

ERNEST JONES.

Lessons from History.

III.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 38, p. 437.)

Leonidas at first tried to lure Agis out of his place of refuge For this purpose he invited him to resume his share in the Government.—"For the people," he said, (most tyrants speak in the people's name) "the people thought he might well be pardoned, as a young man ambitious of honor, and the rather, because they as well as he, had been deceived by the craft of Agesilaus."

But Agis was not to be deceived so easily—gazing from his sanctuary across the city, he saw it coerced by the drilled bands of the rich, and the mercenaries of their king—a dull murmur rolled upward that told of disappointment, oppression and despair, and the clanking tread of armed men resounded round the deserted temples. Agis refused to come forth, and the fiery hatred of a despot, for once recoiled before the invisible guard of superstitious fear: Yes! for once superstition sheltered liberty! It was a wonderful sight to behold those gateless porticoes and open colonnades, disclosing, within, the flitting form of Agis, in view of the sanguinary foes, clustering around its pillars, yet who dared not pass on and strike! The king finding deception useless, threw the mask aside, and lay in wait for his intended victim. Treachery, but that of a blacker kind, was to be his weapon. Agis had three friends, intimate beyond all the rest. Their names were Amphares, Demochares and Arcesilaus. They frequently spent the day with Agis in his asylum. It was the custom of the latter to quit the tem-

ple once daily for the purpose of bathing—and on those occasions they escorted him to the bath, and back again to his refuge, to prevent his being surprised, or falling into the hands of the guard of king Leonidas. With these the tyrant tampered, and, at last, Amphares began to entertain the disgraceful propositions of the tempter,—induced, principally, by the following sordid motives: "he had lately borrowed a great deal of plate and other rich furniture of Agesistrata, [the mother of Agis,] and he hoped that, if he could destroy the king and the princesses of his family, he might keep those goods as his own." Amphares was a man of authority, one of the *ephori*, and he, in his turn, tampered with his colleagues.

Meanwhile, Agis, utterly unsuspicious of treachery in those whom he held as bosom friends, went forth to the bath as usual. But the conspiracy had been matured—he was destined never to return. On his way back to the temple, the three traitors met him with the customary appearance of friendship, and more than their wonted hilarity—but scarcely had they reached the turning of a street that led to the stronghold and prison of Sparta, than Amphares, suddenly assuming his character as *ephoros*, placed himself before Agis, with the words: "I take you into custody, in order to your giving an account to the ephori of your administration." Before the astonished youth could answer or resist, "Democharcs, who was a tall, strong man, wrapped his cloak about his head and dragged him off." Others pushed him on from behind —not a person came to his rescue—the streets were silent, and almost deserted—a dull, heavy fear hung over the city—and before questions could be asked or counsel taken by the people, the clanking tread of armed men resounded from the distance. Leonidas with a strong band of mercenaries marched up—they closed around—and the helpless boy was cast into a dungeon.

Fearful of the people, the king and the rich wished to consummate the tragedy before the knowledge of what had occurred should have transpired in the city. Accordingly, the ephori and the aristocratic senators repaired to the prison—a tribunal was rapidly formed —and the mockery of a trial commenced. The oligarchy could not conceal their joy at having Agis in their power. As long as he was in the temple and inviolable, they trembled despite their power,—for, any moment, the meek boy might be roused to indignation, any moment he might issue forth and call upon the people —any moment the apathy and terror of the masses might yield to a sudden impulse, and the dreadful battle be engaged between the hostile classes in the streets of Sparta.

To this it is also owing, that the tyrant had not yet dared to lay hands on the relations of the imprisoned king.

Agis, arraigned before this mock tribunal refused to plead, and merely laughed at their authority. Amphares told him, "they would make him weep for his presumption." But one of his colleagues, evidently desirous of giving him some loop-hole for defence and acquittal, asked him "whether Lysander and Agesilaus had not forced him into the measures he took?" But Agis answered: "I was forced by no man; it was my attachment to the institutions of Lycurgus, and my desire to imitate him; which made me adopt his form of government." Again the friendly magistrate demanded "whether he repented of what he had done?" "I shall never repent of so glorious a design," was the reply, "though I see death before my eyes!"—And to death he was sentenced on the spot. The king and *ephori* then "commanded the officers to carry him into the *decade*, which is a small apartment in the prison, where they strangle malefactors; but the officers durst not touch him, and the very mercenaries declined it."—Democharcs, then seized Agis himself, and threw him down into the dungeon.

Meanwhile it became known in the town that Agis had been betrayed and seized—it had grown dark—and the traitors were informed that a vast concourse of people had assembled around the prison with lanterns and torches. Among the crowd were the aged grandmother and the mother of Agis, clinging to the prison-gates, and imploring "that the king might be heard and judged *by the people in full assembly*." But this only urged the rich conspirators on to the quicker commission of their crime—for they were afraid of an attack on the prison during the night, and a rescue of their victim. It became evident that the popular love was re-awaking, and that the masses were recovering courage for the danger of their once idolised leader.

As Agis was going to execution, he perceived one of the officers lamenting his fate with tears, upon which he said, "My friend! dry your tears; for as I suffer innocently, I am in a better condition than those who condemn me contrary to law and justice." So saying, he cheerfully offered his neck to the executioners.

Amphares' only anxiety was to secure the relatives of the victims. Go out among the infuriated crowd (still ignorant of the idols' fate,) he dared not—but he went down to the gate, at which Agesistrata was standing. On seeing Amphares, she threw herself at his feet. But the traitor raised her from the ground with every semblance of kindness and respect, and told her, "no *further* violence should be offered to her son—nor should he

now have any hard treatment." He told her, too, "that she might go in and see her son, if she pleased."

She asked permission that her mother might also be admitted—the overjoyed Amphares said there could be no objection—the aged women tottered through the gate—while, the soothed crowd, pacified by the fair assurance and the kind words and manner of the traitor, gradually dispersed, satisfied of the safety of their leader.

When Amphares had got his new victims inside of the prison, "he commanded the gates to be locked again, and Archidamia to be first introduced [into the dungeon of Agis]. She was very old, and had lived in great honor and esteem among the Spartans."

Agesistrata stood outside the door of the cell—waiting her mother's return and her own admission to her son. Presently the door opened—and a gaolor beckoned to her. She entered, and beheld *the bleeding corpse of her son lying motionless upon the ground, and the lifeless form of her aged mother hanging from the roof!*

She indulged in no lamentation and reproaches—but, like a true Spartan woman, quietly "assisted the officers in taking Archidamia down, placed the body by that of Agis, and wrapped it decently up. Then embracing her son, and kissing him, she said—"My son, *thy too great moderation, lenity, and humanity, have ruined both thee and us.*" Never were truer words spoken—never was a more forcible lesson conveyed! Had Agis not listened to the temporising advice of Agesilaus—had he not spared the tyrant Leonidas on his flight, these calamities would never have happened. Thus had the French people not spared the Orleans race (had they kept their prisoners in France), the intrigues could not have happened that formed Napoleon's vile excuse for assassinating freedom. Had they not trusted the rich and princely, as Agis trusted Agesilaus, had they not trusted Napoleon, but placed their trust in presidents and magistrates of their own order—the democratic republic, could not have been destroyed in France, as its prototype was overcome in Sparta.

But this lesson will be derived from alike the past and the present:

THE PEOPLE WILL BE CURED OF TH MISERY.

Alas! that it should be so—but on the heads of the traitors be their own blood.

"Thy too great moderation, lenity, and humanity, have ruined both thee and us!"—Scarcely had Agesistrata spoken, ere Amphares, who had stood listening at the door, rushed in, crying, "If you approved your son's actions, you shall also have his reward." The aged mother rose from her son's body—she rose calmly," said, with a sigh for her country, "may all this be for the good of Sparta!"—and fell dead at the feet of Amphares.

The latter had secured his spoil—Leonidas had assured his throne—the rich had restored their domination.

The three corpses were now carried out into the city—the tyrant well knew that an accomplished fact carries with it a wonderfully sobering effect.—Where was the use of gathering now?—there was no one to rescue. The people were stricken with awe and terror—braggarts before commission—cowards after the fact!—Yet, "the terror the sad scene inspired was not so great, but that the people openly expressed their grief and indignation, and their hatred of Leonidas and Amphares."

Thus failed this great movement. And why did it fail? because the people trusted their affairs out of their own hands—because they trusted the rich—because they failed to use their power over their foes when they possessed it. The rich came and said: confide your cause to us—as the rich are saying now—and the rich betrayed it, as the rich will do again, if they get the opportunity once more.

We now proceed to the second stage of this great revolution that carries us through half the then known world, and startles us with the power of its machinery and the romance of its adventures.

Trades' Grievances and Trades' Movements.

I.—TIME,—GOLD,—LAW.

It is painful to mark the several stages of delusions and bitter experience by which a people glean knowledge in this struggle of labor and capital.

First, there is the isolated effort of the individual workman, which falls, as a matter of course. To remedy this, labor adopts—

Secondly, the local union—a miniature edition of a national one. This fails very rapidly, because the men of the neighbourhood are not merely pitted against the masters of the neighbourhood, but against the *men of other neighbourhoods also.* It would, however, fail without this from the same cause which, in a social struggle of the moneyless against the monied, and the voteless against the law-makers, and the armless against the armed, must make *all* the men fail in a struggle against *all* the masters. Finding the lo-

cal union powerless, labour tries to resolve itself.

Thirdly, into a national union. This is merely trying on a large scale what failed on a small one. Turn it and twist it as you will, the National Trades' Union has hitherto been based only on the machinery of strikes, and as strikes *always end in the virtual defeat of the working classes*, however they may be nominally what is called victorious, in a few cases, a national union has been found to be another of those national delusions, to which a people are so prone to lend themselves with unreflecting, blind enthusiasm. At last, the truth begins to dawn upon the public mind ; it finds that it cannot prevent the effect without removing the cause. Surplus labor makes wages low, and accordingly it, at last, begins to direct its energies towards removing that surplus labour. To attain this it adopts,

Fourthly, plans of co-operation. This is a great advance on all former schemes—for it is based upon a truth. But here, with visionary enthusiasm in the case of the many, and sordid profitmongering in the case of the few, the new race of reformers fall into a new race of mistakes. They have found out the cause of low wages and slavery—they were told of it long ago (when starting their trades-unions, and embarking in their strikes), only *they would not hear*. They comprehend the ends for which they must strive—they *misappreciate* THE MEANS.

The Trades-unionist has said, "withhold labor, and you can dictate its price—as the merchant can that of his goods when he creates an artificial scarcity in the market." He has failed, because he has not been able to answer this question, "what shall we *eat* when we cease to *earn* ?"

The co-operator says, "We have failed, because, by withholding from our employers labor, we withhold from ourselves the means of living. Therefore, instead of stopping it, let's *transplant* it—let's take it from the shop of the master to the shop of the man. That's the way to conquer capital and to regenerate society."

This is the remedy, IF IT CAN BE DONE. But where these new regenerators fail is, that *they don't know how to do it*. They see the end, but they lamentably overlook the means. However, this new theory has altogether cut the ground from under the feet of the trades-unionist's, and now there is a competition between the two bodies, the Trades' Union trying to keep itself alive by engrafting a co-operative action upon its machinery.

This is being forcibly illustrated by the Amalgamated Iron-trades. Some time ago they had risen only as high as the intelligence of strikes, and they would have hooted any man down who should have ventured to tell them that strikes were injurious instead of beneficial. Now they have risen a grade higher in social knowledge—they have climbed up to the standard of co-operation, and now they'll hoot any man down who tries to tell them that their co-operation must fail too.

By and bye the time will come when they'll make this discovery also, and then they'll cry, "What a pity we did not listen to the truth when it was told to us—it might have saved us from all this bitter experience and irretrievable ruin."

I purpose now endeavouring to shew the Iron-trades why and how they will fail.

Ist.—They repudiate strikes. Here they do well, and right. But they strike, nevertheless, virtually. They demand certain terms. They act upon the demand before it is conceded—they refuse to work the overtime. The masters say, "We'll dismiss you if you don't." The men say, "Do, if you dare." The masters do it, and the men are turned out. This is a *strike*, to all intents and purposes, only that the last "overt act" is made to emanate from the employers. It is a strike in its *effects*, and that is all that we need trouble ourselves about here.

2nd.—Thus "turnout" has to be supported. The men have £25,000. This at only ten shillings, weekly, per man, would last just four weeks.

But no ! they are not going to touch this money for their keep. They are going to spend £10,000 of it in opening a factory for themselves. Meanwhile the turnouts are to live on the contributions of those who remain at work. How long will and can this last ? It must take a long time to get their factory in working order. Then they must get customers—or their factory is of no use. They wont get custom unless they shut up the factories of their employers, or, at least, undersell them. Now let us see, what chance they have of either. That they can't shut up the employers' factories by competition, is perfectly certain—for it is not the poor who require engines, boilers, machines, &c., and the rich wont lend themselves to a crusade against their own class. Moreover, as we shall endeavour to shew, the Co-operative machinists can't afford to sell as low as the masters. Therefore, they can shut them up only by a *general* strike. Then what are they to live on, while their factory is getting ready and orders are on the road ? They must fall on their remaining £15,000. In a fortnight, it is gone. What are they to do then ? Then they must send the collecting-hat around

among the weavers and stockingers, and lace-makers! The high-paid trades must become pensioners on the low-paid, above whom they hold their heads so haughtily at present. But what chance have they then? The weavers and stockingers are starving on strike themselves!

But no! again. They wont all leave work. Some remain, and from their wages, support those who are turned out. If you do that, you don't shut up the employer's factory, but leave him the means by which he can beat the rest. He don't mind the working-hands keeping the non-working hands, for he knows you are growing weaker every day at that game. The 24s. per week are thus reduced to 12s. His men get poor, get in debt —he can offer a reduction, and they dare not refuse, for if they do, they ruin themselves and put it out of their power to help those who are out of work. Meanwhile, he is getting on fresh hands from all parts of the country—he is employing additional machinery. Don't you fancy that new hands wont come—the fearful surplus labor throughout the country guarantees the supply.

"But," say you—"we'll take the men into our concern as fast as they arrive." Will you? Not a bit of it. The employers will choose the readiest tools and the most ignorant men for their purpose. Go, ask the new hands to join you—and they, in their prejudice and ignorance wont listen to *you*, the same as you would not listen to *us*, when we wanted to warn you.

"But," again you say, "machinists are not made in a day. It requires a seven years' apprenticeship." So said the tailors—so said the engine drivers—so said many other trades —and, after all, it was found the competitive labor was always there ready to supplant the turnouts. At most it is but a question of time—and Time, the first weapon of the capitalist beats you. The masters with their accumulated capital can afford to wait. While some of you are lingering at work in order to support the rest, the masters gradually bring up their new recruits, indoctrinate them—and you are superseded!

Meanwhile, however, your co-operative factory is getting ready. This is to absorb all the turnouts. Now, in sober common sense, do ask yourselves, how can it? You don't shut up the factory of the rich—*you don't create an additional demand for machinery*—half of you remain at work for the employer, —the other half is supplanted by fresh hands—how are your 15,000 (or 6,000, as you may reckon either the unionists or the entire body,) to find work in your co-operative factory? *If they dont, you are creating an additional surplus, and increasing the evil.* You are marching out of the factory, just that others may march in.

Now then, comes the competition between the two factories—the masters' and the men's. The masters can undersell you—because they have the world of starving labor-surplus to recruit from—the capital for unlimited machinery—and that capital *their own*, not being forced to borrow it—while your £10,000 is a mere drop of water in the ocean—you must borrow at four or five per cent. and add that interest to your cost of production. Therefore, the master can undersell you. Moreover, should competition be sharp, he can afford to sell without profit, for a time, because he is rich and Gold, his second weapon, beats you —while his third, Law, stands ready to cripple your co-operation.

And how is the war waged?—one body of workingmen are fighting against the other! The masters' men against the co-operators

Divide and conquer—so the rich triumph. Thus it ever is in the social struggle—the men are fighting not only against the masters but *against the men too.* Whereas in the political arena you can gather all on the one side, and have nothing but the capitalists to fight.

Now then, to sum up:

Your turnout displaces many.

Your co-operation absorbs only a few.

Therefore—a surplus is left in the streets.

If all turn out—you must live on your £25,000, and then perish, because the masters can afford to wait—the greater part of their expenses cease with your wages—yours do *not* cease with your work.

If only a few turn out—the remainder enable the masters to beat you.

Fresh hands and machinery support the deficiency.

Therefore—a surplus is left in the streets.

Result: a competitive surplus is created in your labor market —your wages will fall in consequence, and your high-paid trade will be broken up, despite strike, turnout, or co-operation.

Now, just consider these points. Do you see any means of extricating yourselves from the difficulty?

"The rich are assisting you." Yes—who? The landed and titled aristocracy. Permit me to unfold their design in so doing. The aristocracy have long striven for their monopolies—against the monied class, and have been defeated, because the working-classes were against them. They made their last desperate stand under the banner of protection, and were foiled. The working-class are streming all the other way—and these

men are now looking about for prey among the ranks of labor. If they can catch 12,000 men here, and 12,000 men there, and bind them up by a tie of self-interest with themselves, and batten them down under the golden trap of debt and obligation, they will be able to defy the shock of revolution, and laugh at the attempts of liberty and labor. Accordingly, they are glad to see a split between the monied class and their workmen—and, since they can't compete with their landed monopoly against their rivals, they seek, through you, working-men, to stab them home in their very citadel of trade. Therefore, they will find you money to co-operate with—to set up rival shops and factories,—by this means they wean their labor-strength from the capitalists'—they rally a portion of the working-classes around aristocracy—and the capitalists will find, their feudal foes are no longer so easily to be crushed.

But mark! how do they do it? Not so as to emancipate labor, but to bring labor back from under the thraldom of the capitalist to that of the aristocrat, under which it groaned two centuries ago. They do this under a new plan, because the old is worn out. They find them the money to start in business with, and to compete against the capitalist. By this they enslave labor. It passes from *wages*-slavery into DEBT-slavery. They get 4 per cent., or 5 per cent., interest for their money, and they can command, not merely the isolated working-man, but whole phalanxes of labour, regimented and drilled beneath the wand of debt.

Society would thus pass under a new phase of servitude, unknown in previous ages—more terrible because more wholesale.

You would work, but work that the landlord might have 5 per cent. If the moneylord now takes, in the case of low *wages*, a greater per centage from your labour, that per centage you would have to pay, too, in the shape of low *earnings*. For, mark you, you are not going to have the field to yourselves—the master will not, or cannot, be forced to close his factory—you and he will have to compete against each other—the wages of the factory-slave, the earnings of the co-operator, will fall in rapid rivalry against each other; but while your profits descend every day in the deadly struggle, the 5 per cent. of the money-lending landlord *remains the same*, until you are unable to pay it, and he forecloses and turns you into wages-slaves as you were before!

There! Do you see the game. You are but the power with which the privileged duellists fire their shot. In that struggle you alone will be the losers. The money-lord protects himself by low wages and machine power; the landlord places himself safe behind five per cent., and you, poor souls! are left struggling and fighting against each other, the *master's man* against the *landlord's man*, bleeding, gasping, dying, while the cool generals on either side, don't get a pin's scratch in the battle.

That is why nobles and landlords are offering you £100,000. Who are the men?—Lord Goderich, and Lord Carlisle, and Lord Ingestre, and others of the class. Touch not this Devil's gold. It is metal that will turn to galling chains around you.*

By these means they think with one stroke to counteract the moneyocracy and the democracy at the same time, and to tie up labor, hand and foot, under a new, unheard of system of coercion.

Verily, the old serpent is very cunning!

And how difficult it is to get the people's ear, and warn them! If you go to their meetings, they hoot you down before they've heard you speak a word. If you write, as in these pages, how comparatively few will read! And then, the self-pride of individuals becomes alarmed and inflamed; and the leaders of the delusive movements appeal to the passions of their followers—enjoying a monopoly of the misnamed democratic press, and blind the public ear with prejudice, calumny, and abuse! Meanwhile, the pride of the leaders is flattered by rubbing skirts with "Lords," whereas they have been snubbed and insulted by "mere" traders. "Last night my Lord Goderich told me," is a fine thing to say. And the men, if they see a little workshop rising of their own, how their heart flutters with an honest pride! forgetful that their little ark will be wrecked, not landed, amid the thousand Ararats of capital, forgetful that all the workshops of the country might be their own, without this toil, risk, anguish, struggling, and starvation—their own by sure and steady progression—if they banded themselves for political power with half the energy they devote to a delusion—political power, that the peaceful union of laboring millions might carry in the spring of a single session. A SINGLE YEAR'S agitation might carry the Charter without riot, violence, or risk, if the PEOPLE would but agitate.

ERNEST JONES.

* Some of our co-operative societies in their small way, dealing with smaller tyrants, shew this pretty plainly.

II.—THE NATIONAL TRADES' UNION.

The Executive of the N. T. U. have published an elaborate reply to the arguments advanced in the "Notes," against the fallacy of suffering any Trades' Union, based on the machinery of strikes, to be a national remedy.

That this machinery is based on strikes they admit by alluding to their "combination, and, its *usual weapon—strikes!*" and by saying "that the present *impossibility of superseding strikes*, mainly rests with the employers. 'They will not be dicated to,'" That "the masters force the strike upon the men," and that "they have not yet discovered a perfect substitute for strikes."

Well, then, the case is made out by their own showing. The Trades' Unions are a machinery of strikes—however, they may palliate it by cases of arbitration, of short hours, &c., there stands the fact in their own words—"the masters won't be dictated to," and the Union is "forced" to "*its* USUAL *weapon—strikes!*"

Now, if, as we say, strikes always weaken the working classes, not merely those engaged, but labor generally—a Union based on strikes, like the Trades' Union, cannot be a remedial measure for the working classes; but, looked on as a national remedy for labor, must be, as we say, a delusion and a snare. Therefore, in attempting to reply, the Trades' Executive should have endeavoured to shew that strikes were beneficial, or it should, at once, honestly have given up the case.

But no! they "admit the evils of strikes." Then, if strikes are an EVIL, and their Union is based on strikes, how can that which produces an *evil* prove a *good?*"*

The question lies in a nutshell. They have admittted all when they admit this. It therefore follows:

The National Trades' Union (however honest its leaders, and heroic and self-sacrificing its followers) *the National Trades' Union is a fallacy and a delusion.*

But, mark! they have a remedy: "A National Federal Combination." What is the meaning of this fine sounding phrase? It means this:

A NATIONAL INSURRECTION:

pikes, daggers, torches, brickbats, barricades, knives, scythes, pitchforks, plug-drawing, and confusion. If we were to have that, (and God forbid that we should ever be compelled to resort to anything of the kind), if we were to have that, we might as well have it for something more than a difference of a few hours work, or a few shillings wages, in the year.

The gentle, pacific, and moral Executive of the Trades' Union will be quite horrified at the policy we are ascribing to them, and put in an hysterical disclaimer. We don't charge them with any such intention; but we charge them with advocating a policy, unconscious of its effects, which must certainly lead to such result, if carried to its ultimatum.

We will endeavour to show why.

The "Federal Combination" must either comprise ALL the working-men, or it must embrace only a PART.

If it embraces only a part, those that remain at the master's disposal enable them to set the "Federative Combinationists" at defiance, and a few batteries of artillery would settle the wages-question for the remainder, if they still stood out. For, if they stand out, they must live. As they earn nothing they must beg of their working brethren. This source would soon dry up. Still they must live, and to do so, they must *take*. Then the "rights of property" step forward, and a few battlefields decide the much vexed question. The probability is, they would give in, before it came to fighting, and thus their much course of ruin and agony would end in a miserable, prostrating, destroying, and irreparable failure.

That the combination should embrace *all* the ranks of labour, is not to be supposed, (if it don't, as stated, the combination of the part is foiled by the non-adhesion of the remainder), and, at any rate, so much time would be required to unite all into one phalanx, that meanwhile the employers would be enabled to undermine and prevent your "combination," firstly, by starving you into submission and desertion, (since the increase of machinery, the consolidation of farms, and the surplus of labor thus occasioned, would *force* you to work for them, or die),—secondly, by restricted laws, for they possess the political power, and the Wolverhampton case is but a prelude to the coming warfare.

The "National Federal Combination," therefore, is as much a delusion, (and a dangerous one, too, if carried out), as the National Trades' Union!

Thus much for the general question. These premises established, the objections advanced by the Executive as to details, are of no importance; for, if the *general plan* is bad, the details, however specious and plausible in individual cases, must, collectively, be evil too. They do not, therefore, need an

* If they say the strike is "the lesser of two evils" we reply, "Perhaps so, but 'the lesser of two evils' wont save mankind; it is dying only a little more slowly." A precious national remedy that—"the lesser of two evils!"

answer. Nevertheless, they shall be alluded to.

The Executive says: "The Iron-trades of England have maintained their wages by non-political combination," and that we are wrong, in the 'Notes,' in attributing this to the absence of surplus labor.

We reply: "We are right, and for this reason! there has been little or no surplus labor in the Iron-trades, principally owing to the great increase in railroads, machinery for manufacture, mines, &c., and in our steamships."

The instant that the expansion of railroads ceased, what do we find? The Executive shall speak for themselves: "During the year 1848 and 1849 they (the Iron-trades) expended upwards of *Eighteen thousand pounds* to protect themselves from the competitive action of redundant labour." And what is the result? After spending £18,000 in 1849 they are obliged to set to work again in December, 1851! The cause is manifest: redundant labor. Up to '42 they had little or no redundant labor, and they maintained their ground; in 1848 the surplus begins to shew its head with gathering strength, and the downward course commences. Now, the trade seizes after the phantom of Trades' Union to save itself; '48 passes with its £18,000,—it has not rescued them; '52 comes, and they still persist in the melancholy effort. More money is to be wasted,—more strength to be abused. Like the gulf in the *Roman Forum* they throw their treasures into it; but it widens still as they stand around the brink! Then it WAS the absence of redundant labor that upheld them,—it IS the pressure of redundant labor that is pulling them down.

They allude to "the Great Builders' Union of '34." Where is it? Dead and buried! They allude to the building-trade, and say even its isolated branches have maintained their wages. Why? Because the labor surplus has not yet gathered head among them sufficiently. Why do they allude to the high paid trades, where competition has hitherto not penetrated far? But are not strike and reductions beginning there, too? Yes! the low paid trades have been broken down—the turn is for the high paid now; and our effort is to save them from undergoing the melancholy experience suffered by their poorer brethren, if they will but have the sense and manliness to listen, and to read. Why do they not allude to the memorable struggles of the London tailors, to the cotton-weavers, the linen-weavers, the ribband-weavers, the stockingers, hosiers, lace-makers, colliers, miners, and the many others? What has union done for them? Where are they now?

Why do the Executive deal with surface quibbles? Why do they not answer this argument: the labor surplus creates low wages; nothing can create high wages that does not take away the surplus. *They do not.** The low paid trades first met the shock. How did they stand it? The high-paid are meeting it now. The same system that upheld the former is to uphold the latter. Why should it not end in the same result? Have the Trades' Union anything new to show? Their old plan has failed. What is their new one?†

They then allude to the previous questions put to them in these pages. The first question they evade by saying, "We don't know." The second they answer wrongly; for the strikes conducted by the National Association *have* been contributed to *locally*.

To the third they reply: "The National Association has never applied for any assistance to support any of its strikes out of its own circle." They forget that they applied to Ernest Jones, through Mr. Dickenson, of Manchester, to lecture for them in that town, to solicit aid for the general public in the Wolverhampton case.

In conclusion we are not opposed to the *nationalization* of strikes. We do not prefer isolated strikes; but we are opposed to *strikes* altogether; and seek to adopt that policy, which, by placing power in the people's hands, would render strikes unnecessary. What we said was, that experience proved more efficient aid to have been rendered to strikes, by voluntary support in the immediate neighbourhood than by a compulsory penny from afar. But then the Executive will again answer: "We do not know." And what we do say is this, that men are just as likely to be persecuted by "parochial and municipal middle-classes influence," for paying their pennies to a central organization for the support of a neighbouring turn-out, as for paying them to the neighbouring turn-out itself.

I assert that the wages of labor have fallen since the Trades' Union, the same as before, or rather more rapidly. They reply: "They have not been reduced below the *market* price." Who said they had? But have they been kept *above* the market

* As to shortening the hours of labor it could be tried only by a strike; and we have seen that at a strike, the men must, in the long run, come off second best.

† The co-operative question is dealt with in another article.

price ? *Have the wages of the National Trades' Unionists been kept higher than those of the non-Unionists*, as a general result ? Then, if not, what good has the Union done ? Meanwhile, it has cost a vast amount of money !

In conclusion, we beg to say we are opposed to the fallacy of considering a Trades' Union a national remedy. It is, if anything, a *national evil ;* for it misapplies the time, talent, and money to a shadow, which might otherwise have realized a substantial benefit. We seek after no "Utopian" schemes. The Executive of the Trades' Union do. We seek the practical, substantial benefit of political power. We say : the monopoly of machinery and land enables the rich to keep a labor-surplus in the market, and thus to play off the one working-man, driven by necessity, against the other working-man, struggling *against* necessity, while political power enables them by law and force to prevent the working-man emancipating himself by social means. We therefore say : political power will make the law and the force change hands, and by stopping the monopoly of machinery and land, stop the source from which the destroying labor-surplus is made to flow. This is practical, statesmanlike, commonsense policy. But, gentlemen of the Executive, what do you do ? You try to "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." You try to raise wages without touching the cause that makes them low. You say : the labor surplus drives your wages down, and you actually expect to raise them, without taking the labor surplus away. Why *you*, gentlemen, are the visionaries ! *You* are the Utopian teachers. It is *you* who waste the people's money, hunting after a mirage, and leaving them in the desert. And do you mean to say that we are "unwarranted" in exposing such a fallacy ? We should be *criminal* if we let the people be destroyed by it without warning them. Do you taunt us with the funds for our political association being low ? Blame yourselves for it. It is just because the people's means are frittered away in running after fallacies like your's, that they have little left for the only means of social salvation—proletarian organization for political power. You tell us "it is not so much political as social changes we require." Unfortunately for the argument the social changes are not to be achieved unless the political precede them.

We, too, wish to conciliate. But what is the price of conciliation ? To *connive at a fallacy*, to *endorse an error*, and to remain silent when we see a brother led to the edge of a precipice ?

No ! even conciliation is not to be bought at such a price. To you, gentlemen of the Executive, we ascribe nothing but the purest motives. Your Union is at least free from the profit-mongery and competition that stains another movement. We humbly conceive you to be leading and teaching the people erroneously. We give our reasons for so doing ; and surely you cannot blame us. You ought to commend us for such a course. Surely, we can remain friends, notwithstanding ; and the writer of this will venture to hope that we may, ere long, be found marching on the same pathway of political progression towards social right.*

* Will the friends of truth read these, and the other papers on the subject, to the Amalgamated Iron-trades and Trades-unionists ? *They hear but one side of the questions.*

The Chartist Movement.

I.—CONVENTION AND EXECUTIVE.

Three members of the present Executive have resigned. A fourth is, and unfortunately will be, it is to be feared, incapacitated from lending his help, owing to the state of his health. Five only remain out of nine—those five are at variance among each other. The Chartist body have therefore made an unfortunate selection. The causes are obvious. They wisely determined on not electing men who were identified with the middle-class movement and the hostile interests of capital —men who pretended to be Chartist officers, and coolly expected to be elected, while they told their hoped-for constituents, that the Charter, must be a matter secondary to Financial Reform ! The Chartists firmly and honestly rejected them.

Another class of candidates were in the field—men like Harney, Kydd, and Thomas Cooper,—men who would be an ornament to any class or age ! The two first, most inexplicably, refused to stand. The third was disqualified by a miserable technicality, which should never have been brought forward against such a man at such a time !

Deprived of these, the Chartists were forced to choose from the remainder.—The result is before us—and a convention can alone remedy the evil.

¶ It is a misfortune that people will elect those whom they do not *personally* know. It

is not enough that a man has a letter or a speech in the papers—his personal and private character *(though it should never be dragged into public controversy)* ought to be known too—or else we run a risk of disgracing our movement in its officers—and of electing men with whom others, however much disposed to serve the canse to the uttermost, *cannot consent to sit with any regard for their own character*, or for the public estimation in which the Movement shall be held.

All must admit that the present Executive is powerless for good,—and, I trust, powerless for evil also.

I repeat, a convention can alone remedy this. Let me implore whoever wishes to save the movement, to further and assist to the utmost, the speedy assembling of a Chartist convention. What can be done without it? Nothing, except keeping the scattered fragments of organisation just alive in the localities—but no collective action that can tell on the other classes, or on our own, in the approaching crisis. The united delegate meeting of Yorkshire and Lancashire will keep the movement together in the North of England.

In London, the newly formed Metropolitan Delegate Council is saving the Movement in the Metropolis.

In the Midland, nothing is doing.

In Scotland—no sign of union.

In the West, an ocean of Democracy, but not a breeze upon its surface!

This must be remedied—or the golden argosies of capital will sweep their harsh machinery over the heads of the drowning mariners of freedom.

What can remedy it—what can bind these noble elements together—what can prevent their perhaps falling into controversy and antagonism with each other, as isolated bodies but too often do—except a convention of them all for a common object?

Do not say, we can't afford it: we *must* afford it.

Do not say that many places cannot send a delegate: *let those send who can.* And almost all can, if they choose,

Let us, at least, have something, some semblance of authority, on a democratic basis—however small. It will be a point to start from in our renewed career—and *let us not delay.*

This Convention would decide the policy of the movement, in the coming clash of Reform parties.

This Convention would take up the question of proselytising among the trades, and how best to do it *without creating antagonism.*

This Convention could arrange for the production of a People's Newspaper, and for missions among the agricultural districts.

This Convention could decide the question of an Executive. And I do hope—I repeat it again—that it will seat men, like the three I have alluded to, in office. We wont hear of their refusing to stand. We'll *shame* them, if I may be permitted so to say, into compliance. They are all, then, working-men, and noble men, too, by nature's patent of intellect and genius. There is a time for all things—speaking truth when truth must be spoken, none who know me will construe as flattery. But, should they refuse, there are others still: we are not bankrupt of intelligence yet among the ranks of labor, is there not a Shackleton of Halifax, an Athol Wood of London, a Henry of Edinburgh, a Cameron of Manchester—all working-men—sound Democrats in every act and thought—irreproachable in character, and gifted in intellect? Nay! is John West forgotten—or James McCree, or the host of others I could name?

They say, a prophet is never honored at home; and it is lamentable to see how little the working-men think of the great minds and noble hearts in their own order.

For men like those I have just named, they will not vote; nay, they even neglect to nominate them—and go hunting after middle-class liberal, literary, amateur reformers who know about as much of the handling of a proletarian movement, as the honest working-man does of the satin sofa evening côteries, in which their would-be leaders study social right.

Up, then, working-men! Emancipate yourselves from humbug and delusion! Learn to respect yourselves and put confidence in the men of your own order. Till then you don't deserve to triumph. Till then you never will achieve success.

Ernest Jones.

II.—TO THE CHARTISTS.

Brother Chartists.—I wish to say a few words to you on the present state of the Chartist cause. It must be apparent to you all, that unless some steps be taken to make the principles more universally known and understood, and to lift the movement from the slough of humbug and delusion into which it is fast sinking, we had better abandon both the name and principles, and let the word jog on as it can, unmolested.

The leading organ of Chartism has passed into fresh hands; and if we are to judge of the editor by his past career—and I see no reason why we should not—Chartism will

only be a secondary consideration with him, and will be reduced to a very rosewater commodity indeed. Some means must be taken to guard against the insidious poison which he certainly will endeavour to instil into the body. I have read after and watched him ever since he became a journalist, and have never known him to fail when opportunity has served to give Chartism a stab. It will, perhaps, be objected that these remarks are too personal. The urgency and importance of the subject is my apology. Where an enemy enters the ranks of democracy, for the purpose of seducing the people from their duty, are we to spend our time in trying to frighten him away by indistinct whispers, and vain and ambiguous inuendoes? No! Such a course betrays moral cowardice. We must mount the watch-towers of liberty, and cry aloud to our battalions to drive back the intruders. But I am reminded that there's Reynolds's paper—we are not tied to the "Star." I intend dealing with this question very plainly and candidly. Democracy is too pure and holy to come bound up and classified with the Newgate calendar. We cannot afford to spend our time every Saturday night in endeavouring to dig a few stray gems of liberty from a dense mass of moral filth. When we sit down to the feast of democracy we must not have the table spread with garbage. The man whose taste has led him to dish up Chartism with such trash; and he who is satisfied with it, have alike mistaken their mission, and the nature of the principles they have adopted. This is a subject of great, nay, of the utmost importance, and one that must be immediately attended to.

Another point to which I wish to call your attention is the disposition which is manifested in some quarters to go over to the financial reformers, under the idle and insane plea that the people can do nothing without the aid of the middle classes. If any one sincerely believes in this doctrine, I would advise him at once to give up all hopes of ever seeing labor emancipated from the grasp of capital. We have made a most fatal blunder in asking either the middle or the higher classes to grant us political power until we had made the people more universally alive to its importance. We have been taught to get up monster petitions, and to hold monster meetings, in order to make an impression upon the Government, which has just been so much monster humbug and delusion. Our business for a long time lies with public opinion. When the public mind becomes thoroughly indoctrinated with those principles, and the entire working population thoroughly alive to their importance, neither the Whigs nor Tories, nor both combined, can withhold the Charter from us. Till then it would be useless if we had it. If the middle classes were to carry the Charter, the middle classes would be the parties who would return to power under it; for they only who have the power to carry a measure of Reform will be the parties who will benefit by that Reform. For no party will be the instrument of bringing about changes which will prove detrimental to themselves. The people, therefore, will have to do their own work. It is idle folly and suicidal madness to lie down and call upon the Jupiter of capital to send the Hercules of liberty to help us, for he neither can nor will do it. God helps those who help themselves.

If we would succeed in our object, we must first sit down and balance our forces against those of the enemy, and if they are found too weak, we must commence beating up for recruits; for if two be brought to bear upon each other of unequal power, the weaker must submit. Our enemies have in their pay the press and the pulpit, and at their back public opinion to a great extent and all the wealth of the country, while we have only the truth and justice of our cause to oppose them. These I admit are in themselves omnipotent. But they are powerless until they are seen and known. So long as one half of the people know nothing about us, and the other half are taught to believe that we are spoliators and robbers, we can do nothing. Our duty then is to awaken the attention of the one portion, and disabuse the minds of the other. What is the machinery which we have in operation for this purpose? Positively none. We have, it is true, an Executive Committee, but of what use are they? Does any one in his senses imagine for a moment that the charter will ever be carried by eight or nine gentlemen meeting in a room somewhere in London once a week, or perhaps not so often, and passing a resolution or separating without, as the case may be? If any one is so silly, I only pity his weakness. We must have an active working Executive employed in opening up new localities and strengthening and consolidating the old; and in order to have such an executive we must pay them, for working-men cannot live upon the wind; and as for rich men, they would not serve you faithfully even if you paid them, much less for nothing. We must likewise have the tract system vigorously in operation. With an active working executive, an able and efficient newspaper and the local committee actively engaged in the distribution of tracts, and the collection of funds, we may hope in time to accomplish our object. But if we persist in pushing the

course which we are doing at present, we shall end just where we began.

I trust that the West-Riding delegates when they attend at Halifax on the 25th of this month will come prepared to speak definitely on these points.

CHRISTOPHER SHACKLETON.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—THE WORKING-MAN'S WIFE.*
II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.†
III.—THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.
IV.—THE LADY OF TITLE.

BOOK 3.—THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.

IV.—SUNDAY.

SUNDAY morning in Cheapside! Can you imagine anything more miserable in the world? Sunday morning in Cheapside!

Well — the "drawing-room" of Trenton and Co. was always in requisition of a Sunday —and in it, by ten o'clock on Sunday morning, sat Laura waiting for her father, who had not yet quitted his bed. "Sunday morning was the morning to sleep—it was less noisy!"—the worthy man was wont to say.

Laura looked paler than usual—a bible and prayer-book lay upon the table—but they were not opened this morning. On a piano were several pamphlets and some nondescript books.

Edward entered, and Laura seemed to turn paler still—and sat rigid with downcast eyes. Edward, with his habitual disregard of Laura's intellectual powers, did not try to open a conversation with her. He amused himself with examining the books on the piano. At last he laid his hand on one that seemed to attract his attention. It was a cheap weekly publication.

"Ah! who reads this? Is it you, cousin Laura?"

"I . . . . ye . . . . yes!"

"And no doubt you think this something very fine—ah! let me see!—here's a fine woodcut—a woman with dishevelled hair — half-fainting—on her knees—three men—one trying to stab the other—and a third stealing up from behind about to shoot them both! No doubt this is very edifying—very amusing, isn't it?"

"Oh! very," said Laura, innocently and unembarrassed.

"And you think it full of delicate sentiment —and refined sensibility,—and sound philosophy—don't you?"

"Ye . . . . yes!" stammered the young girl, hardly knowing what to make of his tone and manner.

"I thought so," observed Edward, enjoying what he called the good joke of satirising his wooden cousin— the female calculating machine.

"But it is a pity too," he added, to himself, "that these men will *write down* the public mind, the female especially, to so low an intellectual standard. These miserable works step in the place of better, and *prevent* them, while they infuse moral poison into the young mind of woman, engrossing its attention and excluding the antidote. Verily, *these men are great criminals*, they are the ASSASSINS OF THE SOUL."

Laura sat very uneasily in her chair—and as soon as Edward seemed to have finished his half-soliloquy, of which she heard not a single syllable—she said—

"Will you . . . . I . . . . will you let me have the book?"

"What! do you want to read it again—learn it by heart, perhaps?"

"Oh, no! . . . . to-day is Sunday," was the reply, with a serious reproachful countenance.

"Ha! Ha!" A step was heard on the stair.

"Give it me!" said Laura, with unusual quickness and animation — and as Edward mechanically gave it, she threw it under the sofa.

"Oh! I understand!"

"Don't tell papa!" and she blushed up to the forehead, as she spoke.

"Well, I wont, child! But tell me, then, where did you get it?"

"Ann gave it me."

"What! the servant girl?"

Poor Laura! Nature *will* find a vent. The

* "The Workingman's Wife," commenced in No. 27, and ended in No. 31.
† "The Young Milliner," commenced in No. 32, and ended in No. 36.

human heart *cannot* be turned into a calculating machine with impunity. A young girl cannot be made a tradesman's clerk—and if you debar the mind from innocent amusement and literary recreation, it will indemnify itself somehow. If elegant, refined, and amusing reading is provided for it, it will not turn to the miserable offscourings of a depraved last-class literature, written by mercenary panderers to the low tastes that they themselves create.

"And do you read nothing but this kind of work?"

"I *have* nothing else!"

"Don't you ever see the magazines or papers?"

"Oh, yes! The Church of England Review, and the Dispatch."

"Ha! ha! Then I can easily understand the extent of your literary knowledge. Ha! ha! Poor Laura!"

And poor Laura, in whose eyes the tears had long been gathering, could now no longer conceal them.

Edward perceived it, and was distressed. He had looked upon her as a mere machine, without feeling or intellectual sympathy—he was sorry to have hurt her—though he considered her emotion now as nothing more than a childish vexation. He said, however, in a soothing voice:

"If I lent you books of a different character would you read them? I will give you some."

Laura bowed her head in sign of thanks—she could not trust herself to speak, lest she should reveal her tears.

At this moment her father entered.

"I say, Laura! you'll be too late for church! The bells have long done ringing. What are you thinking about? The girl is waiting for you—go!"

Laura went.

"The deuce, uncle!" said Edward, "I did not think you were so attentive to the welfare of my cousin's soul. You're a religious man, then?"

Mr. Trenton looked around cautiously to see whether Laura was fairly out of hearing—then opening his mouth immensely wide (his mode of giving a delicate satirical smile) he said in a whisper that would have awakened a sleeping bullock:

"I religious?"—these kind of men always think a weakness of faith shews a strongness of mind—mistaking the blasphemy of the priest for the common-sense of religion. "I religious? pah! at my time of life one don't let one's-self be made the dupe of parsons; but there's nothing like moderation in all things. I, myself, haven't opened any account with the church—but for women, and for the people, d'ye see? its absolutely necessary. *It keeps them within bounds.* Besides, it costs me nothing extra, and *I feel more easy.*"

Edward made no reply. There *are* absurdities in the world, before which the mind stands silent as before infinity.

One may imagine the estimation in which Edward held both his uncle and his cousin. He confounded both in the same judgment, and never asked himself, whether merely a want of education was chargeable with the faults he laid to Laura's account, whether her apparent imbecility was not merely the effect of ignorance,—and whether a perfect heaven of intellect and passion might not, after all, be lurking beneath that ungainly and frigid exterior. Perhaps her soul was like some of those dark, encrusted stones, that require but the lapidary's touch to sparkle into diamond.

V.—TRANSITION.

Time passed—Edward ceased to concern himself about Laura. He had made up his mind that she was not worth noticing—and yet he would so well have liked to have found in her a fond, a dear companion! He was at that age in which every woman seems loveable who is still young, and not positively ugly. As it was, he found a charm in hearing himself (with a cousin's familiarity), called "Edward," by that soft, sweet, voice, in feeling the satin-like touch of that light hand—in watching the fair girl, with childish innocence, curl or braid her long blonde ringlets in his presence.

But, ever, some piece of ledger-monotony, some piece of puerility, some display of ignorance and mental apathy, dispelled the illusion, and Edward did not allow the monotony of business to be disturbed by any romance of home or love. He soon grew accustomed to his daily routine and he filled it as machine-like as even Mr. Trenton could desire. The latter had no occasion to blame him,—and he never praised. But, of nights, when Edward retired to his little garret, he indemnified himself. There he had collected the best literature of the day—there he wrote, composed, compiled—there he indulged in dreams of literary fame, and wrote articles which, now and then, he succeeded in getting inserted in some of the magazines and papers, signed with his name. Amid the torrent of celebrated names that deluged the town, he was gratified to find his own appear, from time to time, like those stray drops which ooze slowly through a rock, and, by dint of long trickling, form a stream at last.

He used, indeed, to trench somewhat on his business hours—and he was enabled to do so—for many a weary calculation did Laura save him from, taking it unknown to Edward

from her father, instead of letting it be given to her cousin—and many an account did she balance, for him, performing her task in so delicate a manner, that the young man could not tell he was under any obligation.

Edward was thus in the habit of reading at his desk, when unobserved, and doing the same thing for which he had laughed at Laura on the Sunday morning—hiding the book when he heard Mr. Trenton coming!

The young mn, however, made a discovery about this time, which excited his curiosity, and enlisted his interest. The books and journals which he concealed under his desk regularly disappeared, and were as regularly replaced. He could not suspect his uncle of any such literary indiscretion, and, accordingly, his suspicions fell on his cousin Laura, suspicions which he was soon enabled to convert into certitude. This caused him once more to observe his slighted cousin, and he was not long in perceiving that a very marked change had taken place in her appearance. The customary pallor of her face had increased—her cheeks were slightly but not unpleasantly, hollowed, her eyes had grown more ardent, and were encircled with a tinge of brown. Her manner was as quiet as before, but Edward thought he could perceive at times a dreamy absence in it, hitherto a stranger to her methodical nature. He was about to fathom the cause of the change, when Laura fell ill. She kept her room for several days; and she left for a sort of half-country farm, half cit's-box, belonging to her father, some miles out of town—the physician having decided that a change of air was absolutely requisite for her health.

All this had taken place in the house, with the regularity of a machine. Two hours after the doctor had recommended change of air, Laura was on her way to the farm, and was replaced by a clerk, who ensconced himself at her desk as much at home as if he had been born and bred in it. Edward never heard of the arrangement till he happened on the following morning, at breakfast, to inquire after his cousin.

He felt an involuntary pang of regret at her departure, and not having seen her before she left—and then, ceased to think upon the matter.

VI.—A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

On a brilliant August morning a one-horse chaise, containing Mr. Trenton and his nephew, was seen proceeding on the road to Enfield.

Edward seemed wearied and thoughtful. The grocer, on the contrary, was all vitality. His eyes incessantly flitted from side to side of the road—he kept making remarks on the crops, the price of corn, the improvements of the soil (grocers are generally fond of being thought good farmers,) — to which remarks Edward replied with the most provoking monosyllables.

At last the chaise stopped before a humble-looking gate.

"Open the gate, Edward," said Mr. Trenton, "take the 'chay' down the great avenue —I will go round and look at the garden, on the way."

Edward did as he was desired.

As he approached a grove of chestnuts at the end of the avenue, he beheld in the distance a young girl, in the most graceful attitude, like an angel floating on mid-air. On drawing nearer, he saw that she was seated on a swing suspended between two trees—her left arm passed upward round the cord, her head reclining on it. One of her feet was slightly drawn towards her, the other hung down listlessly, just touching the flowers beneath. A slight movement given to the trees by the wind, swayed her gently to and fro. She was sleeping—and her long blonde hair, half-undone, lay waving on her shoulders. In her right hand she still held her straw hat, filled with wild flowers—and a few leaves, prematurely autumnal, had been cast by the breeze upon her white dress, and lay there trembling, about to fall.

The young man paused, ravished at the beautiful sight! But the sound of the carriage woke the sleeper, she raised her head, waved back her flowing ringlets with a childish grace,—and then started in surprise at seeing Edward—it was Laura Trenton.

Edward approached her with an astonishment he did not even seek to conceal. It was something new to him to see his cousin in such slight and elegant attire. He had hitherto beheld her only in her antiquated, clerk-like, dress—gone were the green oversleeves and the inky half-gloves—he now found her in a pure white robe, disclosing the fair shoulders from which the scarf had fallen in her sleep—while the most delicate bloom glowed upon her cheek —and the Beautiful first imprinted the seal of its glory on a face that nature made for love and intellect, but that man had marred into apathy and coldness.

"Laura — dear Laura! I have startled you! I have woke you!"

"Yes . . . . I was tired running about in the sun—I sat down here—and I believe I fell asleep."

"But you are better now, are you not?" said Edward, drawing still nearer to her. "At least you look beautiful!"

There was affection in his tone—he extended his hands. Laura placed her's in his. He pressed it to his heart; and for the first

time he noticed the delicate beauty of the little hand he clasped.

"Has not papa come with you?" asked Laura, feeling embarrassed under Edward's scrutiny, and anxious to divert the conversation.

"He has gone round by the garden."

"Then let us join him."

Laura moved on. Edward surrendered the carriage to a servant, and followed.

When they reached the house, they found Mr. Trenton busily discussing, with a farmer, the value of the crops. However, he interrupted himself for a moment to ask Laura if she was better,—then he resumed. Laura went to prepare luncheon. Edward took a gun, and walked into the fields.

All met again at table. Mr. Trenton had been joined by his partner, Ellman. Laura was again enveloped in a huge, hideous shawl, because her father was afraid she would catch cold. The two tradesmen talked of business. Laura and Edward remained silent. After dinner, a continuous, dry, business conversation engrossed the two principals of the firm. Edward rose and fled! Without, lay paradise—the wild, rich perfume of summer floating from the corn-fields, the birds re-carolling to the declining sun, like innocence chanting hymns to dying glory,—the chestnut avenue leading onward to the fields, with ever and anon a leaf or flower borne to the wanderer's feet, as though nature were smoothing the pathway of mankind,—and beyond, the distant woods, the white-walled hamlets, with their red-tiled roofs, and grey, sunburnished steeples, —while through it all were heard the blithe sharpening of the harvest-scythe, the many sounds of rural life—all music.

Edward roved down the woods and lanes, drinking inspiration from that fount of beauty. A soft melancholy seized him—not that the beautiful is saddening—far from it, but that it is sad to meet the beautiful, when knowing you can keep it only for a moment! And through that paradise and image rose before his mind—no reality, but the reflection of a want—a hope—a desire—the image of some sweet, loved, and loving girl.

In this mood he had returned, half unconsciously, towards the house. By this time the sun had sunk very low, and blazed in vermilion on the old trunks of the chestnut avenue, and you might feel the rising dew upon the air—that soft, delicious, fragrant freshness that no pen or language can describe. He passed the dining-room windows —there might still be heard the two tradesmen vehemently discussing funds, and stocks, and exchange.

Edward flitted by, fearful to be seen and called in, and entering the house by another way, turned into a room, the door of which stood open. It was his cousin's sitting-room! There was her unfinished work, there were traces of her domestic life, like a mental chart unfolded to his view. There lay the favorite book he had given her—and see! the lines were scored under. Does he see aright? They are the same that *he* admired. Her little lilac glove marked a page —he had written on that page. He let his imagination riot in suggestive thought, attuned to romance and love by the scene and hour. It was, at least, a pleasing and innocent illusion, to believe that he had found the being he had been picturing in his evening ramble. Let any one ask himself, is there not a period in the life of all, in which even an evidence of the recent presence of beautiful girlhood, creates a thrill in the impressible heart of youth? A glove dropped by hazard a flower left behind, a note of music heard from a silvery voice—are they not enchantments then?

Edward threw himself into the chair Laura had occupied so recently—through the open window by which it stood, might be seen the exquisite valley through which he had been wandering—his eyes rested on it in a voluptuous dream—at that moment a sweet voice fell on his ear—it approached, singing an old romantic ditty—the vocalist came in sight—it was Laura—(Edward had never before heard her sing)—every motion was undulating grace—she advanced, playfully and unconstrained—she knew not any one was watching her—now sporting with the hovering butterflies, now stooping to gather the flowers along the lawn—anon, the farmer's dog came to meet her joyous recognition,—she took his huge head between her delicate hands, and with childish glee and grace played, now teazing, now caressing, with the huge but gentle hound.

Edward was enchanted—one moment sometimes serves to dispel the prejudices of a life, he seemed at once to appreciate and understand the much-wronged Laura—he must atone for his past slights, he must ask forgiveness for his injustice—he called to her in an under tone: one moment wrought the change—at his voice, Laura resumed the customary ungainly dignity of attitude and manner—the sprightly light fled—the young girl vanished —the clerk returned.

Edward paused—

"Laura!" cried Mr. Trenton from the dining-room window—"What were the Eastern Counties Extension quoted from last week?"

"The 5 per cent. ⅝ to ¾ par—the new 6 per cent. stock, 10⅞ to 11⅛ nominal prices—business done at same."

The worthy shopkeeper then asked for the quotations of sugars and teas, and received equally correct replies.

"Good!"—said Mr. Trenton, and his head vanished within the window.

"Heaven forgive me!" thought Edward; "she was thinking of railway shares, and groceries, while walking up that glorious avenue!"

The glad, brisk, business-like tone in which Laura had answered her father, at once dashed his illusion to the ground. He had thought to see his ideal love—he found his cousin the book-keeper!

When Laura entered, he received her with a satirical and mocking conversation. He indulged in ironical repartee, a game at which Laura soon got the worst, but from which she could not escape. She bowed, with tears in her eyes, before the, to her, inexplicable cruelty.—The arrival of her father put an end to the moral martyrdom.

The day passed—the explication was missed—the opportunity for an understanding was lost—and an event now occurred, which changed the whole tenor of the lives of all.

MR. FLEMING, THE "STAR," AND FALSEHOOD.

London, Friday night, 16th January, 1852, 11½ p.m.

I stop the Press to answer the falsehoods, and expose the treachery contained in the Edition of the "Northern Star" just published.

I.—Mr. Fleming says, under the head "Correspondents," "The statements referred to are totally without foundation, and are merely dictated by a feeling of revenge, because the writer made an application to be associated with the present proprietors of the 'Star,' which was rejected. The Chartist body and the public generally, will know from this insight into the motives by which Mr. Ernest Jones is actuated, what to think of future attacks from the same source."

Answer: This is false. A short time back, I went on a Thursday to the "Star" office, about my advertisement of the "Notes." Mr. MacGowan said: "Oh! we want to see you—we have got the 'Star' from O'Connor for *one hundred pounds* * [!!!!] and we want to speak with you. Will you call on Monday?" I called—and the offer was made me of joining in the "Star." I refused—except on these conditions:—that the policy of the paper should be *Chartist* instead of "*Financial*," that, as Editor, I should be allowed to associate one other gentleman with myself, on equal terms, and that Mr. O'Connor should receive enough out of the net profits of his old paper to support him.

They laughed at me—and the negociation was broken off.

II.—Mr. Fleming says in his leading article: "Our accuser knows that this charge is a false one, but with the fatal propensity to deal in mendacious, reckless, and unprincipled imputations, he does not hesitate to print it, because it serves a sordid and selfish personal object."

The truth of the charge (trying to destroy the Chartist movement,) is contained in the very "Star" that has this scurrilous diatribe. See the *Editorial Letter*: "I propose the abandonment of the terms *Chartism* and *Chartists*." "*Away with the name of Chartist, it is offensive to both sight and taste.* Let us build up a people's party, and *force the Middle-classes* to join it," [or *it* to join the Middle-classes.] He proposes a "National Suffrage Association," for "Manhood Suffrage" and the "Ballot," *excluding those* "receiving pauper-pay!"—and dropping all the other four points of the Charter. Who is now self-convicted?

But how is the party to be formed? Two delegations are to meet at the same time—one in London, and one in Manchester—a cunning scheme to divide our remaining strength, set London and Manchester by the ears, and let Cobden, Bright, and Co. walk over our heads. No! no! We'll *never* abandon the terms Chartism and Chartists! We'll never let mercenary *knaves* make *fools* of us, and strangle us with our own means.

III.—"Of what value to the middle-class movement would a body be which even its *self-elected dictator* is *ashamed* of, and has thrown overboard and *abandoned?*"—*Mr. Fleming's Leader.*

"They (Mr. Harney and Mr. Jones) must be of opinion that its official existence has come to an end, and as they *abandon* it, they must be *willing* that this should happen.—*Messrs. Holyoake's and Arnott's Executive Address.*

* Report says £50. What say you to getting the "Star" from Mr. O'Connor for £100, while Mr. O'Connor's health was such as has been stated in the "Star" itself!

"Considerable blame was attached to those who resigned, more especially to Mr. Ernest Jones."—*Mr. John Shaw, Ship, Public-house Locality, Whitechapel.*

Instead of striving to be dictator, I resign, though highest on the list. I am not "ashamed" of the *movement*, but of the Executive. I have not *abandoned* it, but will stand by its flag to the last shred,—and prevent traitors dragging it through the mire of your pothouses to the feet of our enemies.

I have not abandoned it—I am not "*willing*" that it should fall, but I unmask your pitiful tricks, and call for a *convention, one united meeting*, (not separated powers as you propose,) to prevent dictatorships, and to save it from treachery and dissolution. Does that look like trying to be dictator, or wishing it to fall? But *you do*, Mr. Fleming and your colleagues, and therefore you try to neutralise my voice, and create prejudice against me.

Do you blame me for resigning? Your own words from your editorial letter shall justify me: "The people's cause has fallen into the hands of Messrs. Arnott, Bezer, Grassby, Shaw, and Holyoake. I ask any reasonable man if these *are the persons who should be entrusted with the conduct of so important a movement?* I confess *I am ashamed of the fact, that so little discretion has been exercised*, for better names might have been chosen, even out of a list of thirty, that contained *names truly lamentable to read.* * * * But one remedy can be proposed,—*the resignation of the Executive.*" Well, there is the justification of my resignation, out of the lips of our own enemies! I resigned, because the Executive was DISGRACEFUL to the movement; because, as a man of character, no one could associate with one or two of its members; and as a politician I should be helping to delude and destroy the movement by propping up the imbecility and folly of such a leadership.

IV.—"If Mr. Ernest Jones and Mr. Harney will show that it would be *honorable* in us, severally, to resign, as they have done, *and leave the debts unpaid*, it will relieve us much to follow the example." I did *not* resign till I found that honor and duty forced me to protest, by withdrawal, against disreputable leadership. And Mr. Holyoake, at least, must know enough of law, to be aware *that by resigning I do not extricate myself from any liability*, but that for any debt for which my having been on the executive might or might not render me liable, for that I am as liable now as I could be then. So much for the pitiful accusation of shirking the debt! You know better than that, Mr. Holyoake, even if your colleague, in drawing up the address, Arnott, was so ignorant.

V.—"Such charges and falsehoods, may, perhaps, for a short time, delude those who unfortunately place reliance on the veracity of the person who makes them, or help to sustain, a week or two longer, a periodical already at death's door, and to prolong whose feeble existence, mendicant appeal is made."—Mr. Fleming's Leader.

I beg to inform Mr. Fleming that the circulation of the "Notes" is, I believe, *larger* than that of the "Star;" that instead of being at "death's door" the "Notes" is rising,—that last week's receipts were only 2s. short of the expenditure, whereas Mr. MacGowan told me that the "Star" was a heavy loss every week—and that the "mendicant appeal" was made, and IS CONTINUED, not to save it from dying, but to enable it more effectually to counteract the poison he is instilling, since I am trying to save the movement from the treachery of the rich and their hired tools, *not being one of those who are backed with rich men against loss, while they are trying to divide, betray, and paralyze the movement.*

As to "sordid motives," whose are sordid, those who wrest the "Star" for £100 from a weakened master, while his mental illness renders him incapable of business, and then turn that paper against the party that has fed and clothed them?

Whose are sordid—Mr. Fleming's, who writes in the "Star," and "Morning Advertiser," at the same time. Two bitter enemies—democracy and anti-democracy, served and written for simultaneously, by the same pen?—or mine, who, when no one else is in the field, offers you a people's paper, by the only means feasible for starting it,—who offers to retire, if you prefer to entrust another,—who offers to associate with himself, *on equal terms*, any other man you may elect,—and who, taking upon himself the debt, risk, and responsibility for life, offers you 50 per cent., one clear half of the net profits, for the furtherance of the Charter, that undying cause that we will NOT "abandon"—that we will NOT surrender, and that we will not allow knaves and recreants to betray.

There, in that proposition are the means for paying the debts of the Executive—*there* are the means for constant agitation, a steady source, that will save Chartism from the continuous tax and drain upon its pocket, and *there*, let me fondly hope, are the means of help for Mr. O'Connor, since his own paper has been wrested from him by his servants, the old public servant in his failing health, shall receive solace and succour from the paper of a friend.

ERNEST JONES.

A People's Paper.

BROTHER DEMOCRATS!—Last week I gave, under the above title, the legal grounds why it is impossible to start a newspaper as the people's property, managed by a Chartist Executive, or by elected editors. I showed that the paper *must* be the property of a few individuals, at the best. I may add that, even if an understanding were come to, that the Chartists should elect the editors, the compliance of the proprietors *could not be legally secured*—so that no possible means can be devised by which the Chartists could be sure of electing an editor for it.

I further showed that the control of the shareholders over the editorial department of the paper, would be as dangerous to democracy, as it is, in fact, impracticable under the present system.

Meanwhile, the necessity for a democratic paper being imperative, it being further desirable that it should be placed on as democratic a basis as possible, no one being in the field for the purpose of starting such a paper, nay, what little intention of the kind there was on the part of others, being abandoned, I last week proposed, and now renew the proposition, of establishing a paper with as near an approximation to popular control and guidance as is attainable by any existing means. Since it is impossible for the paper to be started by the Chartist body, yet, in order that the Chartist body derive a national benefit from it, I offer to devote half the net profits to the Chartist fund.

Since it is impossible, with any guarantee of security, to put the paper under the editorial supervision of the Chartist party, I offer that which will effectually secure such supervision, the election of an editor coequal with myself.

The chief clauses of the programme are, therefore, as follows:

1st,—That the Chartist Localities should meet, and raise or subscribe what funds they can for the purpose of starting THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

2nd,—That they should agree to make that paper the official organ of the Chartist Movement.

3rd,—That individuals favorable to the democratic cause, should advance money on loan, on my own personal security, and on the security of the paper, to bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, from the issue of the first number of the paper, until repayment of the sum advanced.

I, on the other part would undertake

1st,—Within six weeks from the time at which the subscriptions or loans shall have realised £500, to start a weekly Democratic Newspaper, cheap in price, and comprehensive in matter—and to make that newspaper, as far as I was concerned, the organ of the Chartist Movement.

2nd,—Even though the money should be subscribed or advanced, to drop the project, should the Chartist body prefer entrusting another with the control of the paper.

3rd,—To associate with myself, as joint editor, on equal terms, any ONE man, whom the Chartist body by full and fair meetings in their localities, may elect for that purpose.

4th,—As soon as the net profits shall realise more than £100 per annum, to pay, every week, 50 per cent. ONE CLEAR HALF, of the net profits beyond such £100, to the treasurer, for the time being, of the National Charter Association, for the purposes of the National Charter Fund.

5th,—That there may be no possibility of deception in this matter, a scale shall be made out of all the expenditure of the paper, embracing the contingencies of both decrease or increase of circulation.

6th,—Should the paper not be started, the money advanced as subscription and loan, shall be returned to the subscribers and lenders, short of a proportionate reduction for expenses—for which expenditure, and its items, attested vouchers shall be published.

7th,—No expenditure shall, however, be incurred, without a reasonable prospect of the paperbeing started*.

* All this is irrespective of the subscription of twenty pounds for which I call, for the purpose of announcing the project, and obtaining support.—E. J.]

As soon as I am enabled, by a subscription, to print and circulate a detailed prospectus, I will explain the legal security for the money, the mode by which it is to be transmitted, the price and details of the paper, and all other particulars connected with the undertaking.

The first thing which I solicit is the voice of all the Chartist localities on the matter—in answer to the following questions:

1st,—Will they make it their organ, on the terms above specified?

2nd,—Will they raise subscriptions to start it?

3rd,—Can they obtain any promises of loans?

4th,—What circulation can they ensure in their localities?

I need not observe that there is no time to be lost, in answering the last four questions—because, if the movement is to live and rise, there is no time to be lost in creating for it a paper.

I also urge upon the Chartist Localities to send their resolutions on the subject, to the "Notes" for insertion—since there can be no certainty of their being inserted if sent to the "democratic" papers, and it is absolutely requisite that I should form a correct estimate of the probable support.

Chartists! now is the time for an effort.

I ask you, if ever before a proposition was made to the people for the starting of a paper on a more democratic basis, or on one more beneficial to a democratic cause.

Its success opens a lasting fund for the movement—in its conduct, the people will have an elected editor—and by its establishment British democracy will once more have an organ.

Rally then, friends and democrats, to achieve that, which will then for the first time have flourished in the world in truth, a

PEOPLE'S PAPER.

ERNEST JONES.

Again I urge on you the necessity for IMMEDIATE action.—E. J.

THE RALLY OF THE MOVEMENT, ITS RESCUE, AND ITS PROGRESS.

"Ten to one against the Charter," is the cry, and the practice too, of the political gamblers who are playing with our movement. "Ten to one against the Charter," is the practice of the "Northern Star," in which Mr. Fleming devotes ten columns to Co-operation and Trades' unions, and but one to the Chartist movement! Nay, except a leader and a letter calling for the extinction of Chartism, out of forty columns the "Chartist organ" can devote but ONE to the Chartist cause!

"*Abandon the terms of Chartism and Chartist!*"—"*away with the name of Chartist; it is offensive to both sight and taste!*"—"Go for '*address*-suffrage' and the Ballot. Sink four points of the Charter! Fall at the feet of Hume! Kiss the shoe of Walmsley! Crawl at the knees of Cobden, (the Pope of peace and cotton!) Confess at once six millions of working-men are powerless before one million bishops, peers, and shop-keepers! Throw away fifteen years of agitation. Give up, old guards,—give up the vain idea that you have been of any use to the world, or that your sufferings shall achieve the least result. Give up, you brave young soldiers of Democracy!—give up your faith in right, and truth, and justice! Give up your trust in yourselves. Call the French working-man a liar, when he said, "Nothing is impossible to him who wills!" (Oh! invincible maxim, when those who will are millions, as they may be here, you working-men of England!) Confess to the world, at once, labor gives up the ghost,—the toiler is a mere plaything in the master's hand,—enthrone capital at once and for ever upon your prostrate bodies.—Die, rights of labor! Perish, hopes of man; for the editor of a traitor-paper orders you to do so!

And alas! do you hear the whisper running down the ranks—"Chartism is no more!—the Charter is dead! Furl the old flags! wrap them round the corpse, and bear it away from the field—out of sight with it in silence! See! the rustling, rattling, glittering lines of capital are advancing on the other side. Away! away! Chartism is dead! Who speak this? Some of our own friends—some of our best men. How the dark hour blinds even the honest!

CHARTISM STILL LIVES!!

AND THE DEVIL HIMSELF SHAN'T KILL IT!

I don't care whether we are many, or few. We don't calculate *numbers*, but *principles*. If the principles are right the numbers will be sure to follow, sooner or later.

But we have the numbers, too. Chartism is wider spread, and more popular than ever. It merely wants the gathering up, and binding together.

How do this ?

A Convention can alone effect this. Under its present Executive the Chartist movement must, indeed, die. The present Executive must be superseded. It can be superseded only by a superior authority. That authority, in its most practical shape, is a Convention.

I would, therefore, propose that all the Chartist localities should meet, and decide on the question whether they will hold a Convention in the first week of March ensuing. I would suggest that the Convention should meet at Manchester, partly because Manchester is the most central point for England and Scotland together,—partly because the Manchester Chartists have a Hall in which they would, doubtless, allow the Convention to meet, and thus a large amount of expense would be avoided. A man may reach Manchester from most parts of England and Scotland for a pound. I do not suppose the Convention would require to sit even as long as a week, but, take it at six days, and at 6s. the day per man, the expense for each delegate, including going, returning, and attendance, would be £3 16s., in the most expensive cases, namely, when the delegate came from the longest distance. Whereas, from Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midland, the expense would be far less. This sum divided among several localities would amount to only a few shillings for each ; and in most cases, several contigious localities, forming into a district, would unite in sending a delegate. A slight surplus, and but a very slight one, would be needed to cover all contingent expenses, as for printing, that might occur.

The funds requisite might be raised very easily. Let a series of local meetings be called for the purpose. Let the subject be brought before them, explained to them, urged on them, a subscription solicited, and I have very little doubt of a successful result. Where one large meeting cannot be afforded, a succession of smaller ones, at least, is practicable. In addition, the local council might appoint a sub-committee to call on all those favourable to democracy for their subscription ; and seeing that in most cases several localities would join in sending a delegate, —seeing that in few cases the joint expense would be more than £3, not more than 10s. or 12s., would be required from a small locality—not more than £1 from a large one, if joined with others. And, surely, places like Edinburgh, Bristol, London, Glasgow, and the great metropolitan boroughs, could raise a sum of less than £4 each ! The importance of a Convention at the present time cannot be over-estimated. Besides the necessity in relation to the Executive, there is a growing tendeney towards isolation in the movement. The supplanting the National Associationby local associations would be fatal.

Brother Chartists ! I warn you against this danger !

With isolated, and probably antagonistic action we should have to face the continually concentrating powers of the monied and aristocratic classes.

Our enemies well know what an advantage they would then derive.

Therefore, with their eternal Jesuit-like tact, they first try to get the re-organisation of the movement out of the people's hands ; and then the "Star" proposes, (as analysed in the "Notes" last week), that two conferences should sit, at the same time, one in Manchester and one in London. At each they would have their paid traitors,—they would take very good care to move, in concert, antagonistic resolutions ; and the first result would be, instead of union, a split into two associations.

This very game, Mr. Fleming tried in the "Star" some months back, when, on occasion of the Manchester Conference-question, he openly, in barefaced words, in his leader, *recommended the division of the movement into two parts.* Do you mark the drift ?

Beaten in that effort the "Star" now comes forward with a more artful and insidious proposition—"Sink the Charter ; organise a people's party ; force the middle classes to join you !" (We all understand what that means !) Hold two Conferences—squabble —split—and die !

I warned you some time since against the the attempt to form a new Association.* One-half of the prophesy has been realised by the "Star."

The realisation of the other half, will, perhaps be attempted. *Personal ambition will cause a man to step forward and say*— "Chartism is dead. I issue you the programme of a new association. Come and rally round it."

The programme will, perhaps, be *very democratic. Have nothing to do with it.* The Charter is the material of power, and with the leverage of mind we can place it on the basis of authority. Again *I warn you beforehand against this attempt.*

Such being the necessity for a National Convention I further conceive that the following should be the two principal subjects for its consideration.

1. The election of a suitable Executive,

* See the third "Monthly Circular" of the Executive.

and the conditions under which it is to serve. Under the circumstances, though averse to the election of the Executive by a Convention, it appears to me that the election by those means would best meet our present emergency.

2. The conduct of the movement in reference to other parties of political reformers.

These would seem to be the principal subjects for consideration in the localities, and for instruction to the delegates. The minor details, or organisation and rules, would really appear to be not worth wasting time about. *The fault has not been in the* RULES, *but in the* RULERS.

Permit me, in conclusion, to say a word or two on a matter slightly personal, though personal only in so far as regards the public service.

I am accused of attempting "dictatorship" —of "aspiring to the vacant throne of Mr. O'Connor," and of "laying down the law in a dictatorial manner."

For heaven's sake! let us put an end to these rivalries and jealousies!

Allow a man to do what little good he can to the cause, without trying to neutralise his efficiency!

If we all remain silent the cause will be weakened; and as soon as one opens one's mouth one is accused of "dictatorship," and "laying down the law."

That has always been the way. As soon as a man worked in the cause he has been abused for it by those for whom he worked.

One of the great evils among Chartists has been, that they would not allow a man to serve them when he tried. As soon as a man gets a little influence wherewith he can do a little good, so soon they try to destroy that influence. If I have any influence, and that influence is based on expounding the truth, *the wider that influence spreads the better.* If a man is found using that influence to paralyse the movement, and pervert the truth, then attack him—then crush him as fast as you can, and God speed you! Keep a strict watch on his advice; but for God's sake don't grudge him any little influence he may possess—bought, too, at the price of poverty, misery, illness, contumely, and prison-tortures as long as he uses it ARIGHT! IT IS NOT THE INFLUENCE OF THE MAN BUT OF THE PRINCIPLE!

As to "dictatorship" why don't you accuse Cobden, Bright, or Walmsley, the rich men, of dictatorship; but why must all the odium fall on the heads of the poor, and the poor man's advocates.

As to laying down the law I suppose you will allow a man to express his opinions—perhaps I do so bluntly. I don't deal in "I humbly suggest," "I would most deferentially observe," "I beg most respectfully to insinuate,"—humbug and balderdash! I say what I think. The plainer I say it the better; and in as plain and honest a manner the people, to whom I speak, will judge.

I have been led into this digression not from any personal feeling, but, since our enemies cannot answer my arguments, they try to do away with their effect, by creating odium against myself.

ERNEST JONES.

All friends of democracy are requested to give publicity to the above recommendations in their localities. To endeavour to procure the calling of local meetings forthwith. Not to trust to the chance that the articles may be seen by the councils and secretaries of localities; but to ensure their personal knowledge of them, and to further the objects advanced, or at least, their public consideration and discussion.

E. J.

Lessons from History.

III.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 39, p. 758.)

After the death of Agis, amid the utter prostration of the people, Leonidas reigned in undisturbed possession of power. The rich, by whom he had risen, must have bowed before a tyrant, who sat surrounded by a band of foreign mercenaries. The poor appear to have lost all heart, if not all hope. And what could they do at the moment, themselves comparatively disarmed, and overshadowed by a drilled and disciplined force, not so inferior in numbers, but that the superiority of arms, tactics, and order, more than equalised the difference?

The state of Sparta then, bears some resemto that of France under Louis Napoleon. A people surprised in their own confiding folly—disarmed by a sudden stroke, and then, despite

numerical strength, made, for the time being, actually inferior in physical force. Under such circumstances what has a people to do? Nothing, but to bide its time. To wait for an opportunity. Sooner or later, that opportunity is sure to come. Time weakens tyrants, and undermines institutions, passions, jealousies, ambitions, interests, dissevers the strong centralised machinery that battens down a people, —wars, defeats, even victories, wreck, sap, and demoralise an army—the adamantine colossus turns into a phantom, some accident stirs the people at its base, and nations wonder to see the sudden, to them inexplicable, fall of that great power that seemed to them as firm and formidable as before.

But in Sparta, a far different cause was destined to operate the change. Leonidas, the king, was growing old and weak, the rich oligarchy were daily rising more supreme and uncontrolled, the people seemed daily to become more reconciled to servitude and want.

We will now trace back to the cause from which such wonderful effects were soon to spring—undoubtedly the most romantic source from which great national and social changes ever flowed.

After the murder of Agis, Leonidas designed the same fate for Archidamus, the brother of the royal victim, but he saved himself by flight. Agiatis, the young prince's wife, was, however, found in his house—unable to escape, owing to having recently given birth to a child.

Agiatis was torn from her home by the tyrant, and forcibly married to his own son, Cleomenes, then still under age. Leonidas was especially tempted by her riches, as she was daughter to Gylippus, one of the wealthiest men in Sparta, and heiress to his great estate. True to her proscribed and fugitive husband, she interposed all the resistance it was possible for woman to make; but her father must have succumbed to fear of the tyrant, or the self-interest of an alliance with the victorious usurper—she had no one to take her part or defend her—and helpless, hopeless, and wretched, she was dragged from the home of her husband to the altar of his conqueror.

Cleomenes, a mere boy, had neither the courage nor the heart to resist—for Agiatis "in beauty, as well as happiness of temper and conduct, was superior to all the women of Greece." Devotedly in love, the young prince, resplendent in the best gifts of mind and body, insensibly gained the affection of his wife, and a mutual fervid passion came to bless their strange, yet happy union.

The conversation of the royal pair often turned upon the then recent troubles in Sparta, and Cleomenes listened with sympathy to the history of the unfortunate Agis, told by her lovely lips. By degrees, he passed from the fate of the victim to the causes for which he suffered,— and, under such a teacher, by degrees too, he came to love the cause. The widow-wife turned the tyrant's son into a democrat—and Cleomenes resolved on carrying the resolves of Agis into practice. His intention he kept concealed, everything maintained its wonted course—no one, from the aspect of the times, could dream of an approaching change —"ease and pleasure were the great objects with the people; the king paid but little regard to public concerns, and, if nobody gave him any disturbance, chose to spend his time in the enjoyments of affluence and luxury; individuals, entirely actuated by self-interest, paid no attention to the business of the state, any further than they could turn it to their own emolument, and, what rendered the prospect still more melancholy, it appeared dangerous to make any mention of training the youth to strong exercises, and strict temperance, since the proposing of these things cost Agis his life—as the rich had an eye only to private profit and pleasure, and utterly neglected the public interest. The *common* people, *on account of the meanness of their circumstances, had no spirit for war, or ambition to instruct their children* *," and, as Leonidas grew aged and indolent, the monarch "had only the name of king, while the power was in the hands of the *ephori*." Yet, while the institutions seemed so stable, while not a breeze was blowing across the masses of the people, sufficient to stir a feather in its course—a coming revolution was cradled in the breast of one man!

Leonidas died, and Cleomenes, in the pride of youth and intellect, ascended the powerless throne—in the belief of the rich, a mere phantom-king, to be moulded to their pleasure.

But Cleomenes was more than equal to the difficulties that beset him. Unlike his predecessor Agis, whose mild, amiable character, (though not devoid of firmness and the most exalted valour,) sought to walk in the paths of law and peace, spared his enemies and temporised with their enmity,—Cleomenes was a fiery, impetuous and determined character—who, having decided on a course of action which he thought the best, strove to carry it out, let what would stand in the way. He was not over-scrupulous as to using force, where force could not be avoided—and he may have reasoned, *that those who keep a people down by force, by force may be removed.* And, gazing as he did, on a servile, enslaved and corrupted populace, averse (as slaves too often are) to their own liberty at least, to the means

* Again the same truth: poverty demoralises. What emaciates the body destroys the courage.

of gaining it, when offered,—"he," in the words of Plutarch, "thought it not inglorious to subdue their reluctance, and bring them, against their inclination, into what was good and salutary."

We shall find, however, that despite his impetuous character, Cleomenes never let himself be led away by rash folly—or blind precipitancy.

After mounting the throne, he, like Agis, tried if it were possible to persuade friends to join his scheme—being desirous to operate the change by peaceful means if possible, but not disposed to let peace and injustice go hand-in-hand. He began with his dearest friend Xenares, inquiring from him about Agis, his principles, and his proceedings. He then began to canvass those principles, and to vindicate those acts—but scarcely had he done so, ere Xenares was so much offended that he abandoned the society of Cleomenes, and it was only in consideration of their former friendship, that he forbore publishing to the world what he thought the folly or criminality of his king.

Cleomenes saw plainly that prejudice had strengthened, and how the rich were on their guard, since the attempt of Agis. Between the hostility of the rich and the apathy of the poor, he knew that any ordinary effort must fail. Therefore, "in the persuasion that he could more easily effect his intended change in time of war than in peace, he embroiled his country with the Achæans, who had, indeed, given sufficient cause of complaint."

Aratus had formed the great Achæan league, which was to reduce all Peloponnesus * to one body, for the purpose of resisting the great Macedonian power, continually pressing on it from the north. "He had succeeded with most of the states of the Peninsula; the Lacedæmonians and Eleans, and such of the Arcadians as were in the Lacedæmonian interest, alone stood out. Upon the death of Leonidas, he commenced hostilities against the Arcadians, particularly those who bordered on the Achæans; by this means designing to try how the Lacedæmonians stood inclined. As for Cleomenes, he despised him as a young man without experience."

Thus a wanton outrage had been committed against the unoffending allies of Sparta—the honor of the latter was affected, and no more welcome, as well as just, occasion for a war could have been afforded to Cleomenes: the more so, since in Aratus, the aristocratic and mercantile element may be considered as embodied—in Cleomenes we behold one of the last struggles of democracy in decaying Greece.

* The "Peloponnesus," a peninsula named from Pelops, was the country since called *Morea*, forming the greater part of modern Greece.

It is remarkable to observe, how averse the *ephori*, the leaders of the rich men's party, were to war. Even as the rich are now. The fat dogs are glad to bask in the quiet sunshine at any price, save that of growing lean. Assure them their riches, what care they about slavery, abjectness, humiliation, or disgrace? So in France. So in England. The rich are the preachers of peace—because by war they have all to lose and little to gain—because when the sword is drawn, who knows against whom it may be turned?

Cleomenes, however, carried his point thus far, as to receive permission from the ephori to take the temple of Minerva near Belbina. He secured and fortified it. Aratus, by way of reprisal, marched by night against Tegea and Orchomenus, which traitors were to betray to him. But the conspirators turned craven in the last moment—the gates remained closed, and Aratus was obliged to march back again, as he thought, undiscovered. But he had the mortification to receive a letter from Cleomenes, asking him jocosely, "Whither he had been marching the night before?"

Aratus replied: "To prevent the Spartans seizing Belbina," thinking to mask his own failure. "Cleomenes humorously answered, 'I am satisfied with the account of your march; but should be glad to know where those torches and ladders were marching.'" Aratus had, of course, no need of the latter to fight the Spartans in the field. The old general could not help laughing, and asked a Spartan exile "What sort of man this Cleomenes was?" "If you design to do anything against the Spartans," was the answer, "you must do it quickly, before the spurs of this cockrel be grown."

The young prince now maintained the field, with a few horse and three hundred foot, but the *ephori*, "*apprehensive of a war*," called him home.

Cleomenes was obliged to obey—for the king was a mere cypher, all the power laying in the hands of the rich. But the ball had been set rolling—the storm had been stirred—it was not in the power of the drowsy magnates of Sparta to pour oil upon the rising waters. The very measure they designed to prevent a war, gave courage to the enemy to force one on. Aratus, construing the Spartan retreat into a confession of weakness, pushed his army on, took Caphya, and threatened the independence of the commonwealth. Against their will the ephori were obliged to send Cleomenes once more into the field. He soon signalised himself by the capture of Methydrium, and ravaged the territories of Argos. Cleomenes had but 5000 men. Aratus sent Aristomachus, with 20,000 foot and 1000 horse, against him. The Spartan prince, who was

re-kindling courage in his countrymen, reminded them: "that the Lacedæmonians seldom inquired the number of their enemies, but merely the place where they could be found" marched his army onward, and offered battle at Palantium.

The astonished Aratus ordered his general to retreat! and turned his arms against a less courageous foe, the Eleans. But Cleomenes followed, came up with the Achæans at Lycæum, and put them entirely to the rout, killing and capturing great numbers in the battle.

Aratus himself was reported slain. The wily old general profited by the rumour, collected his scattered forces, fell unawares on the great city of Mantinea, took it, and by that means secured the semblance and the profits of victory on his side.

By this time, the power and popularity of Cleomenes had risen. He had created an army, and, as usually happens with a gallant general, the army were attached to their leader. The rich trembled, and making the loss of Mantinea an excuse, recalled the young prince, and put an end to the war. They little dreamed of the vast designs that slumbered in the breast of Cleomenes, but they felt an instinctive fear of his growing popularity and power.

Cleomenes, therefore, thought he could somewhat counteract their authority, and rouse the people by the reminiscences of their former struggle, if he called one of the exiles of that struggle home. Accordingly, he sent envoys to Messene, to offer a share in the crown to Archidamus—Archidamus, whose wife he had forcibly divorced and married!

"The party that had put Agis to death, perceiving this, and dreading vengeance from Archidamus, if he should be established on the throne, took this method to prevent it. They joined in inviting him to come privately to Sparta; but *they assassinated him* immediately after."

Distrust was now sown between Cleomenes and the rich. But Cleomenes had not openly shown any democratic tendencies. His recal of Archidamus might have been, as far as the rich knew, only an effort to strengthen he authority of the king, not to achieve the liberties of the people. But, well aware that the struggle must soon break forth—that *the rich never forgive those that endanger their plunder and disturb their quiet*, he hastened to strengthen himself for the conflict. War—war—was the only means. War would place him at the head of an army—victory would attach that army to his person, and then he could march back on Sparta, and carry revolution through its streets.

Arms and military glory, so often used to strangle liberty, for once were to be used in liberty's defence! Strange feature in this romantic history.

But gold, too, the rich man's weapon, was to be turned against the rich man's cause. Cleomenes *bribed* the ephori to permit him to renew the war. To their avarice the rich had sacrificed the people—to their avarice they were to sacrifice themselves. "He gained many by the assistance of his mother, Cretesiclea, who liberally supplied him with money, and joined in his schemes of glory*. Nay, it is said, that, though disinclined to marry again, for her son's sake she accepted a man who had great interest and authority among the people."—*Plutarch.*

Thus Cleomenes gained permission to take the field once more, and raise an army. Victory was now *the only requisite.* In the flush of triumphs, in the favour of attendants, he would lead his soldiers back to Sparta, and reveal at once to the astonished rich the mission and the object of his life.

* The old aristocrat, Plutarch, cannot conceive that democratic principles should actuate Cleomenes; he ascribes it all to personal ambition (in its noblest phase, certainly,) "the love of glory."

The Chartist Movement.

I.—CAUTION!! READ THIS!!

I.

A FEW words of warning. Indeed, Democracy should be lynx-eyed, to see all the snares, tricks and pitfals that beset it.

The Chartist body were cautioned some time back, in the monthly circular of the Executive, against an attempt, the intention of which the writer had good reason for believing, was entertained by an individual, to throw the old movement overboard, and to form a new party under the banner of his own personal dictatorship, in which pecuniary motives, as well as others, would be the acting power. The dictatorship, however, was to be skilfully concealed under a very Democratic mask and programme.

The symptoms of this plan have arisen to the surface several times.

Another corroboration which was placed in the hands of the writer after the John Street Meeting—is as follows:—

"Finsbury.—A preliminary meeting of the inhabitants of Finsbury was held on Monday evening, January 19th, at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester Place, Ray Street, Clerkenwell, for the purpose of adopting means to establish a Reform Association that would advocate the entire enfranchisement of the British people. Mr. Blake was voted to the chair. and briefly explained the objects of the meeting.

"Mr. W. H. Cottle then moved the following resolution. 'That a society, called the Manhood Suffrage Association, be directly formed, immediate steps taken to enrol members by means of cards, and that with the fund so raised, a large public meeting be called as soon as possible, to which Members of Parliament and influential persons who are in favor of Manhood Suffrage should be requested to attend and give their support to the Association.'

"Mr. Weedon seconded the resolution, which was also supported by Messrs. Butler and Dyce, and carried unanimously.

"A Committee, half middle and half working-class was then appointed to carry it into effect and they will meet for transaction of business at the above place on Monday evening, January 26th."

This was accompanied by the following letter.

"Sir,

You will oblige the Committee of the Manhood Suffrage Association by your inserting the enclosed Report in the next number of the 'Notes.'

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

W. H. Cottle, *Hon. Sec.*

16, Ingram Place, Hornsey Road,
January 20th, 1852."

Chartists of London! *This must be put a stop to.* This new move must either be one of three things:—it must either be:

1. An attempt of the Money-class Reformers to steal into the movement under cover of unknown, and, therefore, less obnoxious names—thus exciting no suspicion, stealing a march upon us, and making good a footing before we are aware of their presence—the result of which would be to divide and break up that reorganisation of London which the Metropolitan Delegate Council are so happily effecting.—It is very remarkable, that this new move should just be made as soon as the Metropolitan Delegate Council had began to prosper in their work.

2. Or. it is a feeler thrown out from the quarter I alluded to, to see how such a thing would go down. If it succeeds, then the hidden mover will step forward, throw the whole weight of his power into the scale, and strangle the Charter. If it fails, he disavows the whole concern, and remains uncompromised.

3. Or it may be only the boyish ambition of one or two young men, who wish to figure as the founders and leaders of a party.

In any one of these three cases, an injury is inflicted on the movement. We don't want a thousand little Reform Associations, each pulling its own way—and neutralising each other by rivalry, jealousy and isolation—we want one united movement under the same name, banner and organisation, for the same object, with the same harmonising efforts.

Chartists of London! If they hold another meeting, *go there*—ask them, who they are? who sent them? what they want? and if they desire "Manhood Suffrage" why the Charter won't do for them?

II.

Another trick is being practised. A cry is raised of "go for *principles*—never mind details!" That means—go for "Manhood Suffrage, leave out the other five points of the Charter."

Now, we go for "*principles*;" but that is not enough—*we go for that, too, which will enable us to carry principles into practice.* These are just the details. *Universal Suffrage itself is merely a detail.* The "principle" of the Charter is the Sovereignty of the People. Universal Suffrage would not give the people sovereignty. *Look at France!* But Universal Suffrage, and the other five points of the Charter would, if rightly used. Universal Suffrage, alone, would just be used, as in France, to do away with Universal Suffrage, to cripple it, and destroy it, by the very semblance of the popular authority.

Ah! they see they can't keep Universal Suffrage from us, and, therefore, they try to shear it of everything that would render it permanent and efficacious for the people.

III.

Another cry is raised, in favor of Local Associations, instead of National Associations. This cry emanates from one or two of our best and most honest Democrats. It is based on a mistake. They say: "you build the roof before you lay the foundation. Begin in the *locality*, then you can spread over the nation." So say we—but then we say—begin aright. If you don't lay the foundation right, your house will never stand. What builder will put the little bricks at the bottom, and the great stones at top?

There is more difficulty in binding up the conflicting interests and jealousies of local associations, than in laying at once the healthy basis of a national one. As the twig is bent so the tree will grow. Begin with isolation and you will founder amid warfare.

Begin in the locality—but begin on a national basis. Monied and landed classes are daily more and more centralising their power—if we keep dividing, while they keep uniting, we are lost. Separate local associations would be the ruin of our movement.

II.—MEETING AT JOHN STREET,

Tottenham Court Road.

The Metropolitan Delegate Council held the first of a series of meetings to re-organise the Metropolis, on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst. at the above place. Despite the heavy rain, the place was filled, and the two following resolutions were unanimously carried.

"1st,—This Meeting believes the sovereignty of the people by the full exercise of their political rights to be the only means adequate for ensuring the social prosperity of the working-classes, and for regulating, on a just basis, the relations of labor and capital.

"2nd,—This meeting, believing the People's Charter to be the only measure of political reform calculated to ensure the sovereignty of the people, pledges itself to agitate for no less measure of political reform than that embodied in the above-named document, to adhere to the principles and name of the Charter, and to prevent to the utmost, the Chartist movement from being made a tool for class purposes in the hands of any other party."

Thus the Chartist cause in the Metropolis has survived the hour of temptation and apathy. Many, skilful, and invidious, have been the attempts to wrench it and to lure it over to the enemy's camp. *They have failed.* The ship has weathered the storm. The Metropolitan Delegate Council has stood firm—it has done its duty—and the Chartists of the Metropolis are coming to the rescue.

III.—WESTMINSTER LOCALITY.

At the weekly meeting of this body the following resolution was unanimously carried; Mr. H. Wilkes in the chair, proposed by Mr. C. Young, seconded by Mr. Henderson, that Five Shillings be sent towards liquidating the debt of the Executive.

Proposed by Mr. Crump, seconded by Mr. Young, that two shillings and sixpence be sent to Ernest Jones to assist in increasing the circulation of the "Notes to the People."

E. L. CLARKE, *Sec.*

Frederick Street, Vincent Square.

IV.—BRISTOL.

At the weekly meeting of the Bristol Teetotal Youths' Improvement Society, which on this occasion was unusually large, the following question was introduced for discussion, "That the People's Charter is the only remedial measure of reform." The question was introduced by Mr. Way, who showed the necessity and justice of the Six Points by comparing them with the absurd and unjust measures of the Manchester School. Mr. Way was opposed by two of those gentlemen who argued that a slight measure of reform was better than none, and that this measure was the one which should fit the people for the Charter, which they confessed was their right. Their arguments were successfully defeated by Mr. Meagher, who supported the introducer, in the most argumentative and convincing manner, as was proved by the President putting the question to the vote when Mr. Way's affirmative was carried with merely two dissentients.

In behalf of the before-named Society.

J. REVELL, *Sec.*

V.—FINSBURY LOCALITY.

At the weekly meeting of this locality, Mr. Winmill in the chair, the minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council. Mr. Fennel moved that the Secretary correspond with Mr. Grassby to inquire if the Executive intended to issue cards for the ensuing year. Mr. Loomes moved that the sum of two shillings be sent to the funds of the Executive; seconded by Mr. Batchelor. Mr. Jordan moved that T. M. Wheeler be nominated as candidate for the Executive, that gentleman having stated that he would sit if elected, seconded by Mr. Weedon.

E. J. LOOMES, *Sec.*

Trades' Grievances and Trades' Movements.

To the Working-men,—You are respectfully and earnestly invited to send a statement of all the grievances under which you labor, in your several trades, either individually or collectively, for insertion in these pages. If you suffer any act of oppression or injustice, no matter how high or how powerful may be the party who inflicts it, it shall here be published to the world at large.

As far as this periodical is concerned, at least, no man needs suffer wrong in silence.

All attempted reductions of wages, all acts of tyranny perpetrated by the master against the man, it is desired here to publish. The information must be authentic, and the name and address of the informant must be given in the letter sent; but, if requested, from prudential motives, that name and address will not be published, or communicated to any one.

Accounts of all Strikes and Trades' Movements will be gladly inserted.

Advertisements of Democratic and Trades' Bodies, reports of their progress, their subscriptions, and announcements of their forthcoming meetings will be published free of all charge.

Letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

I.—THE AMALGAMATED ENGINEERS, &c.

Will the iron-trades consider the following two points:

1st.—They boast that the small masters are helping them. Why do they do so? To supersede the great masters. They are making a catspaw of the engineers, etc., to fight their battle against their richer rivals. The large capitalist has long been gradually devouring the small, by a necessary consequence of competition and the centralisation of wealth. This "turnout" is a god-send to the small masters—it gives the leverage against their rivals. They will use the men. As soon as they have made good their footing, they will draw back, and turn against their deluded allies. The Amalgamated Irontraders will, *at the best*, only have succeeded in subverting one set of monopolists to be crushed under the heel of another.

2nd,—*It requires the co-operation of many, to settle even only a few in independent business.* So that the money of you all will go to make masters of a few out of your number, and leave the rest *worse* off than before. Why worse? Because the additional factory by creating additional machinery, gluts the market, and lowers wages. Why? Because it is a stimulus to the masters to bring up competitive labor from the country and to displace manual labor by machine power.

Meanwhile, *the co-operative concern is prevented from reproducing its own capital*, by being obliged to devote all its resources to counteract the competition of the capitalists.

Thus all that you do, engineers and machinists, is to make, for a time, great men out of a few of your number, and make the great mass of you worse off.

Will the friends of truth bring these points before the Amalgamated Irontrades?

II.—A VOICE FROM THE WORKSHOPS.

TO THE AMALGAMATED MACHINISTS, ENGINEERS, &c.

Brother Workers,—Wealth is rapidly centralising. The arrogant influence of the labor-crushing Moneyocracy, is rapidly superseding Aristocratic domination. The decadence of this haughty class being a matter of positive certainty, from the increased intelligence developing itself in the minds of the people, it is but a natural inference to imagine that the latter will not in future submit to that overbearing dictation exercised by the former, who are constantly forcing upon them a species of moral degradation, thus endeavouring to thrust them lower, and still lower, in the social scale.

Jealous of the dominion practised by the feudal aristocracy, and alike ambitious of usurping those powers, and that sovereignty which it has wrested from the people collectively, this new aristocracy of gold, are now undermining the power of the privileged class, with the object of still farther aggrandising themselves at the expense of their rivals, and through the credulity of the people.

Working-men of England! do not lose sight of this; if you have but a particle of common sense, you must perceive, from their present half-and-half-measure-of-reform-policy, by which they reserve to themselves all political

power without relinquishing to you THE FRANCHISE—(the only means of redemption that can possibly rescue labor from the fangs of capital;) together with their repeated acts of tyranny, oppression, and robbery towards you in the reduction of wages and the increased amount of toil imposed,—you must, I say, perceive that no dependence is to be placed upon their assumed conscientiousness, and, therefore, that the elevation of the labouring classes must be achieved by labour itself, when, upon the ruins of feudalism, shall be erected the imperishable superstructure of an aristocracy of intellect, instead of the hollow, cold-hearted selfishness of an aristocracy of wealth, which is almost imperceptibly undermining the power of the landed proprietors. But let it not be expected of the landed aristocracy to relinquish their pos tion without an effort to retrieve themselves. That effort is already making, and the working-classes are selected as their cat's-paw. Will they, under the guise of sympathy, allow themselves to be thus converted into mere machines for fighting the battles of the landlords against the moneylords?

The bait offered by them is a specious one and liable to mislead many even of those who devote their attention more earnestly to the political and social amelioration of labour, than the majority of the labouring class.

It is "Co-operation." "Form yourselves into a joint-stock labour association," say they, "and money shall not be wanting to carry it out." Yes, but in so doing you become their slaves, subject to their dictatorial authority as promoters, while they hold a promissory note upon your effects, they at the same time demanding a usurious per centage for the use of their money, and can sell you up at any time it may answer their purpose so to do.

Why, in the name of all that is noble and independent, it were but selling yourselves body and soul to the arch fiend!

Thus to rivet the collar of servitude upon your necks, by again becoming bondsmen to the landocracy, who, could they by your aid succeed in paralysing the monied class, and eventually crushing them, would with the greater ease render nugatory all your endeavours, and thus destroy the hopes of the people for another century.

No, no, let the lords of Land and Gold fight their battles out between themselves, for you will have enough to do to fight out your own against them both. Political power in a confederacy of the whole working population, is your only effectual and legitimate leverage; then will the sovereign voice and power of the producers be made manifest, before which the selfish and crafty must, from sheer necessity, succumb.

Your union is a noble one, but it is based upon an insecure foundation, while you depend upon the fallacious doctrine that a strike will remedy the evils of a system against the increase of which you have now coalesced.

It is not a palliative but a *cure* that we, the toiling wages slaves, require—not a mere botching and bolstering up of a bad vitiated system, but the power to supersede that system and substitute a better: this power can be obtained only by introducing the political element into our movement.

Myself a journeyman mechanic, I have had many opportunities for testing the inefficiency of strikes, in consequence of the utter powerlessness of the men after the continuance of a strike for several weeks.

Picture to yourselves the miseries which it inflicts upon our wives and little ones, the pinchings of hunger, the sacrifice of what had been a comfortable home, and the difficulty of retrieving ourselves from the ill effects of a protracted strike, and for what?

Merely to obtain a nominal victory, by compelling those by whom we are employed, to concede us certain rights or privileges, which the incre ased adoption of machinery, and consequent surplus of manual labor that is thereby thrown into the market, speedily renders nugatory; when our employers (who, having an enormous capital, wrung from the sweat of our brows and the labor of our hands, have suffered the loss of a few hundreds or thousands, as the case may be, without experiencing the sacrifice of real necessaries, or the half starvation to which we, on our side, have been reduced) speedily recover themselves by our labor, while, as they make the laws by their representatives, any fresh attempt on our parts, either by combination or co-operation, is nullified and made illegal by laws framed expressly for the purpose of destroying the benefits which might otherwise accrue from it, and render independant of the capitalist the labor-slaves who are infamously crushed by him.

If you are compelled from self-defence to stand forward in a crusade against Capital, see that you do so effectually,—embody the political element with your own.—make Universal Manhood suffrage your reiterated demand.g—ain it and you are safe.

You have amalgamated your powers, the masters have also united theirs, the question is which will be enabled to hold out the longest? The employers who have amassed huge fortunes out of your labour, or you, whose remuneration has not, at any, time been more than sufficient to provide, and too often barely for your immediate wants?

You have a fund—at least so I am told—amounting to twenty-four thousand pounds,

ten thousand of which you have voted for the establishment of a co-operative association. Large as this sum may appear, it is but a paltry amount, considering the immense expense of the machinery, forges, &c. required by your trade in order to carry on such a business eeffctively, and upon a large scale. Beside this, the surplus twelve thousand pounds appropriated to the support, of say only ten thousand men on strike, would in three weeks, averaging eight shillings weekly per man be entirely exhausted.

You say you would employ as many as possible of those belonging to the union in the co-operative workshops, but could you, after all your required outlay, give employment to one-twentieth of the turn-outs? I fear that you could not. And even supposing that the iron-masters should resume their works, bethink you what a powerful competitive enemy your co-operative association would have to contend against. They would unite to undersell you in order to crush you, for they who have plenty can afford to make great sacrifices in the present for the sake of realising great profits in the future,

You say that several wealthy noblemen and gentlemen, Lord Carlisle and Baron Rothschild* among others, have *generously* made you offers of assistance to any amount. Lean not upon a broken reed—but ask yourselves, why they do this? Think you that it is because they sympathise with you under your wrongs? or is it because they would retard the onward march of the moneyocracy—the Manchester school of factory lords? I tell you the latter is their policy, therefore do not allow yourselves to be humbugged. Relinquish not the solid advantages to be obtained by political power, for the mere shadow held out by co-operative association.

Look you here at the disadvantages under which you would labour. Firstly, you would be working upon a borrowed capital, liable to be withdrawn at any time the lenders chose to demand it, for which you must pay good interest, which would not be the case with the masters. Secondly, you would have to gain a connection. This you might succeed in doing while the masters' factories were closed, but as soon as they re-open and commence underselling you, then would your customers, acting upon the principle of buying in the cheapest market, independent of the politic sympathy which ever induces the rich to join with and assist the rich against the working-poor, discard you and betake themselves to their former factors. Thirdly, the laws of combination and partnership are against you, to which a reference to Messrs. Bellenden and Co's. evidence before Mr. Slaney's Committee of the House of Commons, on the investments and savings of the middle and working-classes, will testify, wherein he observes, at the close of his examination, that "They (meaning Odd Fellows' Lodges, Emigration Societies, and Trading Societies of Working-men) are (liable to be) rendered illegal by the action of the Joint-Stock Companies Registration Act (7 & 9 Vict., c. 110, s. 2) which includes "every partnership which at its formation, or by subsequent admission (except any admission subsequent on devolution or other act in law), shall consist of more than twenty-five members." Before the same Committee, Mr. J. M. Ludlow states as his opinion, "The middle classes, as well as the working-classes, are very much hampered by the Joint-Stock Companies' Act. As soon as a company begins to be numerous (or successful) by the Joint-Stock Companies Act, is imposed various conditions, which under various circumstances are often unfavourable" and further he states that "The law of unlimited liability tends to produce, in his opinion, in many instances insecurity and fraud as soon as you come to large partnerships." Thus we see that any dishonest manager may rob the association with impunity, for which there is no available remedy.

Upon the same question Mr. John Stuart Mills says, "The laws of partnership oppose obstacles of various kinds to the improvement of working-classes; but perhaps the most important is the obstacle which they throw in the way of combinations among the workmen in any particular branch of industry, for the purpose of carrying on that industry co-operatively, either with their own capital or with capital which they borrow."

Fellow-labourers! by whom are such infamous laws made as cramp our efforts towards social progress? Let me tell you, by those very capitalists who offer you pecuniary aid—knowing how little service it will be to you without a preponderating power in the House of Commons, of honest, conscientious legislators, selected from the intelligence of the working-classes, who would not rest satisfied until such vile laws were unconditionally annulled, and perfect ones substituted. Can you possibly be such veritable dupes as for a moment to imagine that those aristocrats, whose sole interest, like that of the Plutocrats, is diametrically opposed to yours, make you an offer of assistance from the *love* they bear to you, and the justness of your claims, or is it not rather from the *hate* which they bear towards your employers for encroaching on their ancient privileges? Help them to effectually crush capital and they will as effectually crush

* Or, in the case of Rothschild, *to drag you back under the capitalist by a chain of debt and usury*.—E. J.

you. Assist capital to crush them and the result to yourselves will be precisely the same. Look to yourselves or you will be crucified between the two thieves; heartless, grasping, cold-blooded avarice on the one side, and insolent upstart pride of birth on the other. For this reason I deem it my duty to warn you of the dangers towards which you are hastening, and to implore you as you would ensure success in the future, to embody the political element with your present movement, and not, like dastards, shrink from the only effectual method that can possibly restore in permanence the rights so long withheld.

Scorn not the heart-breathings of an earnest fellow-worker, but prove that you have

> "Hearts whose nerves,
> Like tempered steel, bend with the blast;
> Hearts which oppression only serves,
> To strengthen till the storm is past."

ATHOL WOOD.
A Journeyman Mechanic.

III.—THE TIPPING SYSTEM.

The Manchester Calico Printers have formed a Protective Association against the system of bribing their servants, they, themselves, continuing to bribe others. The following exposure of the system has been forwarded to us. It has already appeared in the *Manchester Examiner*:

I know, as well as any man can know, the nature and sources of the "tips" given to the servants of calico printers. Chemists and colour-makers receive "tips" from the dry-salters and manufacturers of chemicals; madder dyers from the Turkey root and madder merchants and agents in Manchester and Liverpool; the machine printer from the blanket and lapping manufacturer, the doctor and filemaker; the cloth examiner from the salesman of the manufacturer. And the value of these "tips" determine, of course, the quality of the several articles passing under the inspection of servants occupying the responsible and confidential position of head of these several departments. There can be no question that all this is monstrously bad, and any effort towards its destruction is a step in the right direction. But I am sorry, sir, that the men who have set so energetically about righting themselves, should make no sign—be dumb and indifferent in the matter of wronging their neighbours. Why, sir, it is patent to the whole trade, that the agents and salesmen of calico printers practise the "tipping system" in a way and upon a scale that puts every other in the shade. The sovereign, or two, or five, given as a Christmas or New Year's gift, sanctioned as it is by time and custom; the occasional "brandies hot," "oyster or champagne suppers," "brace of birds for the table," or brace of tickets for the theatre:—what are these when compared with the monthly dividends paid by calico printers or their agents into the hands of the managers of shipping houses? The calico printer feels the bribery of his servant a direct wrong done himself, and so it is; but, bribing the servant of a shipper is quite another affair, and thereanent the printer is silent. How many of the firms represented at the Clarence Hotel meeting were then, and are still, paying "tips" of from one to one and a half per cent. on the work done by them for foreign shippers? There was not a printer, sir, at that meeting who, while he denounced bribery, was not fully conscious that the printers themselves were immersed to the very lips in the abomination; ay, and out of it contriving to put "money in their purse." Those who take the initiative in great reforms, should be, like the wife of Cæsar, above suspicion. Let the printers set their own house in order, and keep it so. They have determined to place their servants beyond the reach of temptation; let them as magnanimously resolve upon not tempting the servants of others.

I will now give you a brief outline of the way in which business is done in the great majority of our foreign shipping houses; remarking, by way of parenthesis, that I do not speak from this man's say or that, but from the accumulated experience of fourteen years passed in the factory, the printworks, and the warehouse.

The entire business of a shipping house is entrusted, with the exception of the foreign correspondence, to two persons. The first of these is the counting-house man. His knowledge of the warehouse business is limited, necessarily so, or at best but theoretical. The second is the warehouse, and must of necessity be the practical man. As a general rule, all orders in reference to business pass through the first: and into his hands, as an invariable rule, pass all and every of the best "tips." Now, sir, when I tell you that in every transaction, from the sale of tabs to a ragman to the buying and printing the piece of cloth from which they are torn, the Alpha and Omega of every such transaction is "tips"—"tips"—"tips"—you will believe me, that a protective society of shippers would be by no means a bad thing. In some cases the heads of the two departments go in, as it is termed, at the "tips," But this, sir, is rare. The counting-house man is lord paramount, A 1: and will rarely condescend to share his "tips," and, by consequence, his secrets, with A 2. Still from A 1 in the counting-house, to the smallest boy in the establishment everyone, man and boy, "has his price"—his peculiar

"tip." The ragman dispenses threepences among the boys, that his "tabs" may be made fat; the patchwork buyer makes it sixpence; the fent dealer a shilling, with one-and-a-half going to A 1, and mayhap, a half to A 2. Then there is the printer, who not unfrequently pays a "tip" of one and one and-a-half on the gross amount of work done monthly: the finisher as often doing the same, particularly if, in addition to finishing, he should have the making up and packing of the goods finished. When, however, as is now generally the rule, the shipper makes-up and packs his own goods, A 1 is in for a better thing still. He orders all the packing materials,—canvass, tar, bags, iron hoops, ropes, tags, cases, &c.; and out of these, next to the printer's, comes the "fat tips." Then there is the "carriers' tip," and not unfrequently a good tip during summer holidays from the consignees at Liverpool. To these and the tips from gray cloth manufacturers and agents, dyers, stiffeners, hotpressers, paper-makers, ticket-printers, &c. and you may form some idea of the way in which business is done in a shipping house.

Now, sir, what must be the natural fruits of a system like this? Comment would be superfluous. Yet such a system exists as truly and certainly as I pen these lines. From its core to its remotest ramification the system is one mass of dishonesty and corruption. The calico-printers may and doubtless do feel it severely; they must know its fearfully depraved character; but if they desire its total abolition let them begin at the beginning, for at present they are as deep in the mud as others are in the mire. In the forthcoming statistics of corruption practised upon their servants, let them give also the amounts practised by themselves. Let them come fairly out of the abomination, informing the shippers and the world of mal-practices into which a bitter necessity has led them. If they will do this they can work, and to some purpose, in the cause of renovation. To see business transactions based upon a fair and honourable footing will gratify none more than, sir, yours,

MIO.

Manchester, January 11th, 1852.

Hungarian Leaders.

We subjoin a portrait gallery of Hungarian leaders and martyrs, to complete that picture of Hungarian History and Insurrection which has been given in the "Notes," a picture painted in the colors of truth, not with the miserable varnish of claptrap spurious enthusiasm; a picture, on which many a good democrat, who agrees with the writer on the principles of Democracy, has looked with an evil eye—nay! in looking on which he appears to have become the foe of the writer—(who has many in his mind while penning these lines). Unaccountable perversion and prejudice! as though, while a man's principles of democracy were sound, you ought to blame him for giving you the *real facts* of a case on which you have been misguided and misled! *Facts*, which are proven to be such by evidence, on which no one can hesitate or doubt for a single moment!

I.—BEM.

Joseph Bem, a Pole, born at Tarnow, in Galicia, in the year 1795, studied at Cracow, and subsequently entered the Military School at Warsaw. He took part in Napoleon's Russian campaign of 1812, as a lieutenant of the horse-artillery. In 1819 the Russian Grand Duke Constantine, viceroy of Poland, re-organised the Polish army, and Bem was, on this occasion, promoted to the rank of captain, and appointed teacher in the Artillery School at Warsaw. He then wrote a treatise on his experiments with Congreve rockets, which was published at Weimar in 1820. He became suspected of harbouring liberal opinions, and was brought before three courts-martial in succession! He therefore left the service, and quitted Warsaw in 1825. Repairing to Lemberg, he devoted himself to mechanical science, and published a work on the steam-engine.

On the 29th of November, 1830, occurred the great insurrection at Warsaw, and the revolutionary government appointed him, as major, to a command in the horse-artillery. He signalised himself at the battles of Iganie and Ostrolenka, he was raised to the grade of colonel, then to that of general, and to the command-in-chief of the Polish artillery.

On the fall of Warsaw he retired to France,

and then entered into engagements with Don Pedro of Portugal, for raising a Polish legion in his service, which was, however, never called out. He afterwards proceeded to Lisbon and Madrid, but failed in obtaining employment at either place. In Paris, to which he then returned, he tried, but in vain, to establish a Polytechnic Society and a scientific journal, and occupied himself during some years with mechanics and tuition in a system of artificial memory.

In 1847 he visited London—and was operated on by Liston, the eminent surgeon, for a spent ball which had been for years in his leg. Repairing to Oxford for change of air, become necessary in his state of health, he attempted to raise classes for instruction in mnemonics—but, not being able to speak English (though he could read it) and being then unable to walk except on crutches, owing to the surgical operation he had undergone, he failed in his attempt.

When the Hungarian insurrection broke out in 1848, he was, as already narrated in this work, entrusted with an important command in the south—and the service he then rendered saved the revolutionary cause from an earlier defeat than that which it experienced. When the war was at an end, he fled to Turkey, and embraced the Moslem faith, as the only step that could render him eligible for a command in the Turkish army, his celebrated motto being "My only religion is hatred to Russia." He died in Asiatic Turkey, under circumstances strongly favouring a belief that he fell the victim of Russian poison.

II.—GENERAL GUYON.

"Some twenty years ago," says the "Examiner," "a young Englishman, named Guyon, entered the Austrian military service, in which he in time attained the rank of captain. In the meanwhile he had become attached to the daughter of Field-marshal Baron Spleny, the commander of the Hungarian Life-guards. Upon his marriage with this amiable lady he left the army, and took some land upon which he resided, happy in the circle of his family, and in the general esteem of his neighbours. When, in September 1848, the hordes of Jellachich were poured into Hungary, and Kossuth's fiery words called the whole nation to arms, Guyon, long connected and thoroughly sympathising with the liberal party, offered his services as a volunteer. He was immediately invested with the command of an ill-armed battalion of landsturm (general levy), and at the head of this he contributed to the defeat of Jellachich at Sukaro. In the month of October he accompanied the Hungarian army to the Leitha, and was engaged in the battle of Schwechat, fought on the 30th. This rencontre took place under the walls of Vienna itself, but as the Viennese did not support the Hungarian attack upon the Imperialists by a sally, the Hungarian general, Moga, was compelled to beat a retreat. It was executed in tolerably steady order, however, and without molestation by Windischgratz, who did not venture a pursuit. The moral impression of this incomplete battle was depressing. Vienna surrendered to the Imperial generals; but the gallant style in which the Hungarian right wing carried the village of Mannswerth with the bayonet was not forgotten in the Hungarian ranks. Guyon was the hero of that day. At the head of his battalion he three times repulsed the Serezans of Jellachich; his horse was shot under him, but he seized his pistols and led his men to the charge on foot; arming them, as fast as he could, with the muskets of the slain Austrians, in place of the scythes which many of them carried. He was promoted to the rank of colonel, on the field itself, and in this capacity shared in the succeeding campaign. On the 18th of December the Imperial general, Simonich, at the head of 15,000 men, attacked the town of Tyrnau. This is an open place, and incapable of a regular resistance; but Guyon, determined upon saving the honor of the Hungarian arms, defended it with unabated vigour till night put a stop to the combat; and on this desperate service he had only a force of 1800 men. At Debreczin he was raised to the rank of general. General Guyon did not possess the necessary qualifications for an independent command; but his lion-like, unflinching courage, rendered him one of the ablest executors of Gorgey's plan. His men loved him enthusiastically, because, though he can only speak to them in broken Hungarian, he cheerfully shared with them in all the fatigues of the war, and was invariably to be found at the head of an assaulting column. The name of Guyon is French, and the general springs from one of the noblest families in the south of France: but his ancestors settled two centuries ago in England, and on this account the Hungarians take an especial pleasure in looking upon General Guyon as the representative, among themselves, of English valour."

General Guyon is now in the Turkish service as Pasha of Damascus.

Our Laws.

(*Continued from p. 752 No. 38.*)

riotously, and tumultuously continue for one hour after such proclamation, they will be now, by 1 Vic. c. 91, liable to transportation for life, or for any term not less than fifteen years, or imprisonment not exceeding three years. Persons preventing such proclamation from being made are liable to the same punishment. Persons so assembled, and not dispersing within the hour, may be seized, and taken before a justice, and if in making resistance they are killed, the persons killing them shall be indemnified.

By 39 Geo. 3, c. 79, called the "Corresponding Society Act," societies, the members of which, shall take unlawful oaths, or where the names of some of the members shall be kept secret from the society at large, or which shall be composed of different divisions or branches, or of different parts acting in any manner separately for each other, or of which any part shall have any separate president, or other officer appointed for such part, shall be deemed unlawful combinations and confederacies. This enactment is not to extend to lodges of Freemasons, to meetings of Quakers, nor to any meeting or society for purposes of a religious or charitable nature only, and in which no other matters shall be discussed.

All meetings for the purpose of training or drilling to the use of arms, or practising military exercise without the authority of the queen, or the lieutenant, or two magistrates of the county, are unlawful. 60 Geo. 3, and 1 Geo. 4, c. 1.

By 57 Geo. 3, c. 19, s. 23, it is not lawful for any person to convene any meeting of more than fifty persons, or for more than fifty persons to meet in any street, square, or open place in Westminster, or Middlesex, within one mile from Westminster Hall (except at Covent Garden), for the purpose of considering matters in church or state, on any day on which parliament shall meet, or on any day on which the court shall sit in Westminster Hall.

Places of lecturing, debating or reading, for the purpose of raising money from the persons admitted, are deemed disorderly, unless previously licensed.

By the Bill of Rights (1 W. and M. sess. 2, c. 2), it is declared to be the right of the subjects to petition the king, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal; but a statute passed in the reign of Charles II., against *tumultuous* petitioning, is still in force.

Upon an indictment against H. Hunt and others for a conspiracy, and unlawfully meeting together with persons unknown, for the purpose of exciting discontent and dissaffection, at which meeting H. Hunt was the chairman, it was holden that resolutions passed at a former meeting assembled a short time before, in a distant place, but at which H. Hunt also presided, and the avowed object of which meeting was the same as that of the meeting mentioned in the indictment, were admissible in evidence, to shew the intention of H. Hunt in assembling and attending the meeting in question. And it was holden that a copy of these resolutions, delivered by H. Hunt to the witness at the time of the former meeting, as the resolutions then intended to be proposed, and which corresponded with those which the witness heard read from a written paper, was admissible, without producing the original.

In the same case, it appeared that large bodies of men had come to the meeting in question from a distance, marching in regular order, resembling a military march; and it was holden to be admissible evidence, to shew the character and intention of the meeting, that within two days of the time at which it took place, considerable numbers were seen training and drilling before daybreak, at a place from which one of these bodies had come to the meeting; and upon their discovering the persons who saw them, they ill-treated them, and forced one of them to take an oath never to be a king's man again. And it was also admitted as evidence for the same purpose, that any body of men, in their progress to the meeting, on passing the house of the person who had been so ill-treated, expressed their disapprobation of his conduct by hissing.

It was decided in this case, that parol evidence of inscriptions and devices on banners and flags displayed at a meeting, is admissible, without producing the originals.

And another point was also decided in this case, namely; that upon the indictment in question, evidence of the supposed misconduct of those who dispersed the meeting was not admissible.

In another case, where the question was, with what intention a great number of persons assembled to drill, declarations made by those assembled and in the act of drilling, and further declarations made by others who were proceeding to the place, and solicitations made by them to others to accompany them, declaratory of their object, were held to be admis-

sible in evidence, for the purpose of showing their object. And in general, evidence is admissible to show that the meeting caused alarm and apprehension, and to prove information given to the civil authorities, and the measures taken by them in consequence of such information.

It was held by the judges on the special commision of 1830 and 1831, at Salisbury, that the prisoners must first be identified as forming part of the crowd before the riot is proved, and the fifteen judges confirmed the holding of the special commission.

Where several were indicted for a riot, it was moved that the prosecutor might name two or three, and try it against them, and that the rest might enter into a rule to plead not guilty (guilty, if others were found guilty), and a rule was made accordingly; this being to prevent the charges in putting them all to plead.

The punishment for offences of the nature of riots, or unlawful assemblies, at common law, is fine and imprisonment, in proportion to the circumstances of the offence.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.*
II.—The Young Milliner.†
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book 3.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

VII.—MARRIAGE.

While Edward gave his mind, daily more and more to his favorite literary tastes, —while he neglected, daily, more and more his cousin Laura, the commercial transactions of the firm of Trenton and Ellman extended continually wider. Mr. Ellman, the junior partner, had of late undertaken several speculations on his own account, and with remarkable success. His capital had been nearly doubled, and he began to entertain a design, of which he would not as much as dreamt of a few years before. This project he subjected to an arithmetical examination, and found that the total was favorable to his interests. Accordingly, he at once set about realising the "transaction."

In pursuance of this resolve, the very next morning, he began to be extraordinarily polite to Laura. He actually entered three items for her in the principal ledger, and mended for her a dozen pens. Mr. Ellman had never been known to do such a thing before. But his attentions did not stop with this. On Laura's birthday he gave her a perpetual calendar in a red morocco-case, and a papier-mache inkstand, with a letter-weigher attached! When he thought his conduct had been sufficiently delicate and significative, one day, having balanced a mutual account together, he asked Mr. Trenton for the hand of his daughter. The worthy grocer had not been blind to the unusual generosity of his partner. He had understood its meaning, and at once had recourse to an arithmetical calculation of loss and profit by the proposed transaction. Having balanced accounts, ascertained Ellman's share in the concern, and considered that by the projected marriage his daughter's dowry would not go out of the firm, he came to the conclusion that the business would be profitable, and that he was justified in giving into it.

Mr. Ellman, therefore, did not at all surprise his partner, who with the utmost apparent openness and cordiality ratified the conditions of the bargain, to the mutual satisfaction of the two contracting parties.

In the evening Mr. Trenton informed his daughter, after finishing the day's accounts with her, of what arrangements had been entered into.

Whether it was surprise, or any other cause, the young girl turned deadly pale, and then fell senseless to the ground.

Mr. Trenton felt assured "it was because she had been working too hard, and the room was very close."

Nevertheless, they were obliged to carry Laura to her room, where she remained pros-

* "The Workingman's Wife," commenced in No. 27, and ended in No. 31.
† "The Young Milliner," commenced in No. 32, and ended in No. 36.

trate with a violent fever for upwards of a month.

Messrs. Trenton and Ellman were very much annoyed at this "accident," for the latter wanted to make a journey to Liverpool to look after a ship, and "this business threw everything else back."

Mr. Trenton, however, went twice, daily, to his daughter's room, and said,—

"How are you, my dear! You're better, eh? Ah, you're less pale. Make haste and get well, love! for this illness of your's throws us all back. Above all, don't get low-spirited. Eat! drink! sleep! Look at me—I'm never ill! But then I work hard. You don't take exercise enough, my dear. That's what makes you ill!"

And the worthy man, having gone through his accounts, sallied off to 'change.

Edward had heard of his cousin's intended marriage on the same day on which she had been informed. His uncle confided it to him with the solemn air, usual in revealing those secrets that are entrusted to all the world.

The young man had felt astonishment and anger—anger to a painful degree. He certainly was innocent of harbouring any conscious love for Laura,—still, he, unaccountably to himself, experienced a feeling of jealousy and anger. Unable to explain his own feelings to himself, he found an apparent solution for them in indignation at the idea that the whole transaction should have been merely a commercial exchange between the two partners, and that the young girl should have been looked on only as an article of merchandise.

Then, he felt annoyed that the young girl herself should thus let herself be transferred without a particle of love; and he asked himself, what difference there was between the woman who sold herself body and soul to a husband for a social position, and the prostitute who sells herself to the libertine for the bread that shall save her life,—unless it is, that the first makes the better bargain, and that a parson plays the broker.

Edward felt nothing but disgust and scorn for Laura.

Meanwhile the latter had recovered. She came down stairs, walked, answered much as usual, except that an indefinable stupor seemed to possess her whole being. She would sit for hours erect and motionless in her red arm-chair—her face white and expressionless, her eyes fixed, her head erect, her hands folded on her lap. It would have been difficult to divine whether a thought stirred beneath that icy quiet. The doctor said she suffered from "nervous weakness" and that there was no cause for uneasiness. The date for the marriage was therefore fixed—and eight days before the appointed time Laura was sent into the country (the wedding was to take place at the farm,) to re-invigorate her health, and to make the necessary preparationt.

Edward seemed to take no interest in any of the proceedings.

At last the day arrived. All was bustle in the village. The bridegroom glowed in white kid gloves, white waistcoat, and white silk stockings—a man of great importance—for he made the most of this one out of the four only times of life in which men, such as he, attract attention: birth, marriage, death, and burial. As to Edward. he kept aloof as much as possible.

The ceremony had been prepared with some show of expenditure: for Mr. Trenton said, "that the credit of the firm required a display on such an occasion, and, as a daughter was given in marriage only once in a man's life," (he had only one daughter,) "he had *resolved to make a sacrifice*."

Edward was astonished at the unusual generosity of his uncle, and beheld his cousin giving orders, or receiving the gratulation of her "friends" (!) with far less embarrassment than he had ever seen in her before. This renewed his anger. He had always abhorred these public displays on occasions so delicate, where heart should speak to heart alone—but in which the most secret ritual of the soul is dragged through the mire of public observation, and exposed to the malignant sneer of the ribald companies—to whom the blush of modesty but gives room for loose thoughts or idle jests!

Edward would have wished to take the wife of his choice secretly and silently from the whirl of society, and then, in some quiet nook, unknown and unsuspected, breathe to her those first sweet words, shed over her those first sweet looks, behold on her face those first sweet blushes, that it is desecration for any one else to see, or hear, or share!

As for Laura, her stony apathy seemed continually to increase. She appeared to hear—to notice nothing. One would have supposed her to have lapsed into insensibility, were it not that a wild and haggard eye wandered at times to where Edward stood aloof and alone.

The day passed like most days of the kind—the young ladies took home reticules well filled with cake—the young men indulged in many a sly jest—and the guests departed, delighted to have killed a few more hours.

THE "STAR" *versus* TRUTH.

Friday Night, January 23rd, 1852.

Once more I stop the Press to answer, however reluctantly, the gross personalities contained in the Edition of the "Northern Star" just issued. That Editor, who abused (without right) his predecessor, for using personal and virulent diatribe, has now exceeded all precedents in that line, and laid himself open to a legal action, if I chose to waste time or money against so idle an attack. The accusations are in substance as follows:—

1.—Mr. O'Connor proposed a Convention to be holden at Manchester in January, 1851. I was one of those who opposed it, and "destroyed the movement in Manchester."

Answer:—Thank God it was opposed, and "destroyed." It *did* take place, and the whole country knows the treacherous attempt that was harboured under that Convention to destroy the movement.

As to Mr. O'Connor's "proposing that Convention"—Mr. O'Connor was made the dupe of designing parties, who abused him, and tried to destroy *him* at the Convention when they had got him there. See the "Star" of those dates.

2.—I voted at the Executive Committee that the Convention should be held in March.

Answer:—Aye! and in Manchester, too—because my opposition was *not* factious—I was ready, for one, to vote on the movement. *My colleagues voted against me*—Mr. O'Connor alone voting with me. So much for factious opposition. How the Executive "got into debt by *my* reckless folly," I am at a loss to conceive. But nearly all the money sent for cards, was for Members enrolled during and through my tours. That's not very like "getting the Executive into debt."

3.—Before Election, I blame candidates for withholding from Election, and then I resign myself.

Answer:—Yes! Had they not withdrawn, there would have been no reason for my resigning—for we should have had a respectable Executive. If I aimed at "Dictatorship," I should not call for the most popular and most talented men in the movement to be my colleagues, but should be glad to see them "shelved."

4.—I degrade Chartism by forcing myself into a Trades' Meeting.

Answer:—No! The Trades' Meeting *degrades itself* by refusing to hear me because I am a Chartist. I went, not as a Chartist, but as a man, interested in the efforts and struggles of my fellow Countrymen. Surely, because I am a Chartist, I am not disenfranchised from expressing an opinion on Trades' Questions!

5.—I am opposed to working-men enjoying the profits of their own labor and capital by co-operation and yet am proud of desplaying the title of *Esquire, and Barrister at Law.*

Answer:—I never have shown myself opposed to workingmen living on the fair reward of their own labour—but on their living on the *earnings of others*, and calling it co-operation.—As to the title of *Esquire*, though I have a *legal* right to it (which most who use it have not,) the Chartist localities well know that wherever I have seen it on the placards of Meetings &c., *I have objected to it*; on the cover of my "Notes" I never use it, and I explicitly direct my letters there to be addressed merely: "Ernest Jones." But it is puerile to reply to such nonsense.

6.—I complain of advantage being taken of "the worn-out warrior," and no one has done more to wear him out. I have lived on Mr. O'Connor's bounty for years. He paid for my trial—he paid for oakum-picking.

Answer: I have never been one of those who ran Mr. O'Connor down. In the day of his power, I expressed my opinion openly and honorably, whenever I dissented from him on political matters. In the hour of his illness and difficulty I defend him against those who have betrayed him, and now try to live upon his spoil and name. I never lived on Mr. O'Connor's bounty. I was editor of the "Star" and "Labourer," and received my salary for my work. But when the National Assembly was to meet in '48, Mr. O'Connor told me, "*if you let yourself be elected on that, you shall no longer be Editor of the 'Star.'*" I felt it my duty to

sit on the Assembly when elected,—and then *threw up a paid Editorship for ever, for an unpaid seat in the People's Delegation.*

As to Mr. O'Connor's paying Macnamara,—when I came out on bail from Newgate, I expressed, at Osborne's Hotel, in presence of Mr. O'Connor and the Defence Committee,—"that I preferred defending myself—and that, if one farthing of money for the defence was to come out of Mr. O'Connor's pocket, I peremptorily refused to have counsel."

Mr. Julian Harney is my witness to this, as also the entire Defence Committee—and at Macnamara's *trial*, this resolve of mine was brought forward as evidence by *Mr. O'Connor's counsel and witnesses.*

For what took place while I was in prison, not allowed to receive letters, or to send them, or to speak with any one, except once in three months, and then only for twenty minutes. in presence of turnkeys, *and not allowed to allude to such subjects*,—for that I cannot be held answerable. That rests with the Chartist body, not with me.

7.—I blame the "Star" for seeking circulation from the Trades' and Co-operation, yet say a people's paper should not neglect any of the people's movements.

Answer: Yes—what I blame the "Star," for is, its treachery, its burking and its falsehood,—and *not* for reporting Trades' Movements and Co-opertion, but for "*neglecting*" the Charter.

8.—I tell Mr. Holyoake that I do not escape my liability as member of the Executive, yet I figure in the Gazette this very week.

Answer: I should not have made myself more liable by remaining on the Executive, for if the protection of the Insolvency Court frees me after resigning, it would free me *before* it.

But the point seems to be, that I take the benefit of the Insolvency Act. What blame attaches to this, unless I do it because of something dishonorable. Now, why do I do it? You shall hear, since I am *compelled* to speak out.

Ever since I came out of prison I have been struggling with the most poignant difficulties—the *severest* poverty. *I am not ashamed to confess it.* I have never paraded it. Now self-defence forces me to answer this attack. With a large family, in failing health, few pens would describe what I have suffered, but there are many of our best men who know it. During this period, a public subscription has often been proposed, even commenced for me. *You know I declined it, and put a stop to it*, in order that none might be able to point to "'the poor gentleman' living on the movement." No! at least my usefulness shall not be impaired by any imputation being cast upon my motives.

Why do I now take the benefit of the Insolvent's Act? Because Mr. John Taylor, surgeon of 64, Queen's Road, Bayswater, for having attended my wife during her dangerous illness, while I was in prison, had a judgment and commitment-summons against me for his account. I could not pay it. My wife has just had a three month's dangerous illness; she is just recovering. My imprisonment would have alarmed and agitated her to the imminent peril of her life, and would have left me without any means of providing for my family.

THEREFORE I have sought the protection of the Court.

During this time, while the catastrophe was pending, I have had repeated offers of public assistance from Chartist friends—a subscription would have served me—I still refused. Nay, during this very period I have refused fees, *when offered*, from poor men for law business done for them. They *know* this in *Todmorden* and *Manchester*, and *Halifax*, and *Bristol*, and very—very many other places.

Now then, what does the trafficking editor of the traitor paper say in the vindication of the language that he uses towards me.

Not one word has he said in refutation of the charges brought against himself, because he cannot.

Friends! I must apologise for putting this answer in the "Notes." The press is closed against me! You don't wish me to let myself be stabbed by cowards, and not to vindicate my character before your eyes.

ERNEST JONES.

Discussion at Halifax.

A full report of a discussion which took place in the Odd Fellow's Hall, St. James's Road, Halifax, on Monday and Wednesday evenings, the 26th and 28th of January, 1852, between Mr. Ernest Jones and Mr. Lloyd Jones; when Mr. Ernest Jones undertook to vindicate the following propositions:—

1st.—"That Co-operation cannot be successfully carried out without first obtaining the Political Rights of the People."

2.—"The errors of the present Movement. Showing that it carries within it the germs of dissolution; would inflict a renewed evil on the masses of the people, and is essentially destructive of the real principles of Co-operation: instead of abrogating profit-mongering, it recreates it; instead of counteracting competition, it re-establishes it; instead of preventing centralization, it renews it, merely transferring the *role* from one set of actors to another."

First Night's Discussion.

The room was crowded in every part, one penny being charged for admission to the body of the hall, and twopence to the platform, the number present being about 1300. Upon the motion of Mr. Ernest Jones, seconded by Mr. Lloyd Jones,

Mr. Christopher Shackleton was unanimously called to the chair, and opened the meeting by stating the conditions of the discussion, namely, that Mr. Lloyd Jones open the discussion by a speech of half-an-hour, and that Mr. Ernest Jones follow in a speech of equal length; and that they have each two speeches after of twenty minutes each, Mr. Ernest Jones closing the discussion. There had (he said) also been another resolution passed by the Committee, which he would read to them, namely, "That a request be made to the meeting that no approbation or disapprobation be manifested." It was important that this should be adhered to for the sake of the subjects being fairly discussed—for the sake of time; inasmuch as approbation or disapprobation neither added to an argument nor furnished a new one, nor strengthened that which was advanced. (Hear, hear.) Therefore he trusted that every man in the room would see the necessity of constituting himself a policeman over his own actions during the progress of the discussion and the business he had to perform would be very light.

Mr. Shackleton then stated the propositions to be discussed, and introduced to the meeting

Mr. Lloyd Jones, who rose and said, It would perhaps be as well if at the commencement of the discussion he explained to them the reason why he was there. They were aware that the Co-operative Movement had been opposed by his opponent (Mr. Ernest Jones), and that he (Mr. Lloyd Jones) had been a party engaged in that movement, and approved not only of the principles, but of the practices of that movement; and also that that movement had not been forced into a premature existence by the agitation of any orator, or by any parties seeking to promote a selfish purpose, but had grown up amongst the people themselves, and partook of whatever of justice, fairness, and honesty there was amongst the people everywhere. Therefore any justice, fairness, or honesty that was in it had been put there by the people themselves, and not by anybody outside of them. He not only came there on as a matter in which he himself was interested, but he came to vindicate what he believed to be honorable and honest proceedings upon the part of those who called themselves co-operators. Previous to doing so, he would endeavour to make himself clearly and distinctly understood. Standing before them to justify that movement was not to him personally a matter of pleasure, not personally a matter of profit. It was because he wished to see that movement successful for their sakes—because he wished to see no misunderstanding going abroad in relation to that movement—because he wished to see them by their own efforts helping each other, and bestowing upon each other, by the influence which they could give each other, when associated together for business purposes. It was only because he wished to see that self-development, that moral and intellectual development, and that increased comfort which he believed that movement would bring to them—it was only for that reason that he was there before them that night to vindicate it. Now, what was that movement? Let any man for a moment imagine that a number of the inhabitants of Halifax, Bradford, Rochdale, or any other town; that scores and hundreds of the working-people of Lancashire and Yorkshire, associate together, as is the case in almost every town in Scotland, and many of the

towns in the Midland, Western, and Southern counties of England. He would say that any man who put to them the possibility of these people spontaneously putting into existence a movement, a business, a principle that had dishonesty for its foundation, was doing a great wrong to the intentions and the honorable character which he (Mr. L. Jones) believed to belong to the working people of this country. Now co-operation meant, that a number of people, not strong enough to do business isolatorily, should unite to do business collectively. As a matterof principle they saw so much of scrambling, of personal injury and individual suffering in the competitive system as at present carried on—that those people believing themselves to be too weak to grapple with those things individually, had united their means for the purpose of meeting and overcoming them. This co-operative movement then was based upon that principle, that individually you are not strong enough to grapple with the evils of the position that you occupy, and that you have united your means—you have clubbed your intellects to meet that which singly you could not meet. It is co-operation in men's minds—people, not kings and governments—the people have united for the purpose of self-employment, and then there is co-operation for the purpose of distributing amongst the people those articles which they require for their daily and weekly consumption, seeing that amongst the manufacturers great wealth is acquired by trading with and upon the people, by using the people for individual purposes. Thus uniting capital they give to labor its due participation in the advantages of its use. They believed that large fortunes had grown up in the hands of a few people, and that those fortunes were not used—never had been used for the purpose of giving to the people their fair share of that comfort and happiness which, through large means, could and ought to be enjoyed by the people. They had in their town, and every town, a large number of manufacturers who had very small beginnings a few years back. Those who have these establishments use their money in connection with the labor of the people, dispose of the article that is produced, and take to themselves the profits of the transaction, giving to the honest-working people just as much wages as they can command when idle fellow-laborers are competing for the job. This is an evil. This state of things is not founded upon justice. There ought to be no desire in the breast of any man to injure or rob his fellow-man. No man having faculties and moral powers should be so used, because he is accidentally rich. When a man sees his family destitute of the comforts of life—his children growing up in ignorance,—when he knows this, and has a desire to educate them, through a pure love to his own family—through a pure desire to elevate those who depend upon him, he has a right to use all the power he possesses for the purpose of doing that good to his family which they demand. He cannot meet those evils singly,—he cannot meet the manufacturer singly,—he is completely powerless by himself,—he has only to discover some new method of producing the article, as well as to improve those methods, to hit upon any plan of putting labor into the streets—of cheapening production, and his end is answered. He cannot compete with the rich manufacturer singly. They therefore said to the people, seeing that you cannot compete successfully singly, that it is naturally the tendency of capital to press more and more upon labor, and deprive it more and more of its fair share of that which it produces, it is the duty of the laborer to look to his right, and to say that he is assisting his brother to do that which he could not do in his weakness,—he asks them to unite and render that strong aid, in order that they may do that upon principles which has never been done for them before. He believed that every working-man that united with them with that intention, did that which could not be in any sense considered criminal. For if a man could, by association with his fellow-men, be induced to give up spending his money at the public-house, and unite with his honest, sober neighbour, he had at least done something that was not blame-worthy, and ought not to be condemned by his fellow working-man. Now, the first effort of the co-operator was to unite himself with his fellow laboring-man to get the machinery by what capital they possessed between them into their own power. Small parts at first—very small indeed; but still let them get as much as they can into their power, using it for their own purposes, instead of allowing it to remain in the power of others, to be used against them, and to their injury. Now this was co-operation for protection, as far as they could carry it; and he was not ashamed to tell them that he was engaged in this work—that it was his business entirely to see what could be done for the purpose of putting working-men in that position. In London they had several associations of working-men who were carrying out their views by capital advanced to them, in some instances, by subscribed capital in others; they were using their own portion for their own undertakings, disposing of that which they produced, instead of promoting capital by taking the whole of

the profits they were giving only to capital that which was deemed its fair share of the profits. Well, now, that was the first form of association—for producing the things that are needed. That was the kind of association by which the working-man is necessitated to be made the master of his own position, where the machine shall not displace him, but shall be made to work for his good, and for the comfort of his family—where he should not be stunned in his position, but by taking hold of that instrument the people stand upon this earth and say, we are men and not dogs, and we will not be content with the lives that dogs lead. Under the present state of things, this distributive principle is entirely in favor of the interest of the seller and against the buyer; it is the interest of the seller to get all the profit from the man who buys and to impose upon the ignorance of the men as much as he can. It is his interest to adulterate every article that will admit of the process of adulteration.

He was not now speaking of a man's duty, which was to live an honest life in this world, if he could do it—but in the businesses of society, the leading of an honest life was a complete impracticability. He could read them extracts from the "Lancet" to show that everything they used was adulterated not only by the small shop-keepers, but by the large and most respectable. In some things the adulteration was as large as ten per cent. and even fifteen per cent. of matter, scarcely worth anything of itself, that was introduced into the articles they used every day. Not only does the man who does it commit a moral wrong, but he injures the man, financially, upon whom it is practised. If they earned a pound a week, the shopkeeper stole five shillings out of it. They paid, say, one shilling for a pound of coffee, and half of that was chicory, which was not worth three pence per pound—therefore they were cheated, because, if the articles were fit to use, they might as well have them separate and at their own prices.

It was doing them a wrong, morally, and also as regarded their health, that they should have put upon them, adulterated articles mixed up with wholesome food, which they ought to get for their money. The co-operators say "we cannot all become shop-keepers;" the individuals are merely retail purchasers, and say, 50, or 100, or 700 in one town join together and send the whole of their capital into the market to make the wholesale purchase—they take themselves above the adulterations of the retail traders, they go and buy at the wholesale price everything which they need for the consumption of their families—to do that equitably, each man must bear his share. It is not right for one man to say, I will give five pounds, and another, I will give five shillings. Every man must be on a fair footing—there must be no shrinking of duty. They must agree among themselves to put down five shillings, or five pounds, or whatever they might consider necessary to do their business. They then went to the market, and the goods were brought into the shop wholesale. First of all they were secured from adulteration, because they had a right to a share of any profits; and having given the consumption, and having taken into the shop the custom of their family, they had found the two things that made a profit—capital and consumption. If they had all the wealth in the world and bought things they could not sell, there would be no profit, inasmuch as they had not taken the first necessary step to secure it. Well, then, having found the capital and the consumption, the principle of the co-operative stores was, that at the end of a quarter, having sold their goods in the meantime, free from adulteration, at a fair market price—they then counted up and saw what profit they had made—that is, how much, under the ordinary circumstances, would go into the till of the retail dealer—perhaps it is £100. They might then agree to divide it amongst them; perhaps it is ten per cent. upon the whole, and every man receives that according to his fair proportion of expenditure, and fair claim upon it. It might be urged that this secured them from adulteration; for if they adulterated, they would be cheating themselves by putting low priced things into better articles. But then every man has a right to examine the accounts from the fact of his being a sharer in the profits, and that right of investigation precluded the possibility of any man behind the counter doing false things, because of this continual supervision, of the accounts. In some stores they deal with the public who have given them no capital. Suppose now in Halifax there are a hundred people who have clubbed their money and opened their shop, and they have fifty customers that do not belong to them—perhaps they cannot trust them—but go into the shop with the miserable vice of suspicion in their minds—they would rather die than be one amongst the co-operators. He knew that Mr. Ernest Jones thought it was unfair that their profits should be taken from them. You throw the gate open and invite all to come and deal with you. You invite them to come and do as you have done; you tell them to bring their custom and to bring their capital, unite with you as brothers, and, at the end of the quarter, to take with you the fair share of the profits of your dealings. It has been urged

against you, as an instance, that at Padiham in building a mill for their looms—they prescribed the number that should join in that. He wished to explain this to them. Any man would know that at the commencement of a shop the arrangements were always made on a larger scale than necessary for their first requirements because they would expect the business to increase. Now, a man going to invest capital for manufacturing purposes, says, "I have so much capital, I shall want so many looms." They must close their arrangements, and, if any other party wants to do as they are doing, they must commence another mill in the neighbourhood. There is no absolute exclusion in this—it was necessary that their limits should be circumscribed. He thought he had now given them the definition of the co-operative movement as far as it had gone, and he would now tell them his connection with it. They saw that the retail shops could not get into the wholesale markets with that knowledge of business which was necessary—and in the best possible manner: and they saw that another step was actually necessary, that was a centre where the best goods might be bought by a man of good judgment so as to remove all the people from the chance of being defrauded in the wholesale markets. Another reason in favour of this was, that the central depôts supplying themselves with articles which they needed for their own consumption, could take from them such articles as they manufactured in their localities, and at their centre in London or Liverpool, they could work all those goods in the ordinary methods of exchange. There were two reasons for establishing a central depôt, and that is in London, for the purpose of supplying all those businesses all over the country at a central connection, and furnishing them with such goods as they might rely upon as to quality and price. He was as much in favour of political power as Mr. Ernest Jones, and wished to see them in possession of all the political power that by their united efforts, or otherwise, they might be able to get. Suppose he was to say to parties engaged in the tee-total or any other great movement, "Gentlemen, you cannot get that until you have got political power," did they think he should be a wise man in saying so? He knew that some fine speeches might be made about great grievances and other things; but they had looked so much at political grievances, so much at the short-comings of the government —that they had not looked at their own. When he heard them talk about political power he could go the whole length with them, although he never made a speech on it. He signed their petitions and his heart and soul was in the movement, but he would say to the Chartists make the Charter your first aim. They did not ask them to put co-operation before their political movement, but let them not imagine, whilst they were struggling politically for their enfranchisement that they might not do something locally for their social emancipation. Every man to the work in which he has most faith, and the realization of their expectations would come in due course. The time being up Mr. Lloyd Jones resumed his seat, and

Mr. Ernest Jones then rose and addressed the meeting. He said he wished expressly to explain to the audience that in rising to take part in the present discussion he was not one of those who thought co-operation a wrong thing. He was one of those, on the contrary, who believed that their social regeneration could not be established unless it was established upon a system of co-operation; but he was one, at the same time, who believed that that system of co-operation could not be carried out, unless they first did away with the obstacles that lay in its way. He was one of those, moveover, who thought that the present system of co-operation was one that even if those obstacles were removed would lead them back into a greater gulph of misery than that from which they were trying to emancipate themselves. In the first place he believed that co-operation even on a good basis, could not be carried into effect as a national remedy without political power to precede it. In the second place he was one of those who believed that the present system of co-operation was merely a recreation of the present system of profit-mongering, competition and monopoly. At the same time he hoped there would be no misapprehension entertained as to the estimation in which he held the present members of the co-operative movement. He believed that they were an honest well-meaning, reflecting and good body of men; but he believed that they were being misled; as the well-meaning, aye, the intelligent, the intellectual and the honest of all ages had so often been, by leaders who did not understand the evils and vices inherent in the system which they no doubt honestly recommended; and by not being able to perceive the downward slope of misery that they were tending towards while fancying they were ascending the heights of social happiness. Now he did anticipate that since the first part of this discussion appeared to have been allotted to this point "That Co-operation cannot be carried out successfully, without first obtaining the Political Rights of the People; he did anticipate that his honourable opponent would have shown that it could. Therefore he (Mr. Ernest Jones) humbly conceived that he had failed to assail that part of his position—that

he had scarcely touched upon it. On the contrary he had endeavoured to show them what the present system was, and he had most erroneously described that system. He, (Mr. Ernest Jones) would draw their attention to the first part of the subject and touch upon a few points that had been brought forward by his worthy opponent; who had told them that the fundamental part of the co-operative principle was its productive element—to produce, to manufacture, to grow corn, to manufacture cotton clothes, and to make machinery. The next point he described was the distributive principle, the shop-keeping portion of the business. Now, let them see how far they could carry their productive system out, (and this was the most important branch of the co-operative principle,) without having political power. They combine—they associate—for the purpose of production; they must have money so to do. In a co-operative store a few of them might club their pence together and might buy the articles they required, and sell them to themselves, and to the public also, making profits, with a comparatively small amount of capital to begin with, length. But the capital they required for the productive portion, was infinitely greater than that required for the distributive branch—they had to buy land, to build, or to buy a factory and purchase machinery and the raw materials required for their manufactures, and they would need a large amount of capital. They clubbed their pence for this purpose, but how was it to be carried on, on a large scale? They required the co-operation of many for the starting in business of a few. They might co-operate to buy land, but the land bought by the many would locate only a few. So in the other branches of production. Now they next looked for the reproductive principle: where was it? Let them take the case of the Amalgamated Iron Trades. The co-operative money of the many, goes to buy a business for the few. All those who subscribe will not be those who are set up in business, but, for the £10,000 subscribed by 12,000 people only 200 or 300 will be set at work.

The reproduction of the capital again would be stopped by the competition of the capitalists, to meet which would require all the resources of the co-operative concern. Thus the reproduction of the capital of these few was prevented from this circumstance: they have got to compete with the capitalist who lowers his prices in competing with the co-operative manufacturer. The capitalist compels all his wages slaves to work for less and the co-operative manufacturer is obliged to lower his profits in order to compete with the monopolist, who lowers his wages. Thus there are two insuperable difficulties for the present co-operator: it requires the capital of the many to set up the few—their few cannot reproduce that capital, owing to the resources being crippled by the competition of the rich; and that very competition, by lowering wages win the labor-market, prevents the remainder from repeating the experiment.

If they turned to the laws of political economy they would find they never could propound a national remedy, unless they increased the real riches of a country; its food—not its cotton clothes, and machinery. Secondly, if they increased the manufactures without extending the market for them! the demand, in the same degree in which they were extending the supply—they must inflict an injury. Now it rested for his opponent to show that he *did* extend the demand. But while foreign markets were beginning to be closed against us by foreign competition, and while we were thus increasing the supply without increasing the demand, what would be the result? The coming down of prices and wages, and the spread of misery and destitution. Let them suppose that their co-operation was to succeed to some extent—and suppose that it was based on right principles, could they do good more rapidly than their enemies did evil? What brought wages down? The surplus labour of the market. As long as the capitalist could throw surplus labor into the market, so long would he have the working classes at his feet. As long as there were men starving and men wanting work—the capitalist would have wages-slaves. As long as he had wages-slaves, he could undersell the co-operator, and thus prevent him from reproducing his capital; and prevent the low-paid multitude to spare from their daily bread enough to compete with him by co-operation. Now if their co-operation could stop surplus-labour from flowing into the market they had solved the question. Unless they could bucket the surplus labor out of the sinking vessel of society more rapidly on the one side than it was flowing in upon the other, they must endure miserable failure. He therefore asked his opponent to tell him whether they could do that by their co-operation. If not, to confess its inadequacy to the end proposed. They could not. Every year the small farms were being consolidated into large, and the surplus was marched into the labor market. Every year increased machinery displaced human labor and the surplus was thrown into competition. Every year the labor of the woman more and more superseded the labour of the man and an added surplus was cast into the streets.—Every

year the labour of the child succeeds the labor of the adult and an additional surplus is turned into the market.—Every year the population greatens, and another surplus is thrown into the world by the hand of God and nature.—The labor surplus, lowered labor's-wages, and the people's means of emancipating themselves grew smaller. As their wages fell, they subscribed less, and at the time they required most, they got the least. He called upon his opponent to show—that co-operation would take that surplus-labor out of the market, and that co-operative capital would increase and accumulate instead of decrease with the decease wages, and the competition of the rich. Again: if they increased the manufactures without increasing the demand they glutted the market, brought prices down, and with them, wages, thus diminishing their own powers of production, and the purchasing powers of the public. Let these points be settled, and the question would be arguable—at the present time it was scarcely arguable. But suppose they had Political Power:—by trying co-operation before they got political power they were putting the cart before the horse. The co-operative cart was very good when laden not with profit-mongering, but with christian co-operation. It was very good for piling their sugar, tea, and coffee in. But they would stick in the mud of competition and misrule—theirs was the cart—but political power was the horse that must pull them out of the mire.

With political power, they could secure the poor-lands, which had so long been in the possession of the porpoise bishops and pastors. They might club their pence together until eternity before they would be able to get one capitulary estate from one fat bishop; but by a people's parliament they could do it in a single hour.

What could they do without capital? They were obliged to borrow from the rich—and mix wages-slavery with debt-slavery. Political power would give them capital, without debt. The rates, tithes and taxes of this country amount to one hundred and one millions of pounds sterling; and suppose they were to confiscate the tithes of the church—and turned their attention to the armaments of the country—to the seventeen millions for army, navy, and ordnance, if we are to have a standing army let us have an army of seventeen millions, let every man be a soldier to garrison his own cottage. A People's Parliament would say, let those who contracted the National Debt pay for it. Thence would come the capital for co-operation—from priests, usurers and slayers, without infringing the rightful property of any solitary man. He asked them if they, the Chartists, were not the best co-operators, after all? Then co-operation would be safe—for the laws would be made to protect it, instead being made to destroy. They might then do that in one session for which they might struggle for a thousand years under the present state of things, and the millenium would find them no nearer to their object. He put it to his opponent to tell them whether this was not the easiest and quickest way of gaining their end? whether political power was not the best way to gain co-operation? He (Mr. Ernest Jones) was not an enemy to the truth of co-operation—but to its errors: He only propounded a different co-operation. His opponent said they should co-operate together and put the profits into their own pockets and that they should also take the profits of the public, and put them into the pockets of the members of the store. He (Mr. Ernest Jones) did not want them to stop co-operating until they got political power—he only wished them to co-operate upon a true social system and not upon an anti social one, as at present, which ought to be scouted by every socialist in the country. His opponent had thrown out a very bold word in reference to the present system, he had stood forward as the champion of their "practices," He (Mr. Ernest Jones), would now analyse the system. His opponent told them that their co-operative stores were established for the purpose of buying in the wholesale market and returning to them at the end of the quarter their fair share of the profits. He said you have no interest in adulterating your food, for if you did, you would be cheating yourselves." Now these stores sometimes, sold to the members generally to the pub ic also. Take the first case:—where they went into the market, bought at the wholesale prices, and sold to themselves. Would you not suppose that they would sell at the wholesale price? But they sold at the retail price and at the end of the quarter they found that they had "cheated themselves" out of the difference between the wholesale and retail prices. They actually with their eyes open charged themselves too much and paid themselves back at the end of the year. He had heard of people cheating others, but it certainly was a funny thing for a man to cheat himself.

They are interest-mongers, and yet they lose the use and interest of their money for a whole year or a quarter. But they not only cheat themselves, they cheat others also. He contended that the present system of co-operation was a system of profit-mongering as great, and greater in one sense than that of the shopocracy of this counrty. He was not in love with the latter, but he would say if he

was to be cheated at all, he liked a man to tell him of it plainly and then there was an end of it, but he did not like a man to tell him he was doing him a great favor and then to be cheating him all the time. Mr. E. Jones being told the time had expired,

Mr. Lloyd Jones commenced by saying, as his opponent had concluded with a statement of what he conceived to be an exceedingly funny thing done by the co-operators, he would at once explain the fun of that mode of doing business, and state to them the much funnier thing which his opponent preferred. The people in the co-operative stores agree to buy their goods at the wholesale price, and then sell to themselves at the ordinary market price. They cheat themselves for the sport of the thing, and then they give back to themselves, as a good joke, the amount out of which they have cheated themselves. Now did any of them ever put a shilling into the Savings' Bank?—did they ever cheat themselves in any investment whatever? If so, they committed the same sort of joke—a capital thing to be laughed at, but a very good thing to do. The other joke was this: Mr. Ernest Jones likes a bold piece of roguery—he was sorry to hear him say so. Although the co-operator might be considered a very foolish man, he made restitution at the end of the quarter; and that was a good old custom. His opponent liked the man who adulterates, and then did the funnier thing of allowing him to give you nothing back. That might be a good joke for Mr. E. Jones, but it was no joke at all for them. Depend upon it they preferred their own joke,—for they lost nothing by it, but won a little. He would now explain to them what Mr. Jones, with a loud voice, set before them, and seemed to think a wonderful thing, namely, that co-operation intensified competition by bringing new competitors into the market. He asked his opponent if he meant to tell them that the co-operator never worked before—that he was just now made for the purpose—that his labor was brought into the market for the first time? He would tell them that the co-operator was a man who was seeking to regulate his own labor, and not to increase the products of the country, nor intensify competition. That he was made first as a competitive tool, but was now an instrument used by himself. He would tell them now, in a co-operative movement they could not create competition, and how it was impossible to do so in a co-operative store. The thing is very easy of explanation, and very plain and practicable. Suppose a hundred people begun as distributors, he would show them, how out of that competition could not by any possibility arise. What do they speculate upon? Upon their own business. If the public came they served them; but it was the continued effort of every one connected with those stores to indoctrinate the public into their principles, and turn them into ordinary members. In Rochdale they began with 30, now they were 700; in Padiham they began as 12 now they were 200; in Halifax they began as 25, and now they were much increased. Your object is not to make a profit of your neighbour, but of your own transactions; and if your neighbour comes to you as an ordinary dealer, you treat him as such and your doors are open to him. And if you could take a whole town into co-operation you then limit the extent of your co-operation. What is a shop or store? A place where you bring together such articles as men need for their consumption. In one place it is a clothing concern, in another a shoemaker's, and in another a hatter's, and you dispose of your machinery to those who use it for productive purposes. Suppose it finds you with everything you want. The consumption of a country is what keeps the poor at work. If you give over consumption you may as well give over producing, and so long as you possess consumers, you see the grand object of having a centre organization, so that the consumers shall have the election—the protection of those goods which they require. You start with 700 members; they want a certain number of pairs of shoes, besides the productions of the tailor's shop, and the factory—they will want machinery. There are 3000 factors in Rochdale; they require a supply of two pairs of shoes in the year. Do you say to the shoemaker, when he has organized that consumption, "You can go where you like to be consumed,"—you can say to them, "There is a market for your shoes." The co-operators bring them into connection with all the feet of the establishment, and say to them, "Produce the shoes that the feet wear out." So that they now saw that the store was not in its imperfect state, a place for selling with a view to profit, but for organizing the consumption of the people. And in the same way they may command the production of those things necessary to supply that consumption. Now he would tell them there was political economy there. They need not go to Moses and Son for their shoes, when they could command the consumption of any number. Seeing that every one of your stores accumulating capital as a reserve fund for purposes beyond the shop to put into operation the labor that may be thrown out of work; and there is a con-

sumer ready at hand to take the article that is produced. Let them reflect upon the matter. Here are tailors in their town, who have no means of coming into contact with each other that they may exchange their labor; but are in the hands of the ordinary manufacturers. If you have these stores there is a capital accumulating, as nothing is more easy than for those who manage these stores, knowing what they are about,—to organize the labor of those hatters, shoemakers, and tailors, and put them into communication with each other through the medium of the store, and enable them to exchange when, under ordinary circumstances they would have been idle. He wished to show Mr. Jones that this was not so frightful a thing as he imagined. He knew it was difficult, but then there never had been a great thing done in the world without difficulty. Large manufacturers that had begun with small means had grown strong by the labors of their workmen. Fourteen years ago, 17 men in Leeds clubbed all they could together, and it made £1100; and they have gone on, each man doing his own particnlar work—the smith doing his work—the pattern-maker doing his, &c., and these 17, except two, remain, and are stated to be worth £30,000, accumulated by their own labor. Mr. E. Jones preferred the bold-faced robber who took all the profit. He said: No—let the people take it themselves. Their's was the first step; and let the man who had a yard before him unoccupied clear it before he stepped up and asked for another. Let him not act the part of a coward, and say, "I won't take that unless you will let me have another. Let every man conquer every difficulty, political and social, as soon as he can, and not stand back and do nothing because he cannot do everything. His opponent said, they would get them out of the mud, and it would give him great pleasure to see Mr. Jones coming with his immense power to pull them out. Talk of the power of the parsons—there has been a power of talking—a power of bombast that has led away the hearts and understandings of the people most shamefully to the wasting of their time. They were the best co-operators said Mr. Jones, and would help them—he would say, help yourselves gentlemen. You boasted four years ago of a petition signed by 7,000,000, and you are now voting for your executive and muster in all England and Scotland, 1600 votes. Help yourselves. He grieved that this should be so. The men who boasted of being liberal did he see them on all occasions doing the most liberal things—did they support the liberal press as they ought? Ye who say you do all good things, where is your own newspaper which Mr. Ernest Jones is trying to call into existence? If you were prepared to do what you could, you would have ten newspapers instead of one. If you knew your own interests and how to settle them, you would not have other men writing your newspapers at high rates. It was a source of grief to him to see the working-classes lying at the feet of the people.

The *Chairman* here interrupted Mr. Jones and said he felt it to be his duty to call him to the question, as he was now dwelling upon matters that had no connection with it.

Mr. Jones then resumed, and said, The Chairman of the discussion must leave the discussion of the question to the disputants. It was the office of the Chairman to keep time, and Mr. Jones and himself were to be supposed to understand the question and settle that between them. Now, he did not put these things in anger to them, but in sorrow—he put it as an argument to them with a feeling of shame, for he would gladly to-morrow see them doing their work well, and as honest men. When they told him that if they had political power they would do a great many things; but would do nothing until then for their own improvement—then he told them they were hypocrites, and not true men. The true man did the good to the extent of his power at the moment of its existence, and at the first opportunity for its accomplishment. He had tried to explain what co-operation was, and he had one request to make of Mr. Jones that was according to the rule of debate that he would introduce no new facts into the discussion which could not be answered for the night; but let such be brought in during his next speech, so that he (Mr. Lloyd Jones) might have an opportunity of answering them in his last speech.

Mr. Ernest Jones rose and said, He expected that his worthy opponent instead of dwelling on generalities and descending to personalities would have attempted to answer those questions which he put to him, namely, Whether they could take the surplus labour out of the market as fast as it came in? Whether they could unlock the monopolies of land and machinery and money, currency, credit and exchange, which kept that surplus in existence? Whether it did not take the co-operation of the many to locate or set up the few? Whether the competition of the capitalist did not prevent the reproduction of the co-operators' capital? Not one of these questions had his opponent answered. Instead of that he had given them generalities and dwelt on personalities connected with a public question. He should at once proceed with his argument. He had said that it was a remarkably funny thing that men should charge themselves too

much and pay themselves back at the end of a quarter, and his opponent had asked them if they ever put money into the Saving's Bank, and told them it was exactly the same thing as putting it into a co-operative store. Now it would be much better to put their money into the Savings' Bank at the commencement, and not cheat themselves for a year out of its use and interest, and then pay themselves back the capitalist alone. He had alluded to the stores that merely sold to themselves, and he was told that he liked the people to deal with a rogue who did not give them anything back at the end of the quarter. He did not state that he liked a rogue; but that if he was to be cheated at all he preferred, so to speak, the honest rogue who told him his intentions, to the man who said he was doing him a favour aud was doubly cheating him all the time. He (Mr. E. Jones) would direct their attention, to what he was proceeding to advert on at the close of his previous remarks. The stores that sold also to the general public at the retail price. The members pocket the difference between that and the wholesale price at which they bought. It might be right for the parties to overcharge themselves and put the profits back into their pockets; but was it right to overcharge the public. If they returned the difference to each member at the end of the quarter, why not do the same with the general public? His opponent might say,—those who started the concern gave the public unadulterated food—they found the capital, and were therefore entitled to any advantages which might accrue therefrom,—and that this was based upon the rights of capital. He (Mr. E. Jones) denied that capital had any rights! man had *all* the rights—capital had none. But the members had no claim, even on this ground: Suppose they paid 5s. or £1 each, towards supplying themselves with unadulterated goods at the wholesale price; by selling to the public at the retail price their capital was soon doubled—if they succeeded. What increased it?—the public—out of 50s. the member found but 5s. Why, after all, it was the public that found the capital—but the member who grasped at all the gain. Where do their reserved funds come from? From the public. If £30,000 profit have been realised in so many years by seventeen men in Leeds (as Mr. Lloyd Jones had sttaed) the general public had been cheated to fill the pockets of those men, who, calling themselves co-operators, had become profit-mongers and capitalists. Thus, what did their co-operation effect in its present plan? It enabled a few men to rise from the ranks of labor, and to live in idleness out of the earnings of those who lived by work; and how? Thus: they buy at the wholesale price, and sell to the public at the retail price, and they pocket the difference, and at the end of a year they gain so many pounds (if successful.) Another year they pocket an additional sum; they extend their transactions until at last they become small capitalists, like those £30,000 gentlemen, to whom his opponent had alluded, they are enabled to give up work and live upon their large dividends—upon the interest upon the money that has passed over their counters from the men who lived by toil; so that their plan of co-operation enabled a few to rise above the mass, and live in idleness out of the earnings arising from those who lived by work. He (Mr. E. Jones) maintained that a man had no right to take that from society for which he did not give back the full value: that no man ought to receive a reward beyond the fair remuneration for his labor and his time. By his opponent's plan, if a few men have got a little capital to trade with, they appointed one man at 6s. per week and his keep, to do the work, while the members do no work whatever, as far as the store is concerned, but still divide profits, dividends, and bonuses among themselves. Now, they came to another point: his opponent said that it is impossible that they could monopolise or compete, and that they were always extending their concern. At the Padiham Mill there were seventy-seven men subscribed twenty-five pounds each to commence work, and then passed a law to exclude any more members. And why? because we are told that when you start a new trade you are obliged to set limits to your transactions. But then you do not refuse to set limits to the subscription of capital. Instead of only the number of looms required for seventy-seven members—they had eighty additional looms beyond what they needed for themselves—they had extended their concern and yet they adhered to their rule of not admitting any more members. They would allow a man to go and work as a wages-slave at ordinary market-wages, but not unless he paid a premiun of £8 for the benefit of the rich capitalists. His worthy opponent had altogether neglected this point of the question—that these concerns must compete with each other:—first they have to compete with the capitalists, and then to compete with each other afterwards. It was impossible for them to compete successfully with the monopolist who had the power of driving wages down to starvation pittance, owing to the labour surplus in the market. The capitalist could undersell the co-operators, so that the latter must lower their profits to starvation point—or give up their business. Again: the present system of co-operation made it the interest of the co-operator to pre-

vent the spread of the principles. Take the Padiham factory: do its members wish another factory to start up on the opposite side of the street? No, that would not be convenient for them. Already there are too many mills—there is too much supply for the demand, and if they keep increasing the supply without increasing the demand, they must begin to compete. They must have customers, and if there are not enough to divide equally, then he who can must get the larger share, and the rest must perish. This must be the work of the present plan of co-operation, which must result in competition and eventually in monopoly. He asked his opponent to show how it could be otherwise unless he increased the demand for the article at the same time he increased the supply—and he further asked him to show how he would increase the demand. There was, however, another point of which it was most essential to take cognizance, that is, what would be the sound basis of co-operation? If instead of a mill being started upon the isolated principle, a grand national co-operative movement was set on foot, where interest could not clash with interest, if the co-operative mill here had an identity of interest with all other co-operative mills elsewhere. How was that to be brought about? By this means. Instead of the co-operators pocketing all the profits accumulated, and becoming new capitalists, let all that is realised beyond the working charges including the just remuneration for time and labor, be appropriated as a fund for the establishment of additional co-operative stores, mills, farms, and workshops. Let those 17 gentlemen engineers who have pocketed £30,000 say we will merely take as much of the profits as we require to carry on our business and remunerate our labour, and give the rest for the purpose of raising our poor weak brethren from the wretchedness in which they are sunk,—for all that we get beyond what justly remunerates us belongs to the public, and they alone have a right to it, since from them it comes. Accordingly, the £30,000 we have beyond what is necessary for our own wants shall be devoted to commence another co-operative store to emancipate another lot of our fellow workingmen. We will build another mill, or buy another farm, and take within its precincts those wages-slaves who are too poor and too weak to emancipate themselves. We have been fortunate enough to extricate ourselves, and like good Samaritans we will now help others to do the same. The new mill or farm out of its returns should give a fair support in return for fair work, and the accumulating surplus should again go to start a third mill or a third farm. That was co-operation. His opponent's plan was isolation. That was brotherhood—his opponent's plan was competition and hostility.

Mr. Lloyd Jones then rose and said;—A great part of his opponent's speech had given him great pleasure, inasmuch as it was the outpouring of an exceedingly benevolent spirit. It was calling upon all men who, by the proper use of their means, accumulated any description of wealth to use that for those who stood in need of it. He acknowledged that that was an exceedingly benevolent speech, and if men would do it, the world would be a great deal better than it was; but really if the socialist co-operator—a man who is trying to do all the good he can—has not turned good Samaritan, have you who profess so much benevolence? Pray why are you not turning good Samaritans for somebody else's sake as well as your own? He did not believe they were Samaritans—he believed that nine-tenths of them would rather take from the man wounded than give to him. He did not believe in good Samaritanism, he did not see it in society, no political party carried it out, and until he saw the work instead of hearing the talk of the Samaritans he would not believe in it. He would explain to them how that large profit on the Rochdale store could result from five shillings. You put your five shillings into a Savings' Bank, and at the end of the year you get two and a half per cent. upon it; but you put it into the co-operative store and let it be used to supply you with the things you need, and you make a profit upon all the money you laid out previously to joining the store. You may turn that over twenty or thirty times a-year, and you are making a continued profit—not upon your five shillings alone; but by taking all the money required for your current expenditure to the store and making it operate as manure to give vitality to it for you at the end of the quarter or year. His opponent had said they were growing into great capitalists; and yet in a previous speech he said they never could grow into great capitalists, because those who were already great capitalists would never give them the opportunity. Now he should like to know how these two statements could be reconciled. If they were not capable of growing rich by a proper management of their own resources, and putting themselves into the position of those who are now great capitalists, then they never could accomplish the frightful things to which his worthy friend had alluded. If a man spends fifty pounds a-year upon a large family and puts five shillings into the co-operative store as a member, he gets the benefit of the interest on the fifty pounds which he lays out in goods which might be a profit of £7 10s. upon his expenditure; which formerly went into the pocket of the shopkeeper with

whom he dealt. Suppose poor men did make it—they sell unadulterated articles at market price, and their profits are less than at other establishments that adulterate. The average profits of the stores is one shilling, sometimes one shilling and sixpence, and it has reached two shillings in the pound, never above, and in many cases it has been nothing at all. After all there is some sense in the joke; if you spend fifty pounds at the store you get two shillings on each pound, and that is five pounds at the end of the year, a handsome thing; but you get nothing from the overgrown capitalists with whom you deal—he gets all the profit upon the expenditure of your family. He meant to say that these profits put together in a common fund might now be used to good purpose for the benefit of the people, when they have wisdom enough to do it. If the members take the profits at the end of the quarter, his opponent said they ought to do the same by the public as themselves. He (Mr. L. Jones) said no—because the public did not supply the first condition to make that money; they invested no capital in the concern, therefore the public have no right to it. Would any man tell him if he put by his spare money for the purpose of entering into a business to make a profit, that because his neighbour chose to come and take advantage of his money, that he had a right to say he had as much interest in the concern as himself? His neighbour came to his shop because his tea or coffee, &c., were much better than he could get anywhere else, and was he then to give him part of the profits upon his goods. No as fond as they were of jokes they never submitted to jokes of that description. Mr. Ernest Jones' plan is first-rate if he will put it into practice. He (Mr. L. Jones) complained of him as an imaginary co-operator. As a Samaritan he wished to see him practice instead of preach. He would show then how the difficulties to which his opponent referred might be removed. Suppose they co-operated for the whole consumption of Halifax, Huddersfield, or Leeds, they had all the great capitalists fighting against their co-operative mills and stores. Could not those who had an interest in the business say to the large capitalists you shall not beat our small ones, because we, the consumers, have united, and we will not have your stuff, but their's. Could not the people say, "We will have that which is produced by the work of our brothers, who are reduced to starvation." Thus the organization of the consumption of the people is taken into their own hands; and they say "We will have those things which we need from our cooperative mills, because they are produced by our own brothers who are worthy to emancipate themselves from social serfdom; and we will therefore give the preference to our fellow workmen." Why is the consumption of the people in the hands of the capitalist? Because the people are not organized. He put this to his opponent as a practical solution which is now being worked out by co-operative stores. And those who encourage all co-operative efforts are doing this upon a business basis settled between themselves. And they deal with each other, and are doing so more and more every day. His opponent asked what men were getting with co-operation; and told them that those 77 men in Padiham shut out all the rest of the town. But he would tell them they sought to make them themselves 80 men, and the whole town could not furnish the additional three; and they shut up because they could get no more members. They said, "We have done this work: if those other men who would not help us want to enjoy what we enjoy, let them subscribe their money, and build another weaving shop. We want to do our work in a practical manner, and to put our business upon a business foundation; because success in business must have the conditions of success, and all the fine talk in the world will never get it unless you do that which is necessary for the transaction. But they charge £8 for letting a poor man work. Don't you think that when a poor man can get into another mill for nothing he would be a great fool to go and give them £8. Why do they do this? Because every man is admitted into a share of the profits of the establishment, and therefore a compensation was required by the man who invested his capital, but did not work. You go in on these conditions, because co-operation puts out the idea of using a man as a mere producing tool; they want to give every man an interest in the productiveness, prosperity, and success of the establishment; and he thought if those men contributed, as Mr. E. Jones, had stated, £25 to start the concern, and if they admit others at £8, they are putting them to an advantage above themselves, and there is no injustice in it. Would it not be miserable to ask a man to work for you, and give you £8 for the use of your loom, unless there was some advantage on the other side to make up this. But it is said the large capitalists will and must beat us down, and they were asked if they could take the surplus labor out of the market? Now there were a great many things that they could not do. He would give them the moon every night if he could, but he could not, as it changes, and is sometimes small and sometimes large, which they could

not help. They would take all the surplus labor out of the market to-morrow if they could; but they could not do that. So then because they could not take all out they were not to take part. Because a house is on fire, and you cannot jump out of every window are you not to jump out of one? If you give a man £5 profit at the end of the year upon his consumption, which he never had before you give him the means of increasing his productions, and by distributing that money you give them the means of consuming many things they could not before, and also a means of increasing the productiveness of the country. He was there to tell them what co-operative men were doing, and to tell them not to neglect the opportunities at their disposal, for they were doing an injury to themselves; and whilst they were crying out against those who were taking advantage of the opportunities which they were neglecting; they were doing a sin against those men. His opponent said it was their interest to keep the people out; but where was the interest? In Rochdale they began with 30, and went on to 700. It was in the aggregate the strength that he received, by giving the same strength to another man which that man gave to him, it was by the aggregate of that strength, used in unity, that they would be enabled to lift themselves above the difficulties of this life, and occupy that position on the earth which they ought. This is the work of co-operators. Co-operation does not stand in the way of the political enfranchisement of the people. They believed that co-operation was the thing needed; others believed that political enfranchisement was the best thing for elevating the people. Let both labor unceasingly to gain that which they believed to be best. But he would say they benefited the people when they took from the class that oppressed them the £5 which was returned to the working man who was a member of a co-operative store; so that he might have more means at command for the education of his children, and for promoting the comfort of his family.

Mr. Ernest Jones said he had asked his opponent whether they could take the surplus labor out of the market?—whether they could unlock that monopoly which drove that surplus into the market?—whether they could undersell the capitalists? or if not, whether they could compete with them?—whether it did not take the co-operation of many to emancipate the few?—and whether the competition of the rich would not prevent the re-production of co-operative capital?—whether, if the concern were successful, the system did not lead to capitalism and monopoly?—whether the isolated system did not lead to competition among co-operators? He would leave the audience to judge whether these questions had been answered. He stated that they would increase the production if they increased the number of productive agencies by factories, without increasing, in the same proportion, the consumption, or demand for the article. He admitted they might increase the demand to a slight amount; but the increase of production would be greater than the increase of consumption, and consequently they inflicted as great an evil as that which they were trying to abolish. His opponent charged him with saying, at one time, they would become great capitalists,—at another that they would fail. What he (Mr. E. Jones) said, was this: that they could not succeed; but that their very success would be an evil. If they succeeded they became capitalists by accumulating profits; and the way to redeem the people was to distribute not to centralize wealth. Thus, in case of success, they inflicted an evil on society; but that they must fail and be ruined in competing against the rich, he thought he had shown; and thus they inflicted an evil on themselves. They could raise a few men here and there into capitalists without the emancipation of the great masses; but they could not do—they never had done more; and by so doing he contended they did their best to create a fresh system of capitalism and monopoly. His opponent had taken the argument which he applied to the isolated store, and wanted them to believe that he had applied it to the whole. His opponent had admitted that they could not take the labor surplus aut of the marke. In that admission Mr. Lloyd Jones had given up the whole case. There was the point—that was what put them down, and enabled the monopolist to undersell them; because he took the advantage of the impoverished population of wages-slaves, in a two-fold manner:—by driving wages down he stopped their sources for raising new capital; and by underselling thro' the means of cheap labor he forced them to waste the capital already subscribed. Therefore co-operation must fail. Mr. Lloyd Jones promised to give them the the moon every night, if he had it in his power; he (Mr. E. Jones) prayed that he would not give them moonshine (laughter.) For was it not moonshine to pretend to put a stop to wages-slavery, and at the same tell us he could not put a stop to that by which wages-slavery was created, namely—labor-surplus? If you cannot remove the cause, you cannot remove the effect. Indeed,

Mr. Lloyd Jones's moon was laboring under an eclipse.

He (Mr. E. Jones) must now digress to answer some statements of his opponent. Mr. Lloyd Jones admitted they had passed a rule at Padiham to exclude more members—but said it was done because the public would not come. Then, if they would not come, whence was the necessity to pass a rule for keeping them away? No! the fact was, as soon as they found they had money enough to start their mill, they shut out the public that they might have all the profits to themselves. His opponent had wanted to make them believe that the poor men at the additional looms shared in the profits: they did not—they got four per cent. for their money, and common wages—so that they had to pay eight pounds for permission to work at market wages in the Christian co-operators' mill: whereas at the capitalists they could get work and the same wages for nothing. So much for his opponent's attempt to mislead the audience. His opponent had told them the co-operators never made more than two shillings in the pound—that they could not clear more than about £5 in the year, on their own purchases—and, therefore, that they could not grow capitalists, and that they were not profitmongers. Then he (Mr. E. Jones) asked where came the £2000 here and the £1000 there from? Why! from the public. It could not be from their own purchases—it must be from the purchases of others. From the amount surcharged on the general customer, and from their brother workingmen. "Oh, but," said Mr. Lloyd Jones, "the public don't supply the first condition. They don't find the capital." Did they not? What did the members find? Five shillings a-piece. What did the public find for the members in one year? £2000. Who found the capital now? Was this fair dealing. The member makes a payment of five shillings once, and receives eternally—the public pay eternally and never receive at all. His opponent alluded to a mutual exchange between neighbouring towns as an antidote to competition. He would touch on that before the discussion concluded. Unable to shake these arguments, or alter these facts, my opponent swerves from the question and addresses remarks which are of a personal character to the cause of which I am one of the humble advocates. He asks us what we have done? Did we support our press, and ought we not to have ten papers instead of one paper? We have papers—we have had papers, and we will have more—but where are your papers; and what has become of them? Do you support them? No, not even the "Penny Christian Socialist," could you keep alive' (Cheering, which was suppressed by the Chairman.) What have you done in the cause of human progress or redemption? You may point to your isolated localities where you have emancipated one or two wages slaves, and turned them into monopolists and capitalists. But what general good have you conferred upon society? What was it that carried the repeal of the Corporation Act? Was it meal-tubs? No. it was political power. What carried the repeal of the Slave-trade? Was it a candle-box? No! it was political power. What carried Catholic Emancipation? Was it a cake of soap? No! it was political power. What carried the Reform Bill? Was it a pat of butter? No! it was political power. What is it that is driving on the middle class tyrants and the aristocracy to a semblance of reform, and leading them to confess that man is man, and that they must concede something of their rights to the people? Is it your co-operation that they fear—no, it is ours; for you co-operate with pence and we with men. We the political organizers, who don't talk, talk—talk Christian Socialism, and under the cover of talking, slip the sovereigns into our anti-christian pockets all the while, we promise you fair labor—without an £8 premium. We say with political power we will give you the chance—the means of co-operation. What use are all your theories of, without the means to carry them out! You are mere theorisers—we are men of business and facts. You want land and money capital. Political power will give you the land without infringing upon the rights of any private individual. Political power will give you the capital. But you taunt us with our weakness. You say, we are only 1,600, strong. But who has made us so. You! by drawing off after your desert-mirage, portion upon portion of the working-classes. With your Trades-Unions, and Co-operations, and Financial Reforms, you have taken the brave crew out of our ship in little boatfuls, and launched them on the troubled sea of capital—though we still have some to keep our flag up at the mast-head—but where will you be when the storm of panic comes, and the proud vessel of monopoly bears down upon your shallops? How will you weather dull trade, short time, panic and commercial crisis? Nay? that, which is your weakness, is our strength. It is the heart and brain, and not the purse that gives the strength. It is thought and intelligence, not money-bags, that make nations free. No commercial crisis can drag intelligence from the mind, no panic can tear truth from out the heart! With dull trade your sovereigns diminish—with dull trade our recruits increase.

In a political struggle, the chances are in our favour. In a money struggle they are in

the favor of our enemy. In the latter he has £1000 to every one of ours; in the former, we have 1000 men to every one of his.

END OF THE FIRST NIGHTS DISCUSSION.

This Report is by Mr. James Hornsby, Reporter for the Huddersfield and Holmefirth Examiner.

Lessons from History.

III.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 39, p. 775.)

To bring about a decisive battle, Cleomenes marched straight on Leuctra, knowing the Achæans would be sure to march to its defence. He was not deceived. Aratus himself led them on—a battle ensued under the walls of the town, and a part of the Lacedæmonian army was defeated. The old valor of the Spartans had been enervated under the degenerating sway of the oppressive rich. Aratus, having followed up his advantage for some time, ordered the pursuit to stop; but the ardour of Lysiades, the Megalopolitan, carried him on; and he sent his cavalry among the vineyards, ditches, and enclosures, through which the Spartans were flying. Cleomenes at once saw his opportunity. He reformed his Tarentine and Cretan archery, and lined the hedges with them. The enemy were stopped by the continuous vollies. Meanwhile, Cleomenes flew along the retiring ranks, showed them the pursuit was stopped, brought them up once more, and with a shout of joy the reanimated soldiers rushed upon their foe. The Achæans were broken, Lysiades was slain,—a carnage ensued, till the young prince put a stop to the massacre, granted a truce to the survivors, and permitted them to bury their dead. The body of Lysiades he crowned and robed in purple and sent it to Magalopolis, with a guard of honor, in remembrance that this man, once a despotic sovereign, had voluntarily resigned his power, and given liberty to the people.

Cleomenes now felt himself strong enough to commence carrying the revolution into effect. He succeeded also at this time in converting his father-in-law, Megistonus, to his views; and in allying two or three of his most trusty friends in the project. The chief difficulty, however, lay with a portion of the army. Sons and dependants of the rich he could not rely on them for the execution of his scheme. The mercenaries alone were to be trusted; since, having no attachment to Sparta, but great attachment for *him*, as soldiers they would obey whatever their general commanded. The object was, therefore, to get rid of the doubtful or hostile portion of the army. This he effected in a masterly manner. He formed all those whom he considered as dangerous and inimical into a corps, and led them to the capture of Heræa and Alsaæa, two cities of the Achæan League. He then laid siege to Mantinea, and so harrassed this body of troops, that they besought him to let them rest, while in Arcadia. Cleomenes, as may be supposed, was not slow to consent, and left them to rejoin his other forces. Taking with him the mercenaries only, he now began to draw towards Sparta. While engaged in these proceedings an alarming circumstance occurred: One of the *ephori*, while sleeping in the temple of Pasiphæ, dreamed that in the ephorian court four of the magisterial chairs were removed, and only one left, while he thought a voice called to him from the sanctuary—"this is best for Sparta." The dreamer related his vision to Cleomenes. The latter was much alarmed, thinking his plans had been revealed, and that it was merely a trick to fathom his intentions. But finding that there was no intentional deception, he continued moving towards the city, but marching very slowly, in order to reach the city at the hour when the *ephori* were, as usual, all assembled together at their evening meal. On the way he communicated his designs to those whom he thought most attached to his interest.

"When he approached the town, he sent Euryclidas before him to the hall where those magistrates used to sup, upon pretence of his being charged with some message relative to the army. He was accompanied by Therician and Phœbis, and two other young men who had been educated with Cleomenes. These were at the head of a small party. While Euryclidas was holding the *ephori* in discourse the others ran upon them with their drawn swords. They were all slain but Agesilaus, and he was then thought to have shared the same fate, for he was the first man that fell; but in a little time he conveyed himself silently out of the room and

crept into a little building, which was the temple of Fear. This temple was generally shut up, but then happened to be open. When he was got in he immediately barred the door. The other four were dispatched outright; and so were above ten more who came to their assistance. Those who remained quiet received no harm; nor were any hindered from departing from the city. Nay, Agesilaus himself was spared when he came the next day out of the temple. . . . Next day Cleomenes proscribed eighty of the citizens whom he thought it necessary to expel; and he removed all the seats of the *ephori*, except one, in which he designed to sit himself, to hear causes, and dispatch business" *(Plutarch)*.

Thus, at a cost of some fourteen lives, this great revolution was effected—one of the most remarkable in history, from the peculiar nature of the elements that wrought it, and the mode of their construction. Caused by a change in the principles of one man, changed by love from a despot to a democrat, carried out by his own volition, and *how* effected? By a mercenary soldiery!—by war—by personal dictatorship, and military influence! the very weapons that actually destroy freedom—for once, by a strange exception, co-operated in its defence! And *when* effected? When the people were hopeless, cowardly, and apathetic,—when the rich were combined, powerful, vigilant, aud apparently secure,—a few men launched by one master mind at the critical time in the right direction, subverted the strongest oligarchy of ancient Greece! The *coup d'etat* of a Napolean, in boldness, courage, and the inadequacy of powers, is thrown far into the shade by this young democrat. Nor did Cleomenes commit the fatal error of false mercy. He struck the leaders down, and extinguished opposition by extinguishing its chiefs. Five men, the only power which could command and guide resistance, and that the rich would obey against him, were cut down. The machinery of reaction was broken—the scattered parts lay there, but the springs that could alone set them in motion were no more! In the same way in which the ephori, on the murderous night when the house of Agis perished, when even his aged mother and grandmother were massacred had paralysed revolt by crushing those who could alone have given it cohesion and direction,—in the same way (but not sullied with the blood of the woman and the innocent) did Cleomenes retaliate on the on the assassins. But he shed no unnecessary blood.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—A CHARTIST CONVENTION.

Brother Chartists!—The good work is going on—we are not killed yet. The Chartist body are rousing themselves from their apathy. Yorkshire and Lancashire are in the field—Yorkshire and Lancashire, the two wings with which Chartism shall soar above the slough of imbecility, disgrace and apathy, wherein their leaders have done their best to plunge it. Thank God! we have emancipated ourselves from the thraldom.

What are you doing, towns of the Midland? Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, Northampton, Birmingham! Help in the glorious movement! Rally round the old flag that is waving welcomes to you from the North!

In the west, democracy is spreading: witness Bridgewater, Torquay, Exeter, Merthyr, Newtown, Llanidloes, Bristol, — large and small, there is a stir among them, only waiting for the organising hand.

In Scotland Democracy but sleeps—it is not dead nor craven.

Believe me—we are NOT weak—we only want confidence in ourselves and unity in our action.

Yorkshire and Lancashire are raising the call for a Convention—they are not merely raising the call—they are setting themselves to the work—they expect help and brotherhood from us all!

Our cause has gone through the greatest dangers it has yet escaped—a greater amount of seduction around it than ever known before; more falling off from its ranks than it ever yet experienced, more counteracting causes in the country than it ever yet had faced; more timid and fatal advice from its own real friends than it ever yet had been assailed with; more incompetent and disgraceful leadership than it ever yet had bowed nnder (or than ever cursed and ridiculed any cause in the world!) and the treachery and hostility of its own acknowledged organ to crown the whole!

Oh! some of our best and truest men folded their hands and said, "It's all over now." They thought the Charter was dead,

because they'd given it narcotics. Few have that undying faith in a cause, that laughs at every change, and sees onward beyond the darkness and eclipse. They saw the difficulties, and did not see the strength that should surmount them. But the brave old Charter has risen up again from his sick-bed, and flinging aside the new physicians with their quack nostrums, and the old women who were offering him shopocratic draughts, and aristocratic sympathising plasters. He thinks a little exercise will do him good, and so he is taking a walk over the hills of Lancashire and Yorkshire! and he gets stronger as he feels the air. He is getting young again, and hearty. Prepare for him in the Midland! Prepare for him in Scotland! for he is coming down among you, and he expects a fitting welcome.

That welcome is a Convention—the mind of Britain rallying round the Charter! Assemble in your localities—support a Convention to meet in Manchester forthwith—elect your delegates—every man to the work! Don't leave it others. Each one has his duties; and every one is wanted. Let each locality try to be first in the field; for the example of one gives courage to the rest. Do this! and we'll have such a Chartist movement in the land as we have never known, (alike distinct from former effervescence, and from recent pusillanimity),—a movement that shall be turned to a good account, and do something tangible and real towards emancipating labor!

WE CAN DO IT—if we will. I feel it—I know it! The strength you have—now do you choose to wield it?

ERNEST JONES.

II.—A PEOPLE'S PAPER.

The programme issued in No. 39 or 40 of the "Notes," will be followed shortly by a detailed prospectus, not of the policy or nature of the paper, but of what the weekly cost of the paper at a given circulation will be—how much the paper will cost, the printing, stamps, &c., and all the contingent expenditure,—what circulation will cover the outlay, &c., *so that you will at once see what profits are made from the sale*, and what the surplus devoted to the National Charter Fund will be.

All minor details and conditions will there be fully entered into, forming a complete statement of all connected with the undertaking.

In the mean time, I urgently request you to forward me money for the preliminary expenditure of placards, circulars, and handbills, and for the very purpose of printing and circulating the prospectus, beyond the immediate readers of the "Notes."

A small preliminary sum for this purpose is ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE.

For the guarantee that any money sent shall be applied to no other purpose, and for the mode of sending it I refer you to the last two numbers of the "Notes."

I am happy to say that promises of support are rapidly beginning to come in; and that the programme issued has obtained the sanction of some of the most important portions of the Chartist movement.

III.—MANCHESTER.

At the member's meeting of the Manchester Chartists in the People's Institute, on Sunday evening, January the 25th, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

1.—That E. Lewis, (late of Boston, America), represent the Manchester Chartists at the South Lancashire Delegate Meeting, to be holden at Rochdale on Sunday, the 1st of July.

2.—That this meeting, satisfied of the treachery and defection of the "Northern Star," pledges itself to assistance by every means in its power to realize a thoroughly democratic people's paper, on the plan and principles set forth in the circular issued by Ernest Jones, with No. 39 of the "Notes to the People."

3.—That this meeting is of opinion that the present Executive is powerless for good; that, for a variety of reasons, patent to the whole body of Chartists, the immediate calling of a Convention is imperative to save the movement.

THOS. ORMSHER.
Secretary.

IV.—HALIFAX.

At a council-meeting of this locality on Tuesday evening 27th instant, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

1st.—That Mr. W. Cockroft represent this locality in the West Riding Delegate Meeting, to be held in Halifax, on Sunday the 1st of February.

2nd.—That he recommend a union between the West Riding and Lancashire.

3rd.—That he encourage the calling of a convention in Manchester as speedily as possible.

4th.—That he recommend that an immediate attempt be made to raise Funds for the People's Paper.

5th.—That persons be appointed to move an amendment for the Charter, name and all at the meeting to be held in Halifax on the 2nd of February by the Financial Reformers,

THOMAS WOOD,
Secretary.

V.—STALEYBRIDGE.

Sunday, January 25th, 1852.

At a meeting of the members of the above branch of the National Chartist Association, held in their meeting-room, Quarry Street, High Street, on Sunday, January 25th, it was resolved:

1st.—That the Chartists of this locality, having taken the *Northern Star*, for this Association, since its commencement, and seeing that it is now "Financial" instead of "Chartist," resolve that they will discontinue the use of the same for this Association.

2nd.—That the new paper, as spoken of by Mr. Jones, meets entirely with our complete concurrence, and that, we will do everything in our power to raise the required means for starting the same.

The following persons have been appointed to serve on the Council for the next three months:—

Thomas Hodson, Samuel Cooper, Samuel Jackson, Edmond Betty, *President;* James Ramsbottom, *Treasurer;* James Fawcett, *Financial Secretary*; William Hill, *Corresponding Secretary*.

All communications for the Staleybridge Chartists, to be addressed, WILLIAM HILL, 8, Winterbottom's Houses, Crossleech Street, Staleybridge.

VI.—LOUGHBOROUGH.

January 28th, 1852.

The following resolutions were passed at the meeting of the Loughborough Locality, on Tuesday January 27th, 1852.

1st.—Resolved, that this locality do stand by the present executive until their share of the debt of the late executive be paid; our share to be taken from the number voting for the present executive.

2nd.—Resolved, that the *Northern Star* has forfeited the confidence of the Chartists of this locality. We therefore recommend the immediate establishment of a Democratic Organ under the superintendence of Mr. E. Jones.

3rd.—Resolved, that the address to Mr. Ernest Jones be sent to Mr. Jones forthwith.*

JOHN FARROW,
Secretary.

[* My very dear friends—I have received, and most heartily thank you for your approval of my recent conduct. Such an address more than counterbalances this scurrilous calumnies of the *Northern Star*, the middle-class "reformer." You must not be offended at my not inserting your testimony, though so flattering and so gratifying. I try to keep matters, personal to myself, out of the *Notes* as much as possible. The hireling scribe of the *Star* has forced me, by abuse, to defend myself, as all the "Democratic" press is closed against me. Abuse, I am forced to face—praise, it best becomes me to acknowledge in grateful silence.]

ERNEST JONES.

VII.—STOCKPORT.

January, 27th, 1852.

The members of this locality met on Sunday last. After finance and other business of a local nature was disposed of, Mr. William Graham was appointed to sit as delegate in the meeting to be held at Rochdale on Sunday February 1st. The instructions given were:

1st.—To move that the *Notes* for the present be made the Organ of communication for the two districts, Lancashire and Yorkshire.*

2nd.—That a People's Newspaper be established by loans, subscriptions, &c., to be under the management of editors appointed by the people. When the funds will allow, that Mr. O'Connor have a living out of them, as a part remuneration for the many sacrifices he has made for the people.*

3rd.—That the two counties at one aggregate meeting, propose some plan to pay the quota of the debt owing by the executive.* The following persons were appointed as council for the locality for the three months:—

William Graham; Isaac Lees; Henry

[* All these resolutions have been omittted by the *Star*, as they did not suit the proprietors views.—E. J.]

Owen: William Benfold; Charles Cette; Thomas Middleton; Samuel Winterbottom; Thomas Matthes, *Treasurer;* Thomas Clews, *Secretary*; to whom all communications must be addresed—No. 11, Highes Hillgate, Stockport, Cheshire.

T. Clews, Secretary.

X.—NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.

From an admirable address forwarded by the Newcastle Chartists, we extract the following passages—the lateness of the arrival and the crowded state of the "Notes" prevents its insertion entire.

Address of the Branch of the National Charter Association of Newcastle upon Tyne, to the Veritable Chartists of Great Britain.—

Fellow Men,—The time is now arrived when we deem it a duty thus publicly to address you on a question of the most vital importance, viz., the salvation of the working-classes.

In thus addressing you we hope it will not be considered presumptuous on our part in endeavouring to unite the organized, though interested portion of the country; for being imbibed with the principles of democracy we consider it necessary to do everything in our power to bring about such a Union *not in name, but in action*, as would ultimately burst the chains which have so long enthralled us, and stand forth as an insulted but intelligent people, proclaiming to the word the realisation of the political and social regeneration of the industrious classes of these realms.

Men of the Future.—To you in particular we would at this time address ourselves to come forward and assist in the good work of human redemption and imitate the young men of this Association; for it would be an indelible stain on the rising generation were you not to accelerate the exertions of the senior portions of the democratic ranks, who have so long and ardently struggled for the redemption of our country.

This is no new movement, its principles have been advocated for centuries by martyrs innumerable, who have shed their blood in defence of the liberty of their unfortunate country, and sacrificed their lives in honor of the great and glorious cause.

These principles have now been made easy to understand, through the exertions of men who have nobly struggled in spite of every obstacle that was thrown in their path. Men who by their continuous study and advocacy of truth hastened themselves into a premature grave, but though dead they yet speak: for—

"Their Spirits wrapt the dusky Mountain,
Their memories sparkle in the fountain,
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever."

But despair not; for the time has gone by for governments in this country to try their hands at such bloody work again, the people are growing intelligent and steadily advancing step by step, and it now only requires one energetic effort to arrive at our destined haven.

Brothers.—Arise, look after your interests; the labor question is but in its infancy, but it has made rapid strides on the continent of Europe and has already made a strong impression on the mind of this country.

The evil of competition is displaying itself more and more every day and by one energetic effort it may now be made to number among the things that were.

Altho' we have to deplore the aspect of affairs at present on the continent of Europe, and behold the unhallowed hand of violence removing every emblem of liberty, and branching into death, exile, and slavery, many of the best and bravest of men. Yet are our souls big with hope, believing that the hour of retribution will soon strike when that principle will be acted upon; peace on earth and good will to all men, when Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, will be proclaimed from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the end of the earth.

In conclusion, this is a sacred duty and demands your immediate attention; to be listless is to be criminal, to neglect this call is to abandon the cherished memories of the past to throw shame and obloquy upon those whom we should enshrine in our heart, as honest upright men. Let not this disgrace attach itself to our names. Let this debt be immediately wiped off, let us strengthen the hands, and encourage the hearts of men whose only wish is the salvation of the whole body of the people, resting assured that there is a power inherent in the human heart that will beat responsive to our aid.

Angus M'Leod.
Secretary.

X.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

Sunday, January 25th, 1852.

Thirteen Delegates present—Mr. Athol Wood in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Mr. Harman then delivered a report of the public meeting called by the council at the John Street Institution,

on Tuesday, January 20th; which report was received.

The Secretary was then asked, through the Chairman, whether he had received any reply from the Commissioners of Police:—to which he replied in the negative. Several notices of motion were then read; four submitted by Mr. Ernest Jones, were ordered to stand over in consequence of that gentleman's absence. The following were carried:—

Mr. Clark's.—"That this Council, being formed for the purpose of propagating Chartist principles, consider it their first duty to endeavour to restore localities in places where localities once existed.

"To accomplish this effectually, this Council shall select one or more of its members to visit all places where localities once existed to ascertain, as far as practicable, the causes that have led to their dissolution; whether suitable places of meeting can be obtained, and what amount of co-operation this Council may calculate upon from the democracy of the district." In pursuance of this, Messrs. Knowles, Clark, Mills and F. Farrah were elected. It was then agreed, that the Secretary be empowered to write to all localities represented on the council in the event of the contributions not being forthcoming.

Resolved:—"That every delegate call upon his locality to assist in paying the debts incurred by the late Executive Committee."

A discussion arose upon a motion submitted by Mr. W. H. Cottle calling upon the Council to select a delegate to represent them in the forthcoming convention of Reformers, and that that delegate be instructed to support MANHOOD SUFFRAGE! This motion received much opposition, and was eventually withdrawn. After business of minor importance, the Council adjourned to Sunday, February 1st, 1852.

JOHN WASHINGTON,
Secertary.

X.—ISLINGTON LOCALITY.

Jan. 21st, 1852.

At a full meeting of members, the following revolution was unanimously carried. "That the Delegates from this locality to the Metropolitan Delegate Council, are instructed to oppose all measures calculated to degrade us in our own estimation, and the opinions of society, by any attempted junction with the Financial Reform Conference."

"That six shillings be sent to the Executive, to help to liquidate the Chartist debt, applauding its views in not creating further ones, resolving at the same time to refrain from nominating any more members to the Executive until the said debts are cancelled.

ATHOL WOOD.
Secretary.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—THE WORKING-MAN'S WIFE.*
II.—THE YOUNG MILLINER.†
III.—THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.
IV.—THE LADY OF TITLE.

BOOK 3.—THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.

VIII.—REVELATION.

Thou ravishing, desolate beauty!
Where art thou, uncherished and lorn?
Thou martyr of passion and duty!
Oh! why was I—why wert thou born?
Is life meant for torture? Why give it?
Is life reft of solace? Why live it?
Oh! why wert thou—why was I born?
MS. POEM.

"Not five yet! I've risen too early!"

And Edward, in speaking thus, cast a mournful glance on the trunks and other preparations for his journey, scattered in the room—and thence on the dull, misty course of the street, a great artery of London, along which the of diurnal life had not yet begun to flow.

He was about to leave his uncle's house in Cheapside—to abandon the career his mother had traced for him, and launch himself upon a new and unknown world.

As long as his mother lived he had struggled against his inclination—but she had died recently, and he followed the bent of his own will. He had decided on giving up trade, and seeking fame and bread in the career of letters. The remonstrances of Mr. Trenton had been useless; as for Laura, she had made no effort

to retain him, but contented herself with saying, in a saddened tone: "It was fated to be so; your place was not to be with us"—and she drooped her head in melancholy resignation.

Edward had not failed to remark her manner. Laura had, of late, appeared an altered being to him. Obedient to that strange influence which makes a girl, however shy and awkward before marriage, self-possessed and dignified after it, she had shaken off all her uncouth rigidity of manner, and her cousin had been surprised to glean continual evidence of soul, intellect, and feeling. She had also acquired an importance in the house, to which she had formerly been a stranger, Mr. Trenton had thrown the weight of business upon his partner, who was now installed in the house in Cheapside, while the head of the firm frequently, and for long periods, went to rusticate at his farm. The old tradesman treated his daughter with a deference in his manner, since she had become Mrs. Ellman. Before, he was wont to say, she had been like a blank ledger—she had now become a day-book of constant reference—and took numerical rank in the concern. The young wife had profited by her new liberty—she had ventured to gild over her blighted life—she attended less to clerklike business—she even dared to read without hiding the book—she had the courage sometimes to reply to Edward, and to shew she, too, could think.

This, to some extent, altered her relations towards Edward—without, however, rendering them unembarrassed or cordial. There was too much of unconscious irritation and vexation in the breast of the young man—too much of silence and constraint still resting on her side, to banish all the former coldness from their intercourse. To remove it, some circumstance was required that should dispel the prejudice from his *mind*, and the timidity from her *heart*. That circumstance had not yet occurred.

Edward having, therefore, decided on leaving London, uncertain when he should return, had bidden the family in Cheapside farewell the the night before, and was now awaiting the time for starting by the early train from Euston Square.

Still, as he stood on that cold, grey, misty morning, for the last time, in the well-known parlor, he felt a choking sensation of grief, raised by a thousand feelings that come over us whenever sundering a long accustomed tie. He had lived too long, was too familiar with all the objects that surrounded him—not to feel a pang at parting, The prisoner, in leaving his prison, can scarcely forbear a feeling of this kind in quitting a place, though identified with long suffering. Thus, the very tedium of the place, the recollection of the many weary hours he had passed at that old desk, or gazing out into that dull though crowded street,—the dim, cloudy, steeples that had looked down upon his meditations—the well-known sounds now to be heard for the last time—all affected him with sadness. And then his uncle, the dry, plodding old man of one idea, who loved him notwithstanding in his peculiar way—he who meant so well by him—the sudden wrench from all familiar things, softened his heart, and predisposed it for sorrow and affection.

As he stood thus in silent, aching thought, a slight rustling was heard in the room, and Laura glided beside him.

She started—she had not expected to find him risen so early, Why had she come into that room? Oh heart! Was it to cast a last glance at those parting preparations of one she would miss when gone?

"Risen already?" she said in a low tone.

"I might sooner express my surprise at *your* being up—you do not usually rise so early," Edward replied.

"I feared you might be in want of something; and nobody be risen."

"You are too good. But I did not wish the thought of my departure to disturb one sleeper in this house. It was therefore I bade you all farewell last night." His voice trembled.

Laura looked at him earnestly, then she bowed her head, and said in an embarrassed manner:

"I wished to see you again. Why conceal it? I wished to speak to you—to you alone—before you left. I feared you would go, and bear away but an unfavourable reminiscence of us all."

"What .... do you mean .... Laura?"

"Pardon me, Edward, You leave us like a stranger. You think we cold traders can feel no friendship."

"Oh! How can you think so?"

"I am sure of it. And the thought that you should go, without ever having known us, that you should go in the belief that no one cared for you here—it has tormented me for many days. I wished to speak to you and I dared not. How I hate myself for my cowardice! But this morning I have found courage enough to come. Edward, I beg you, do not go away and judge us harshly."

Her soft eyes, bathed in tears, were turned towards the young man—she extended her hand towards him—Edward clasped it.

"Oh Laura! do not speak so! you will make me regret my departure too deeply."

The People's Paper.

TO THE BRITISH DEMOCRACY.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!

The Democratic Movement having now no acknowledged organ—the "Star" being no longer the property of Mr. O'Connor*, who receives not one iota of benefit from its sale or its existence,—and that paper having now denounced Chartism, and insulted the Chartist body by telling them their very name is a brand of disgrace,—Democracy, moreover, never having required a faithful representation more imperatively than at the present time, I offer to supply the deficiency in the manner propounded by the annexed programme.

It is desirable that the organ *of* the democracy should belong *to* the democracy, and that the latter should elect its editors. *This, however, is utterly impossible under the existing laws of the country.* There is no conceivable mode by which this could be legally effected.

But, bearing the requirement in mind, I propose, if the country supply me with the necessary funds, starting a newspaper pledged to the following conditions:

I.—That the Chartist body shall elect an editor co-equal with myself. Such editor to be elected annually.

II.—That I pay every week to the Treasurer of the National Chartist Fund 50 p. c. of the net profits, after the same shall have cleared at the rate of £100 per annum.

I feel bound to say that my pledged word would be the only real guarantee for these conditions, unless trustees were appointed. But if the trustees were appointed you would then have to trust to *their* honor, as the only security for *their* paying the money to the Chartist fund would be their inclination to do so, since they could not be legally bound, as the law recognises no such thing as the National Chartist Association. Should these trustees, or any of them, violate their trust, I should be placed in the predicament of being obliged to pay half of the net profits to private individuals for private purposes, instead of to a public cause,—a position in which I in common with, I think, all others, would decline to be placed.

Meanwhile, I pledge my word, in the face of the present and of the future, to the due performance of my promise.

That the "net profits" may, in case of the success of the paper, be no vague and doubtful thing, I annex a table of the *expenditure.* The STAMP-RETURNS will prove the *receipts,*—so that, as soon as the sale reaches a certain amount, the people will know that it more than covers the outlay and it will be impossible to conceal from them the returns of the paper, since any one, by going to the Stamp-office could, without cost, ascertain the sale, and knowing, by this table, the expenditure before-hand, they would immediately make a calculation, and see what sums were received over and above the weekly outlay of the paper.

The object is this: suspicious and distrustful persons might say, "He promises to divide the profits; but how do we know that we shall ever get any? May he not run up the expenses to what he pleases? May he not say the paper costs him £50 per week, when it costs him only £100? And the whole vague promise of dividing funds may be only a trick to catch subscribers and supporters."

In order that nobody may be able to insinuate this, *I tell you beforehand what the expenditure will be.* The Stamp-returns

* In the "Star" of Saturday, January 3rd, the change of proprietorship was officially announced by Messrs. Fleming and MacGowan. Mr Rider also officially notified in the "Star" the cessation of his connection with that paper. It has excited some surprise that Mr. O'Connor's name should be retained in the imprint as proprietor, and Mr. Rider's name as printer. The excuse urged is, that when a change of proprietors takes place, the old securities to the Inland Revenue Office become invalid, and new ones are required. Therefore, the present proprietors keep on the old names. Why, however, a falsehood should be printed every week as to the printer, is less explicable, unless it be that, to avoid the responsibility for the libels published every week against me, they produce a *nominal printer under a fictitious address.* I would further beg to acquaint Messrs. Fleming and MacGowan that inserting libels under the heading "Free Correspondence," and saying the Editor is not answerable for them, does not make him one whit less liable. This has been decided in law. He and the proprietary are liable for every word. As his "Law Clerk" is so ignorant of law, it is but charitable to acquaint him with the fact. E. J.

show the receipts, and, therefore, any deception or extravagance become impossible.

In THE PEOPLE'S PAPER, therefore, you will have before you the means of re-organizing the movement by the connecting link of a legitimate and recognized organ; the means of spreading democratic knowledge by the powerful voice of a pervading press; the means of supporting the movement from a fixed and steady fund, instead of the eternal drains, loans, and subscriptions, on the pockets of Chartists. Chartist taxation might therefore cease, for the same paper that informs the democratic reader of the progress of his cause, the same paper that spreads the knowledge of its principles, by its very existence and success supplies the funds for organizing and applying the mind it has been helping to create. Chartism thenceforth becomes a self-supporting power, —not living on the precarious enthusiasm of its funds, but on its own innate vitality—its own property—its own resources.

I now subject a complete and detailed programme of the People's Paper, embracing,

I.—Funds.

II.—Organization of the Paper.

III.—Preliminary arrangements.

I.—THE FUNDS.—I solicit the raising of a sum of £500 for the purpose of starting a weekly democratic newspaper to represent the political and social interests of the People.

This money to be raised in loans * of 5s. and upwards.

Such loans to be made on my personal security, and on the security of the paper.

On receipt of the money I will forward to the lender the necessary acknowledgment of the loan, in the shape of a promissory note.

Those for value over £2 will require a stamp to the amount of 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d., as the case may be. Such loans to bear interest at the rate of 4 p. c., per annum, from the date of the issue of the first number of the projected paper, until repayment.

The interest to be paid quarterly.

Lenders not to call for the repayment of their money, *unless default be made in the payment of interest*, until the receipts of the paper shall have covered the expenditure*.

The money to be forwarded to me in postage stamps, or P. O. orders. If the latter, to be made payable to Ernest Jones, Barrister, at the Post Office, 210, Oxford-street, London. The letters to be addressed to Ernest Jones, care of J. Pavey, 47, Holywell-street, Strand, London.

I further solicit a preliminary sum of £20, wherewith to print circulars and prospectuses, and to pay the postage for them; to print hand-bills, window-bills, and placards, and to pay the carriage for them. This £20 to be a free subscription, and to be forwarded in stamps, or Post Office orders, as above*.

As a guarantee that none of these monies be applied to private purposes, instead of the intended object—that of starting a people's paper—I pledge myself to publish every week in the "Notes," and in the Paper, when out, a list of the subscriptions and loans, and a statement of every item of expenditure, publishing copies of the receipts for the sums I have paid, *with the names and residences of the parties to whom the payments are made.*

With exception of the preliminary fund of £20, no expense shall be incurred, without a reasonable prospect of starting the paper.

Within six weeks after the completion of the sum of £500 I pledge myself that the first number of the paper shall be issued.

II.—THE ORGANIZATION OF THE PAPER.

1, *Name:* THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

2, *Form and Size:* The form ot be that of "The Weekly Times," the number of pages to be twelve—the same as that of "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper," thus combining the external features of the two most circulated papers of the day.

3, *Price:* Three-pence-halfpenny. It will be seen by reference to the estimate that this is the lowest figure at which the probable circulation will admit of the issue of a paper so large in size as the one proposed. Should, however, the subscribers desire it, with the extension of the circulation the price might be lowered, and the size of the paper increased. As it is, the paper will be considerably larger than the "Northern Star."

* *Loans* are selected as better than *shares*, since loans are superior security,—since any individual shareholder would be liable for the entire debt of the paper, whereas a *lender is liable for not one single farthing*, and since shares, as a marketable commodity, may fall into the hands of enemies, who might, by possessing only a very few shares, break up the paper.

* The object of this is, to prevent the premature breaking up of the paper, (when, perhaps, it might have positive hopes of success), by the sudden calling in of loans at a moment when their repayment would ruin the undertaking.

* For the security of the monies forwarded, and for my power to guarantee their security to the lender, as impugned in a letter signed "A Law Clerk, and staunch Chartist," in the "Star" of the 21st of January, the reader is earnestly referred to the annexed paper, entitled, "*security of the funds.*"

4, Objects: a, To be the official organ of the CHARTIST MOVEMENT.

b, To give faithful and impartial reports of all movements of the working-classes, for their social and moral elevation.

c, To point out the CAUSES of our social evils, and the REMEDIES.

d, To present a faithful record of the proceedings of continental democracy, for doing which the People's Paper will possess unusual and almost exclusive advantages.

e, To contain all the general features of a newspaper.

f, To afford a continuous series of instruction in science, politics, literature, history, and art; and a systematic exposure of the SECRET ENORMITIES of our State institutions.

5, *Expenditure:* In order that the people may know what they will be entitled to receive under the pledges I have made, I publish the following tables of expenditure, such being the lowest estimates at which I can get a printer to undertake the printing of the paper, of the shape and size above described, the circulation being taken at 5000—such being a fair, paying standard.

ESTIMATE I.

Composition, 12 pp. . .	18	10	0
Printing 5000	5	0	0
Ten reams of paper . .	17	10	0
5000 stamps	20	16	8
	61	16	8
The receipts of the sale, allowing the trade discount . .	62	10	0

As, however, the interest on the money advanced, and editorial and publishing expenses would have to be added, the printer has agreed to the following reduced price for the first six months:

ESTIMATE II.

Composition	16	0	0
Printing	3	8	4
Ten reams of paper . .	16	0	0
5000 stamps . . .	20	16	8
	56	5	0

Instead of £61 16s. 8d. As, therefore, the receipts would be £62 10s. 0d., this would leave a weekly surplus of £6 5s.

From this, however, must be deducted the following additional weekly expenditure:

Publishing expenses . .	2	0	0
The elected co-editor . .	2	0	0
Interest on £500 at 4 p. c.	0	8	0
Reporter and sub-editor .	1	0	0
Leaving a balance in hand of	0	17	0

Thus it will be seen that a weekly circulation of 5000 would cover expenses. All beyond that would begin to pay largely. Let us see what a circulation of 10,000 would realize:

ESTIMATE III.

Composition	18	10	0
Printing 10,000 . . .	10	0	0
Twenty reams of paper .	35	0	0
10,000 stamps	41	13	4
	105	3	4
The receipts would be	125	0	0

Thus, with a circulation of 10,000 the Charter-fund would have a regular and steady payment of £10 per week. And surely, it is no extravagant computation to expect a circulation of 10,000, when we recollect that "Reynolds's Newspaper" circulates 33,000, and that 100,000 is an ordinary circulation for the weekly journals.

III.—PRELIMINARY DETAILS.

If the democracy of this country think such an organ, so conducted, would be serviceable to their cause, I solicit them, without loss of time, to comply with the following requests:

1.—To call locality meetings of the Chartist body to determine whether they will assist me in my effort, and make the paper their official organ.

2.—To form Committees in every town for the purpose of obtaining readers to the paper, and collecting loans and subscriptions for the formation of the fund of £500. The secretary of the Committee to furnish me every week, (so that the letter may reach town by the Thursday morning's post), with a statement of the number of readers, and the amount of loans and subscriptions promised.

3.—To supply me as speedily as possible with a preliminary sum of £20, for the purpose of making the project known by advertisement,—by printing circulars, or prospectuses, and sending them by the post,—by printing handbills, window-bills, and posters, and forwarding them by rail.

Let the reader remember that if only 2000 men were to lend 5s. each—let Chartists remember that if every Chartist locality were to subscribe £5 each, (and many could do far more), the sum required would be realized, and a permanent fund for the Charter be established, which would render its organization a reality instead of a shadow, and make thenceforth wholly unnecessary the endless drain of Chartist taxation, and the precarious supply of ephemeral enthusiasm and excitement.

To the work then. NOW IS THE OPPORTUNITY. Without organization nothing can

be effected. Not even the subscription for a Paper.

Let, therefore, I repeat, if you wish this undertaking to prosper, a Committee be formed, and a treasurer and secretary be appointed, in every locality, and among every body of working-men, or others, favorable to the cause of labor.

Let the first step be raising immediate contributions towards the advertising fund of £20.

Further, let the secretary send up by every Thursday morning a list of those in his locality who are willing to become readers of the paper, so that I may know what will be the probable circulation.

2.—The names and addresses of those who are willing to advance loans or subscribe money to the fund of £500.

Every democrat is requested to give publicity to these proposals among his friends and acquaintances.

The reader's attention is more particularly requested to the accompanying paper, entitled, "Security of the Funds."

SECURITY OF THE FUNDS

FOR

The People's Paper.

It is my duty, not only to myself, but to those who are already supporters of the People's Paper, and to those who are invited to become so—to explain the misstatement contained in the "Star" of the 31st of January last; as also to explain my position in relation to what has appeared in other papers.

As a personal matter, I should be justified, I feel convinced, by the forbearance and kindness of my readers, in doing so; but it is *not* merely a personal matter. I have a public proposal for a Newspaper before the country—I ask for money to start that Newspaper—it behoves me to show that I am in a position to secure the money to those who advance it, and that I am justified and safe in establishing a paper.

I will refer—

1.—To a letter in the "Northern Star" of the 31st ult., signed "*A Law-Clerk and staunch Chartist.*" The writer of that letter cannot be a Law-Clerk; (or if so, he is either ignorant of the law, or wilfully mis-represents it); he states, that, since I am going through the Insolvency Court, if you were to supply me with funds to start a Paper, my creditors would seize upon the money, and it would be the property of the official assignee, who would seize and sell the paper itself for the benefit of the creditors. THIS IS UTTERLY FALSE. Rather strange if that were the case, that they don't seize on the papers of others in a like position!

I need not say, that *I* know the law upon the subject—and that the funds subscribed would be secure. Had I not known and ascertained this, I should not have called for the funds requisite to start a Newspaper. Therefore, it was not for my satisfaction, but for yours, that I went to a solicitor, to obtain his legal opinion, submitting to him my prospectus and the letter in the "Star."

The following is his answer:—

23, Bedford Row, Holborn.
January 31st, 1852.

Dear Sir—I have read the letter to which you have called my attention, inserted in the "Northern Star" of today, signed "*A Law-Clerk and Staunch Chartist.*" The writer appears to have made a strange hash of the subject with which he was dealing. He confounds the law of Insolvency with that which is applicable to an uncertificated bankrupt. I presume he has never read, or if read, forgotten, the celebrated case of Barton *v.* Tattershall reported in 1 Russ. and Mylne, p. 237, which has laid down the law of Insolvency, under 1 and 2 Vic. c, 110, to be, that the after acquired property of an Insolvent is not liable to the payment of the debts inserted in his schedule, until the debts subsequently incurred, have been first paid; and so far from the property subsequently acquired being vested in the official assignee of the Court, he has not the power to touch it, nor even to interfere without the sanction of the Court having been first obtained; and then only by a circuitous mode, upon the application of a creditor stating upon affidavit, his belief, together with his reasons for it, that the Insolvent is in

possession of funds MORE than sufficient to meet his PRESENT liabilities. Upon which statement the court grants a *rule nisi*, calling upon him to give an account of his newly acquired assets, together with *an account of the debts then owing by him.* At the time of shewing cause, if the Court be satisfied that, after allowing for a reasonable expenditure for maintenance, *there is not more than sufficient to pay* THE NEWLY CREATED DEBTS, *it makes no order.* If, on the contrary, it be apparent that, after *payment of those newly created debts*, there be a surplus worth dividing among the creditors the Court makes an order for the insolvent to pay the surplus into Court within a given time, and if not complied with, grants an attachment against the insolvent, the effect of which proceeding is to deprive the insolvent of his liberty, until he complies with the order. The particulars of the case to which I have previously referred, are as follows: a party had been twice insolvent, and afterward died, leaving assets, but owing debts incurred subsequently to the last insolvency. The question to be decided was, which of the three classes were entitled to priority, and the Court held that the assets were to be applied *first, in payment of the debts* IN FULL *due to the creditors incurred* AFTER *the second insolvency;* then a payment in full to the creditors under such second insolvency, and that the residue be applied among the creditors under the first insolvency. This decision is still Law.

I need hardly remind you that the moment after an insolvent has obtained his discharge under the provisions of the Act previously cited, he is competent to enter into binding contracts with any party. He may sell, assign, or part with any subsequently acquired property to third parties, and the Court cannot in any way interfere with it. In fact no contract that he chooses to enter into with any party can be disturbed or questioned by the Court.

I remain, my dear sir,
Yours truly,
(Signed.) JOHN F. W. FESENMEYER.

That is my answer to the "Northern Star."

The money I solicit for the paper is to be raised by *loans*, as the proprietors of the "Northern Star" knew from the programme. The loans would be NEWLY ACQUIRED DEBTS on my part;—newly acquired debts take precedence of all others; and the money lent could, therefore, not be touched by the Court or by any old creditor, since it represents the new creditor and the newly acquired debt.

I may add, that, *my position with regard to the Court, entails no trouble, no legal proceedings, not the writing or receiving of one additional line, no risk, no responsibility, no publicity—to the lender.*

I am as liable, personally, to the lender as any other man can be—and my legal security to the lender is equally valid, and as easily and speedily to be enforced.

The attempt of the "Northern Star" is very cunning—and one of the most unhandsome that was ever made. The writer in the "Star" well knew he was writing a downright, barefaced falsehood. But he trusted to the workingman's being unacquainted with the law—he thought to produce a damaging impression, and thus to cripple the subscriptions for the paper.

A misrepresentation of facts has further appeared in the papers, which, if not properly understood by the public, might lead to misapprehension as to my *power* of securing the funds of the paper, and the paper itself. I allude to the dismissal of my petition without any hearing, owing to a legal and technical informality—and further I allude to the statements as to the amount of debts *supposed* to be owing by me—the fact being, that, where several parties are concerned in the same debt, as securities, bondsmen, &c., the entire sum is repeated several times over in the schedule—so that if you owe twenty pounds, and five people are concerned as sureties or otherwise, the debt is not set down at twenty pounds only, but as five times twenty pounds, being inserted over again for every person concerned. This is the case in *both* my schedules—the latter being swelled by heavy bills of costs for legal proceedings relative to recovering some property, and by the debt, as alleged, of £160 owing to the printers, Messrs. Jackson and Cooper. I need not say, that anybody may examine my schedules that are filed in court.

My solicitor's letter will fully explain the facts alluded to.

February 3, 1852.
23, Bedford Row.

"DEAR SIR,—My attention having been called to a statement made in one of the daily papers that the amount of debts owing by you, including those for which you took the benefit of the Protection Act in 1846, is £9748 13s. 4d., I think you ought to put yourself right with the public, and show that, although for your own safety you were obliged to insert that amount in your schedule, yet that you do not in fact owe one-fourth of that sum, and also that you showed, by the statement of assets in your schedule, that you were possessed of reversionary property more than sufficient to pay all debts and liabilities, and leave a handsome surplus for yourself. In 1845 bills of exchange with your acceptances to the amount of upwards of £3000 were obtained by pretended bill-discounters, who disposed of them to their own profit without giving you one shilling of their proceeds. This was the com-

mencement of your difficulties. I then advised you to take the benefit of the Bankruptcy Protection Act, and not knowing in whose hands some of the bills were, I was compelled to insert them in the schedule more than once, as having been in the hands of persons who were known to have had some short possession of them. The bona fide debts owing on that occasion were under £1500. Those incurred since are £843 15s. 2d. To meet which are the assets set forth in your schedules filed in court, to which all the world have access. A great portion of which assets consist of the reversionary property derivable under the will of your grandfather, the late Alexander Annesley, of Hyde Hall, Herts, and Cadogan Place, London, a gentleman well-known and highly respected; which property consists of fourteen farms in the Weald of Kent, and a house on the Grand Parade, Brighton. The remaining portion of the assets consists of your reversionary interest under your wife's marriage settlement, arising out of a valuable freehold estate at Barfield in Cumberland, besides considerable personal estate and large expectancies. I never yet met with a creditor whose debt was inserted in your first schedule who expressed the least doubt that when the property was realised he would receive less than the full amount of his debt. A word as to the dismissal of the Petition. The allotment to Mr. Commissioner Law was an unfortunate one, but it could not be helped. It was well-known that that gentleman's construction of the Protection Statutes, is, that a party can only take the benefit of them *once*. The Chief Commissioner has acted differently. He has granted protection twice to the same party. When doctors disagree who shall decide. All the Commissioners agree in this, that a party may take the benefit of the original (commonly called the Imprisonment) Act, fifty times or more, with protection to person and subsequently acquired property, subject, of course, to the intervention of the court by calling upon the insolvent to show cause why he should not set apart a portion of his subsequently acquired profits in discharge of his old debts.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours truly,
JOHN F. W. FESENMEYER.

You have now before you a plain and simple refutation of the calumnies in the "Star," and a full and complete explanation of all facts that in any way bear upon my responsibility and independent action as party to a contract.

I have been obliged to enter thus far into my private affairs, since they were connected with a public proposition.

I need hardly remind you that in my original programme, and in every document subsequently issued on the subject, *I have made the projected paper itself a security to the lenders*, so that the paper would be mortgaged to them, and, under whatever circumstances, be beyond the reach of any other parties.

Any further questions on these subjects I shall be happy to answer.

ERNEST JONES.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—THE CHARTISTS AND THEIR "LEADERS."

The Executive Committee in their address published on January the 31st, say: "Demands are made upon us to call a Convention. This step requires *consideration*, as well as means. We do not want a mere talking assembly, but an acting one. Organization requires to be matured within our own ranks. *When this is well begun*,—it can hardly be said to exist yet—a Convention will have some useful work to carry forward."

It is plain—the "Executive," don't mean to call a Convention. They well know that its assembling would be the deposition of so discreditable and injurious a committee. As to the maturing of "organization,"—it cannot be matured *without* a Convention, to take it from under the petrified paralysis that weighs it down.

Circumstances have altered, too, in the last week: Messrs. Le Blond and Hunt have been "elected"—that is, nominated by some handful of votes.

We require the publication of the polling-list for Messrs. Le Blond and Hunt.

If they consent to sit, the urgency of a Convention becomes doubly great. We know their policy—(honest and conscientious tho' it be, as far as they are concerned)—it is fatal to democracy. The Financial Reformers, are virtually in a majority on the Chartist Committee!

Before their election, the Committee was disgraceful, now it is dangerous, as well.

But one alternative remains—the immediate calling of a Convention by the Chartists themselves,—and the election of an Executive by that Convention, that shall be worthy of the people's cause.

On Lancashire and Yorkshire devolves the task of appealing to the country—for they are the most numerous and the best organized portions of British Democracy.

With intense anxiety we look to the result. The future of the working-classes is trembling in the balance.

II.—LANCASHIRE.

Delegate Meeting held at Rochdale.

On Sunday last a meeting of Delegates representing the Chartists of Manchester, Ashton, Stalybridge, Stockport, and Rochdale was held in the National Charter Association Room, Rochdale. Mr. Sutcliffe Crabtree in the Chair, who opened the business by calling on the Delegates to produce their credentials and give a report of the state of the movement in their different localities; this portion of the business having been gone through, the Secretary read the minutes of the preceding meeting, which were with a slight alteration unanimously confirmed, and the following resolutions adopted without a single dissentient.

1st.—That while we deeply deplore the present position of the Chartist movement, we are of opinion that it is mainly attributable to the dissensions engendered by the vacillating policy recently advocated on some of our platforms and sanctioned by the approval of the present Editor of the "Northern Star" whose leading articles if written for the purpose, could not have been more directly at variance with the fundamental principles of Chartism, or more subversive of the best interests of the National Charter Association.

2nd.—That while we recognise the right of the Editor of the "Northern Star" to repudiate his former avowed opinions and call in question the policy formerly advocated in that Journal, we claim for ourselves the right of calmly and dispassionately avowing our firm adherence to pure and unalloyed Chartism, and for ourselves and constituents unhesitatingly declare that we no longer consider the "Northern Star" as the exponent of Chartism or recognise it as the organ of the movement.

3rd.—That we recommend to the different localities, Ernest Jones, 'Notes to the People,' and instruct our Secretary to furnish that gentleman with reports of all our meetings.

4th.—That we are of opinion a thoroughly Democratic Newspaper ought to be established as soon as possible, which will be a faithful reflex of Chartist principles, and we pledge ourselves to use all our influence in the localities to which we respectively belong, for the purpose of raising the requisite funds for the establishment of the same.

5th—That in order more effectually to carry out the preceding resolution, we resolve to reprint the Circular recently issued by Mr. Ernest Jones, containing a plan with details for bringing to a successful issue so important an undertaking and that our Secretary be instructed to order 4000 of them to be struck off for gratuitous distribution in our several localities.

6th.—That the present Executive Committee composed as it is of men so diversified in opinion on measures which we consider essential to the prosperity of Chartism we are reluctantly compelled to declare it as our conviction, that their retirement is necessary, and we call on the different localities represented at this meeting to furnish their quot toawards liquidating the debts of the association so that their retirement may be honorable, to themselves, as well as beneficial to the association.

7th.—That the Secretary for the West Riding of Yorkshire be respectfully requested to correspond with the South Lancashire Secretary as soon as convenient.

8th.—That Mr. William Grocott and Mr. Lewis be authorised to draw up the local lecturer's plan for South Lancashire, all the localities wishing for the services of local lecturers, or desirous of being first on the plan, to write to Mr. William Grocott, Fairfield Street, Manchester.

9th.—That the next delegate meeting be held at the People's Institute, Manchester, on Sunday, March 7th, 1852. Chair to be taken at half-past ten o'clock in the fore-noon, but that the Secretary have the power to call the delegates together prior to that time, provided the Yorkshire friends will guarantee the attendance of five or six delegates from their localities to meet the South Lancashire Delegates.

10th.—That the best thanks of the delegates be given to Mr Crabtree, for his able and impartial management of the business of the meeting.

The meeting then broke up.

WILLIAM GROCOTT.
Secretary to the Delegates.

1, Fairfield Street, Manchester.

III.—WEST RIDING.

A West Riding Delegate Meeting was held at Nicholl's Temperance Hotel, Halifax, on Sunday last, delegates were present from Bradford, Todmorden, Bingley, Keighley, Halifax, Midgley, and Huddersfield.

After a long debate, the following resolutions were agreed to.

1st.—That we have no confidence in the present Executive, and consequently cannot render them any support.

2nd.—That the Chartists of Great Britain, be called upon to give their opinion whether it

be advisable to call a Convention, to be held in Manchester, on an early day, and that each locality send such opinion to the Manchester committee, and that the committee publish the result in the *Star*, *Reynolds' Newspaper*, and *Jones' Notes*.

3rd.—That we have no confidence in the *Northern Star*, as an organ of democracy, and therefore recommend the people to withdraw their support from it.

4th.—That we pledge ourselves to use our utmost endeavours to assist Mr. Ernest Jones to bring out a Paper.

5th.—That the contemplated Convention be called upon to use their utmost endeavours to devise some feasible plan to raise a fund to lift the movement up.

6th.—That we recommend a paid executive.

7th.—That we keep our movement intact, and that we lend no support to any other movement but our own.

8th.—That these resolutions be sent to the *Star*, *Reynolds*, and the *Notes*.

CHRISTOPHER SHACKLETON.

IV.—BRIDGEWATER.

At a Chartist meeting held last evening it was moved and carried—that to be *consistent Chartists* the appeal of Ernest Jones for a People's Paper should be responded to, by a weekly subscription for the next six weeks.

In accordance with that resolution, a subscription was forthwith commenced, and three shillings was collected; which was remitted.

By a unamimous vote, it was resolved to make "The People's Paper" the organ of the Chartists of Bridgewater.

C. J. POOLE.

February 3rd, 1852.

V.—COVENTRY.

The members of the Charter Association in this locality met on Monday evening, Feb. 2, when the following resolution was unanimously carried:—

That a letter having appeared in the *Notes* from Ernest Jones to the Chartists of England, calling for an expression of opinion on the necessity of calling a conference to sit in Manchester, to organize a National Charter Assocation, and thereby give new vitality to the movement. This meeting is of opinion that a conference should assemble as soon as possible, and we pledge ourselves to render every assistance in our power.

A subscription to the amount of £1 10s. 0d. was raised for the above purpose.

GEORGE FREEMAN.

VI.—DEPTFORD.

The following resolution was past at a meeting of members of the Greenwich and Deptford Locality, That we, the members of the above locality, do forthwith pay the debt due, to the executive by the said locality, "fifteen having voted for the said Executive fifteen shillings being the sum due by us, and we call on all others to do likewise."

JOSEPH MORGAN.

VII.—ROCHDALE.

A public meeting of members took place in this locality on Monday evening February 2, 1852, Mr. R. Hacking in the chair.

After the financial business of the locality was gone through, the delegate was called upon to give in his report of the last South Lancashire Delegate meeting, Mr. R. Gill then came foreward and explained the various resolutions which had been passed at that meeting, also stated the position of various localities which were represented, which were all of a promising character, and gave general satisfaction to all the members present. A vote of thanks was given to him, for his services; and the following resolutions were agreed to:—

1st.—That we give up the "Star" Newspaper and take in its stead Mr. E. Jones' "Notes to the People," and Mr. G. J. Harney's publication.

2nd.—We are resolved to use our best endeavours to raise all the money we can to assist Mr. E. Jones to commence a People's Newspaper, and we hope that all localities will do the same.

3rd.—That we place all confidence in Mr. E. Jones, for his straight-forward and manly advocacy of the rights of the people. A vote of thanks was given to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

ROBERT GILL,
Secretary.

VIII.—WESTMINSTER.

February 2, 1852.

At the weekly meeting of this locality the following resolutions were unanimously adopted,

Mr. F. Crump in the chair. Mr. E. G. Clarke reported from the Delegate Council. Proposed by Mr. Henderson, seconded by Mr. C. Young.

"That this locality, collectively and individually, pledge themselves to support the programme issued by Ernest Jones (respecting a People's Newspaper) to the best of their means."

Proposed by Mr. James, seconded by Mr. Harris,—

"That the Secretary write to the Executive asking the following questions, first, What locality Messrs. Le Blond and Thornton Hunt belong to. Second, What locality nominated them; and third, Whether they intend filling up the vacancy caused by Mr. Linton refusing to sit as a member of the Executive."

E. L. CLARKE, *Sec.*
3, Frederick Street, Vincent Square.

IX.—EXETER.

At a members meeting held in the Society Room, 21, South-st., Mr. John Day in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously carried.

1.—This meeting views with regret the present disorganised and apathetic state of the Chartist party, more particularly amongst the old guards of Chartism, and believes the most effective way to bring about a reunion would be the calling of a Convention as speedily as possible.

2.—This meeting having read the article from the "Notes" respecting the People's Paper, fully agrees with E. Jones as to the necessity of starting a Chartist organ, and we pledge ourselves to render all the assistance in our power towards its establishment.

3.—That the Secretary call the Committee together at the earliest convenience, for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of loans and subscribers to the paper.

4.—That the Secretary forward the aforesaid resolution for insertion in the "Notes."

(Signed) SAMUEL RUMSON.
Secretary.

X.—FINSBURY.

This locality met on Sunday, Feb. 1, Mr. Livesay in the chair.

Messrs. Butler and Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council. Mr. Winmill moved,—

"That this locality views with great pleasure and delight the idea of a People's Newspaper being formed that should be the fearless and faithful advocate of Chartism and Democracy in the entire sense of the word; and pledges itself to support it when it should appear."

Seconded by Mr. Weedon; carried.

Mr. Jordan moved, "That the question of calling a convention be brought before the Delegate Council,"

Seconded by Mr. Wheeler; carried.

Moved by Mr. Batchelor,—

"That as the usual monthly aggregate meeting has not been held at the usual time, we therefore request the Executive to convene a meeting of the members of the National Charter Association to be held on Sunday, February 15. 1852, at three in the afternoon at the Finsbury Literary and Scientific Institution." Seconded by Mr. Buller: carried.

Mr. Loomes moved, "That a meeting be held in this hall on Tuesday the 16th of March, for the purpose of petitioning both Houses of Parliament, and memoralising the Queen for the release of the political exiles." Seconded by Mr. Batchelor; carried unanimously.

E. J. LOOMES.
Sub-Secretary.

XI.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

Eighth meeting, Sunday, February I, thirteen Delegates present; Mr. Clark in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, the secretary stated that he had received a reply to the letter which had been addressed to the Commissioners of Police, the secretary then read the letter which stated that the police *never had* received any order to pull down any placards calling chartist meetings, and bearing the names of Messsrs. Jones, Harney, and Nicholls.

Messrs. C. F. Nicholls and Murray were then appointed to wait upon one of the magistrates with the letter in question to ask his opinion; as the policeman positively asserted that he had such orders as those spoken of. On the motion of Mr. E. Jones it was then agreed "that the Delegate Council call a public meeting in the East of London on Thursday, February 5, and do put themselves in communication with the men of the iron-trades, and exhibit the advantage of political power." A sub-committee was then appointed in the persons of Messrs. Knowles, Docksey and Murray.

Mr. F. Farrah then moved "That this Council take steps to support the Executive Committee in carrying out the public meeting

convened by them at the John Street Institution." Carried.

Mr. E. Jones then moved the following, which was carried unanimously, "That this Council take all possible steps to promote the organisation of Chartism among the trades of London."

Mr. E. Jones then moved, "That this Council forthwith take the best steps, in conjunction with the provincial Councils of the Chartist body to ensure the due representation of the Chartist movement, and the social rights of the industrious classes, in a People's Newspaper." After some discussion it was carried unanimously.

Mr. Jones was then asked if he would explain his plan for the issue of a People's Newspaper, which was done.

Mr. Jones also replied to, and explained away, several objections of a legal nature which had been urged against his plan.

On the motion of Mr, Knowles it was resolved, "That this Council support the plan of Mr. E. Jones for the issue of a really Democratic Newspaper."

The Council then adjourned to Sunday, February the 8th.

C. WASHINGTON.
Secretary.

XII.—TORQUAY.

February 5, 1852.

At our weekly meeting last evening (Wednesday, February 4th), it was resolved that 2s. 6d. be sent to Mr. Jones to aid the circulation of the "Notes."

It was also resolved, that in the event of Mr. Jones starting a paper, this locality pledge itself to make that paper their organ and also to aid it all they can in the circulation, It was proposed by Mr. Hocken; seconded by Mr. March, that a Soirée be held on the first of March, the proceeds (if any) to go to Mr. Jones to aid him in starting the said paper.

W. TOPE.

XIII.—MEETING IN THE TOWER HAMLETS.

A large meeting, notwithstanding the deluge of rain that fell all the evening, was held in the Temperance Hall, Royal Mint Street, by the Metropolitan Delegate Council. The laborers attended in goodly numbers. Messrs. Charles Murray, Ernest Jones, and Bronterre O'Brien addressed the audience.

The following resolution was passed:

"That the relations of labor and capital, as at present existing, are utterly at variance with the principles of justice: that the only salutary foundation for their readjustment is the complete sovereignty of labor, the creator, over capital, the thing created by it. That to achieve this a thorough union of all sections of the laboring classes is imperative, such union to be founded on a recognition of the completely equal rights of all, and to be directed towards the destruction of those monopolies, political and social, by which a surplus is ma ntained, and which enables the employing-class to play off one portion of the working-class against the other."

This is an important meeting, as tending to break through the prejudice of the trade against political organisation. We trust it will be the beginning of a long series.

Discussion at Halifax.

SECOND NIGHT'S DISCUSSION.

Reported by Mr. James Hornsby, Reporter for the Huddersfield and Holmfirth Examiner.

THE discussion was resumed on Wednesday night, the 28th of January, the attendance being even larger than on the previous night.

Mr. LLOYD JONES then rose and proceeded with his address, and went on in a somewhat similar course of remarks to those which he made at the commencement of his opening speech on the Monday night. He called upon his opponent to prove that the co-operative societies were doing anything that was either false in principle or fraudulent in practice. His opponent, he contended, was frequently wrong in his facts, and false in his logic. He now came to a fact or two that had been put forward on the last night. They had been charged by political reformers with being the cause of their weakness—with having taken the best part of their people from them. Now let them understand him, they had never sought to take a single man from any public cause in the country—either out of the Temperance Society, or any other society; all the members they had had came to them without being sought, and they came because they found the co-operative movement was a better cause than the one in which they had been engaged before. He did not believe he had ever given more than half-a-dozen lectures on

the subject. He was anxious to succeed as a business man; and he did not neglect his own business; for he considered he would be a fool if he did. His opponent had said that the co-operators would become weak when a panic came, and they would become strong. Now there was a profound meaning in that statement. As business men they must suffer when a panic came, for they knew of no charm by which they could free themselves from liabilities. His opponent said, in a panic they became strong by political organisation, now, if he had insulted them by telling them that their cry for the charter depended upon the condition of their stomachs, and that it was not a set of principles to be advocated by thinking men; but by men who came out in the face of day, when out of employment and hungry, who came out to utter a mere cry like groaning beasts of burden who were not fed and shouted before the public—if he had told them that they grew weak by abundance; they would have charged him with insulting them. But he believed there was much truth in it; and that many of their noisy meetings had been accurately described by Mr. E. Jones. It had been said that the political nostrums of their opponents was to go before their social one: and that it would pull them out of the mud. (Hisses, and cries of question.) They were told to stand on one side when they proved that their opponents were going backwards and not forward, then he would say "God help them." He was sorry that any agitation should have to depend upon the hunger of the people. He did not want the hungry multitude, but the men who thought, and who would do the right thing necessary. When a panic came the working-classes were ready to turn out in millions. Suppose they had the suffrage—suppose they got all they wanted with regard to political power, could reliance be placed upon their decision that they would do all that was right to all parties in the state? His opponent told them to look at the associations in Paris, put down at the point of the bayonet. This was not the fact. Similar associations were put down at Lyons, but in Paris they were all open and going on. But if this was not so, what did it prove? Why, that universal suffrage had allowed the government of France to perpetrate so gross an injustice. Yes, the French people had got universal suffrage, but did they know how to use it? And were the English people wiser than the French? He would say to the honor of the people of France, that bad as they had been, the injustice alluded to by his opponent, was not committed by them. Immense injustice had, undoubtedly, been done in that country—murder, perjury, confiscation of property had taken place, liberty had been destroyed, and at the foot of all was universal suffrage? Why was this? Because the people had got more than they know how to use, because they were the dupes of those who did not tell the truth, because they did not reason for themselves or rely upon the unchanging principles of justice in their dealings with each other. His opponent ridicules them because they had no newspapers, he (Mr L. Jones) would tell them they did not rely on newspapers. He held in his hand a printed statement of the Halifax co-operative flour mill, the profits amounting to £836 14s. 7½d. He did not say it was wise for them to divide the profits. But how many men were worse Chartists, or teetotallers, or worse husbands and fathers because they belonged to the flour-mill? Supposing there had been only one miller in Halifax, would the people have been any better off for that individual putting the money in his own pocket? Suppose they took a number of men and put them in those stores—some behind the counter, and others managing the concern in different ways; they made those men stronger men than they were before. They were then able to meet the shopkeeper on his own ground. The working-men who joined these stores could each say, I am a shoemaker or a worker in iron, but I am also a shopkeeper, I am as good as he and know where his goods are brought from, and can go the same markets. There was another thing. Under the present system half the working-classes were slaves to their shopkeepers, who supplied them with what they liked, because of their dependent position. He had no hesitation in saying that the working classes, taking them head by head throughout the country, were mortgaged for a fortnight by this degrading and ruinous system. But this was not the case at the co-operative stores. They gave no credit, the people were required to be prudent and careful, and if the establishment of such places was only to teach them the simple virtue of prudence, they were very much calculated to elevate their characters and social position. He brought these things forward to show that this thing was not false in itself, but that it would bring them into the enjoyment of many blessings and comforts. He concluded his speech by saying they did not want to bring the people out at a time of famine, but under the influence of their own feelings as reasonable men to do a reasonable work.

Mr. Ernest Jones then expressed his surprise that his honorable opponent should have been talking about newspapers, and France, and the numbers of the Chartists, and not on the propositions in dispute. He would remind him of them. They were, that the present system of co-operation was vicious

in principle, and pernicious in its results. It was vicious in principle, because leading to competition and monopoly. Secondly, he (Mr. E. Jones) maintained that it must fail, even were it placed on a just basis, to emancipate the people, but would perish before the hostility of the rich, and leave the working-classes worse off than it found them—unless it were preceded and accompanied by political power. Thirdly, he had maintained that political power was the only adequate means for social regeneration; and, fourthly, he had propounded a system of co-operation in consonance with the principles of truth and justice. He wished the audience to remember that this was the question, even if Mr. Lloyd Jones forgot it. He had said that the present movement was based on a system of profitmongering; would his opponent be kind enough to give them a definition of what profit-mongering was! If not, he would. Profit-mongering was to take more for a thing than its value, and put the difference in your own pocket. You had a right to charge for the cost of the material, for the time devoted to it, and for the labor bestowed on it. By that time and labor you had a right to live. And the fair price for that time and labor, was a fair maintenance for him who bestowed it. Everything charged beyond that was profitmongering. Could his opponent deny that? Well, then, since he could not, he would shew him that the present co-operative plan did profitmonger, and pretty handsomely too. He held in his hand the rules and regulations of the Bradford Co-operative Stores. One of its first rules (said he) is to furnish the members with provisions and clothing at prime cost. This was fair enough. You club together your 5s. and you get your articles at prime cost. Then you add the expenses of management, you are justified in that; but don't take any merit to yourselves because you pay yourselves the expenses connected with selling to yourselves. Next, you pay yourselves five per cent. interest on the money you lay out in the stores; well, nobody could grumble at that, but when you have done that you have done all that you ought to do, you are not profit-mongers if you go no further than that. But what do you do next? The next thing you do is to sell to the general public all goods at the ordinary market price, and then take the whole of the profits from them, without even being so merciful as to give them a little per centage in return. What is the result? In the course of time, if you are successful, your profits accumulate, you begin to be aristocrats of labour—you still work in the market for your bread—but presently you make profits enough to live without work—you take profits from the stores, but do no labor in the store—one or two shopmen do the work—you pay them 6s. per week, and their keep, as you know—and merely perform the labor of walking to your shop to take your dividends, such dividends consisting of your surcharge beyond the value of the article. Now, then, what have you to say, to show you are not profit-mongers as arrant as the shopkeeper you decry.

He next went on to show that the system was ruinous in its tendency if directed to manufactures—powerless if directed to land. If, said Mr. E. Jones, you start a factory, you do not shut up the factory of the rich man at the same time you open one for yourselves! you are not strong enough to do that. If you do not, you increase manufacture, and do harm. Mr. L. Jones had asked how they could increase production, because new men were not created for the purpose. I will tell you:—consumption under the present system depends on the means of buying. The rich make the people poorer more rapidly than you can make the poor rich—with increased poverty the purchasing power diminishes—you keep increasing the supply of goods, while the market for those goods is thus becoming smaller—now tell me, how will you find your way out of the dilemma? That's what beats you! But you yourselves increase this very evil by your fallacious remedy. I will admit you may create a benefit for the moment; by employing temporarily a few more men than were employed, but the benefit is purchased at the price of a permanent and increased evil. Here lies the political economy of the case: you increase the amount of production without increasing the market for the produce at the same time. Thus you glut the market—you bring the prices down, and, by bringing the prices down, you must bring your profits down in competition on the one hand, and the wages of the wages-slave on the other. So much for co-operation in munufacture. Now for co-operation in land. Can you unlock the monopoly of land? You want to buy the land—it is not to be bought. A political law of primogeniture, settlement and entail locks up the greater part. Club your pence to eternity, and see if that will cut off an entail. Political power alone can do it. But some land does come into the market. How do you stand with that? the difficulties increase the further you go. You want to buy land, and club your pence together. You are earning six, eight or twelve shillings a week; are you out of that able to spare enough to locate yourselves on a farm and emancipate yourselves from wages'-thraldom? You see that the co-operation of the many is required to locate the few. Suppose you have all clubbed together with the hope of each getting a farm: it will buy land enough to locate only a few. After your

first effort how are you to go on? The more you want to purchase land the less your means of doing so become. The more you want to purchase it, the dearer it becomes, for the greater the demand for land the more it rises in price, and you cannot increase the supply—land is not india-rubber. Meanwhile, you cannot deny that wages must keep falling, under the present system and that you cannot prevent the surplus from flowing into the market; you have admitted it; then you cannot prevent the downward tendency of wages. You are getting poorer and poorer. Your means of buying grow smaller and the land grows dearer at the same time. Thus the distance keeps increasing between the acres and the man. The speaker concluded by calling on his opponent to answer these points, to refute these arguments, instead of talking about newspapers, or leading them to France.

Mr. Lloyd Jones said, they were told they would glut the market, had there not been gluts in the market without any co-operative mills or workshops? It had been said, a fool might in one minute ask a wise man questions that would take him hours to answer. Machinery in its complicated nature for the production of textile fabrics, 100 years ago, was equal to twelve millions of men; but during the last hundred years, mechanical appliances had increased to as much as seven hundred millions of men. Suppose that machinery, instead of being in the hands of the competitors, was in the hands of the people themselves; instead of these great mills being in the hands of a Mr. Smith or a Mr. Jones, they were, as they proposed to make them in the course of time, the property of the people, who instead of being the laborers, should become the extenders and the owners of machinery, by the capital put together on the co-operative principles. The £2000 that has been made by the co-operative stores in Rochdale, was made as a profit upon the business. Suppose that Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown belonged to it, and after paying expenses, took all the surplus to the bank and placed it there to Jones' credit—he would have given no amends to the people for making these profits; but that £2000 was given back to the Messrs. Jones, Smith, Robinson, &c. who stand connected with the stores as members; and those who divided the money amongst the members, said "take it home and it will enable you to increase the the consumption of your family." (Cheers.) But was that profit-mongering. You join a co-operative store, and lay out a pound, and five shillings is made upon it, and it costs a shilling for management and they give you four shillings as your fair share of the profits. To call that profit-mongering was cant and humbug. He would be plain with Mr. E. Jones, and tell him that, although he has brought forward the rules of the Bradford stores, in his conscience he must have known that the rules bore quite a different construction to what he tried to put upon them. It was for the people to find out if this swindling was going on.—First of all, it was said, they got their goods at prime cost; obtained five per cent. upon their subscriptions, and then divided the profits; and these they got by plundering the public, and putting all into their own pockets. Now, he should show them they did not do so. Mr. L. Jones here read the rule, showing that their object was to get their goods at prime cost, adding only the expenses of management, and such management as the society shall deem fit to benefit their moral and social condition. The shop-keepers never talked of that! Then again all goods must be sold at reasonable market prices, and the surplus profits, deducting working-expenses and 5 per cent. interest on the shares, shall be divided half-yearly amongst the members, according to the amount of purchases by each; but the rule did not say according to the amount of purchases of the public. The thing was quite plain, and how his opponent could misunderstand it, he was quite at a loss to know. Now he would show them what was done with the, so-called, plunder from the public; there was a law in reference to that. All fines and forfeits, and profits on all goods sold to the public, after expenses are paid, shall go to form a reserve fund of the association; and that was what Mr. E. Jones called dividing the profits, and putting them into their own pockets. They divided and put into their pockets the profits of their own purchases, and that of the public into a reserve fund: but, said his opponent, "give that to the public." He said, no! these men found the capital, and were doing what the public would not not do for itself. Suppose they open a store, somebody must distribute, and could those individuals be paid without profits. They had all the risk, and care, and management, therefore, it was most absurd to expect that they should return the profits received from the public. They might be good-natured in doing so: but they would be very foolish. He asked his opponent to give an instance where the public had been shut out from becoming members? Had they been shut out of Halifax, let any one try and see whether or not.

Mr. Ernest Jones said his opponent had endeavoured to vindicate profit-mongering, by showing that the profits went into one man's pocket instead of that of another. A nice distinction—while they still came, as before, out of the pockets of the people. So much for his opponent's moral logic. As to the Bradford

Store, his opponent had said the members did not put the profits in their pockets, because they went to the Reserve Fund. What was the Reserve Fund? a fund to extend business. It was pocketing profits in another way. Not one word had his opponent said in refutation of the insuperable difficulties that beset co-operation, under our present system. But he (Mr. Lloyd Jones) had told them to "suppose" they had become possessed of machinery? What a fine thing, that would do for them. So it would—But he, (Mr. Lloyd Jones) would like to do something more than "suppose" it. He would like to see it, and to hear how it was to be done. Ah! that was always the case with those superficial rhetoricians, who surfeited the people with fine theories, and shadowy imaginations. Suppose it, indeed! That was no answer. Show how it is to be done—despite the obstacles he (Mr. E. Jones) had pointed out. These shadowy schemes, these miserable failures had been the case from Harmony downwards (hear, hear), Harmony an eternal disgrace to any country, and in which Mr. Lloyd Jones took so conspicuous a part. (Loud cheers). His opponent had asked him to bring cases where the public had been shut out of co-operative undertakings. He had brought forward the case of Padiham —but not only did they prevent the public from being admitted, they expelled the very members themselves. In Castle Street, London, nine men expelled eleven by a mere juggle. He would now explain his plan to them.

Suppose a number of you men in Halifax commence a co-operative store. Having clubbed your subscriptions together—you buy in the wholesale market and sell to yourselves and the general public (for he could not see why they should exclude the general public, from any benefits they might offer). You have one of two courses open to you, either to sell to the general public at the wholesale price, the same as to yourselves, merely adding thereto the cost of management and distribution, to cover your working charges; or you charge the market price to them and keep the surplus which you devote to a fund, until it is accumulated sufficiently large, to enable you to commence another store, or a co-operative farm or factory; and in that factory, or farm, or store, you set other wages-slaves at free remunerative work. These labor on the same conditions after receiving the fair day's earnings, for the work, the surplus goes to repeat the experiment, and so they might go on adding fresh stores, and mills, and farms, proceeding in geometrical progression, till they gradually spread the means of happiness to the great bulk of the people instead of isolating the profits, until they made an aristocracy of labor and of gold (loud applause). The co-operators of the present movement, pretended to be Christian Socialists. (cries of no, no), Well, but he contended that this was the noblest plan of Christian Socialism. Could any body say there was anything wrong in this plan? which he proposed? (shouts of no, no.) Is there anything you can object to in this plan. (No! from Mr. Lloyd Jones.) His opponent admitted there was nothing wrong in this plan—he had said on Monday, that it was "first rate." On this plan of co-operation (said Mr. E. Jones) you would be able to do something for your three hundred poor brothers' that are to be turned out of their work in Halifax. (cheers). Then why don't you try it? If you confess it is better than yours, what is the reason, you don't try it? (hear, hear). Because there is profitmongering in the one, and no profit-mongering in the other. The public do not support you, because they have no confidence in you, and they see that the professions of the parties who are at the head of the stores are not to be believed. Why do you in Halifax employ master shoe-makers; when you have got two shoe-makers in your own store, and don't employ them? (cheers), But you think you are making head-way because here and there a store is flourishing upon illgotten gains. Don't deceive yourselves. You have not begun the fight yet. You are competing only with the small retail shop-keeper at present. And even with him, you cannot compete. I hold in my hand a paper signed by David Willman, and two other persons in Halifax, stating that they can buy their goods cheaper and better from small shop-keepers in their neighbourhood, than from the Co-operative Store in Cow Green. (Shouts of "we can," and applause). What will it be when the retail shop-keeper, ground down between you on the one side, and the capitalist on the other—leaves you naked to the arrows of your mighty foe? They are still the interposing guard—when it is gone, how will you stand? You say you are undermining the capitalist. Castle Street undermining Moses? Not you? While labor saved forty millions, capital has made two thousand four hundred millions. That looks like undermining. Why, before the fight begins, you are growing proportionally weaker every day! It is a gross and melancholy delusion, to mislead the people by sophisms, such as the leaders of the present Co-operative Movement are now doing.

Mr. Lloyd Jones on rising to deliver his concluding speech said he would take first of all the reference which had been made to the co-operative business, in which he was for some time the acting agent, and which had been pronounced a dead failure. Presuming it was

all true what his opponent had said about him, they ought not to fall out about it, they ought to shake hands and cry "quits." He would not bandy the charges which had been brought against him. How were the Castle Street Tailors to compete with Moses & Son? Now does Mr. E. Jones mean to say that you people will do nothing for principle—but that you will do everything for personal profit—then he would say the chances are that Moses and Son will always beat the Castle Street Tailors. If you will give up all principle and not deal with your fellow-working men, but prefer Moses & Son, then the game is up and they have it all their own way (hear, hear, from Mr. Ernest Jones). We (said Mr. L. Jones) will tell you what you ought to do, and if you do it not the sin is upon your own heads. If you give those men the preference because they are working out the flesh and bones of your wretched fellow-creatures; if you do this along with society at large, then he would say, "Society, you are a great scoundrel!" you are mean slaves because you can make a profit by it. Now, he confessed the Castle Street Tailors did sell dearer than Moses & Son and such like establishments, and why? There is a firm in London which pays 1s. 3d. for making a coat, and the Castle Street Tailors pay 14s. If you say you cannot drag your brethren from slavery unless the co-operators could compete with such establishments, then he said they could not do it and the sin rests on your own heads. He would tell them what they did in the co-operative stores—they go into the market with cash, and never buy with credit; they do not adulterate the articles they purchase, they do not offer mocha coffee, as one great shop had done, and then you find but two ozs. of coffee, and all the rest is chicory. Do you want to submit to a juggle of that kind—you may get cheapness by it; but it is that system which has been your ruin and ground you down to the earth; but the co-operators will not join in a juggle of that kind; they would sooner shut up their stores tomorrow, for they can work as well as you can. Why don't they give the reserve funds, accumulated from the profits derived from the public and commence other stores for the benefit of the public? because you are a mean lot of fellows and won't allow them to do it; you want back your profits for your own benefit. You do wrong in doing so—you do wrong to capitalise every penny but never divide them. If the co-operators won't do that which Mr. E. Jones recommends, do it for yourselves, and don't talk of what is best and most Christian-like; but so long as the co-operators are doing better than you—hold your tongues—for shame you ought to do so. You want political power. Act like reasonable men and do what you can for yourselves until you get it. There is not a man that joins the stores, that does less to obtain political power, than he did before, but they are not the men to be dragged into a political agitation that is not creditable. If the co-operators do not deal fairly with their stores, towards all who deal with them, then open you, another store in the same street, and capitalise your profits for the sake of setting up other stores for the benefit of the working classes. (hear, hear). Mr. E. Jones in his plan said, buy land, and get machinery, and organize for political power. But you will not catch us political birds, by putting such political chaff on our tails. (laughter). When will you get your political power? Do you know you have to ask the capitalists and the monopolists for political power? Why; you are going to smother the bishops (laughter). The bishops get a great deal more, and you get a great deal less than you ought to have. But do you know what the great manufacturers of your towns have got out of the labour of the people? Oh! you never inquire into these things. You count up what the bishops get, but do you know what the rich capitalists get? Your eyes are open to the abuses of government; but to the evils that exist around you, your eyes are shut down. It is every man's duty to elevate himself without injuring his fellow man. If you will prove that you can practice a better thing than the co-operators they will bless you and pray for your success, But (said he) [you are hypocrites and will not do the best you can for yourselves and your families. Suppose you get political power there are still doubts as to whether you will use it with discretion; you are not angels. Then allow co-operators to work in the way they think best. They will fight in the co-operative movement, and allow you to fight for political power. It is said that the co-operators are substituting one set of profit-mongers for another. But that cannot be profit-mongering, when they give to each member, a fair share of the profits on the goods they purchase. It is not profit-mongering to make the profits received from the purchases of the public &c., into a reserve fund, for the purpose of opening a central store. No man can class the two things together as one and the same. The increasing capital of the stores, will be the means of putting you at work. It is not Moses & Sons, and the slop shops that the co-operators compete with, but with other concerns, as, Nugee & Stultz &c., and the great masters.

If you will give the preference to your brothers, instead of the slop shops, which work out the blood of your fellow creatures, then the game is on a fair footing. Set your face

in the right direction; put your heads to the work, do the little that is before you; and when you have gained strength, go and do other things, that require doing. Do justice to all; emancipate yourselves; your destiny, is in your own hands, and if you see the way, and will not walk in it, the blame is upon your own heads. (loud applause).

Mr. Ernest Jones said it was truly amusing, to hear the answers which had been given to the questions he had propounded. He had told Mr. Jones that profitmongery was to charge more for a thing than it cost you, labor and time included, and to put it into your own pocket. He had told his opponent that they could not save society by co-operation, because the evil increased more rapidly than they could effect good. Surplus labor and machinery spread misery more rapidly than co-operation created independence,—therefore co-operation must sink in the long run. He told them that co-operation could not prevent surplus-labor, because the co-operation of many was required to save the few, and then the means of the remainder were exhausted by low wages. That the very increase of manufacturers, caused by co-operation, would undermine the co-operation that increased it, by glutting the market, and reducing wages. That they could not increase the market, because the market meant not men but money, under the existing system. That they could not obtain land, because political power locked it up on the one hand, and poverty kept off the people on the other. That while increasing poverty prevented the subscription of new capital, the reproduction of that which was already subscribed would be prevented by the profits being swallowed up in competition with the rich. They had heard his opponent. The ablest debater of the present co-operation plan had been before them, arguing its defence. All that could be said for it had been said; and he submitted that his (Mr. E. Jones's) arguments had been unanswered. His opponent had admitted they could not take the surplus out of the market; he had admitted they could not undersell the wholesale dealers like Moses, &c.: he had confessed that if the public preferred paying less to paying more, co-operation must fail. In these admissions his opponent had given up the case. The whole hinged on them—there was nothing more to argue. But, said his opponent, the public have philantrophy and generosity enough for the sake of Samaritanism to pay dear to the co-operators, instead of cheap to Moses. Have they (said Mr. E. Jones)? A little time ago you told us we were "a mean lot," and that we would not support you unless we got large profits. Now you tell us we're such angels we'll pay dear instead of cheap, from pure virtue! Now, the fact is, it don't depend on your will at all. (Hear, hear). You are too poor. You *can't* go to Castle-street—you *must* go to Moses. You can't go naked—you have just money enough to afford a coat from Moses, not money enough to afford a coat from Castle-street, and therefore to Moses you must go against your will, and cut the throat of your fine theory of co-operation. You say you will compete with Nugee and Stultz. Not you! It is the slop-dealers you will have to compete with, for they are making a slop-shop of the world; and the wholesale dealer is devouring the retail tradesman. (Loud applause.) But they were asked how they would get political power? They were getting nearer and nearer to it every day; they were going forward, and not backward, as his opponent would have them to believe. They were going on strongly and hopefully, step by step, and they had faith in principles which told them before long the political rights of the people would be extorted from the inflictors of their political wrongs. What (he asked) brought Cobden and Bright into the field—love of liberty? No! fear of truth. (Cheers). What brought Sir Joshua Walmsley into the field—to do something for the people? Dread, lest the people should do something for themselves! (Loud applause.) What brought Russell into the field? The hopes of keeping others out of it. And at this moment they were asked to follow social delusions, when realities were bowing ready to their grasp. They were taunted with their apathy and weakness. Yes! that old giant, the Charter, was on a sick bed. But why was he there? Because he had been attended by a lot of quack doctors and old women, who drugged him with their nostrums, and soporifics, and narcotics—threw him into a lethargy, and then chuckled "he is dead." But he is waking up again! He is walking over the hills of Yorkshire, and looking down into your co-operative profit-nests, and turning them inside out to the broad light of day and common-sense. He tells you—"There is great commotion on the Continent! England itself is imperilled! (though I am not one of those believing in invasion;) but, in such times—what is Government obliged to do? It must throw itself upon the people, and to make the reliance worth anything the people's rights must be conceded. If the people instead of now availing themselves of the opportunity presented, go on grubbing in meal-tubs and candle-boxes," the Govern-

ment will set them at defiance, and the game be lost. (Loud cheering). What has the co-operative system done? They have been for the last thirty-six years getting money, as they say. Why have they not grown rich? So far from having acquired a competency they are no nearer the end than when they began. They are nothing but a sign-post, which, instead of directing the people aright, is turned the wrong way, and leading them backward to the guilds of the dark ages. (Loud applause.) But what will political power not achieve? While you are mending the breeches of a bishop's footman we shall be dividing the poor-lands of the bishop himself among the poor. (Immense applause.) I am not hostile to co-operation, but I do affirm this—that if a man has a given amount of capital, enough to compass one enterprize, and divides it among two, he will fail in both. So with you. You have a certain amount of strength, power, and resources—you require it all to get political power. If you fritter two-thirds of it away in trade's-unions and co-operations, you will achieve nothing. Now, then, you have got to choose which you will play—the certain game, or the fallacious one. But we, too, are co-operators. We, too, invite you to our co-operative factory. But there we deal not in cotton, devil's-dust, or shoddy. There we weave political enfranchisement, decked with the rich embroidery of social right. (Loud cheers.)

The discussion having closed,

Mr. L. Jones rose to move a vote of thanks to the Chairman, when he was met by shouts of "Vote! vote!"

The Chairman said he had been informed that there was a minute on the books of the Committee that no vote should be taken.

Several persons here intimated to the Chairman that that was incorrect, and a general demand for a vote followed.

Mr. Uriah Hinchcliffe then moved, and Mr. Joseph Fell seconded, that a vote should be taken.

The Chairman then called upon those who were of opinion that Mr. Ernest Jones had proved his propositions to hold up both hands, when a perfect forest of hands was held up.

The contrary was put, and the Chairman then declared that an immense majority of the meeting were of an opinion that Mr. Ernest Jones had proved his propositions.

A vote of thanks was then moved to the Chairman by Mr. Lloyd Jones, seconded by Mr. E. Jones, and carried amidst loud cheers; after which the meeting separated.

Trades' Grievances.

I.—THE AMALGAMATED IRON TRADES.

Will no one save this once powerful and stalwart trade from ruin? Can no one get a passport across the frontier of prejudice, surrounded by ambitious or self interested guards—so as to reach into the midst of those gallant, iron hearts, and point to them how their leaders are undermining the solid ground beneath their feet?

Already the warning given them at their City-meeting is beginning to be realized. Already the premonitory symptoms of ruin and dissolution have appeared.

At first the cry was: "The masters won't dare to realise their threat. We are all-powerful!"

The masters have dared—the men begin to find out their weakness.

Then they said: "We'll begin co-operation—and soon become our own masters."

But the men begin to find out that their united funds would enable only two or three hundred to become their own masters. And they don't much like the idea that the property of all should go to lift merely a few of their equals above their heads.

Meanwhile the masters are steadily and gradually undermining the subscriptions for the support of the unemployed, partly by turning more out of work, partly by intimidating or seducing the men from subscribing.

The first flush of battle is wearing down, and the combatants begin to feel their wounds—but who have got the most? The men. The masters are all but unharmed.

Now comes the first wavering and break up in the workmens' battle line. They no longer stand firm—they talk of receding—they propose Emigrating, some to the Continent—some to America.

Do the masters talk of emigrating? No!—they can stand their ground.

A further and more fatal symptom is apparent. That is—disunion. The men are beginning to quarrel. A hostile feeling is arising between the *laborers* and the *skilled workmen*. The masters are taking advantage of it to

make a cats'-paw of the laborers—going to meet their deputation, treating them with exuberant courtesy, &c,—and the laborers are taken in by the demonstration. They are turning, virtually, against the high-paid branches. But the latter have to thank themselves! They *will* uphold the ARISTOCRACY of labor. They pay their *non*-society men seven-shillings per week, the laborers only three-shillings. There is no excuse for this. —There might be a reason why *society*-men should receive more than others (at least that the others should depend on public subscriptions, and not on society-funds) because society men had contributed to a society-fund; —but that the laborers should receive less than the *non*-society-men, is scandalous. And how does Mr. Newton the mover of the whole affair, excuse the act? By saying that "the skilled mechanics were accustomed to better living than the laborers, and ought therefore to receive more?" That's brotherhood, is it? That's opposing class-legislation, is it? That's "moral Reform" and "emancipation of labor," is it? We may well echo the cries of "Shame! 'shame!" that rung from the Laborers' Meeting in Holborn, when it was mentioned that Mr. Newton had spoken thus*!

Again: many of the men, warned by the failures of similar efforts in the past, are shrinking from the contest. In Liverpool a memorial was presented by the men to the masters, promising NEUTRALITY. But the masters know their power, and held even this humiliation insufficient. Moreover—the iron-trades have not got the people at their back. The low-paid trades, and those constitute the great bulk of the people, have been insulted and looked down upon too long by the aristocracy of labor, to feel that sympathy they would otherwise, now the turn of disaster has reached the level of the high-paid class.

Thus, step by step, ruin is striding up to this doomed and deluded trade. Ah! had they taken warning in time!

Meanwhile—political power is at work to back up the social combination of the masters. Behind and over the turmoil rise towering, the policeman and the parliament. Policemen are regularly sent to the Engineers' meetings and stand, all day long, waiting before their Committee-rooms. The first word of effervescence—will give the desired handle. And Mr. Newton has been effervescing—he told the meeting in St. Martins Hall: "this was despotism—despotism of the worst kind—the despotism which drove men mad with anger and urged them to *destroy the whole system* which sanctioned such a despotism. (Cheers). Discontent was now following upon oppression; and *if the discontent was deepened by further tyranny*, THERE COULD BE NO ANSWERING FOR THE CONSEQUENCES." Mr. Newton resumed his seat amidst loud and continued cheering.)"

It is not wise of Mr. Newton, for the sake of a few cheers, to rouse the mad passions, and commit the actions, of injured men. Such language may be in place when addressing the great masses, such as Europe saw in 1848, but it is alike unwise and guilty to address it to a fraction out of 12,000 men, in the midst of an apathetic population.

The first handle fairly given—the rich man's law will step in—the "ringleaders" will be seized—sedition and conspiracy trumped up, and the miserable wreck of this once powerful union will be scattered wide across the land.

Look beyond: There towers St. Stephen's —and what do you see in the papers: "the 'strike' of the Engineers will be made the subject *for Parliamentary consideration.*" Ch! while you are letting yourselves be lulled into quiescence by the transparent humbug of "Laws of partnership," the rich man's political power is preparing for you laws in an entirely opposite direction!

When wil you see through the delusion and be warned?

Meanwhile, once more the voice of caution is solemnly lifted. Once more you are told that you are hastening onward to your ruin. If you persist, it will not be for the want of warning—its voice has come from your own ranks in Manchester—it has come from the pen of a brother-workingman in London, the honest, upright, true hearted Athol Wood*. It tried to make itself heard in your City-meeting—your faithful but insulted friends have not shrunk from the task—you cannot blame *them* for remaining silent—that guilt (for guilt it would be), does not attach to *them*. And once more the leaders of the iron-trades are warned, that on their heads will be the responsibility of uselessly dissipating a vast fund—of breaking up a strong union, and crippling a noble body of the working-classes.

* See REYNOLD'S NEWSPAPER, that at all events, reports this business fairly—unlike the "Star," which dares not insert that, which is prejudicial to its patrons.

* See his letter in No. 40. of the "Notes."

Verification

Of the Statements relative to Kossuth made in "Kossuth and Hungary."

1.—The new Hungarian Constitution, represented to Europe as democratic, was constitutional class-government of a very marked character—eight acres of land, or 300 florins, being the property qualification for an elector—the relief of feudal burdens being paid for by the people, and, since few hold land, few being benefited by the measure.—"*Kossuth, his Career, Character and Companions*," *pp.* 19-20; *David Bogue, Fleet-street, London. Price* 1*s. General Klapka's*, "*War in Hungary.*" 2 *vols. Charles Gilpin, London. Introduction, pp.* 45-46.

2.—Kossuth goes to Vienna in the spring of '48, quells the Vienna insurrection, restores the House of Hapsburg, and gets appointed minister by the emperor.—"*Kossuth, etc.*," *pp.* 17-18. *Kossuth's Speeches at Winchester, Birmingham and Manchester. See the Daily Papers of the time.*

3.—Kossuth insults the Servian deputation and forces on a war.—"*Scenes of the Hungarian War*," *a German work, translated and quoted in the Daily Papers; Klapka, Introduction, p.* 54.

4.—Kossuth sends Batthyanyi to Innspruck to offer the emperor any amount of men and money to crush the Italians.—"*Kossuth*," *etc., David Bogue, Fleet Street, London, p.* 20.

5.—Kossuth forces a vote on the Senate for 50,000,000 of florins, and 200,000 soldiers, to help the Emperor against the Italian "rebels."—"*Kossuth*," *&c., David Bogue, p.* 23; *Lord Dudley Stuart's letter to Chisholm Anstey*, in defence of Kossuth, when Chisholm Anstey withdrew from the Polish Committee, because of this act of Kossuth's. Lord D. Suart here ADMITS and *defends* (!) the act.—*See the Daily Papers of the time.*

6.—Kossuth sends a deputation to the emperor at Schœnbrunn, claims merit for having helped him against the Italians.—"*Kossuth, &c., p.* 26.

7.—Deputation sent by Kossuth to Vienna, Dec. 17, 1848, rejects the help of the people.—*Klapka, Introduction, pp.* 68-69.

8.—Kossuth refuses to invade Austria, in October 1848.—*Klapka, Introduction, p.* 66.

9.—Kossuth, while negociating with the Wallachians, in a time of truce and peace, while the Wallachians, under the guarantee of his and of national honor, are wholly unsuspecting and unprepared for resistance, orders, unknown to the Diet or to his cabinet his general Hatvani treacherously to fall on them and cut them to pieces. Then, sacrifices the general, who got defeated after all, to a court-martial.—*Klapka, vol. I., pp.* 50, 51, 52, 53.

10.—Kossuth interferes with the armies, and cripples the operations of the generals.—*Klapka, vol. I., pp.* 19-21; *read, especially, his remarks at the bottom of p.* 21.

11.—Kossuth, having said that Gorgey would not be able to take Buda, keeps back, for seventeen days, the artillery that would alone enable him to take it—while intrigues and mutinies are being fomented against Gorgey in the army.—*Klapka, vol. I., p.* 41., *Ibid, p.* 44.

12.—Kossuth deposes Gorgey while the latter is wounded and in danger of his life, on the day of victory. Refuses, when expostulated with, and when his reasons for the decree were removed, to revoke his order.—*Klapka, vol. I., p.* 141-157.

13.—Kossuth flies from Pesth, while the enemy is still four days' march distant, and neglects to go to the army and the seat of danger, when implored to do so—alleging as an excuse, his fear of falling into the hands of the enemy.—*Klapka, vol. I., pp.* 189, 190, 215, 216.; *vol. II., pp.* 3 and 4.

14.—Attempts to steal the army out of Gorgey's hands, while the latter is ill and asleep.—*Klapka, vol. I., pp.* 190, 191.

15.—Klapka pledges the officers to disobey their general Gorgey, if he does not order them to march according to Kossuth's motions.—*Klapka, vol. I., p.* 195.

16.—Kossuth flies from Pesth, first to Czegled, then to Szegedin, while the enemy are four days distant.—*Klapka, vol. I., pp.* 201—216. Szemere and Batthyani remained bravely eight days longer, and held the government.—*See thair Letter to the Daily Papers.* Szemere was the only democrat in the cabinet.

17.—Kossuth says the country can't be saved, and orders Gorgey to save it.—*Klapka, vol. II., p.* 24.; *Ibid, pp.* 27-30.

18.—Kossuth flies to Turkey.—*Ibid.*

19.—Kossuth in Turkey denounces democracy.—*His letters to America and Lord Palmerston; vide Daily Papers.*

20.—Kossuth proclaims democracy at Marseilles.—*Vide Daily Papers.*

21.—Kossuth denounces democracy at Southampton, Winchester, Birmingham, and Manchester.—*Vide Daily Papers.*

22.—Kossuth proclaims Socialism to Louis Blanc.—*Vide Daily Papers.*

23.—Kossuth denounces Socialism at Mr. Henry's *dejeuner* at Manchester, and at New York.—*Vide Daily Papers, especially Daily News.*

24.—Kossuth declares against the Abolitionists of Negro slavery in America.—*The New York State Paper.*

Note.—General Klapka's work is entitled, *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary*, by General Klapka, late Secretary at War to the Hungarian commonwealth, and Commandant of the fortress of Komorn. 2 vols. London. Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Without. 1850.

The general is an intimate friend of Kossuth.*

* Several Correspondents tell me I have lost many readers by revealing what was wrong in Kossuth. I know I have. I knew I should. I am told the same because I proclaim the inefficiency of Trades' Unions and Co-operations to save the working-classes. I *stated* before I began the struggle (see my preface to the 1st volume and my introduction to the second volume of the "Notes," that I knew such would be the case. Still I did it—and still I *will* do it—it is not with me a question of *profit*, but of principle. As long as I can write the truth, I will write on—as soon as I am not allowed to write the truth I will cease to write altogether. It remains to be seen whether British democracy will let a man be muzzled, because he refuses to lie, or to connive tacitly at others lying.—E. J.

The Co-operative Movement.

THE EDINBURGH CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

It is gratifying when, amid the desert of profit-mongery, one can point to an oasis clothed with a more genial growth.

The Edinburgh Co-operative Society bases its rules on an improved principle. Its tenth clause says :—

"Non-members shall receive, at each division, one-half of the profits made on their purchases; the other half to go to the reserve fund."

The reserve fund consists of one-tenth of the profits. This is to be devoted to extending the business of the concern, and for the noble purpose of furthering the co-operative principle generally.

Mr. Davis, our correspondent, points to the fact, that in giving profits to non-members' they recognise the "principle that all have a right to equal benefits; but as the member has a risk, and lays out his money, and has all the trouble for nothing, it is unjust that the public should have precisely the same privileges."

Without saying a word as to "trouble" or whether the public would not gladly take it for the same "privileges," and without entering into the question that the public, collectively, in purchase, lay out far more money than the members, and thus bring them a greater advantage than they bring the public (recollect the reserve fund) without, I say, entering at large on these points, it must be said that the Edinburgh Co-operative Society is a bright example to the great majority of co-operative stores.

Mr. Davis further points to the gratifying fact, that the reserve fund is not the property of individuals, but of the whole; and that this is a step in advancing the basis of community of interest.

So it is; but Mr. Davis must recollect that the reserve fund, at least in part, goes to extend the business of the concern, and that the profits, being divided principally among the members, it does go into the individual pocket after all.

But this store deserves our praise and respect for being one of the few that pays tribute to the principles of truth, and has made self-interest subordinate to a more enlarged philosophy.

Honor, then, to the Edinburgh Co-operative Society.

The franchise-portion of the rules is excellent, giving the power to MAN, and not to money.

De Brassier;

A DEMOCRATIC ROMANCE

COMPILED FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A DEMOCRAT,

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEMAGOGUE,

AND

THE MINUTES OF A SPY.

BOOK THE SECOND.*

I.—INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND BOOK.

In resuming, at the very general request of his readers, the History of De Brassier, the author thinks it right to offer a few prefatory remarks.

He has been asked, repeatedly, whether he does not intend to represent particular individuals under the various characters he introduces in the work. Nay, some, whom the author both respects and admires, have even been pointed to as the originals of pictures framed within its pages. The author *most distinctly repudiates any such intention*, and reminds the reader of the following words in the introductory chapter of "De Brassier:"

"*This tale contains no personal allusions—no individual in British Democracy is represented under a fictitious name.*"

What has given rise to the supposition is, that in narrating the events of a revolutionary movement, the unavoidable similarity of incident will place characters in a similariy of position, and because a man addresses a meeting, heads a procession, or sits at a Council in the one case, that proneness which people have to hunt for hidden allusions in the most simple narrative, has led some to believe that its moral was pointed at men who sat at councils, spoke at meetings, or were interwoven with democratic movements in another.

The object of "De Brassier" is to show the People how they have but too often been deceived and betrayed by their own presumed friends. Deceived and betrayed, not by an individual selling them to the government, but by the individual *selling them to himself*. It has been attempted to convey this lesson in the shape of a romance, because, in the words of the first preface,

"The more attractive you can make Truth, the more easily she will progress. Let the same moral be conveyed in a tale, and preached in a sermon, the former will make ten proselytes, when the latter will secure but one."

It has been a feature of these "Notes" to guard and defend democracy against the insidious attacks directed at its unity and purpose from *without*—from other classes;—to this point have the "Lessons from History" been devoted, with a continuous course of Letter, Leader, Essay and Address. The work would be incomplete, were democracy not also warned against the dangers from *within*. To this the articles on mistaken or premature Trade and Labor-movements have been directed. But even these leave the task unfulfilled. Democracy often fails from still more intimate home-perils—and for the unveiling of such "De Brassier" has been written—on the principle that "Prevention is better than Cure."

Not that all the evils depicted have taken place, or are occurring in British Democracy within recent times; but they have been enacted at home and abroad in the course of history

* The first book of "De Brassier," concluded in No. 25, p. 286.

—popular movements have perished beneath their baneful influence—and it is time, therefore, that the Present should gain experience from the Past.

Nor is the season inopportune for the lesson. For the democratic movement in this country is being wooed alike by individuals and by classes. The latter seek to win their battles by alluring the working order over to their measures. The former seek to grow great by alluring it over to THEMSELVES. Some strive to do this by upholding the old—others *by endeavouring to supplant it with the new*. Some wish to rally around their persons the *old* organization —others wish to be the creators and pivots of a *new*, expecting naturally to become the recognised leaders of the thing they have created. The movement itself vibrates between two points: Absolutism, or Representation—the godship of a man, or the government of the popular mind. *Convention, or No Convention* is the issue on which the case is tried. Some say, "Stand by the Charter," others, "The Charter is worn out, we must inaugurate a new movement."

We say: "*Stand by yourselves*—and see which is most honest—which gives you most power, chance and opportunity—the Charter, or SECESSION!"

At such a conjunction it becomes more than ever necessary to warn the People as to what *may* be done in the way of deception and individual self-interest, by reminding them of that which *has been* done, even as far back as the days of the ancient world.

It is therefore that, at this crisis we renew the History of DE BRASSIER.

II.—THE MIDNIGHT COUNCIL.

In a low and heavy looking room a number of men were assembled amid a tallow twilight.

Ii was a chamber in the Court of Thieves.

The Democratic movement had fallen another stage.

Those among its leaders who were still active, had met in secret conclave.

The broad leverage of popular enthusiasm having been exhausted, they were trying to replace it by the hidden spring of midnight conspiracy.

Futile effort—when the storm that stirs the wave, is past, no oar-strokes will lash them into fury.

The smoky, raftered ceiling hung close over the heads of the conspirators, and the faint gleam revealed in sombre keeping their haggard, anxious and excited faces. A feverish eagerness dwelt in their half suppressed tones —and ever and anon, when the voice of one rose louder in his excitement, the raised finger and the warning "hush," dragged it down to a dull monotony. They were all deliberately daring the most perilous deed that man can venture—a few men, uncertain of popular support, about to march into the streets in arms—in arms against the mightiest government the world had ever witnessed! Yes! the mightiest now—though one of the weakest, a few days before—for, a revolution missed is a government re-seated. Oh! the folly! Revolutions are made through taking governments by surprise—and now *the People* were to be surprised into Revolution, and the government attacked, when it was warned, armed, and stood with its completed preparations. So blindfold gropes conspiracy.

They were all, we say, deliberately daring this deadly venture, but it was difficult to say what held most of the conspirators to the work—for, certainly, it seemed not courage: they trembled like aspen-leaves. The slightest footfall in the distant street, the creaking of the old house-timbers to the wind struck them with ghostly-white alarm. The men whom fear of failure frights so much, are not the metal tempered to success! Three only seemed free from the pervading panic: the one was terrible to behold. His face was one great scar, red, seamed and blistering. His eyes glared bloodshot from their hair-less brows—his head was bald—but brown and crimson blurs marked the seared scalp—his one hand and arm was bandaged—and with a limping gait, he jerked himself across the room, active none the less. A fierce reckless levity sat upon his tongue—and his words revealed a thirst of blood, as though in replenishment of what he had lost. He looked like the charred skeleton of a fiend fresh from the burning pit—and none, who saw him, could recognise either the terrible Poacher, or the once amiable and gentle Dalton!

A contrast to him, but one equally fearless, sat opposite. It was Edward, the young mechanic. A perfect heedlessness of all personal consequences was traceable in his face—not in cold apathy, or dead despair but because to him the world could yield no happiness, therefore life, even liberty, was to him matters of small moment, and his only study was, how, best to devote his few remaining years, (few, for the really broken-hearted, die soon), to the greatest advantage for his fellow men. To himself, his life was worthless—to others it might be useful—and coldly and calmly he studied how it could be spent most usefully. Therefore he attended the meetings of the conspirators—desirous of bearing his share in

any effort, however desperate, having a chance of success—for the salvation of his order—but far from determined on taking part in the present conspiracy.

He sat there as a calm spectator—gazing around him with his marble face—rigid and immoveable, but ever and anon a noble expression would flit across it like a passing glory.

A third person also seemed to partake of the courage apparent in the other two. It was a stalwart, loose-lipped, fat, rosy-faced man, with what is commonly but erroneously called a frank open countenance—but where the wideness of feature, and the barefaced effrontry of character, are mistaken for jovial, large-hearted honesty, a glance at his quick, gray eyes dispelled the favorable illusion. This individual has already been introduced to the reader at the "Black Bull." He seemed perfectly unconcerned and collected, smiling slyly whenever any sudden sound caused consternation among his companions. He too, was the only smoker. It was remarkable that the most inveterate tobacco-ites of the party had forgotten their old habit. Not a pipe was to be seen, save his. Even the cigars of the aristocracy of democracy had vanished. For it is a notable fact, that those gentlemen-working-men, whom the confidence of their fellows has raised to be leaders in broad-cloth from workers in fustian, generally mount from the level of the clay-pipe to the pinnacle of the cigar. But not even a cigar was to be seen. They were all too frightened to smoke. Whereas the burly good-natured-looking man curled forth in regular, steady, placid whiffs, the grey clouds like a sober canopy around his florid face A keen observer might have told at a glance that so easy a smoker could be no conspirator. The fact was, that, with the ception of some two or three, the flower of the working-classes was unrepresented there. The majority of those present belonged to the worst of their order—depraved fierce, dissolute—the pothouse-politicians who hang on the skirts of democracy—because its excitement attracts them, and its promised revolution holds out hopes that the turning of the wheel may throw up those who are bedded at the bottom now. These are the men who, when the better part of democracy has retired from the field, take up the planted flag—as sure to fail as they are to disgrace the cause they try to vindicate. Then all the forbearance, order and nobleness of the real democracy is thrown into the shade and forgotten—and these men appear in the public eye as the standard-bearer of the peoples' cause.

Meanwhile debate ran high among the secret conclave. Discussion, dispute and argument were bandied to and fro—but it was remarkable that wrangling and antagonism never once appeared. No angry words were bandied—no insult was given—every man knew that each of his comrades had the lives of all in his keeping,—and they were too frightened of each other to dare quarrel.

Thus the debate soon subsided into harmony, and the preliminaries of an insurrection began to be arranged. The brawny. florid man evidently became more attentive and interested.

The details were being planned. The sixty conspirators in parties of ten, were to throw themselves into the streets simultaneously in different quarters of the town—at twelve precisely on the following night, and to commence the work of insurrection. The instructions for each section was read through, in a low tone.

"Hush! What was that?"—said a voice.

A sound was heard, as of some one scratching very faintly and rapidly against the wainscot.

"I have heard it for a long time—and it always begins, as soon as one of us is speaking."

"Pooh! a mouse!"—said the fat man.

The reading was resumed,

Scratch—scratch—scratch—went the unknown assistant at the council. It was a sound so faint that most doubted its reality. The burly smoker went to the wall, on the opposite side of the room from which the sound really came, and struck the boarding heavily.

"It was on this side!" said some one.

"Pooh! it came from here," rejoined the noisy challenger—and thumped more lustily than ever at the wall. The noise was not renewed.

"Where's Latimer?" asked Edward.

"He won't join us—he's to frightened.

"There's no cowardice in Latimer."—said Edward to himself. "If he's not with us, it augurs badly for our chance.—Have you tried him?"

"No! where is the use?—Try him! Ha! we've had too much of fine gentlemen! If we mean to succeed, we must manage our own movement ourselves.—We don't want him! He must fall with the rest of them—they're all a pack of villains and traitors!"—and soon a burst of rancorous feeling swept like a torrent over the name of Latimer. "Didn't he help Dovill?"—"Didn't he shoot me?" roared the poacher. "Death to Latimer among the first!" was the general cry.

"Gentlemen!" said Edward—"don't you count on me"—and he turned to go.

"Stop him!" cried the fat man—"he's a traitor—he'll peach! Pink him! Kill him!"

"Fools!"

"Promise that you won't"—said one of the more moderate.

"I won't—for I don't know but what it i

my duty to sacrifice you, to prevent you from sacrificing hundreds, perhaps thousands, to your ferocious folly!"

"Kill him! Down with him!—Swear—to save your life!"

"My life! Ha! Ha! As though I cared for it." And yet, despite the words, with two vigorous blows he cleared the passage to the door, and strode down the street.

"After him! Bring him back! Strike him down!"

"Touch me, and I raise the alarm! Do you see that man."

And the distant figure of a policeman, was seen on the pavement.

The conspirators slunk back—the meeting broke up in confusion—but the position was too desperate to recede from now—some of them undertook to seek Edward, and persuade him to secrecy, while the others were to remain concealed, and sally forth as appointed on the ensuing night.

III—THE POLICE STATION.

Edward was pacing down the street in deep thought, pondering on what he had heard and seen. He knew that before 24 hours had elapsed a scene of bloodshed, rapine and confusion would ensue. He knew that the struggle would be hopeless, for the government had concentrated an enormous force and in all probability not one of the veritable democracy would join in the attempt,—he knew that those who made it, were the very worst specimens of their order,—rendered bad indeed, by a vicious social system, but without that innate honor and moral dignity which, in others, counteracted its evil tendencies—he knew that revolution was not safe in their hands, for that they would disgrace it by plunder, drunkenness and cruelty—he knew, indeed, that where the real working-classes were moving, these men would be really in the minority, and therefore curbed and ruled by their nobler brethren,—but he knew also that in the majority, since the factory population would, probably, take no part in the rising,—they would have sufficient power to do evil, none to do good—and, worst of all, they would cast a blight and cloud upon a cause, of which the fact, that the real democracy abstained from action, would make them appear the standard-bearers, and the soldiers.

While the plot was yet in its infancy, he had pointed out its reckless, guilty folly—but in vain. When the passions burn, the brain congeals.

Had it been only the immediate conspirators who would have suffered, he would not have felt deeply—but that some of the honest workers would be seduced into the streets, that the deep throb of indignation that shook the popular heart, would heave some up to the barricade if once the flag was raised,—there was little doubt—*and now, it was in his power to save all these.*

It was but some few hundreds of paces from where he stood in thought, to the police station—for every footfall he might count scores of victims saved from slaughter, and hundreds saved from prison, want and sorrow—should he go and reveal the plot?

He had tried every means of disuasion—he had warned them that such might be his intention—he was no secret traitor—if he did it, he saved thousands—he kept millions of tears unshed—nay! more, he rescued the cause of liberty from the deep stain, the coming night was sure to cast upon its name—but, if he did it, he blasted his own for ever thenceforth the bye-word "spy!" "traitor,"—"villain," would cling Cain-like to his forehead—his dearest friend would not believe but what he had been hired and bought by government—and he would sink for ever beneath the lowest depth of shame and obloquy.

He paused—a burning—burning tear—(the first his crushed heart had shed for many a weary day)—rolled slowly down his cheek—the tear of mourning for a buried reputation—and, deliberately immolating his name on the shrine of an unmerited obloquy, noblest of sacrifices, most God-like of all heroism,—the young mechanic strode firmly towards his resolve.

"Do you see that 'ere chap?"—said Sergeant Grablot to Inspector Gallowtree, who had issued from the Court of Thieves simultaneously with the young mechanic, though by another way."

"Yes! that's Edward."

"Well! He's going to peach—he is going to the magistrates, to tell them of the whole plot."

"The deuce—he'll get something handsome.!"

"Oh! shall he—we must arrest him for conspiracy."

"What!" said the young inspector—"when he's going to peach against them?"

"You fool! That's the very reason. Do you suppose we want others to spoil our trade and him to get the reward that's promised us? Down upon him."

In two minutes more, Edward found himself a prisoner in the hands of the police.

"We found this young man, your worship," said the demure Grablot, "just coming from a meeting of the conspirators, going on a mission to secure a lot of pikes and gunpowder in another part of the town."

"It is false!" said Edward.

"They had been plotting to murder your worship and the mayor—and to-night a robbery with murder was planned against Cockstick, the gunsmith's under the guidance of the prisoner."

"Infamous falsehood!" cried the latter.

"We have the depositions."

"Your worship!" said the prisoner, "could I see you for a moment alone."

"Take care, your worship!" cried Gallowtree, "he means to murder you. That's what he was going about."

The magistrate turned pale and shivered.

"Whatever you have to say, prisoner! say here."

"I was coming on a far different errand—I was coming to perform that which I considered my duty—I was coming to reveal to you a great and immediate danger—an intended plot and conspiracy—but don't misconstrue me. I want neither life nor liberty—I don't do this from fear of you—nor from love for you—I hate you and your system—I seek to destroy it—I to am a rebel and a conspirator—I desire to be punished as such—but I seek to spare a useless waste of life, and therefore I reveal the following plot."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, prisoner," said the magistrate, "it is revealed already. This is always the trick of you cowardly, sneaking rebels—you turn traitors to one another. Out with you, for shame—you would not have revealed this plot, had you not been caught in the act, and now you try to save your miserable neck by sacrificing those to whom you had sworn brotherhood. Out with you, you scoundrel! I have heard of honor among thieves—but there is no honor among you."

Edward struck the desk with his clenched fist, but said nothing.

"Come, my gallows-bird," said Gallowtree, and hurled the young mechanic brutally towards the cell. Others joined in the onslaught under the pretence of resistance—staved were drawn—"You wanted to tell all about it did you?' "That's our game! ha! ha!" ans though he had gone like a lamb to the slaughter, they struck him, till bruised, bleeding, and half-killed, he was left lying on the damp stones of a dark cell.

A hearty laugh had the police over their feat, as they sat drinking their hot brandy over a roaring fire.

"We've done for him, at any rate!"

"Aye! and for the others too!"

"Yes! but Trapchild! that confounded pen of yours had nearly spoilt the game. They heard it scratching the paper, as you were taking down their plan."

"I told them it was a mouse—and so they never smoked a rat," said Greasypalm, the fat conspirator, in whom we recognise one of the cleverest agents of the detective force.

In the court of thiefcatchers the police had been secretly on the watch, and overhearing the entire plot of the conspirators!

Later in the morning, the police-serjeants were summoned to receive their ordees from Mr. Superintendent Massyfang.

Their directions were to watch the conspirators, but on no account to secure them, to molest them, or to raise any suspicion in their minds.

"What on earth don't they grab them for, new they can take them? They might prevent all the bloodshed, loss and confusion!" said Grablot.

"You fool!" replied Greasypalm,—(Grablot was the "fool" now)—"Don't you see that's not the game of the government. Mossyfang has his orders to let it go ahead. Government wants to frighten all the respectables, and to make an example. A fight will give them an opportunity of making a clear sweep at those they couldn't get otherwise; and clearing the deck for a long time to come!"

"Ah! I see!"

And so the great wheel of governmental victims was revolving round the lesser one of police-craft. What the large one failed to grint, the lesser one reduces to powder.

Meanwhile, the fated night was hurrying on.

1852 and the Franchise.

THE PLOT UNVEILED.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S BILL ANALYZED.

The political mouse has been brought to bed! Lord John Russell has bee delivered of a "Reform Bill." That Bill must be read by the following texts:

1st, "They will prevent the working classes from participating thus far in the franchise, as to turn the balance of power in the constituency."—"Notes to the People, No. 37, Saturday, January 10th, 1852.

2nd, "With reference to the contemplated measure on the representation, I assure the House that *the existing balance of political power among* CLASSES *will not be disturbed.*"—"Earl Grey, House of Lords, Tuesday, 3rd of February, 1852."

The Franchise measure of Lord John Russell admirably answers the description given of it by Lord Grey. It reduces the £10 borough qualification to £5; the county qualification from £50 to £20; and for copy-holders and long lease-holders from £10 to £5. This is NO measure of Reform. It is not an iota of change. *It leaves everything as it now is*, with the exception of altering the numbers, leaving the PROPORTIONS just the same.

For instance, if our constituency is composed of a combination of powers in the following proportions, those most generally admitted as correct:

Aristocracy of money, 20 per cent*.
Aristocracy of land, . 19 per cent*.
Aristocracy of trade or shopocracy, 5 per cent.
Aristocracy of labour, 2 per cent.
The Working-classes, 1 per cent.

Leaving the working classes as 1 to 46, or including the aristocracy of labor as 3 to 44:

Russell's measure would make something like the following alteration:

Aristocracy of money, . .	20 per cent.
Aristocracy of land, . .	19 "
Aristocracy of trade, . .	5 "
Aristocracy of labor . .	4 "
The Working-classes . .	2 "

Leaving the working-classes 2 to 48, or including the aristocracy of labor, 6 to 44.

Now taking the last calculation as the true one, namely, that the aristocracy of labor would act in the interest of the democracy of labor, (which they have never yet done,) democracy would be a gainer by three-forty-fourths. But, as the aristocracy of labor would side, as it ever has sided, with the oppressor, *the veritable working order will be the loser by the measure.*

However, to make surety doubly sure, out of fear that the gaffers, foremen, overlookers, &c., might suddenly take it into their heads to turn democratic, and side with their poor and powerless subordinates,—out of fear, further, that the small shop-keepers might, at last, awake to their true interests, and vote with the working classes,—to be perfectly safe that "the existing balance of political power among CLASSES will not be disturbed," what does Lord John Russell propose? He creates "a new right of voting," for all those, (with exceptions,) paying direct taxes to the amount of 40s. per annum. Now, who are these? In Russell's own words: "a large class of well-educated men, *and men likewise of property.*" Yes, lawyers, surgeons, physicians, artists, clerks, and the vast class of hangers-on to the aristocracy and money-ocracy, who minister to their pleasures, and bask in their smiles—the payers of 40s. direct taxes. This throws a large balance into the scale of the rich, and adds, at one swoop, about 5 per cent. a-piece to the aristocracies of money, land, and trade, so that the working-classes, even including the aristocracy of labor, would stand in reference to the other classes as

SIX TO FIFTY-NINE,

being a positive LOSS of power to the working classes of

FIFTEEN PER CENT!

Yes! under the semblance of Reform, cloaked beneath this monster humbug, Russell's "Reform Bill" is

A REACTIONARY MEASURE.

Yes! in 1852, England, also, is marching among the van of the reaction!

Some explanations of the above calculation are now necessary. In both tables I have put down the per centage of money, landed, and trade power, (always excepting the 40s. tax-voters), at the same amount. It must be apparent that this is correct; for neither the £5 reduction, nor the £20 reduction, will give more votes to the rich, who have the vote already. The electors among the aristocracy of labor will be increased, but not largely, for many of them come within the £10 franchise now. But I have put their number down as doubled. The veritable working classes I have supposed to obtain as many votes again as at present; and this, I consider, is a fair allowance. The £5 reduction itself would not "*turn the balance,*" for Russell himself says:

"Looking to the general returns which we have received, I should say that, in point of numbers, the householders from £5 to £10, as compared with those of £10 and upwards, are in the proportion of about six to ten."

Therefore, for every ten votes, of which almost all are in favor of the present system, (merely fluctuating between the land and money interests), his extension gives six, of which many will be in favor of the present system also!

As to the counties, it is a farce to suppose that the extension in these will "*turn the balance.*" The working classes are not £20 jurymen. The working classes are not "copy-holders," or "long lease-holders,"—the agricultural working classes are landless, hovel-dwelling serfs,—lodgers huddled thick in stifling rooms. The "county-extension" extends the franchise merely amid thin air, The men are gone—the yeomen are fled, who

* Of course this does not allude to the number of the electors, but the power and influence possessed by each class in the constituency.

would have been embraced within its limits. The trumpet of resurrection must sound,—the dead must arise before Lord John Russell's measure will much extend the franchise in the counties! He is obliged indirectly to confess it himself. He says:

"How far this proposition may extend the number of votes in counties *I am not able to say.*"

When you add to this the 40s. tax-scheme, swamping the constituency with a mass of rich voters, *the absence of the Ballot*, and of the payment of members, and the septennial duration of parliament, that cunningly-devised contrivance, the dullest eye must see clearly the drift and tenor of the Bill. The most obtuse will understand that *it takes power* FROM *the people*, instead of giving power to them, and opens wider than ever the gates of corruption, intimidation, and undue influence to the rich.

One shout of execration should meet it from one end of the country to the other.

ERNEST JONES.

RUSSELL'S BILL

Proposes the following alteration in the franchise:

1, The crown may appoint a commission, on the report of an election committee, or even on common fame and notoriety, to inquire into cases of bribery and corruption.

2, The £10 household qualification for electors in boroughs is to be reduced to £5, *rated* value.

3, The £50 occupancy qualification for counties is to be reduced to a £20 qualification.

4, The qualification of copy-holders and *long* lease-holders is to be reduced from £10 to £5.

5, All persons paying direct taxes in the shape of assessed taxes, or income-tax, to the amouut of 40s. per annum, to obtain the vote, (with the exception of certain licences),—so that the party, if residing within a borough, shall have a borough-vote,—if beyond the borough, a county vote.

6, Places are to be added to all the boroughs having less than 500 £10 electors and freemen, in order to increase the constituency. Such additions are to be made to 67 boroughs in England and Wales.

7, The property-qualification for members of Parliament is to be abolished.

8, The oath of members shall be altered, making no distinction between Romanist or Protestant, and leaving out the words, "on the true faith of a Christian."

9, If a member, already holding office under the crown, changes to another office, the vacation of his seat shall be no longer necessary.

10, In Scotland fictitious votes shall be prevented by taking care that the title shall be completed by the mode called, infeoffment. The county franchise shall be reduced to £20, the borough franchise to £5.

11, In Ireland the county franchise shall remain unaltered; the borough franchise shall be reduced from £8 to £5.

Lessons from History.

III.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 41, p. 807.)

He spared all who did not resist, and even the perjured traitor Agesilaus was suffered to escape. Had he spared the *ephori*, the focus and leverage of reaction would have remained—a civil war would have been inevitable—to keep them in prison, would have been to keep the hope and means of insurrection active, to maintain a constant hotbed of intrigue—and the false mercy would have caused the shedding of torrents of innocent and useless blood. Painful as was the act, it was just; severe as was the deed, it was merciful in reality. It is a lesson to the people—a lesson the France of 1848 might have learned with profit, that it has since imbibed in tears. The rich massacre *their* foes when they have a chance;—when the people spare, the gratitude of the pardoned is conspiracy, the reward of the pardoner is chains and murder.

Times have thus far altered, that the scaffold may be swept away—but the defeated hangmen should be rendered powerless, and at least be kept prisoners until their power of doing harm should have expired. Had France proscribed and imprisoned its princes, its Bourbons, Orleans, and Bonapartists princely intrigues would have perished. You cannot eradicate a principle by destroying a few men, but, where *personal* parties exist as in DYNASTIC RE-ACTIONS, there, with the *person* expires the re-action too.

Truly, the Revolution of Sparta is a "Lesson from History."

A victorious general, a powerful, and irresistible prince, now towered above his country. How would the terrible power be used? Now was the test of Cleomenes. He could have enslaved his country—he used the art of kings to get to power, immortal glory to the conqueror! he employed that power as a democrat! Ah! such power has Bonaparte—such use he, too, might make—he might raise himself to the side of Cleomenes,—he has sunk to that of Ptolemy!

The first step of Cleomenes, after having achieved this victory, in the plenitude of irresponsible and unlimited power, with a mercenary army at his back, with which he could have crushed in a moment every popular effervescence,—the first step of the conqueror was to assemble the people. They thronged to the place of meeting, and he thus addressed them;

"The administration was put by Lycurgus into the hands of the kings and the senate. And Sparta was governed by them a long time without the aid of any other magistrates. But, as the Messenian war was drawn out to a great length, and the kings, having the armies to command, had not leisure to attend to the decision of causes at home, they pitched upon some of their friends to be left as their deputies, for that purpose, under the title of *ephori*, or *inspectors*. At first they behaved as substitutes and servants to the kings, but, by little and little, they got the power into their own hands*, and insensibly erected their office into an independent magistracy. While they kept within the bounds of moderation, it was better to endure than to remove them: but when, by their usurpation, they destroyed the ancient form of government, when they deposed some kings, put others to death without any form of trial, and threatened those princes who desired to see the divine constitution of their country in its original lustre, they became absolutely insupportable. Had it been possible, without the shedding of blood, to have exterminated those pests which they had introduced into Lacedæmon—such as luxury, superfluous expense, debts, usury, and those more ancient evils, poverty and riches, I should then have thought myself the happiest of kings. In curing the distempers of my country, I should have been considered as the physician whose lenient hand heals without giving pain. The proceedings of Lycurgus are an evidence that it is next to impossible to new-model a constitution without the terror of an armed force. For my own part I have applied that remedy with great moderation; only ridding myself of such as are opposed to the true interests of Lacedæmon. Among the rest I shall make a distribution of all the lands, and clear the people of their debts. Among the strangers, I shall select some of the best and ablest, that they may be admitted citizens of Sparta, and protect her with their arms; and that we may no longer see Laconia a 'prey to the Ætolians and Illyrians, for want of a sufficient number of inhabitants concerned for its defence.'

"When he had finished his speech, *he was the first to surrender his own estate into the public stock*! His father-in-law Megistonus, and his other friends, followed his example. *The rest of the citizens did the same.*" *(Plutarch).* Ay! the people as a whole are not selfish. Give them the example of greatness, and like an echo, greatness answers to the call! Yes! there IS hope for humanity. It takes generations to *debase* a people: one hour can call forth the glory in their hearts! Alas! the difficulty is to *keep* it there!

"Then the land was divided. Cleomenes even assigned lots for each of the persons he had driven into exile; and declared that they should all be recalled when tranquillity had once more taken place. Having filled up the number of citizens out of the best of the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries." *(Plutarch)* having placed liberty on its own true basis, the nearest practicable approximation to an equalisation of property—a process that, in those primitive ages could be achieved by a sudden law—but that, in these more complicated times can be effected only by a gradual course of prudent legislation, which shall counteract the *centralising* tendency of wealth by a *distributive* impulse—having done away with those great contrasts of riches and poverty so utterly incompatible with social freedom and political equality, Cleomenes sought to guard the rights he had reconquerd. He, therefore, "raised a body of 4000 foot—and applied himself to the education of the youth, and formed them with all the strictness of the Lacedæmonian discipline. Their schools of exercise, and their refectories, were soon brought into that good order which they had of old; some being reduced to it by compulsion, but the greatest part coming voluntarily into that noble training peculiar to Sparta.

"The king himself was the best teacher. Plain and simple in his equipage and diet, assuming no manner of pomp above a common citizen, he set a glorious example of sobriety."

* The rise of the moneyocracy. The reader must remember that the old constitution of Sparta was a *democracy*, and that the "kings" were no more than *Tribunes of the People.* Originally, the *ephori* were substituted to check the regal power, when it was growing too great—but they turned the tables.

When the Greeks "applied to Cleomenes, they saw no purple or robes of state, no rich carriages, no gauntlet of pages or door-keepers to be run. Nor had they their answer, after great difficulties, from the mouths of the secretaries; but they found him in an ordinary habit, ready to meet them, and offer them his hand. He received them with a cheerful countenance, and entered into their business with theutmost ease and freedom. . . . . He entertained his company very agreeably with his own conversation, and sometimes telling stories. His serious discourse was perfectly free from moroseness; and his mirth from petulance and rusticity." *(Plutarch).*

Such was the system introduced—such the man who introduced it.

What a counterpart the first of these events displays to some of our own day—what a contrast do the last evince in the use made of the revolution when effected.

By precisely the same means, a mercenary army stealing unawares upon a sleeping middle-class did Cleomenes and Louis Napoleon Buonaparte obtain the mastery of their country. Sparta woke one morning enslaved, and went to bed free. Paris went to bed with middle-class freedom—(though proletarian slavery), and woke next morning with universal tyranny.

How differently were the same powers used by the two men! Men? Nay! Cleomenes was a man—Louis Napoleon is an ape of tyranny. What a destiny has the latter missed! What glory might have lighted his name through centuries, what real power of love have accompanied him through life!

And the result? Cleomenes lives among us now—Louis Nopoleon is dead to humanity already.

The act of Cleomenes still influences the world, in teaching the world's mind—for mind is immortal. The act of Louis Napoleon will perish, leaving no trace, with the force with Thich it was wrought—for all force perishes. whe strongest power the world ever saw, must fade and vanish in the course of time—even of its own natural decay. Force succeeds force—power follows power, as leaves upon a tree. The new one buds, and pushes off the old. The impulse that puts forth one, decays and ceases,—and the fresh pulse drives on the new-succeeding growth.

The more sudden the rise of a power, the more short is its duration.

The task of democracy now is, to ride the next wave of force that rolls over the sea of life—to ride it, instead of drowning underneath its waters.

The Spartan Revolution once achieved, prosperity and freedom shone on the glorious republic. Never was such an opportunity for establishing a perfect model of happiness and liberty. *Within* the state, no power was strong enough this time, to subvert it—the very attempt was not ventured. *Without*, the arms of Sparta soon vindicated her internal right. Aratus, the veteran leader of the moneyocracy of Grcece, he who had wielded the *Achæan League*, thought the recent trouble in Sparta a favorable opportunity for subjugating the Pelopnonesus—but Cleomenes, secure at home in the affection of an emancipated people, left Lacedæmon with his army, entered the State of Megalopolis, and struck such terror by his sudden appearance and his calm assurance, that not a soldier was sent into the field to face him. He returned, trtumphant to the Common wealth.

But the intrigues and oppressions of the Achæans continuing, the Mantinæans applied for Spartan succour. "They admitted Cleomenes into their city in the night: and having, with his help, expelled the Achæan garrison, put themselves under his protection. He re-established their laws and ancient form of Government, and *retired the same day*, to Tegea." *(Plutarch).*

Thus not even the lust of conquest could seduce this noble-hearted democrat!

"From thence he fetched a compass through Arcadia and marched down to Pheria in Archaia, intending by this movement either to bring the Achæans to battle, or make them look upon Aratus in a mean light, for giving up the country as it were, to his destroying sword,—Hyperbatas was indeed, general at that time, but Oratus had all the authority. The Achæans assembled their forces and encamped at Dymeæ, [or Dymæ,] near Hecatombœum; upon which, Cleomenes marched up to them, though it was thought a rash step for him to take post between Dymeæ which belonged to the enemy, and the Achæan camp. However he boldly challenged the Achæans, and, indeed, forced them to battle, in which he entirely defeated them, killed great numbers upon the spot, and took many prisoners. Lango was his next object, from which he expelled the Achæan garrison, and then put the town in the hands of the Eleans." *(Plutarch)*

This broke the armed resistance of Aratus, Nay! the very Achæans themselves, seized with admiration of Cleomenes, were for peace and union. The democratic spirit had been kindled among the poor. As Plutarch confesses, the latter hoped for the downfal of landed monopoly, and monied despotism—the rich, single-handed, dared not resist the current of new feeling—they stood paralysed around their grey-headed chief, Aratus—the

Victory of Freedom and of Sparta was complete.

Victorious without, and unassailed within, here, at least, liberty for once had a fair field to consolidate her power.

We dwell with pleasure for a few brief moments on the glorious picture. Contemplate it calmly, Reader! there was perfect right and happiness.—Pause, in grateful delay! But the march of History beckons onward, and we now proceed to the extraordinary fortunes that suddenly assailed the home of truth and freedom.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—TO THE MANCHESTER COUNCIL.

Brother Chartists,—Permit me, as an individual Chartist, who has the maintainance of the Chartist cause at heart, and who is determined, humble though he be, to use his every effort to keep it alive, to appeal to you, who have not only what he has—the will,—but more than he has—the power to prevent its fall, and to raise it to the position of a recognised authority.

You have yourselves already decided that the speedy assembly of a convention can alone save Chartism. Already the majority of the Chartist body in the country, already the metropolis, in its Deligate Council, has pronounced in favor of a Convention. Already, even, as at Coventry, funds for that purpose have been subscribed,—already the appeal has gone forth to you, personally, from the West Riding to step in the breach of our organisation, and call on the delegates of the people to assemble.

Let me, therefore, implore you, to be equal to your great duty! You, the central pulse in the heart of Chartism, must not cease to beat! The extremeties are already growing dead and cold; in the south and midland, and in Scotland locality after locality is extinguished; they are looking to you to give the signal of resurrection—send forth the reinvigored tide. Men of Manchester! save Chartism!

Do not say you have not the authority to summone a convention. Extreme measures are necessary in extreme cases. The highest sanction is the will of the majority—and the majority of the Chartist body, in its most important localities have already decided in favor of the measure.

The only question is—who shall call it? That it shall be called, you and the Chartists have already decided with no dissentient voice. If the Executive wont call it, and that they will not, their addresses show the body best calculated to do so, is the locality of the town where the conference is proposed to be held. That it should be held in Manchester seems ecognised by all. Therefore, on you, gentlemen, devolves the duty of calling a Convention, if you obtain the sanction of the Chartist body for so doing.

Let me, therefore, implore you to issue an address to the country, calling on them, since they have pronounced in favor of a Convention, and since they seem tacitly to acquiesce that such convention should be held at Manchester to give you their sanction to prepare for its assembly there, on a day to be named by you, within six weeks from the issue of such address.

Pardon me for offering these suggestions. But, what is everbody's work is nobody's. It is of no use your having voted, and the country's having voted that a Convention shall be held, if nobody takes any steps to assure its meeting.

To you belongs the initiation—in your hands vests the cause of Chartism. You have saved it before—oh! rescue it again!

Do not shrink because we are weak! We are lamentably weak. True courage consists—not in pretending to be strong, when we are not so—but in confessing our weakness, and yet struggling on undaunted and unquailing.

Do not hesitate, because but a few delegates may assemble! Because we are weak, that is no reason why we should let ourselves grow weaker. Because a patient is ill, that is no reason why he should let himself die of inanition. Few or many—no matter! Drive on! Summon all—let those come who can and will—if others don't choose to do the work, that is no reason why those who are willing and able should not do what they can. If but a dozen delegates assemble—let those dozen set bravely to the task. They are enough to save the movement! Better some than none! Let who will laugh or sneer—it remains to be seen who will be the laugher at the end of the game. Good times will rise; but they will never meet *us* unless we go half-way to meet *them*. Never mind how many, or how few we are. Democracy has often stood lower than the Charter does at present, and has risen higher than class-legislation lauds it now. Drive on—drive on. The men who stand together in the shower, will reap the harvest in the sunshine of the Peoples. Men

of Manchester! these are no idle words! Solemnly and anxiously do I call you to the rescue. Pardon me for saying :—If you shrink now, at your door will lie the death of Chartism!

II.—THE COMING ELECTION.

A dissolution is probable this session, according to the opinion of the best informed on the subject. If Russell's Bill is thrown out in the Commons, or in the Lords, he will appeal to the country, Chartists! having had Chartist members in the House when Reform was not talked of, will you have the less when a Reform agitation is afloat throughout the coutry?

What are you doing
NOTTINGHAM,
HALIFAX,
NORWICH,
DERBY,
COVENTRY,
METROPOLITAN BOROUGHS,
IPSWICH,
ROCHDALE,
BRADFORD?

In all of which it is possible for a "bona fide" Chartist to be returned!

In numbers more the election might be contested with, at least, considerable advantage to the cause.

No time is to be lost. The dissolution may, perhaps, happen very soon. Election-committees should be formed—candidates selected—and the campaign be opened without a week's delay.

P. S.—I have just learned that the Executive, in reply to the Metropolitan Delegate Council, state, "that they will not call a convention, until their debt is paid." This is just what I expected, and foretold. It is an excuse for not calling a convention at all. What has the paying of the debt to do with the calling of a convention? When the Chartist mind has spoken out. as it has already, what right has the Executive to make tyrannical conditions? Tois puts it off indefinitely; and, when the debt is paid, they will find some other excuse. They never mean to call a convention. A "bona fide" Chartist convention would be the resuscitation of the movement— a committee IN WHICH THE MIDDLE CLASSES IS IN THE MAJORITY don't want this.

How long, Chartists! are we to be humbugged in this way? Up, meanwhile, and at them!

III.—SOUTH SHIELDS.

February 8th. 1852.

At a Meeting of the Chartists, held this morning it was resolved that the Chartists of South Shields make the Peoples' Paper, when started, their Organ, and give, and get for it all the support they possibly can.

JOHN BELL.

IV.—SUTTON IN ASHFIELD.

February 8th. 1852.

At a meeetiug of the Chartists of this place the following resolution was adopted. This meeting is of opinion that such a Paper as the one set forth by Mr. Jones is highly requisite to promote the interests of pure democracy, and pledge itself to assist Mr. Jones to the best of their ability; and this meeting is further of opinion that the above project would be very much accelerated, the requisite funds furnished, and a good circulation secured, by the people taking this affair up with spirit and promptitude, and to effect this properly to stamp it with the peoples authority and concurrence, a convention should be held as early as possible, and the delegates be furnished with clear, and definite instructions as to the manner in which the Peoples Paper should be conducted, and further even think that as there is such a similarity in the the political opinions of Mr, E. Jones, and Mr. Harney, even could wish the latter gentlemen to assist in conducting the paper upon equal terms w th Mr. Jones, and also that our old friend Mr. O'Connor should have a living out of the paper if his circumsstances require it.

WILLIAM FELKIN. Secretary.

V.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

Sunday February 8th. 1852.

Ten delegates present. M. Athol Wood having been called to the chair, the Secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were confirmed, Mr. Clark then delivered a report of the progress of the sub committee selected to superinted the formation of localities &c., The report was a favourable one and was formally received. Mr. Knowles then reported as one of the sub committee that a public meeting had been held by them at the East end of the town and that Mr. E. Jones, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Murray had addressed a large number of the Iron Tradesmen, upon the necessity of Political Refomr. Mr. Nicholls then stated, that he had had an interview with a magistrate about the mis-conduct of a policeman towards the agents of the council who were engaged in posting some bills for the councils meeting at John Street. Mr Nicholls stated that his interview had been unattended with any satisfactory result. It was then agreed that another letter should be sent to ihe Police Commissioner enclosing the evidence of the persons molested. Mr. Jones

then said that considering the success which had attended the meeting of the men of the Iron Trades, convened by the council on the 5th of February that the council should not stop there but should call as many as possible. He thought that a better opportunity never presented itself for making Chartism popular among the Trades of London after giving many reasons why the council should put itself into communication with the Trades Unions. Mr. Jones moved that another meeting be convened as early as possible after the 15th instant. Mr. Clark seconded the motion which was carried.

It was then agreed that the meeting take the place on Tuesday the 17th.

A sub-committee, was then appointed and instructions were given to them to take the Hall at the East-end where the other meeting took place. It was then agreed, that the Secretary write to the Editor of the "Northern Star," to complain of the heading he thought fit to put over the report of the councils meeting on February 1st.—viz., "The New Paper Movement." Mr. E. Jones moved, and Mr. Clark seconded "that this council recommend the calling of a Chartist Convention with all possible speed as the only means of uniting and restoring the Chartist movement carried. It was then agreed that the resolution be sent to the Executive committee, with a request, that they would send an answer by the time the council again assembled, as to whether they would undertake to make arrangements for the convention to meet in six weeks time. Mr. Weedons moved that an aggregate meeting of the London Chartists be called on Sunday afternoon, February the 22nd. The meeting then adjourned to Sunday the 15th instant.

C. Washington, Secretary.

VI.—ISLINGTON.

13, King's Row, Pentonville.

February 5th, 1852.

At a meeting of the Islington locality, the following resolutions were carried unanimously. 1st.—That as the Chartist element is known to exist largely in the several parishes of St. Pancras, Clerkenwell, and Islington we hereby resolve to remove from our present place of meeting, as soon as a suitable one can be obtained closely approximating to King's Cross; for the purpose of gathering up and uniting into a locality, for North London, the scattered portions of democracy, resident around that neighborhood. 2nd.—That the Secretary and E. Harrison be deputed to make the requisite inquiries therefore, and, if eligible, to engage one as early as convenient. 3rd.—Resolved, by the members of this locality, that the malicious calumnies, and slanderous aspersions, indulged in by Mr. Fleming, with a view of injuring the reputation of Mr. Jones, is of so scurilous a nature as to merit the contempt and scorn of all honorable men; and that we repose the most unlimited confidence in the devotedness of purpose—honorable integrity—honesty—zeal—and statesman-like qualities of that tried and trustworthy patriot. 4th.—Resolved, that the Chartists of Islington—having lost all confidence in the "Northern Star," as an organ of British democracy in consequence of the conduct of its proprietor-editor, Fleming, who by his base truckling to the spurious policy of the moneyocracy, (now endeavouring to mislead the popular mind by their selfish middle-class measures of mis-called Reform,) has thus proved himself the deadliest foe to to the cause he pretends to serve—unanimously determine henceforth, not only to discountenance it, and withhold all further support therefrom, but, likewise pledge themselves to use the most strenuous exertions in canvassing for, and promoting the advent of a Peoples' Paper, under the conditions and arrangements proposed by Ernest Jones; and that, until its appearance, the "Notes," be the recognised and accredited organ of the Chartists of this locality.

"It was likewise moved that this report be sent to the "Notes" requesting Mr. Jones, to make good his pledge of inserting reports in full, and therefore to insert those reports relating to himself."

Athol Wood, Secretary.

VII.—KEIGHLEY.

February 10th, 1852.

At a weekly meeting of the Chartists Association, the following resolution was unanimously passed, and ordered to be sent to the "Northern Star," "Notes to the People," and "Reynolds Newspaper," for insertion.

Resolved.—That we highly approve of the conduct of our delegate (Mr. Firth) to the West Riding meeting, held on February 1st, at Halifax, inasmuch as he opposed every resolution they passed, with the exception of that which states, that the resolutions be inserted in the "Northern Star," "Notes to the People," and "Reynold's Newspaper."

William Emmott, Chairman.

VIII.—COLCHESTER.

The democrats of Colchester having met on Sunday night last, expressed their determination to do their utmost to assist Ernest Jones to estahlish a Newspaper, decided upon subscribing one shilling each, towards defraying the preliminary expenses.

OLD FALLACIES ANEW.

Our friend Massey has an attack on the caution given in the "Notes"—to the working-classes, * that, by thinking to emancipate themselves from wages-slavery through the aristocracy, they were building on a fallacy, and merely changing wages-slavery into debt-slavery, to return, when the noble creditor forcloses, into wages-slavery again.

Mr. Massey says: "Four per cent, Man! Why the average per centage, which the working-classes of this country pay to society, to be allowed to produce, is 800 per cent. That is, they pay to society, eight times more than accrues to themselves out of their own labor; consequently they produce eight times as much as would be necessary, if all classes were producers, as they ought to be, and as they would be, in a sound and healthy state of society. Who would not accept of a loan at 4 per cent, to emancipate himself from the fangs of the usurer, who exacted two hundred times that amount of interest."

Can there be a more pitiable argument than this? Why man! *you will have the* 800 *per cent. to pay just the same.* Instead of receiving low *wages*, you will receive *profits* EQUALLY LOW, in your suicidal competition with your former masters—it's the same thing under another name—you will have meanwhile to pay the same taxation, direct or indirect—the same death-drain, for permission to work, though under another form—and 4 per cent. interest besides—Why, man! you may pay 800 per cent. now,—you will have to pay 800 AND FOUR per cent. then.

It is by such fallacies as those advanced by Mr. Massey, young, inexperienced and enthusiastic, who reason with their hearts, instead of their brains, that the people are misled—and more harm is thus done to the cause of progress by one of its ill advised though honest friends than a thousand enemies could inflict in a hundred years.

Again, in the same article, to Sidney Smith's charge, that the leader of the present Co-operative movement "truckles to the aristocracy."—Mr. Massey says:

"We have far less hatred for the aristocracy than for the money grubbing classes, and their competitive system. The aristocracy have far more *nobleness* and *chivalry* than the plodding, and sordid slaves of the hill, who have bent themselves in worship of mammon, until their hoary souls have warped double. The aristocracy are not placed in such direct antagonism with us, as those who live by buying and selling, seeing that they have already stolen their fortunes and means of living, while the middle-classes rob you night and day; and every step we take, they have their knife at our throats, and their hand in our pockets. Of course we aim at uprooting both. But *we say it is sound policy to play off one against the other.*"

Now we take the aristocracy as much as the money-ocracy. Both are our conventional ruthless enemies, by the very nature of present society. We do not see that the man is one whit less guilty, who holds his illgotten wealth by force and fraud in the teeth of right and justice, than he who is engaged in getting it. Nay, the former is the cold, deliberate villain, revelling in the spoil—the latter has some slight palliation to urge, by being blinded with the excitement of the act, and driven on by the surrounding impulse of a system, that *forces* competition and monopoly. Not so with the "chivalric" and "noble" Aristocracy—as long a race of privileged paupers as any state ever fattened.

At least, the moneyocracy do SOME work for their plunder. The aristacracy are lazy, useless, ground-encumbering idlers. They are a race inferior to their moneyocratic rivals, both in intellect and power. But it is not only the "middle-classes"—the aristocraay of gold, he means, or ought to mean,—for the middle-classes, the retail shop-keepers, and farmers suffer, too, from our mutual foes. It is not only the middle-classes that "rob us every day!" Are not the aristocracy robbing us every day as well? What are their church revenues, their army, navy, pension, sinecures, offices—what is their eternal rent-roll but a flagrant robbery practised before our eyes! No apology for the aristocracy—no truce with them! Look at the rural laborers. Go to the Duke of Sutherland's estate! Dive into Lord Londonderry's mines! Ask of Earl Granville's colliers! Outraged labor, for each and all, will ery with gasping lip: "Down—down with the aristocracy!"

But "it is sound policy to play off one against the other!" Is it? We have been playing at that game pretty long. Help the landlord to defeat the moneylord, and then help the moneylord to defeat the landlord, and what are you the better for it?" Do yo take part in the victory? Or are they th weaker from the struggle? Not a bit of it. It is YOU who are weaker by each struggle, no matter who gains,—FOR THEY USE YOU

* See Friend of the people, No 1

TO FIGHT THE BATTLE; and should they happen to get a wound, they bind *their* wounds with *your* broken hearts. "Play off the one against the other!" No! It is the one who ever plays off YOU against the other! against them both. Heed them not. Let them fall out or fall in. Our business is with ourselves alone; and when we have strengthened our own order, by union and orgauization, both our foes will sink to nothingness before us.

Continenal Notes.

THE growing importance of Continental affairs now begins to demand special attention from every democratic journal. We therefore open some pages of the "Notes" to this absorbing subject. In so doing, we shall not record our own opinions merely—though citizens of the world; we might be too prone to envisage the great questions of the age from an English point of view. We have, therefore, and we say so with pride, secured the co-operation of three of the most illustrious pens of continental democracy.

It is but too common to insert letters under the head of "Our Foreign Correspondent," the "Foreign Correspondent," all the while, *being the English Editor himself*. We beg to assure our readers that such is not the case in this instance. The names of our continental coadjutors are reserved, for the moment, from prudential reasons—but, we hope and trust, the time is not far distant when they may be published to the world.

We commence this new feature of the "Notes," with a letter showing the real causes of French proletarian quiescence—and we have been honored with a paper analysing in one masterly sketch, the whole workings, bearings, and position of democracy in the revolutionary lands of Europe from '92 to '52. This paper will give an insight into the movements of Hungary, France, Italy and Germany, (the last especially,) invaluable to every thinking democrat. We have the entire document, written expressly for this journal. It will occupy a place in four consecutive numbers—and, though we say it, ought to be in the library of every politician.

CHAPTER 1 will contain a brief and rapid outline of the character of the Hungarian movement, contrasted with that of France, drawing an impressive lesson from the two.

CHAPTER 2 will go through the workings of the French revolution—and the groundwork of that of Germany.

CHAPTERS 3 and 4 will present a complete history of the Austrian revolution, from its origin to its end,—forming one of the truest historical pictures of modern times ever presented to the British reader. This is no vain praise—we invite the public to judge of its truth.

I.—THE CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "NOTES."

REAL CAUSES WHY THE FRENCH PROLETARIANS REMAINED COMPARATIVELY INACTIVE IN DECEMBER LAST.

Ever since the 2nd of December last, the whole interest that foreign, or at least continental politics may excite, is taken up by that lucky and reckless gambler, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. "What is he doing? Will he go to war, and with whom? Will he invade England?" These questions are sure to be put wherever continental affairs are spoken of.

And certainly there is something startling in the fact of a comparatively unknown adventurer, placed by chance at the head of the executive power of a great republic, seizing, between sunset and sunrise, upon all the important posts of the capital, driving the parliament like chaff to the winds, suppressing metropolitan insurrection in two days, provincial tumults in two weeks, forcing himself, in a sham election, down the throat of the whole people, and establishing, in the same breath, a constitution which confers upon him all the powers of the State. Such a thing has not occurred, such a shame has not been borne by any nation since the prætorian legions of declining Rome put up the empire to auction and sold it to the highest bidder. And the middle-class press of this country, from the "Times" down to the "Weekly Dispatch," has never since the days of December, allowed any occasion to pass without venting its virtuous indignation upon the military despot, the treacherous destroyer of his country's liberties, the extinguisher of the press, and soforth.

Now, with every due contempt for Louis Napoleon, we do not think it would become an organ of the working class to join in this chorus of high-sounding vituperation in which the respective papers of the stockjobbers, the cotton-lords, and the landed aristocracy strive to out-blackguard each other. These gentlemen might as well be remembered of the real state of the question. *They* have every reason to cry out, for whatever Louis Napoleon took from others, he took it not from the working-classes, but from those very classes whose interests in England, the aforesaid portion of the press represents. Not that Louis Napoleon

would not, quite as gladly, have robbed the working-classes of anything that might appear desirable to him, but it is a fact that in December last the French working-classes could not be robbed of anything, because everything worth taking had already been taken from them during the three years and a half of middleclass parliamentary government that had followed the great defeats of June 1848. In fact, what, on the eve of the 2nd of December, remained to be taken from them? The suffrage? They had been stripped of that by the Electoral Law of May 1850. The right of meeting? That had long been confined to the "safe" and "well-disposed" classes of society. The freedom of the press? Why, the real proletarian press had been drowned in the blood of the insurgents of the great battle of June, and that shadow of it which survived for a time, had long since disappeared under the pressure of gagging laws, revised and improved upon every succeeding session of the National Assembly. Their arms? Every pretext had been taken profit of, in order to ensure the exclusion from the National Guard of all working men, and to confine the possession of arms to the wealthier classes of society.

Thus the working-classes had, at the moment of the late *coup d'etat*, very little, if anything to lose in the chapter of political privileges. But, on the other hand, the middle and capitalist class were at that time in possession of political omnipotence. Theirs was the press, the right of meeting, the right to bear arms, the suffrage, the parliament. Legitimists and Orleanists, landholders and fundholders, after thirty years' struggle, had at last found a neutral ground in the republican form of government. And for them it was indeed a hard case to be robbed of all this, in the short space of a few hours, and to be reduced at once to the state of political nullity to which they themselves had reduced the working people. That is the reason why the English "respectable" press is so furious at Louis Napoleon's lawless indignities. As long as these indignities, either of the executive government or the parliament, were directed against the working classes, why that, of course, was right enough; but as soon as a similar policy was extended to "the better sort of people," the "wealthy intellects of the nation," ah, that was quite different, and it behoved every lover of liberty to raise his voice in defence of "principle!"

The struggle, then, on the 2nd of December lay principally between the middle-classes and Louis Napoleon, the representative of the army. That Louis Napoleon knew this, he showed by the orders given to the army during the struggle of the 4th, to fire principally upon "the gentlemen in broad-cloth." The glorious battle of the boulevards is known well enough; and a series of volleys upon closed windows and unarmed *bourgeois* was quite sufficient to stifle, in the middle-class of Paris, every movement of resistance.

On the other hand, the working classes, although they could no longer be deprived of any direct political privilege, were not at all disinterested in the question. They had to lose, above all, the great chance of May 1852, when all powers of the state were to expire simultaneously, and when, for the first time since June 1848 they expected to have a fair field for a struggle; and aspiring as they were to political supremacy, they could not allow any violent change of government to occur, without being called upon to interpose between the contending parties as supreme umpires, and to impose to them their will as the law of the land. Thus, they could not let the occasion pass without showing the two opposing forces that there was a third power in the field, which, if momentarily removed from the theatre of official and parliamentary contentions, was yet ever ready to step in as soon as the scene was changed to its own sphere of action, —to the *street*. But then, it must not be forgotten that even in this case the proletarian party labored under great disadvantages. If they rose against the usurper, did they not virtually defend and prepare the restoration and dictatorship of that very parliament which had proved their most relentless enemy? And if they at once declared for a revolutionary government, would they not, as was actually the case in the provinces, frighten the middle-class so much as to drive them to a union with Louis Napoleon and the army? Besides, it must be remembered that the very strength and flower of the revolutionary working class have been either killed during the insurrection of June, or transported and imprisoned under innumerable *different* pretences ever since that event. And finally, there was this one fact which was alone sufficient to ensure to Napoleon the neutrality of the great majority of the working classes; TRADE WAS EXCELLENT, and Englishmen know it well enough, that with a fully employed and well-paid working class, no agitation, much less a revolution, can be got up.

It is now very commonly said in this country that the French must be a set of old women or else they would not submit to such treatment. I very willingly grant that, as a nation, the French deserve, at the present moment, such adorning epithets. But we all know that the French are, in their opinions and actions, more dependent upon success than any other civilised nation. As soon as a certain turn is given to events in this country,

they almost without resistance follow up that turn, until the last extreme in that direction has been reached. The defeat of June 1848 gave such a counter-revolutionary turn to France and, through her, to the whole continent. The present association of the Napoleonic empire is but the crowning fact of a long series of counter-revolutionary victories, that filled up the three last years; and once engaged upon the declivity, it was to be expected that France would go on falling until she reached the bottom. How near she may be to that bottom it is not easy to say; but that she is getting nearer to it very rapidly every one must see. And if the past history of France is not to be belied by future deeds of the French people, we may safely expect that the deeper the degradation, the more sudden and the more dazzling will be the result. Events, in these times of ours, are succeeding each other at a tremendously rapid rate, and what it took formerly a nation a whole century to go through, is now-a-days very easily overcome in a couple of years. The old empire lasted four years; it will be exceedingly lucky for the imperial eagle if the revival, upon the most shabby scale, of this piece of performance will last out so many months. And then?

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.*
II.—The Young Milliner.†
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book 3.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

"We shall regret it also, Edward . . . . . *I above all*! I had made a dear habitude of your presence—your conversation raised me from the cold drudgery in which my youth was plunged—I dared not always answer you, I listened in silence—and you thought I did not understand you—because I remained mute—but I have treasured your words—I have learned your thoughts by heart—I have thought of them amid my prayers."

"What do you tell me, Laura! Is it possible. Ah! often—often I suspected this—dull wretch that I was to misunderstand your gentle, noble nature. Laura, dear—good—Laura!"

"*Dear Edward!*"

They clasped each others hands in silence, but tears were flowing.

"And must it just be at the moment of losing you my sweet, sweet cousin! that I should first learn to understand you. Oh! miserable mockery of life! But tell me, why, in the name of heaven! why did you always remain cold and silent towards me, Laura!"

"How could it be otherwise! Edward! Do you know how my youth was passed. Do you know that from twelve years of age I was hailed to a desk, poring over figures. I grew into a form as cold, and stiff, and rigid, as the columns that I added up. From being made a machine of, I began to look like one. *When you first came, I first felt my deficiences.* From you, for the first time, I heard of the higher aims of life,—of art—of letters,—of poetry . . . . oh! how beautiful it all appeared to me—but it was a new language—you had yours—but I had not learned it—I could not reply."

"Laura! How could I misappreciate you so?"

"You could not do otherwise, Edward. But do you know what I have suffered? For now I have grown bold, and dare to tell you. You were very cruel at times. Your irony fell cold and cutting on my heart! Your scornful smiles, or your looks of contemptuous pity wrapped me round like a winding-sheet. How could I be otherwise, thus timid and embarrassed. It needed something unusual to overcome the barrier. I have been thinking, I might never see you again—and that you think of me only as of some piece of furniture that you had once seen somewhere . . . . Oh! tell me! . . . . . it will not be so now? You will not quite forget your poor, dull, stupid cousin—will you, Edward?"

"Forget you! no! Laura! no!—oh! may I not remember you too much! But, hear me!—all this will drive me mad! And is this you—really you—you—my cousin, the book-keeper? Look at me—tell me I am not dreaming—oh! Laura!—angel! angel!"

"Edward, you knew me not! So much dull cold drudgery enwrapped my early years, so many disenchantments soured my rising thoughts, I had surrounded myself as with a sheath in that dull exterior of apathy that

repelled you. But did you think this life—caged within the railings of a desk—suited me more than you? Did you think that, with my head bowed over a pen, I too had not my sunny dreams and sparkling hopes? Did you think I also did not sometimes follow some sweet vision beckoning away from the columns of that ledger! God alone can tell what I have suffered, when the withering blight came down upon my soul! God preserve you, Edward, from the like experience. God preserve you from being made, like me, a cold and buried chrysalis; you who can spread your wings and fly out into the sunshine."

"Oh mercy! Laura! mercy! and I never dreamed of this! It is I who was wrapped in a threefold veil of prejudice and folly. It was I who was blind and deaf!"

Edward could hardly control his feelings. He pressed his cousin's hands in his own—against his heart—to his lips: the emotion of Laura increased—she replied to his caress, and raised towards him one of those looks that makes delirium mount into the brain of him to whom it is given. Suddenly a bitter thought seemed to strike him—he drew back from Laura, and said:—

"Why do you tell me this now? Why tell it me ever? Ah! you should have left me in my cold indifference. I depart in an hour—and you reveal to me what I lose! That is cruel. But why—why do you tell me only today—why did you not tell me three months ago?"

Laura bowed her head in confusion.

"Three months ago—do you understand me?"—he continued—"then it had still been time—then I could have *remained*—and yet you told me nothing! Oh! it is horrible to see paradise open and shut before one in the self-same moment! Think . . . if you had breathed a word, three months earlier . . . . . instead of bidding you now an eternal farewell . . . . . Oh! this thought is hell!"

"Enough—Edward! enough, for mercy's sake! I wished not that our conversation should take this turn."

As she spoke, Laura turned pale—and trembled—scarce able to stand. Edward drew her towards him:

"What matter; one regret more—Laura; a regret, you, perhaps, will not share? Is a mere confession guilt? Think—I go in a few moments—never to return! My words are like those of the dying—for absence is death! Do you fear a dying dream?"

There was something so heart-breaking in the look and tone of Edward, that Laura could not resist it:

"And do you think your's is the only heart that's breaking?"—she breathed amid her tears and sobs.

"Laura! Laura! Is it true? Would you, too, recal the past? Is it true? tell me! tell me!"

"He has not understood me yet!" she murmured, letting herself glide against his breast.

"Can it be! oh heaven!—What? you, too, Laura? Oh! now let me die! Laura, my best beloved! my own, dear, sweet, loved, lost Laura!"

And he pressed her in his arms—he buried his face in her long ringlets:—she said nothing—she lay motionless and helpless against his heart.

"Speak to me, Laura! speak without fear! Think—there is but another moment to reveal your heart!——and that *you will have a whole life to hide it in.* Laura—answer me, for the love of heaven!"

"What shall I say—*you know it all*!"

"Then it is not a dream! You could have been happy with me!"—then he added in a scarce audible whisper:—"you love me! Laura! you love me! *tell* me so!"

"Oh, do not ask me that"—she cried, wringing her hands in despair, and trying to break away.

"No! no! you are right—your mouth is too pure to speak the words. But I, Laura, I, at least, may tell you, that since the hour in which I first have known you, I'd give life, honor, hope and heaven, to call you mine for but a single day! If I was offered the highest glory of earth, and an eternal seat in paradise, I'd give them both, to pass one day at your knees, my hand in your's . . . . Oh! Laura, I dare tell you this, for you can see its truth—look at me—look in my eyes—see it written in my forehead—in my heart!—Oh! Laura! It would have been happiness to have isolated ourselves from the world in our love—and to have felt our universe within the circle of our arms—it would have been sweet to have said to you—Laura! my life, my soul, my heaven! my angel! my beloved—Laura! MY WIFE!"

"Mercy, Edward! spare me!"

The church clock struck—the time was drawing near!

"Do you hear—Laura! One quarter of an hour more and . . . we have parted!"

"Oh, heaven! can it be—Edward—*my* Edward!"

"Yes! Laura—*your* Edward! Oh! for a few short moments—*your* Edward! But, for pity's sake, before I go, give me one fond word—one tender word from your lips, that I can take and treasure with me, as something to remember—one of those words, that one can hang like an amulet around one's heart! Have pity on me, Laura! you see what I shall become, when I have left you! All my plans, all my hopes have perished. What matters

success, now? I shall have left happiness far behind me! Oh! come, come, without fear, against my heart—close—close. It is but a tomb, full of dead hopes and withered aspirations. Laura—one word—but one, I implore you! I love you! I love you! do you hear me! oh! heaven! *I* love you."

He had fallen on his knees before her—with her hands to his lips—his face upturned wildly towards her—suddenly she opened her arms—clasping him to her heart, and said in low, quick, delirious tones:

"*I love you*, Edward! I always loved you—from the day when I first saw you!"

"My idolised Laura! my wife! oh, yes! my wife—for our souls are wedded!"

There was silence. He felt the pressure of a ring that Laura wore—a gift of her mother—long deceased.

"Give me this ring—in remembrance of this hour—it has been there from your childhood—it is hallowed—give it me!"

Laura opened her hand, and let the ring glide into that of Edward. He kissed it ardently:

"It shall never leave me—it is the marriage of our hearts—it will tell me when distant—there is a woman, afar, who loves me, who understands me, who mingles my name with her prayers . . . . . And—mark me, Laura!—if ever life becomes too heavy for me to bear, I will send you back the ring—it will be a sign that we can meet no more—unless in heaven!"

"Yes, Edward! I would soon follow where it summoned!"

Again there was silence—the quarter chimed from the steeple—steps were heard—they started back—Mr. Ellman entered, to tell Edward that the porter was waiting.

A few minutes, and Edward was driving through the cold, dim streets—hasting far, far from Laura.

The Co-operative Movement.

Last week we had occasion to praise the liberal spirit of the Edinburgh store. This week a less pleasing task falls to our lot.

One of the evils we have pointed out as necessarily attendant on tne present system of co-operation, was that of the co-operative establishment competing with the other, and thus re-produeing all the horrors of the present system. We stated that as soon as the stores multiplied the one would compete with the other to get consumers, or members, as the case might be. If they depended on the general public they would lower profits to get customers. If they depended on the number of members, they would raise profits to catch fresh adherents. The following, illustrating this monstrous evil, has been forwarded to us, cut out of one of the weekly papers. We give it "verbatim:"

"PROFITS EXTRAORDINARY.—A number of years ago the working men of Forfar formed associations among themselves for the purpose of supplying bread and groceries to the members at the lowest possible price, without regard to profit. These have flourished well ever since they were established. Year after year, however, an additional shop was opened, and the competition among them has now become so strong, that instead of adhering to the original purpose, they strive which will divide most profit among the members, and the average sum is about 30s. annually upon a capital of the same amount. But one of the associations has outstripped all the others in point of prosperity. At the bypast term the dividend declared to each momber is is £3 5s. 2d. on a a capital of £2. This is doing business to some account, but we cannot allow ourselves to think that it is a proper mode of dealing: for it is just giving a poor man an article at a high price, which he considers cheap, and then giving him some money at the end of a year. This association, however, seems determined to go on to as great an extent as possible, as a house property was purchased for it some time ago, and is now undergoing alterations, so as to be occupied as a shop.—Morning Paper."

Really, the more one envisages the present system of co-operation the more its vices and evils become apparent. To establish a Saving's Bank is straight-forward and good; but to establish "patent self-cheating machines" like these is a questionable mode of cheating the morality of the public. And when, as in the generality of cases, these stores sell to the general public, the rivalry to catch members by higher conuses and dividends, implies higher prices charged to the public consumer, and presents to our view a deliberate fraud and swindle practised on the people by a few self-interested speculators. We commend this to the study of Mr. L. Jones and his friends.

Trades' Grievances.

I.—THE MOREEN WEAVERS.

Sir,—I belong to a trade in the worsted business, called Moreen-weaving in the hand-loom. Weavers used to have all their work to do themselves in this branch of weaving; but the masters have contrived to do a part of the weaver's work, viz., seizing the warps, and this is a means by which the master curtails the wages of the weavers 2d. per piece. The master takes this upon himself without the consent of the weavers, they CHARGE *double the price that weavers do when they size for each other.* The next robbery is, the weaver has to pay for the warp *drying*, the masters taking the job too. Weavers will do the whole job for 6d., and the masters charge 1s.

Another, and the greatest evil, which the weaver has to complain of, is, that they are only employed just as the master thinks fit. This is especially the case with the masters, and particularly with Benjamin Craven; for at the time I am writing this, all the weavers that I know employed by him, are standing idle for work; and, perhaps, when they get any more, they will have to weave *night and day* till the work be done, and then they will *have to stand idle again.*

A MOREEN-WEAVER,

Bradford, January 19, 1852.

II.—RESULT OF STRIKES, EVEN WHEN "VICTORIOUS."—MR. MYERS AND HIS MEN.—THE WOOD-CARVERS.

Since I wrote to you concering the above strike I did not think it worth while to trouble you with its settlement, seeing I felt convinced some new acts of aggression would soon take place.

The conditions, as you are aware, no doubt, which he came to were, that any one losing more than ten hours in the week should forego the privilege of the one and a half hours on Saturday, except in cause of sickness, or want of material, and that all the nine he had taken on to work during the strike should be discharged. The men termed them "blacks." He discharged only the masons, as there were only five went in. The "black bricklayers" he kept all on. The carpenters he did discharge, under a form, and well three or four know it, as they are conveyed to Wandsworth for intimidation. I believe that the "blacks" are all taken to work again.

The poor Wood-carvers were doing pretty well before the strike. They worked nine hours a-day: that is one hour less than we; and if they lost any time in the week they had the privilege of coming an hour sooner in the morning to make it up. The masters now issued orders that they should work ten hours, per day, the same as the rest of the men. The men would not go to work on those terms. But there soon were plenty of other men who filled their places. Thus the poor Wood-carvers were left to battle out the best way they could. I believe one of them has died since, partly by anxiety cansed by the strike. I noticed that Myers was trying to supplant us by getting the men up from Box; but they would not come, and stood out until the grievances of the London men were settled. He likewise employed two *sawyers* to work as *masons*, so they stopped out another fortnight longer. Now, as you may expect, Myers discharged all the men that took an active part in the affairs. Thus, those that have been in constant employment, and located down there, have been turned adrift. That shows the truth of your argument, "that when there is a surplus in the labour-market, in whatever branch or trade, a Trades' Union cannot cannot protect it from the tyrranny of the capitalist."

III.—THE BOOKBINDERS.—THE ARISTOCRACY OF APPRENTICESHIP.

A young man who has worked at the bookbinding trade about seven years with his father, has just been a great sufferer by the aristocracy of apprenticeship. His father forgot to apprentice him to himself. At the age of 21 the son got married, and thought of going to work the same as any other man. But no! he had to be apprenticed first, what they call "legally," for seven years; and now he has been five years giving his master, at one period, one-third of his wages, and now two-fifths of it! all through the Society. He has a wife and children in awful poverty, and has two more years to remain so'! all through *not being the eldest son.* This poor man has been up to the committee to be admitted, but no! "Mr., you're not the eldest son! Therefore, you must be an exile until your time." The young man's name is Bailey. Yet these are the men who have the face to rail against the law of primogeniture!

IV.—FACTORY SLAUGHTER AT PUDSEY.

Owing to Mr. John Varley not properly fencing the mill-gearing in his factory, a poor

girl 17 years of age, Annis Fenton by name, had her hair scalp, and one ear entirely torn off her head. She will probably never recover her health, perhaps not her reason. On information laid, the full penalty of £100 was inflicted on Mr. Varley. The money goes to the Crown, but the sub-inspector of factories said he would try if Sir G. Grey would not let the poor girl have it.

Now, Dr. Machill stated, "Annis Fenton will never be able to earn another penny so long as she lives." During her illness her late employers never went to see her, though living only a hundred yards from their mill. Fines "for striking, sneezing, smoking, &c.," are levied in this mill, ostensiby for the purpose of giving those who are lamed on the spot 2s. 6d. or 5s. per week, till recovered. What becomes of the money? Who pockets it? Annis Fenton has not received one farthing*. Annis Fenton was crippled on the *Thursday*. Messrs. Varley *actually stopped her wages, and paid her only to the day of the accident*, not even finishing the week.

It is very doubtful whether the girl gets the £100: and if she does, is that a recompense for a murdered life? Messrs. Varley will soon pay themselves back the £100 out of fresh reductions from their men and girls.

But other cases were treated more lightly. One girl fell, wille at work, out of a crane-doorway three stories high. Another lost her thumb.

Such is a sample of factory-slaughter in one night alone.

Messrs. Varley are called the upholders of Stanningley, and partly of Pudsey, owing to the number of hands they employ. They began poor, and now they are immensely rich. It seems this "upholding" of so many people is a very lucrative business. Truly, I think, Stanningley and Pudsey could uphold themselves much better, if they were allowed to do so.

V.—OLD DURHAM COLLIERY.—LORD LONDONDERRY AND HIS MEN.

At this colliery the system of working the mine has been altered in a way that makes the miners lose on each day's work! Some time since, when the present agent of the mine was appointed, the men met the Marquis of Londonderry at Shining-row; and his lordship said that none of the work should be altered, nor the prices changed; if there was anything wrong the miners should apply to the agents. They have done so several times on the occasion of the reduction named, but in vain. Mr. Elliot, the agent, has put the ponies into the pit, which is an alteration, making it much worse for the men and boys. No one can tell how great the loss will be. His lordship said at Shining-row that if the agents would not do justice to the men, they knew where he lived. In accordance with this a deputation went to Wynyard to see the noble Marquis. But what is the result? He has let Mr. Elliot turn the men off who formed the deputation.

A Miner.

[Of course "noble Marquis" always speak fair, and generally act foul. They keep up a pseudo-popularity by fine words, taking care that the odium of their acts shall fall on their agents; but it is they, the masters, do the acts—the agents merely are the tools who execute them. Thus it has ever been, the anger of the people has been turned off from the prime mover to the mere agent.]

* Up to the date of our correspondent's letter-

VI.—WEST CRAMLINGTON COLLIERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NOTES."

At Cramlington colliery 12,874 tubs have been forfeited to the employers during the past year alone. Now each tub is worth 4d. to the hewer, which puts into the pocket of the employers the sum of £214 11s. 4d.; in addition, there are four tubs at 2s. 6d. each, making an aggregate of £215 1s. 4d., a pretty good sum to be abstracted from the hard-got earnings of 137 working men, that being the average at work each fortnight, amounting to £1 11s. 4d. each man. This sum would afford education to 411 children, at 2d. per head per week, being three to each of the 137 workmen, and give, in addition, the sum of 5s. 4d. for books to each child. The advantage to the employers is—first they pay nothing for working these forfeited tubs; yet the coals thus forfeited are sold by the owners at 5s. per ton, and thus return them the sum of £940 10s., or thereabouts, per annum, which added to £215 1s. 4d., saved by non-payment of wages to the workmen, makes the handsome sum of £1155 11s. 4d.

Trusting you will find space for the above in your excellent periodical I remain,

Yours, &c,

M. Jude*.

* We have to apologise to Mr. Jude for the delay in publishing the enclosed. Being out of town at the time it was kept back by the Printer, owing to press of matter. A table of the tub's confiscated accompanying the letter. Want of room necessitates its omission. We hope, however, soon to establish The People's Paper; and then no such documents need fear non-insertion.

De Brassier;

A DEMOCRATIC ROMANCE

COMPILED FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A DEMOCRAT,

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEMAGOGUE,

AND

THE MINUTES OF A SPY.

BOOK THE SECOND.*

III.—A MIDNIGHT RISING.

It was a dim, moonless midnight. The stars shone, but a dull, heavy canopy of smoke and mist hung redly over the city—reverberating the lurid glare of the lamps. The town was silent—more than usually so. Even the steady footfall of the policeman on his beat was unheard. The customary stragglers, generally seen returning about that hour from belated orgies, were missing. A vague, depressing solemnity seemed drooping over the scene: in fact, the projected insurrection had got rumoured abroad—and fear held the doors of the wealthy classes closed—while the working-population, unwilling to engage in the desperate venture under unknown leaders, kept sullenly aloof.

To judge from appearance, the government was perfectly unprepared, and about to be taken completely unawares. Not only were the police, as already observed, withdrawn, but no signs of military were to be seen. The town seemed abandoned to the riot. But it was far otherwise. The living trap stood waiting although viewless. In the barracks whole regiments of horse and foot, were under arms. To pass by their closed doors, and unrevealing walls, no one could have dreamt of the pent-up hurricane within, for not a light was in the windows—not a voice floated over the gateway and not a footfall sounded in the court-yards. The town-hall, the churches and the public buildings were full of soldiers and constables. Cannons were ranged within the quadrangles—the mansions of wealthy and obnoxious individuals were garrisoned with troops—floating reserves lay moored along the bridges—ready at a moment to be conveyed down to any quarter where their aid was needed. The corner houses of imperilled thoroughfares were filled with infantry, to open a deadly cross-fire on an advancing crowd—while artillery was placed at the further ends of streets, to shatter them with fatal salutations, and throw them back recoiling from the voley, on sudden charges ges of the cavalry hurled down against their rear. The whole city was a network of military posts. Wherever the rising broke forth, (and the authorities well knew the plan), it was sure to be surrounded on all sides. Wherever a knot should gather, in the wealthier portions of the city, it was certain to be severed from the rest. The field of insurrection, seized beforehand in a hundred places, was lapped all round by a destroying force. Another great drawback resulted from the secret conspiracy, which is unfelt in an open moving of the masses, in the face of day—it was this: that the conspirators would have to throw themselves first into the poorest parts of the town, for there only did their anticipated supporters live. The dwellings of the rich would therefore, be safe, and the authorities would fight under great advantage—for the desperate weapons of fire and torch would be unavailing in the hands of the insurgents; there was nothing to gain in burning their own houses—while their enemies would not fail to retaliate, and, if needs be, burn them out of their strongholds, or force their way by blowing up the streets, since they would consist only of the

* The first book of "De Brassier," concluded in No. 25, p. 286.

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wellings of those against whom they were fighting.

Such was the posture of affairs—when groups of men might have been seen here and there, issuing cautiously from low and obscure houses, in different quarters of the city, and hurrying onward to appointed stations. Mostly muffled in large coats or cloaks cautiously concealing the arms they carried, starting and swerving at every passing sound, they looked more like thieves running away with their plunder, than like patriots marching on to liberate an empire.

At last most of them had reached their appointed positions without molestation, and, as they thought, in secret. They little knew that thousands of eyes were watching them unseen—they little knew that the still churches, and the sober-looking houses, past which they stole unheeding, were crammed from threshold to roof, with eager and resistless foes—they little knew that silent footsteps were gliding after them like their shadows, in the distance, noting their every movement, and that a network of telegraph was in motion over their heads, conveying from steeple to steeple, from roof to roof, the tidings of their progress and their numbers—High above them those signs were passing in the darkness,—as nightglass, or concealed light-signals, kept talking to and fro—yet under and amid this vast machinery, crept through the streets the living fear, and glided the desperate resolve. So disproportioned were the powers, that one could almost smile at the terrible preparation of the government, were it not that insurrection is an inexplicable game, in which the sudden turn often baffle the expertest calculations.

Thus the conspirators moved on in unsuspecting silence. We will follow one of their detachments—it was led by Hotwing—a fiery young tailor—who had armed himself, with two horse-pistols, nearly as big as himself, and a huge old cavalry sabre, the point of which stuck every now and then between the pavement, so that it seemed a doubtful question, whether he would drag the sabre on, or the sabre would hold him fast. However, he was boiling with enthusiasm—and ever and anon he gasped with white face, "The universal republic—eternal death to all tyrants"—he was in the midst of a sublime, undertoned peroration, when a staggering heavy step was heard coming towards the party, and presently a drunken man appeared before them:

"Hallo! Stand and give an account of yourselves!"—cried the reveller.

"Oh Lord, we're lost!"—"we're discovered!"—"we're taken," exclaimed the conspirators—and the one slunk here—the other there—while Hotwing was compulsorily brave, for in his effort to get away, his sabre stuck between the stones, and pinned him fast to the spot.

"We won't go home till morning!" hummed the drunkard, and passed on.

"Death to all tyrants!"—cried the tailor, drawing his sabre, and rallying his party, who came back when they found the alarm was false. "Where did you run to?—always face a danger, and it flies from you—had it been a real enemy I would have cut him down thus—you see!" he said, flourishing his sabre—"as it was, I let him go! Now on! to victory!"

And on they went. Strange, that conspirators are so frequently the most cowardly of mortals, and that the most timid will sometimes dare the boldest venture. True, though at present unaccountable contradiction of the human character.

At last, the preconcerted points were occupied—the groups stood waiting. The signal was to be when the cathedral bell struck twelve. Ominous and fearful pause! The feelings of the young recruit upon the battlefield, when waiting in momentary expectation of the first thundering volley from the opposing battery, is nothing to those of a conspirator so placed, uncertain of support, challenging so terrible a power, and, with no outlet of escape or safety, if defeated, about to take the first open step of insurrection.

At last, heavily and mournfully, the first stroke pealed from the grey gigantic tower that loomed over their heads unseen amid the gloom the reverberations pealing above them like the solemn voice of some great spirit in the air, dooming them to death.

Every man started, and a universal shiver ran through all the scattered bands, save one, where the Poacher, who seemed to drink a glorious joy from the scene, had rallied around him some friends, as desperate as himself and scarce more sane.

"On—death or liberty!" gasped Hotwing. "To arms!"—

"To arms!" cried his nine followers, and rushing down the street, to where others had kept groups of the most desperate assembled, under various pretences, in public-houses and elsewhere, firiug their pistols and cheering, they began to draw after them the leaven that were intended to ferment the whole.

"To arms!"—came in a louder voice, as distant shots were heard answering the signal, telling them their comrades had succeeded in gaining their posts, and beginning the movement in their respective quarters.

"To arms!"—rung in a cheerier tone, swelling with added numbers—as standing before a warehouse, the first thin curls of smoke wreathed forth beneath their hands.

"There'll be a torch to light the path of freedom!" cried Hotwing—and struck his sabre

against the door steps, that the sparks fell showering at his feet.

"Look there! do you see that light?" and he pointed over the housetops, where the street sank down a hollow, to a distant quarter of the town.

"Yes! the lamps!"

"Yes! the lamps of liberty!—that's burning lads!"—

And sure enough the glare broadened, deepened, and soon a huge column of black smoke rose majestic and bent sullenly down over the devoted city, while sharp, bright tongues of flame, were darting into it from below, as though trying to eat a way through the mighty mass.

"See the reflection there!" cried one, pointing to another quarter.

"No! reflection that!—fire! fire! the artillery of insurrection is beginning to ply! Well done! colleagues, on and at them, boys!"—cried Hotwing—who was beginning to kindle with the inspiration of the scene. His countenance glowed—his stature seemed to enlarge—and the poetry of his nature being roused, something—ay! even of the hero! seemed to enter the heart of him who had been but a coward so short a time before.

Verily, circumstances change us wondrously!

As yet, no opposition had appeared in the streets—the authorities seemed paralysed. In six different parts of the city, the conspirators had commenced operations simultaneously. Six great fires were glowing, spreading, and waving over the sea of houses: the plan was well conceived—those fires lured the people forth, as a candle lures the moth. The conspirators had calculated in the almost certainty, that the report of the city being fired, would draw the populace into the streets—and, sure enough it did. All the doors and windows had been closed—but presently, as the glare came flashing through the casements, sash after sash was thrown up, door after door was opened, by the curious or terror-struck inhabitants, to see where the fire was, what part was endangered, and how it progressed. Presently they wanted further tidings—they came into the streets, the crowds swelled—curiosity attracted them nearer and nearer to the scene of conflagration—the tide kept setting steadily from all parts towards these luminous centre-points—and soon, despite the precautions of the real leaders of the democracy, and without the slightest intention of taking part in an insurrection, almost the whole of the working-classes were out of doors. A busy, anxious, murmuring, hum undulated along the immense multitude—rumour after rumour rippled across them like a breeze—and, tossed by vague surmise, doubt, fear, and expectation, the pulse of the population kept beating faster,—they became restless, feverish, excited—dangerous—and lightly to be impelled by any accidental circumstances.

Verily, curiosity is the recruiting sergeant of an insurrection.

Meanwhile, the shop keepers in the threatened quarters had sent deputation after deputation to the mayor and the general commanding the district, for assistance and support.

The authorities returned courteous and reassuring answers, but withheld the requested succour none the less. They contented themselves simply by moving small detachments of police and infantry to the immediate scenes of conflagration, to prevent its spread—making a few almost harmless charges in the crowd, and merely protecting the operations of the firemen.

Their line of conduct is explained by the mutual correspondence between the secretary of state and the local authorities.

The latter had informed the government, that they had discovered a conspiracy and projected rising, and could at any moment seize on all its leaders—but had abstained hitherto from doing so, in order to glean more information. They received the following answer:

"You are requested not to interfere with the conspirators, since it is deemed advisable they should mature their plan and attempt its execution—as by that means only His Majesty's government will be able to secure all the mainsprings of the insurrection, and prevent any similar attempt in future. You need entertain no alarm as to the safety of the city, for such overwhelming forces will be placed at the disposal of the general commanding the district, as will render groundless all feelings of apprehension."

The secret instructions given to the government agents, were as follows:

"We do not wish the rising checked. We wish the people to be implicated. Take your precautions, and then give up the streets to the rioters. Probably, the people will be disinclined to join in the attempt—since it is originated by a small knot of desperadoes only. Impunity will bring them out—Therefore, do not interfere. When the working-classes are fully implicated—then put your fortes in motion, and crush them to atoms. Spare neither sex, nor age. The object of government is to draw the people out, to let the lesser portions of the populace commit sufficienc outrages to disgust and alarm the middle-class and then to give them so terrible a lesson, as shall prevent, for another century, any repetition of the attempt. This rebellion must not be nipped in the bud—it must be crushed when in full bloom."

The local military and police authorities issued instructions to their subordinates in accordance, and added:

"As it is possible that some of the leaders of the people may throw themselves among the crowd, to *dissuade* them from violence, and exhort them to go home,—*shoot these men as soon as they appear*, since these are the most dangerous. But if, on the other hand, you see men leading and urging the populace on, *dont touch a hair of their heads*, until you receive fresh orders.

"Since it will be necessary to satisfy the inhabitants that we are doing something for their defence, you must here and there make charges on the rioters—but take care to issue forth in small numbers only—to hurt as few as possible,—and *to get yourselves beaten*, and retire within your barracks and stations.

"Should you find the populace slack to take part in the riot, you must irritate them, attack them without provocation, and so lure and entice them into a reprisal."

In accordance with these instructions, while a power was everywhere held unseen sufficient to crush any rising in a moment, the riot, as stated, was permitted to progress unimpeded. But the people seemed to be enacting merely the part of spectators. Ever and anon, a desperate group kept passing here and there, through the masses, waving red or parti-colored flags, and shouting "To arms!" "Liberty or death!" but the crowd received them either with sullen silence, or derisive laughter. The flames of the conflagration were beginning to die out, a gloom and coldness was smiling on the movement, the populace were subsiding into quiescence, curiosity was satisfied, and fatigue wanted to go home and sleep, when, here and there small parties of police, might be seen sallying out of their stations, and without a word of warning, drawing their staves, and with gross insulting language, knocking the crowd about most shamefully.

The people, guiltless of any outrage, at first submitted, then murmured, then resented, then resisted. The authorities had intentionally sent out small unsupported parties. The blood of the mass once roused, to quell it was not easy—the police fought with fury and desperation, but their isolated knots were soon surrounded—passion rose—anger got the mastery—a series of fierce desperate scuffles ensued,—and soon the beaten guardians of the peace, lay trampled in their blood,—wondering, when dying, why they had not been supported,

The people were compromised at last!

"To arms!"—cried the conspirators.

"To arms!" shouted the multitude—and like a living artillery, the gathering deafening roar, clashed from tower to tower, and rolled reverberating over the myriad roofs.

The insurrection was fairly engaged!

Still, the government forces were kept back—sufficient only being put forward to maintain the irritation, carry on the skirmish, and give confidence to the insurgents.

Thus the night passed—a constant surge rushing and undulating through the streets—while higher and higher rose the barricades, louder and louder pealed the cheer, shriek, groan and imprecation,—the stray but quick succeeding shots, the occasional regular volley, telling how the desultory work of death was going onward on either side,—and the constantly renewed conflagration, bursting out from point to point, like phantasmagoric lights flashing on the darkness, soon extinguished by the strong hand of power, that feared the conflagration's reaching the rich portion of the city, and breaking forth anew, added a ghastly and uncertain interest to the tremendous scene.

One thing was to be noticed—it was, that every effort of the insurgents to penetrate into the aristocratic quarters of the town, was vigorously and easily repelled, and that the two bands of conspirators, who had attempted to raise a conflagration there, had been instantly arrested. The insurrection was confined to the poorer parts, and allowed to rage and spread unchecked within those limits.

At length, the morning dawned upon that dreadful night, and then, first, the inhabitants began to entertain an accurate notion of the true posture of affairs. The whole lower portion of the town was in the hands of the insurgents—almost the whole of the working population had been drawn into the movement, and there it stood—the stalwart labor of that vast tide of industry—defenceless, angry, impotent, lapped round by death on every side—but fierce, triumphant and exulting, a ready but unconscious prey, waiting but for the signal of destruction to be issued.

In the interval of that night, moreover, the precautions had not been taken by the insurgents, to which prudence pointed. The leaders being utterly incompetent, no strong positions had been fortified,—the time had been spent by the active portion in drunkenness, plunder and debauchery, while the real democracy, the real working-classes, acting without leaders, merely upon impulse, had done nothing but crowd the streets, and repel the petty assaults which kept up their irritation, and, by so doing, also prevented them from going home.

Fresh orders were now issued from head quarters. The time for striking the intended blow had come. The prey was ready trapped—the last scene was approaching. One chance

of salvation was still offered to the people: with the first break of dawn, Latimer appeared among the crowd. He had seen through the plot of the government—he had hurried up to town—and, hastening to the scene of danger, came to warn the victims. He urged them forthwith to disperse to their homes, told them an overwhelming force was coming down upon them, and warned them of the hopelessness of resistance. His words were having weight, when suddenly, the doors of a church, near to where he stood, were opened, a rush of constabulary took place, and despite the efforts of the crowd, whose action in Latimer's defence was paralysed by the very words he had just spoken, the assailants succeeded in carrying off their prisoner.

"I was urging them to disperse—and to obey the laws! I have had no part in the rising!"

The officials smiled contemptuously. That was just the very reason why he was arrested!

The first grey hour of morning, when the damp falls chilly around,—is always dispiriting. Even the veteran soldier feels it on the dawn of a battle-day—much more an undisciplined and unarmed crowd. The authorities, too, had chosen their time well. They had let the populace exhaust themselves by a night of excitement and vigilance—some weakened with hunger, others overcome with intemperance—and now, when the first sobering gleams were falling on the feverish mass, they selected the moment for attack.

Uncertain what to do, the leaders of the conspiracy were marshalling the masses—there was not one commanding mind among them—and, indeed, had there been, they never would have allowed the people to rise at a time when the government was prepared to receive them, and the utmost strategy and statesmanship of the leaders consisted in keeping the people where they were, as flocks waiting for the slaughter.

Presently the border skirmish ceased—the police were withdrawn. Hotwing noticed the fact—he thought the authorities were exhausted and that now was the time to push on to the wealthy quarters and seize the seats of the municipal government, when his attention was pointed to the following object: the great infantry barracks crest a hill on the south side of the city, overlooking its streets. The huge gates were seen to open, and a black stream to issue downward from the chasm. The troops were marching. Four abreast, those fatal gates kept vomiting forth that long, dark, narrow line, the tall fur caps of the grenadiers nodding and undulating like the sable plumes of some gigantic hearse—while their grey coats and brown guns, with bayonets yet unfixed, left not a single gleam relieving the funereal mass. They marched in utter silence, and even their dull measured tread was unheard on the wet ground among the mist—coming down like a phantom-death upon the crowd. An involuntary pause overcame the latter—every breath was hushed—every eye was fixed—the cheer died on Hotwing's lips—as he stood watching which way the portentous march would turn. Right towards the centre of the crowd it came. A tremulous, uncertain motion seized the mass. Should they fly?

Suddenly, the low muttering of a drum was heard in the rear—it was taken up on the left, it was repeated on the right—the troops were bearing down from every side! Where should they fly?

Anon, the ear of the most practised caught an ominous sound. It was like the rumbling of fire-engines in the dead of night. "The cannons! the artillery!"—whispered voice to voice—and a deadlier whiteness stole over every face. Still the men stood—not from courage—but from paralysing panic—they did not know where to turn for escape—and so they stood—like a worm that stops beneath the lifted heel.

At this terrific moment, too, not a leader was to be found, save Hotwing and the Poacher—the latter with a smile of demoniac delight upon his lips—the recklessness of the maniac, and the courage of the desperado.

Not so with Hotwing—he had mounted an eminence whence to address the crowd, when the march of the troops had first been pointed out to him—he still stood there—speechless—his eyes first fixed on the advancing line—his head then turned from side to side, as from side to side the successive tones of the ominous drum smote upon his ear. He was evidently vibrating between abject craven cowardice and the courage of desperation. The old, rusty sabre had sunk with his unnerved arm by his side—his glance began to wander, hurried and uncertain, through indefinite space—he was evidently on the point of gliding down among the crowd in abject pusillanimous self-abandonment—when, suddenly, the full band of the guards burst pealing from their head—his startled ear drank the invigorating sound, he turned towards them—the first rays of the morning sun fell on the hillside they were descending; and as they moved, as though in reciprocal salutation to heaven's glory, they flung out their noble banners to the wind—and like magic, at the given word, the glittering fringe of a thousand bayonets leapt up like flame above their heads, sparkling, shifting, and flickering in magnificent contrast to the sable mass that bore them onward underneath.

Hotwing's eye brightened, "Men!" he cried,

"stand firm! this day shall try our mettle!" and, waving his sabre, he led on the boldest to the barricade that crossed the head of the street up which the troops would march.

Thus the turn of a pulse can make a man a coward or a hero!

Few followed him—and those that did, grew fewer every moment,—while, behind, the living wave swept away to the remote side of the great space in which the crowd had gathered—trying to flow off into the distant streets.

But up those streets came nearer and louder the roll of drums and the hoarse roar of clattering guns, and presently the flashing lines of infantry, the high plumes of horse, and the black shapes of the deadly ordnance, broke startling on the view.

Back ebbed the human flood, in wild and frantic tumult—trampling on each other, they rushed once more into the open space—penned in for slaughter by the stern and breathing barrier that closed in on every side, more narrowly with every moment.

There was a deep and painful silence, merely broken by the hoarse hurtling of the weltering mass, and the stifled cries of the weak, of women, and of children, trampled under foot amid the wild, inextricable crash. It was the pause before the thunder.

Meanwhile, the columns of infantry had entered the square from the streets, and deployed along its sides, rank shifting before rank, like clouds widening outward for the storm.

The hush became complete for a moment—fearful expectation stayed even the struggle for life among the crowd. Every ear could hear the dreadful words:

"Present arms—fire!"

Like the touch of a single hand upon the key of death, in one sharp volley, without one lingering shot, came the terrific crash, and one gush of fire issued simultaneously from full 2000 muskets. The distant streets felt the shock—the glass fell shattered from the windows—the ground rocked underneath—but louder than the deafening roar came the shriek and groan, and imprecation from 200,000 voices,—father wept over child, child over parent, husband over wife! One vast lamentation rolled loud, and long, and lingering up to heaven! But before it died, again came that deadly volley, and closer and nearer, onward and inward pressed the flaming, cloudy line—while not a single unit in its ranks was hurt in return by the unarmed, helpless people.

The brutality of the attack seemed to change terror into fury—the cry of fear altered into frantic imprecation, the courage of a mad rage seized the people, and a terrific struggle began on both sides. One hideous form, above all the rest, was seen leading and cheering on the mass—it was the Poacher—and, with a redhot iron in his hand, destruction marked his path, as he rushed mad and blindfold among the very bayonets of the troops.

None now talked or thought of flight,—indeed they saw it was impossible—compulsion forced all to struggle, from the natural instinct of self-preservation—and, despite the efforts of the officers, to preserve the ranks of their men unbroken, the frenzy of the people was so resistless that they got in between their lines, and the soldiery were parted into isolated knots. From sheer dint of numbers the people were actually getting the better in the struggle—the troops were breathless—the tide was turning. Then all the bugles sounded the recal, the scattered groups of soldiery fought their way out of the crowd—the people were astonished at their achievement—a loud, thrilling, glorious cheer burst from every lip—the wounded, the dying, the broken-hearted, even, joined in it over the bodies of their slaughtered dear ones. "Revenge! Revenge!" burst the simultaneous cry—the very lips of love echoed it in their bitter sorrow, and on, after the retreating troops, disordered, headlong, bleeding, rushed the furious crowd!

Steadily the troops fell back,—rank closing on rank, as they extricated themselves from the pursuit. "They fly! they fly!" was the shout of the pursuers—when lo! they halted—they opened—and through the chasm, up at full gallop rushed the batteries.

Pity draws a veil before the picture. For one full hour, from every side, grape and canister flew shattering amid the close-wedged throng—like a ball bandied to and fro, from battery-range to battery, from front to rear, from side to side, the populace were hurled, recoiling from each volley, fewer each time remaining standing on the field—while one convulsive pavement of writhing, bleeding, limbs was trampled at their feet.

At last the carnage ceased, for few remained to murder. The hot sun had climbed high in heaven—but he shone not—for the thick packed smoke hung with a heavy reek of blood close over the scene. The sound of struggle died down in one deep, universal groan, and the reformed lines marched glittering across the field. In one part of the space alone resistance still was offered. One hand alone held a white flag aloft—on it was inscribed in red letters, the word "Liberty." Still it fluttered bravely amid that sulphureous gloom—and around it some dozen men yet lingered.

An officer rode up to them:

"Surrender! and you shall be spared."

"Never," said Hotwing.

"Your life shall be safe."

"My life—there lies my wife, shot by you

through the heart!—there lies my child, trampled to death! My life! THERE *lies my life!* Come on!"

The officer was moved—his savage, drunken soldiery levelled their guns and aimed—he made them desist.

"Come—take my advice, my poor friend! Surrender, I will do my best to get you pardoned." Then seeing that Hotwing made no sign of submission, he was mercifully about commanding his men to retreat, unwilling to have that gallant blood upon his head—when Hotwing suddenly rising from the stupor of grief which had succeeded his last words, raised himself proudly aloft—and turning to his comrades, exclaimed:—

"None have submitted this day—we have been entrapped and butchered—but not conquered—there they lie! our dead—we'll not disgrace them, living—charge, boys, charge! the People's battle is not over yet!"

A faint, mournful cheer rose from the gallant group—as they marched onward—right onward against the proud, strong column of infantry that came moving across the field—like reeds before the torrent down went the weak resistance—straight over the people passed the royal march.

At last the white flag had fallen—the gallant hand that lifted it was cold—the conflict was over—loitering pickets alone maintained the ground—the military music died in distance—but that eternal trumpeter, the wind, lifted a mournful pæan on the field—the cloud parted—and an isolated gleam of sunshine dropped, by a strange coincidence, upon the spot where Hotwing and his band had perished.

Peace and honor to his memory! Contemporary annalists may ridicule the poor young tailor—he was but what the world had made him—the mould of heroes is often marred by the die of society—and whatever his weakness or his fault, at least, ridicule him as you will, he vindicated the honor of democracy to the death! Verily! the People's battle is not over yet!

Mr. O'Connor.

CHARTISTS,—Does not the treatment Mr. O'Connor has experienced, deserve an unanimous expression of Chartist abhorrence? Does not Mr. O'Connor deserve an unanimous effort for his support?

His painful mental illness is now apparent—and, in the face of this, a Police Magistrate sends him to a felon's prison! Just when a little kindly treatment might have restored his intellect—the last drop too muc his poured into the cup of persecution, and of Mr. O'Connor's case becomes hopeless, it is Mr. Henry, the Police Magistrate, who will have hurt his brain past recovery!

The fact is—he escaped the vindictiveness of the rich at the Land Company Inquiry. They were determined to have him somehow or other—and they wreak in Coldbath Fields the vengeance they could not glut in the Master's Court.

It is shameful and *unprecedented* to send any one to prison under such circumstances. And, even waiving the point of his health, justice has not dealt even handed. Two "gentlemen" for hustling a policeman, about the same time, were merely fined twenty shillings!

Could not a Committee be formed, to correspond with, and wait on Mr. O'Connor, and to learn his wishes and his feelings, and, after consulting him, to see what measures would be most agreeable to him for adoption by the chartist body.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion on political matters some may have entertained surely there can be but one feeling at such a time, on such an occasion—that of indignation at his treatment, that of sympathy for his sufferings, and respect for one, whose present infirmity is an additional proof of his past sincerity and labors.

He has toiled for fifteen years in the people's cause. He has been persecuted *for* it—he has not grown rich *by* it—and he has remained true *to* it. He may have made mistakes—no man but has done the same—but who has done so much in creating and organizing democratic mind? It will be the crowning disgrace of Chartism, if we let him drop down from among us without one hand, nay, without a million hands stretched forth to hold him up—and if the derisive and inhuman laughter that echoed in the House of Commons, when the news of his arrest was brought, be not practically protested against by us.

Mr. O'Connor called at my house after leaving prison, and it was evident he was laboring under feelings of the keenest irritation. An expression of public sympathy can alone calm and soothe him.

I respectfully recommend the immediate

formation of a NATIONAL COMMITTEE, to consist of one or more individuals elected in each Chartist locality. Chartist and non-Chartist, every democratic heart ought to feel and act in this case. Let the Committee have a corresponding centre in London. Let the work be commenced in a business manner. What is everybody's work is nobody's. Any services I can render you may command.

ERNEST JONES.

The Policy of Truth.

TO THE CHARTISTS.

"Honesty is the best policy."—*Old Proverb.*

How few people can understand the policy of Truth! How many even among its most sincere admirers, who recognise the Truth, are afraid to speak it, because "it is not politic!" Now, I hold, that nothing is ever half as politic,—not for the individual, I grant you, *he is generally the sacrifice*—but for the cause of human progress.

What has ever come of lies? What availed lies to the most sublime liar that ever lived—Machiavelli? What became of him, his princes, or his states? or Alberoni? or Talleyrand? What availed lying to that nobility of liars, by the patent of superstition and ignorance—the Jesuits? What system, what empire, what party, what men, have lies ever upheld, in the long run? They have certainly raised some brilliant imposture for a time—but they have ever, on the other hand, been the very cause of its fall.

What follows from all this? That it is the best policy for the Chartist body to speak the truth to all parties, sects, and associations.

"But," say some, "why speak at all? There is time for everything—it is not always the time to speak the truth." I say it always IS the time. TO CONCEAL THE TRUTH IS TO TELL A LIE; for it is allowing others to tell it with impunity. Nay! the tacit permission of a lie in others, is the more guilty of the two. The man who lies may have some tinge of boldness in the venture—the man who lets him lie, adds to the virtual falsehood the deep taint of moral cowardice as well.

'Tis this doctrine of fearing to tell the truth—of temporising, of expediency—of LIES, that has brought the Chartist movement where it is, and nothing but a reversal of that policy can lift it up again. It is out of this slough of falsehood and prevarication that I, for one, am endeavouring to raise the People's cause. In so doing, the enemies daily increase—the difficulties hourly thicken. Of course they do—when you assail the darling pet error of a party, you might with greater impunity put your head into a hornets' nest, especially if self-interest is arrayed as well upon the side of prejudice and folly. But never mind! However thick the clouds, there is a sun beyond.

This doctrine of expediency is especially active in reference to the co-operative and trades' movements, and most particularly as regards the Amalgamated Iron-trades.

One or two of our oldest and best Chartists—of our truest democrats, and of my most respected and kindest friends, write:—"Leave them alone! They will find out their error by and bye. If you meddle with them, and they should fail, the failure will be laid at your door. It is being reported all about that you are paid by the employers to write the engineers down, and to set the laborers against them. If not for your own sake, at least for the sake of Democracy, say nothing more about them. If you won't write in their favor, and call for public support, at least say nothing."

The words "for the sake of Democracy" might well cause doubt, fear, and pain, if I acted on impulse instead of on mature reflection and conviction.

The question is this: Will you let the working-classes fall out of one fallacy into another, and exhaust their strength, without warning them?

"Oh! but they'll find out their error of themselves, by and bye." I know they will, and THEN will be the time to go and speak to them, and show them the remedy—political power." Will it? When they are so reduced and powerless that they are no longer able to help themselves! Much good in showing them the remedy, when they have dissipated their resources, and when their minds and bodies are broken down by poverty and starvation. Much good in showing them the remedy, when they are no longer able to apply it. That's what expediency-policy comes to. Look at Ireland. The best policy is THE TRUTH.

Now, it being an established and admitted fact—a fact that its cleverest advocates have not been able to refute, that Trades' Unions are a perfect fallacy, and that no co-operative movement can raise the working

classes under our present system, and since it therefore follows that the people exhaust their strength, and play into the hands of their enemies, by running after such delusions. I ask, "Is it the best policy to let them do so?"

No! common-sense says, "It is the duty of every right-thinking and honest man to warn the victim running blindfold to destruction."

Let us now come to the more immediate question of the hour—the case of the Iron-trades. It is said: "By following out the same policy here, you estrange from them public support. It is a struggle of labor against capital. Without public support, labor cannot stand—will you therefore assist the victory of capital?"

This is a very specious way of putting the case. My answer is as follows: The victory of capital is certain; it don't want my assistance: it needs nothing but itself. The course the Iron-trades are pursuing, must end in defeat*. Consequently, all their efforts will be wasted. The more assistance they receive, the greater the waste of popular resources. If after being warned and cautioned as they have been, they STILL WILL go on, and destroy themselves, on their own heads be the responsibility. I refuse to share it, by supporting them, or by the guilt of a TACIT CONNIVANCE. But, if they have a right to ruin themselves they have not a right to ruin others. If they choose to leap down the Curtian gulf, (without, like Curtius, closing it), they have no business to make other trades the horse they ride.

Now, unquestionably, the decree of the employers is one of the most barefaced acts of social tyranny ever attempted. But, because the employers of the Iron-trades are KNAVES, is that any reason why their leaders should make the men FOOLS?

What do I want, then? Do I propose that the men should submit to such tyranny without resistance? Nothing of the sort. What I want is, that *they should resist in the right way*, in the way likely of obtaining a *successful issue*.

Suppose the Iron-trades met together, and said, "We are determined no longer to submit to the tyranny of our masters. To argue with them is of no use. To compete with them is hopeless—they have too much money. To combine against them is vain, for between combination-law, hunger-law, and surplus-law, they will beat us down. Therefore, we must change the whole system. This we can do only by changing the system-makers; therefore we will join the political union of the working classes."

Suppose they had done this—suppose their meetings had been for the Charter—suppose their subscription, (not the £25,000, leave that untouched if you like, but the subscription wasted in maintaining the non-employed), had been devoted to the Charter fund; a shower that would have raised up crops of Democracy from one end of the country to the other! Suppose one shout had burst from their great gatherings—"Political power—the sovereignty of the People!" Suppose the human machinery they command in Lancashire and London had been set in motion simultaneously for this great purpose; and at this crisis of Parliamentary "Reform"—what a reverberation it would have caused throughout the land! What terror it would have striken in employers! Why, men! "over-time," and "piece-work," (trifles in comparison!) would have been joyfully conceded by the masters—anything to knock up the movement, anything to stifle the great cry which should burst the death-knell of monopoly upon the ear of Time!

And all this you have foregone!—all this you have wrecked and wasted by your most egregious folly! And will you tell me, I am to stand silent by, in cowardly connivance?—and that this is the best policy?

Perhaps you may say—"But, would not the masters have turned you off the same for the political combination, as for the social one?" I tell you THEY DARE NOT! In the one case, you would have had the people at your back,—in the other, you find yourselves alone. The low-paid trades sympathise not with the haughty aristocracy of labor that has spurned them. The other high-paid trades, like yourselves, are too selfish to extend a hand, where they do not feel the pain direct. I repeat, the masters DARED NOT have braved the war. Strikes and co-operations they can meet; because you have not the money for it they have, but political combination they cannot resist, because they have not the numbers for it, and you have. It would take millions upon millions to wage a social war with them—a few thousands can carry a political movement through its wildest ramification. They dared not have turned you adrift for political organization, for the very weapon, poverty, that beats you now, in your social struggle, would have

* We will suppose, for argument's sake, that the Engineers succeed in effecting an half-victorious compromise—what then? Is the question settled? No; the masters will merely prepare better, and act more surely, on the next occasion, and the occasion they will be sure to make. A victory in the present struggle would leave the leverage for successful aggression in the employers' hands.

been your strength, and they know it. The very appearance of 30,000 political martyrs in the streets, would have shaken the Reaction Bill of Russell, and roused the dormant mind of every working-man! Oh! how you have played into the hands of the Government, ye co-operators, unionists. and Ama(-gamated Iron-trades!

Of course, I know that abuse is the reward for trying to couch politicaliy the eyes of the socially blind! But what then? I know that it may, possibly, set one portion of the working classes against the otherf. But, THAT BATTLE WILR HAVE TO BE FDUGHT, AND THE SOONER IT IS FOUGHT THR BETTER.

By raising the discussion—truth cannot lose, and democracy must gain. Those that are not with us ARE against us. The high-paid Trades recruited the constabulary ranks of 1848;—within their meetings and councils, political topics are forbidden; if we remain silent, how can we hope to change them? Their barrier of class-prejudice and ignorance must be broken down—(for the low-paid trades are by far the best educated portion of the working-classes,)—and how can you hope to break it down, if you don't batter it in breach? The ordinary course of public meetings, tracts and lectures' has been tried, and failed. They won't attend the one, or read the other. We have kept aloof from them for years? and what have we gained? Are they one jot nearer to us than before? No! they are further off. They won't come to us. What then remains? TO FORCE OURSELVES IN AMONG THEM. Like the early Christians, go, unbidden, in their midst, carrying the gospel of truth right in face of their lurid torch of opposition, and speak its message through the savage yells of their arena. We have stood aloof in timid modesty too long. Truth is not merely a garrison, she is a storming force as well. In and at them—to rout them out of errors, and to lead them nobly captive to the truth.

A gentleman from Leeds, asks:—"why attack working-men's movements? Are there no capitalists' tyrannies and governmental wrongs worth assailing?"

I answer: Plenty—and we assail them, too. But *there are no evils so dangerous to working-men, as those which spring among themselves*—and from this simple reason; because th others they can be roused against easily—bu[t] to those which originate in their own ranks, they are wedded by partiality, prejudice, and a mistaken notion of self-interest, and it is useless to assail the corruption that is without, until we have eradicated the corruption that is within. Therefore, every sincere reformer ought to war, as his *first* duty, against the mistakes in the popular ranks ere he assails the evils inflicted on it by others.

One point more: it is said I am setting the laborers against the skilled mechanics—the low-paid trades against the high-paid.

Do we fight against class-government? Well, then? there is class-government in our own ranks, and we ought to fight against it too. Do we fight against aristocratic privilege? Well then—there is aristocratic privilege of the vilest die among the high-paid trades, and we ought to fight against it too. Truth is the best policy. THE ARISTOCRACY OF LABOR MUST BE BROKEN DOWN,* the same as an other aristocracies. *If you don't*, when you have established democracy, *these men will carry the Re-action.*

I know I might fill my paper with little bits of Co-operative movement,—to catch a fag-end of circulation;—with "flunkeyism" towards literary co-operators, to get a passing pat on the shoulder in their miserable papers; with praise and encouragement of the machinists, struggle, though knowing in my heart of hearts, and even having said, that it was based on a delusion!—But humble as I am, I have not striven in vain. For very shame the co-operators are obliged to act a shade fairer to the laborers. True, those who force reluctant justice thus—receive no thanks from those who are its objects—while they from whom the dole is hardly wrested—hate the compelling hand, and turning round—say: "ha! *he* lies, are *we* not liberal?" The *man* is sacrificed; the *cause* is won. So be it. They now say I'm paid by the employers.

ERNEST JONES.

* Let them remember, that "the low-paid trades? were "the high-paid once!" They are democratic "now"—had they been democratic before they fell —they might never have been ruined!—

Lessons from History.

III.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 43, p. 839.)

IT will be recollected, that the commercial-classes had gained the ascendancy throughout all Greece, until Cleomenes thwarted them in Sparta. They had formed and consolidated the Achæan league, under the presiding guidance of Aratus—and thus two elements were contending for the mastery in Peloponnesus, the monied and the aristocratic—embodied in

Aratus on the one hand; in Cleomenes on the other.

When the latter had broken the front of the monied power by those great and brilliant victories, already chronicled, when the leaven of liberty was fermenting in all the federal states of the league, when the enslaved populace were heaving and panting under the glittering surface of its golden rule, Aratus, seeing that peace with Cleomenes implied the downfal of oligarchy and of himself, used every effort, regardless of the ruin it would entail, to prolong the hopeless war against the young, victorious general.

But when pressed to assume the command, according to custom, for he was general every other year, Aratus refused, despite the entreaties of his friends. He had not the courage to take the field against Cleomenes. Even his eulogist, Plutarch, says "certainly it was wrong when such a storm was raging, to quit the helm, and leave the direction to another."

When their champion quailed, it was not likely the middle-classes would have the strength to row against the stream. The popular clamor called for peace and treaty with Cleomenes, and the terms of the latter were equitable and moderate. Probably, finding, however, that intrigues were on foot against him, he afterwards insisted on having the chief command of the Greek armies himself, at the same time pledging himself to restore to the Achæans, their prisoners, and their lands. The Achæans joyfully assented, and invited Cleomenes to a general assembly of their state at Lerna.

Unfortunately, hastening his march too much, and drinking cold water when overheated, the Spartan prince threw up a quantity of blood, lost the use of his speech, and was compelled to put off the meeting—sending to the Achæans, however, some of the most respectable of their prisoners.

"This ruined the affairs of Greece,"—for it gave Aratus the time to consummate his treason against liberty.

Finding his own strength and that of his order too weak to resist the growing force and mind of the masses, Aratus, like another Metternich, looked round for that external power which should crush the spirit he could coerce no longer.

By this time a number of mighty monarchies had risen in the ancient world, wrecks and relics of Alexandrian victory. From its obscure source among the Macedonian mountains, the empire of Alexander had deluged the earth, and breaking into fragments, each severed link had again grown into a huge despotic state—glittering in riches, arms, and luxury. Macedonia, in the north, bore imminent on Greece itself. Egypt, in the south, swept the Mediterranean with her gallies. Syria, in the east, lay in gorgeous rivalry, the centre of that formidable semicircle of tyrannies, that kept narrowing and closing around Grecian liberty. In the far west, dim, remote and almost unknown, Rome, the republican giant, was stretching into greatness, —and imping its eagle wings, scarce fledged, on Carthage, a decaying rival.

But Rome, soon to be mistress of the land of Plato, had not yet made her influence felt in the affairs of Hellas*,—whereas constant inroads were occurring from the Thracian hills, and, worse still, Syrian and Egyptian gold, corrupted, enervated, or bribed the patriotism of the degenerate Hellene.

Indeed, Syria, Egypt and Macedonia, were generally at war—and the cowardly princes of the two former usually employed Grecian arms and fleets against each other, while gold was weighed against gold, as the rivals overbribed each other in purchasing the venal succour of the Greeks. By these means, the bravest of the Hellenes were gradually decimated on the field of battle; while the gold flowed into the pockets of the leaders. Thus, the people lost their MEN, and the monied-classes gained in riches on the one hand, while the power of resistance among their slaves grew smaller on the other. It was amid this deluge of corruption and decay that Cleomenes stood up, glorious and single-handed, recruiting Spartan valor, Spartan temperance and Grecian freedom.

Aratus was no exception to the general venality—being a pensioner of Ptolemy, king of Egypt. From such a man, little of honor or patriotism was to be expected, and accordingly when he could not strangle liberty by the force within, he sacrificed even nationality to the force without.

As Italian traitor princes called in Austria to coerce their subjects, as Austria in her turn summoned Russia to crush Hungary, so Aratus, the Metternich of ancient Greece, brought in Macedonia to battle Lacedæmon. Even Plutarch reprobates him thus: "Aratus then undertook a thing which would not have become any man in Greece, but in him was particularly dishonorable, and unworthy of all his former conduct both in the cabinet and the field. He called Antigonus into Greece, and filled Peloponnesus with Macedonians, though in his youth he had expelled them, and rescued the citadel of Corinth out of their hands." Yes! thus age too often gives the lie to youth! The ancients showed respect to the old! Ah! give respect to the young! For *the young are the hope of the world.* The

* Greece.

mock-wisdom of experience is too dearly bought by the loss of candor, generosity and honor!

No meanness was now too low for Aratus. He, who had enveighed against Macedonian intrusion, brought Macedonia even into the women's chamber of his own house! He, who, as Plutarch says, would not brook that a Spartan prince, with the simplicity of his Lycurgan life should have legitimate influence in Greece, truckled to the Asiatic purple and barbaric diadem of Macedonian tyrants! Nay! he even demeaned himself so far as to offer sacrifice and divine worship to the statue of Antigonus!

Meantime, while these intrigues of Aratus were proceeding in secret, Cleomenes had recovered, and advanced once more to meet the public assembly at Argos.

Every one entertained sanguine hopes of peace. But Aratus, knowing what a terrible power was already in motion behind the northern mountains for his support, was determined on preventing peace at any cost. He therefore caused the gates of Argos to be shut on Cleomenes, and proposed insulting and vexatious conditions of treaty, while he poured forth one torrent of abuse and invective against Cleomenes. The latter replied in a letter of complaint to the Achæans, and, receiving no reparation, retired and declared war.

Meanwhile, the march of Antigonus was bearing down on Greece—dismay and indignation preceding his approach, which had now become generally known.

Here we are once more presented with one of those melancholy spectacles in history, where liberty, having risen triumphant over all obstacles—just when, by exemplary gallantry, disinterestedness, and wisdom, her reign has been achieved—finds herself dashed to the ground by some external force, which it was perfectly impossible to take into her calculations. So with Rome, and the French invasion—Hungary, and the Russian inroad—Switzerland, and foreign intervention. Alas! is it indeed the case, that all the world must be revolutionized before a part can be? Must ALL tyrants fall before ONE people can live free?

Tremendous as were the odds, Cleomenes determined on playing off Sparta in the desperate game of freedom; and calling forth the entire Democratic element scattered over Greece, for one united struggle. Nor was the plan without its prospect of success; "for there were at this time great commotions among the members of the Achæan league, and many towns were ready to fall off. For the common people hoped for an equal distribution of lands, and to have their debt cancelled, while the better sort in general were displeased at Aratus, and some of them highly-provoked at his bringing the Macedonians into Peloponnesus."—*(Plutarch.)*

Cleomenes well knew that rapidity was now the key of success. If he could consolidate Greece before Antigonus entered it, he might hope to conquer. "Encouraged," therefore, "by these misunderstandings," he enacted one of the finest strokes of strategy and statesmanship. "He entered Achaia, where he first took Pellene by surprise, and dislodged the Achæan garrison. Afterwards he made himself master of Pheneum and Penteleum. As the Achæans were apprehensive of a revolt at Corinth and Sicyon, they sent a body of cavalry, and some mercenaries from Argos, to guard against any measures tending that way, and went themselves to celebrate the Nemean games at Argos. Upon this, Cleomenes hoping, what really proved the case, that if he could come suddenly upon the city, while it was filled with multitudes assembled to partake of the diversions, he should throw all into the greatest confusion, marched up to the walls by night, and seized the quarter called ASPIS, which lay above the theatre, notwithstanding its difficulty of access. This struck them with such terror, that not a man thought of making any resistance. They agreed to receive a garrison, and gave twenty of the citizens as hostages for their acting as the allies to Sparta, and following the standard of Cleomenes as their general."

Thus, by one master-stroke, Cleomenes, had seized upon the fountain-head and centre-point of opposition, he had taken the capital of his enemies by one unexpected blow, and, having broken their strength and cohesion, could take the scattered remainder of their power in detail.

"This action added greatly to the fame and power of Cleomenes. For the ancient Kings of Sparta, with all their endeavours could never fix Argos in their interest; and, Pyrrhus, one of the ablest generals in the world, though he forced his way into the town, could not hold it, but lost his life in the attempt, and had great part of his army cut to pieces. Hence, the dispatch and keenness of Cleomenes were the more admired; and they who, before, had laughed at him for declaring he would tread in the steps of Solon and Lycurgus in the cancelling of debts, and in an equal division of property, were now fully persuaded that he was the sole cause of all the change in the spirit and success of the Spartans. In both respects they were so contemptible before, and

so little able to help themselves, yet they had no sooner returned to their primitive customs and discipline, than, as if Lycurgus himself had restored his polity, and invigorated it with his presence, they had given the most extraordinary instances of valor."

History here reads us a pointed lesson: men never fight well, unless they have liberty and property to fight for.

Cleomenes, however, committed a grave fault of omission before leaving Argos, he neglected to enforce the social rights of the people, but left them still under the grasp of the moneyocracy. Whether it was that in the quick action and preparation he had not time, or that he feared to delay his proceedings by the hostility of the monied-class—he neglected them, to enlist the masses whom he left in his rear—and he marched on.

"Cleonæ and Phlius came in the same tide of success with Argos." Aratus was then in Corinth, persecuting those who were favorable to Sparta—but when he heard that Argos had fallen, when he found that an angry murmur was rising in the town against him, he summoned the Corinthians to a public meeting and while they were assembling, and their attention was thus directed away from him, he stole away to the gate, and a horse being ready for him there, mounted and fled to Sicyon. The Corinthians were in such haste to pay their compliments to Cleomenes, that, Aratus tells us, "they killed or spoiled all their horses." Meanwhile the Spartan was rapidly approaching Corinth, and having, on the way, added the Epidaurians, Troezenians and Hermonians to the number of his allies, entered the city, and drew a line of circumvallation around the citadel, which was still held by the Achæans. He treated his conquered foes with the greatest generosity, sparing the house and property of Aratus in Corinth, and offering them most liberal terms, such as a joint-garrisoning of the citadel by Argive and Lacedæmonian troops. "Aratus, instead of accepting these conditions, sent his son and other hostages to Antigonus, and ordered the garrison to surrender the citadel into the hands of the latter."

Cleomenes replied by ravaging the territories of Sicyon, and confiscating the estate of the hoary traitor to the liberties of Greece.

Such was the posture of affairs, when Antigonus passed the mountain-range of Gerania between Megara and Corinth.

The two powers now stood fairly front to front. On the one side the drilled veterans of despotic Macedon, with their dreaded phalanx, the world renowned *leukaspides*, their regal pageantry, and overwhelming numbers—on the other side, the republican soldiers of chivalric Greece, regenerated by the spirit of a hero—illarmed,—less-disciplined, few in numbers,—but fighting for the holiest cause on earth.

Cleomenes led his Spartans to the Onæan mountain, which he fortified, intending, with consummate skill, not to risk a battle, but to tire out the enemy. His prudence and calmness now show that his former gallantry and daring were not the result of rashness, but the boldness of a vigorous and discerning judgment. Behind him lay consolidated Greece beneath his power. His masterly conduct appeared to have secured his rear, and linked the various states of Greece in one defensive union.

"Antigonus was greatly perplexed at this plan of operations. For he had neither laid in a sufficient stock of provisions, nor could he easily force the pass by which Cleomenes had sat down."

One night he tried by a sudden onslaught to force his way into Peloponnesus by the part of Lechæum*, but he was repulsed with heavy slaughter.

Thus freedom stood at bay.—Meanwhile provisions kept growing scarcer in the Macedonian camp—a fatal malady under which the king labored was hastening him onward to the grave, and barbarian disturbances on the north of his dominions might any day recal the royal spoiler from his noble prey. The game was turning in favor of Greece and Cleomenes—when an unexpected event once more marred his surest and his safest calculations.

One of the harbours of Corinth

The Chartist Movement.

I.—MANCHESTER.

At a meeting of the members of the Manchester branch of the N. C. A. held on Sunday evening last, February 16th, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to, after which a new Council was elected:—

That an address to the Chartists of Great Britain and Ireland be drawn up by the Cor. Secretary, I. E. Lewis, and a sub-committee be appointed to judge thereon.

TO THE CHARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Brothers,—In the history of every great movement there are periods of depression,—in the history of every great movement there are times when even the most sanguine falter,

doubt, and despair of ultimate success. 'Tis the fate of everything human—'tis natural, to be therefore looked for, to be encountered, and by the faithful to be overcome.

In the history of our own movement we have reached a period not only of deep depression, when the strong of heart tremble and the strong of faith doubt; but of what is far more deplorable, a period of internal discord, treachery, and treason. We have lived to see the men we most loved and trusted turn upon and revile us—the power we placed at their disposal prostituted, the great cause of human progress, in their hands, brought into disrepute; and ourselves, as a party, into contempt and derision.

And shall these things continue to be? Shall we any longer stand before the country as a living lie? Shall the manacled patriots look back to us from their penal prison-houses with reproachful eyes, and as they sink beneath their sorrows and their chains, mutter, "they have forgotten the great trust we bequeathed them?" Forbid it Heaven, justice and humanity!

Let us then make one more great effort for the regeneration of chartism—good *old* chartism, *the* chartism for love of which some of our brothers in times past went into dungeons, into exile and—to death,

The country has already called upon the Executive to summon a Convention, and that Executive has refused its compliance with a demand, at once reasonable and necessary. And wherefore? Alas, they—the Executive—know they have done those things which they ought not to have done, and those things which they ought to have done they have left undone. *A Convention would be their deposition*, and *they would rather strangle the movement* than loose the gripe which a series of accidents has given them upon it. 'Tis not enough to say they will call a Convention, when their pecuniary liabilities are discharged. The last Convention defrayed its own expenses. A Convention *now* would do the same.

Brothers! That which the Executive has refused us, let us do for ourselves. Let the localities speak out by resolutions,—let them say *we can* and *we will* or we *cannot* and *will* not send a delegate to be holden in Manchester or elsewhere, on, say the 5th of April; and let us have this decision within the next ten days.

Chartists of the United Kingdom will you do this. Will you make one more vigorous effort to snatch the movement from the hands of the Burkers? Our enemies are at the head of affairs,—enemies the more to be dreaded because of their assumed friendship.

To the rescue then! Brothers! to the rescue!

Let the north and south, let Scotland and Wales, speak out and give us one sign of vitality. Let every portion of the country in which there is a Chartist locality, say, at once, YEA or NAY—we CAN and we WILL, we CANNOT or we WILL NOT furnish a delegate to a Convention to be held at once in Manchester or in any other central place the localities may decide upon,

Signed on behalf of the Council and members of the Manchester Branch of the N. C. A.

JOHN EDWARD LEWIS, Cor. Secretary.
2, Court Blossom Street, Oldham Road, Manchester.

II.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

Sunday, February 15th.

Thirteen delegates present, Mr. F. Farrah in the chair. Minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed—Mr. Farrah reported progress on behalf of the sub-committee, who had been appointed to convene a public meeting at Mint Street.

The Secretary then stated that he had written a letter to the Editor of the *Northern Star*, objecting to the heading of the proceedings as reported. The letter had been inserted. The official announcement of the Executive Committee having been read and reports from localities delivered with reference to a Convention*, Mr. Jones moved, Mr. A. Wood seconded "That this Council, convinced of the paramount importance of the assembling of a Chartist Convention, gives its sanction to the Manchester Council for calling a Convention to meet in Manchester as soon as the localities can guarantee to them that their delegates will bring sufficient funds to cover the expenses of their respective delegations, to the said Convention." Carried†. Mr. Nicholls then read a letter which he had written to the Commissioners of Police, which was adopted. Arrangements were made for an aggregate meeting of the Chartists, at the Literary and Scientific Institution Leicester Place, Ray Street, Clerkenwell. The meeting then adjourned till Sunday, February 22nd.

J. WASHINGTON, Secretary.

* All the reports given, except Mr. Farrah's, were in favor of calling a Convention. ED.

† Mr. Farrrah moved, Mr. Washingon seconded, and Mr. C. F. Nicholls supported an amendment of confidence in the Execution and approbation of their policy. The original motion was carried by nine to three. ED.

III.—HALIFAX—THE PEOPLES' PAPER.

At a special meeting of the Chartists, held on Monday, February 16th, in the Chartists' room, Broad-street, adjoining Nicholls' Hotel,

the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to :—

1st.—"That the Northern Star having ceased to be the organ of the Chartist movement, this meeting is of opinion that immediate steps should be taken to establish a Peoples' Newspaper, on the plan proposed by Mr. E. Jones."

2nd.—"That the funds necessary to assist in bringing out the aforesaid Newspaper, be raised by loans and donations,—loans, 5s., and upwards; and that every contributor that cannot pay his or her loan at one payment may pay in weekly instalments of not less than 3d. per week."

3rd.—"That a committee be forthwith appointed to carry the above resolutions into effect."

The following persons were unanimously appointed as a committee by the meeting with power to add their number :—

James Farrar, Harrison Holt, Christopher Shackleton, Benjamin Rushton, Henry Horsfall, William Cockcroft, and Isaac Clissett.

The following is a list of those at the meeting who took up loans and the amount :

Henry Horsfall, £1 ; Harrison Holt, £1 ; James Hartley, £1 ; John Holt, £1 ; John Shaw, £1 ; John Crossland, £1 ; Joshua Nicholl, £1 ; Peter Taylor, £1 ; Isaac Crowther £1 ; Joseph Binns, £1 ; James Farrar, £1 ; Joshua Burns, £1 ; Thomas Wood, £1 : Ruben Gough, 10s. ; C. Cockcroft, 10s. ; Abraham Berry, 10s. ; H. Town, 10s. ; Christopher Shackleton, 10s. ; Joseph Crossland, 10s. ; Thomas Kitcherman, 10s. ; Joseph Binns, 10s. ; William Cockroft, 10s. ; Isaac Clissett, 10s. ; Benjamin Wilson, 10s. ; Joseph Cockroft, 10s. ; Isaac Mitchell, 10s. ; David Rawcliffe, 10s. ; Plinny Barrett, 10s. ; Edward Burrows, 10s. ; John Wadsworth, 5s. ; James Lamb, 5s. ; George Beaumont, 5s. ; James Gillard, 5s. ; John Stradling, 5s. ; James Greenwood, 5s. ; Benjamin Rushton, 6d. ; A Friend, 1s.

We will contribute till the money be raised. This is our first step. We hope other localities will do likewise, and the Peoples' Paper will soon be in circulation. We expect sending up an additional number in a very short time.

THOMAS WOOD.

Halifax, February 17, 1852.

IV.—STOCKPORT.

The members of this Locality held their usual meeting on Sunday last, after finance and other business of a local nature, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to, the meeting being one of the largest that has been in this town for some time past.

1st,—That we, the members of this locality, instruct our Council to lend to Mr. E. Jones the sum of £5 towards establishing the Peoples' Paper, and that we pledge ourselves to use our utmost endeavours, to push the circulation of the same on condition that the 50 p. c. purposed to be given for the support of the executive, be disposed of as fallows, viz. 25 p. c. go to the Executive, and the other 25 p. c. to pay Mr. O'Connor the sums of money he has expended in defence of Chartist victims and his losses as Treasurer of Victims' Funds.

2nd,—That the monies for the O'Connor redemption fund be forwarded to Mr. O'Connor as soon as possible, and that our Secretary correspond with Roger O'Connor to ascertain by what means the money can be forwarded to Mr. O'Connor.

In the evening Dr. P. M. McDouall lectured in the large room of the Association, on the Whig Reform Bill, which he exposed in a masterly style, proving to a crowded audience that Russell's Bill as it is will not benefit the people. After a review of the position of labour and capital, and the position of the French President with England, he made a powerful appeal to the working-classes to unite for the purpose of forcing the principles of democracy upon the present measure of government, and sat down amidst the applause of as intelligent an audience as ever assembled in this town. After a vote of thanks to the lecturer, the meeting separated.

THOMAS CLEWS, Sec.

10, Higher Hillgate.

V.—DARLINGTON.

February 14th, 1852.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHARTISTS OF THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

On Friday evening a few of the remaining staunch and true friends of democracy met, for the purpose of discussing the need of doing all in their power to bring into existence a Newspaper based on true Chartist principles. An organ they trust, that will in every sense of the word, prove faithful in disseminating our holy and righteous principles, in a manner worthy of the cause! We therefore hope that the smouldering ashes of Chartism in this country will be once more fanned into a flame, and spring once more into lively action. We are not surprised at our cause being lulled to sleep, and into a state of apathy when we take into consideration all the enemies that the Chartists had to contend with ; many of its bravest men shut up in prisons ; death relieving many noble spirits from their miseries ; and now. when done with government persecutions, false friends, wolves in sheeps clothing, would fain devour us if it were not for a few honest shepherds, here and there,

such as our honored friend who issues his weekly *Notes* to guard the scattered flock and to warn the people from being caught in many snares, and baits, which are laid to entrap the unguarded. For instance see that insidious traitor, denouncing the name Charter and Chartism. That alone is enough to make every honest Chartist be on his guard And therefore we have resolved to become subscribers to a paper, that Ernest Jones is wishful to circulate, based on principles as set forth in his *Notes to the People.*

Mr. T. Hodgson and Mr. W. Carlton will advance 10s. each, to bear 4. per cent Interest if the paper gets into a paying circuiation.

On the behalf of the Democrats of Darlington.

THOMAS KEMP.

VI.—BRISTOL.

I send you the following resolution for insertion in the "Notes:"

At the weekly meeting of the Chartists of Bristol, held at the room, Castle Green, it was proposed by Mr. Charles Clark, and seconded by Henry Alderson, "That we remit the sum of 10s. towards defraying the debt incurred by the late Executive, and at the same time express our opinions on the necessity of the present Executive summoning a Convention at the earliest period possible, to support which we pledge ourselves to use all the means at our disposal.

WM. SHEEHAN.
Local Secretary.

February 18th, 1852.

VII.—ISLINGTON.

Resolved.—"That as the present Executive comprises a majority of Financial Reformers, in whom—however admirable their private character—we have no confidence for efficiently conducting the Chartist movement,—the immediate calling of a Convention is rendered imperatively necessary to the re-organization of the Chartist movement; and we request the Metropolitan Delegate Council to use its influence with the Manchester Council for the speedy summoning the proposed Convention, to be held at Manchester."

2nd.—"That a list be opened, and our Secretary instructed to collect subscriptions from members to defray the expenses of a Delegation from London"

3rd.—"That a public meeting be convened at the York Coffee Rooms, Old St. Pancras Road, (opposite the New Terminus of the Great Northern Railway), on Wednesday evening, March the 3rd, at half-past 8 o'clock, to *institute a locality for North London.*

4th.—"That a suitable number of bills be issued to announce the meeting."

The above resolutions being unanimously carried, a hope was expressed that the Chartists of St. Pancras, Islington, and Clerkenwell, would attend and create a strong party in that vicinity, after which an adjournment was moved until the 25th.

ATHOL WOOD.
Secretary.

[Mr. Hannon reported that he had seen an answer from the Executive, sent by Mr. Grassby, to the Westminster Locality, respecting Messrs. Thornton Hunt and Le Blond:—"They took out their cards of membership at the office, paying 2s. 6d. for them, and belong to no locality, nominated by the City and Bradford localities." In the weekly list of the Executive a statement was made, "That no other nominations coming in, Messrs. Thornton Hunt and Le Blond were duly elected." Thus, no votes were taken Report received.

VIII.—FINSBURY.

This locality met at the Finsbury Literary Institution on Sunday, February 15th, 1852.

Mr. W. W. Butler, in the chair. Messrs. Butler and Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council.

Mr. Looms moved "That this locality call upon their delegates to attend the meeting on Sunday, February the 22nd, and advocate the policy of calling a Convention to the best of their endeavours." Seconded by Mr. Winmill.

Moved by Mr. Wheeler, "That the visiting Committee wait upon the members of this locality, invitipg them to attend a Council meeting on Wednesday, February the 25th." Seconded by Mr. Weedon.

Moved by Mr. Weedon, "That this meeting form itself into a Committee for the purpose of collecting funds, &c., to enable Mr. Ernest Jones to bring out the People's Democratic Newspaper. Seconded by Mr. Chinnock. Carried.

IX.—GREENWICH.

On Sunday, February 15, Mr. Charles Murray lectured in the Room of the Greenwich and Deptford Locality, to an attentive and delighted audience. Mr. J. Bligh in the chair.

Labor's Grievances.

I.—THE FUR-TRADE AND THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

The following is the system on which the fur business is conducted. A few profitmongering capitalists, who are the chief masters, employ smaller profitmongers in the shape of chamber-masters. These are men who take work from the warehouses at so much per article. Sweaters are paid at so much per thousand; these men employ others as cutters at fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen shillings per week. In some instances they may get twenty or twenty-one shillings per week, but only on the very best work; blockers at seven, eight, and nine shillings per week, in some instances, when very quick and experienced, they may get ten or eleven shillings. Formerly men used to sew, but now the wives have to undermine their husbands, and children to undermine their mothers and fathers, as the following will testify. These men employ females to sew, and pay them piece work, but after a week's hard starvery they cannot earn more than six shillings, generally four shillings and sixpence or five shillings. The finishers, who hold the highest position a female can occupy in the business, when full of work may earn eight or nine shillings, and out of this they have to find needles, thread, and thimble.

The work does not commence till the middle of February, but is not certain till the end of March. It frequently happens through the caprices of these small profitmongers, sometimes through that of the large ones, that the workpeople have to work early and late, occasionally on Sundays. The work begins to slacken about Lord Mayor's day, and totally ceases three weeks or a month before Christmas. But this is not all: at the expiration of the season they may, by debarring themselves of every pleasure, have a few shillings which perhaps will last them till Christmas. They are compelled to put up with scoffs and insults from their landlords, because they have to beg and pray of them to let the rent remain till they are able to pay it. Nor is this all, they are compelled to pledge their clothes, bit by bit, till the whole, with the exception of what they have on their persons is in the care of the pawnbrokers, consequently they get involved in the landlord's debt, their clothing is in the pawn-shop, and the result is, that it takes them till June to extricate themselves from the debt-slavery of the landlord, and till the end of August to redeem their clothing from the claws of those profit-mongering usurers—the pawn-brokers. But, since their spare earings have gone to pay off the arrears run up, the next year they have saved less—the debt begins sooner, the clothes are got out of the pawn-shop later—the third year less still can be saved; and so they continue falling year by year, struggling against the slippery descent down which they are inevitably sliding, with constantly increasing speed, till, at the bottom, they are at last received by the workhouse, the prison, or the premature pauper-grave. Such is the condition of the Fur-trade.

VI.—DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Mr. Foxwell, of Greenwich, has called our attention to the slavery of demestic servants. He instances a case in which a man of spotless character for refusing to submit to indignities from a bad master, (a publican), has been cast as a pauper in the streets, and has been, for years, unable to obtain employment. Of course, the written character that master gave him is unimpeachable; but always, after the interview at the exchange of letters the employer whose service he seeks, and the one whose service he has left, he is rejected. The irresponsible tyranny thus exercised by masters is something fearful.

It seems to us that no remedy for this can be established, except by the formation of a "Board of Investigation," as a parochial institution, which, when a servant leaves, should take down in writing the character of the servant, given by his master in his presence; and that then all applications should be made to the Board, and not to any private master.

Their subject, the "grievances of domestic servants" is one we are very desirous of recurring to.

Will friends supply us with information under that head; and, where acquainted with domestic servants in families, make them acquainted with their means for publishing their wrongs, and get them to send them in writing to "Editor of the Notes," care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell-street, Strand.

We need not say we should require their real names and address, but pledge ourselves *not to publish them*, unless permitted.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.*
II.—The Young Milliner.†
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book 3.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

IX.—THE LITERARY THIEF.

Many are the changes of life—many are the secret springs of the human heart, that bound up with elastic strength, even when the mainstay of its life seems broken. And many are the sorrows that run copiously when welling from a distant fount, but that would tarry soon if drawn from a neighbonring source.

Thus it was with Edward. Had he remained in the society of Laura, sweet, endearing, and lovely as she was, perhaps a disenchantment would have stolen on his passion, by the commomplace asperities of life. But absence turned his love to a religion. On the other hand, when utterly prostrated by grief, nature raised up within him a consoling power, linked with the very cause of his sorrows: the idea of devoting his life to letters, of rising to glory, of circling the loved one with the voice of his fame, of forcing every tongue to murmur his name to her, as, light after light, work on work should flash upon the world—of being the Petrarch to *his* Laura,—filled him with a melancholy pleasure, counteractive of his heart-destroying grief. Oh! the sweetness of the tie between them! to *her* his songs would be devoted—through the proud roll of his immortal poems the linking thread of love would be discernible to her eye, and to her's alone—she would breathe a soft response, in turning those enchanted pages—and then, high over mankind, idolised, envied, adored, the glorious sorrow would smile down on the world and die—beckoning an angel from the earth up and away with him to heaven.

Such was the dream of Trenton—such was the vision that kept his brain strong and his health as yet unbroken. But such solace was not Laura's. He could fly out in the sunshine—she, like a brooding dove, must fold her wings, and sorrow in the shade.

With a mournful ardour Edward rushed headlong on his new career. In his first impulse, his first yearning and his first pain, he hurried abroad to walk in the "Meccas of the mind," the homes and haunts of buried greatness—and having drank in the light of skies and scenes that helped to make men great, by circling them with beauty, he returned to England, confirmed and strengthened in the vocation he had chosen.

Meanwhile a change had taken place in Cheapside. Mr. Trenton had given up business, Ellman was now principal; Laura's health had failed, country air was pronounced indispensable for her recovery, her husband had bought an estate in Cumberland—and resided there with his wife, leaving his London business to the care of his younger brother, whom he had associated with himself. London was thus a desert to Edward. But he began his task. His first work heralded his first disappointment.

How high his hopes had risen, how proud his heart had beaten, when he took his poem to the "most liberal publisher of the day." The neglect, the rejection, the loss of the manuscript, might easily be anticipated by the experienced. Once more he set to the task—he copied and collated his stray notes again—with the same result—one publishing season had vanished. Here and there a bookseller said, he would publish the work if fifty pounds were given him as guarantee against loss. Had Trenton possessed fifty pounds he would have sacrificed them—he did not, and therefore he was not robbed. Soon poverty began to descend on him—he parted with all he could spare in order to live—he mounted from a front parlor to a back garret, he lived on sparer diet, then began to starve, while his works were rejected as unworthy publication, and others published, puffed, praised, reviewed, and sold through rapid editions, which compared to his, were as trash to pearls of price. He tried to get employment on newspepers, journals, and magazines, as contributor, reporter, correspondent—anything—but in vain!

On one occasion indeed, he was appointed as theatrical critic on a fifth-rate weekly paper. He attended at one of the theatres—he wrote his critique—he took it to the Editor—judge of his surprise to see next morning quite a different article, expressing opinions the very reverse of his. On attending at the office, the editor told him "he had misunderstood his intentions, he must praise Mr. Kicklight, and find fault with Miss Tallowstrut, and be sure to run down steadily a new young actor (one of the most promising and clever on the stage) named Pitman."

"But, sir, I can't, I think quite differently with you on——"

"Oh! Mr. Trenton, I see you don't understand theatrical criticism, I shall require your services no longer," and the only literary emolument Edward ever obtained, ceased that very hour.

Edward soon began to discover that literature was a monopoly among a privileged oligarchy of letters, that its humbler walks are so overstocked with surplus labour, that few have the chance of employment, and that none can obtain and keep employment unless they sell their honor, their brain, and their independence into the lowest grades of a debasing wages slavery.

He now, first, had to go through the last degrees of misery and toil—physical toil, as well as mental. In the night, when he could afford a candle, he had to sit up writing till his eyes ached, and his brain reeled; in the day he had to walk, almost barefoot and in rags, from an early hour to a late one, till he almost dropped with fatigue, and sunk with hunger, trying for employment, seeking for money to buy a meal, wet, haggard, shivering and faint, repulsed with insolence and continuing to see, meanwhile, the mechanic pass in the street, the aristocrat of labour at his thirty shillings or two pounds, the reader of low trash who would despise *his* writings, because too good and pure for him; and to feel that a Milton, a Galileo, a Columbus, might starve and rot in the kennel, while the polisher of a pinchback pin, or the finisher of a pack of cards would treat him with contempt in the assurance of his well-fed pride.

Month flew on month, and the second year of his struggles was drawing to a close. None would now have recognised the dashing, handsome Edward. Threadbare and ragged, his noble proportions had shrunk to a gaunt, thin, skeleton-like, attenuated frame. His erect posture had sunk into the stooping gait of weakness. His florid complexion had changed into a sickly, faded hue. His once bright eye now sent a dim glance from sunken sockets through swollen lids, and his thin, sere, hollow-cheeked face, spoke of keen misery worn to the heart's-core. Oh, God! how we alter in a few short months!

Driven to the extreme of want, unable to get anything published or to obtain employment, an acquaintance recommended him to apply to a celebrated author of known liberal principles, who, it was believed, would take a poor, forlorn young author by the hand. He made the application. His letter breathed a spirit of noble indignation and sorrow, describing in vivid language, his efforts, his sufferings, and his humiliation, and concluded with a request for an interview, and the permission of reading one of his shorter works.

A week elapsed without an answer. At last an answer came appointing an interview for the next day. He called at the appointed time, when he was told the great man had gone out with Mr. Murray, his publisher—but, that, if he called some day soon, no doubt Mr. Sucknoddle would see him. Day by day he called with similar fortune. Tired out, he wrote another letter, and, at length, succeeded in obtaining an interview. During the time thus wasted, the poor young author might have died of hunger for aught the great man knew.

The great man received him very politely—told him it was his pleasure and his pride to take poor, young, unrecognised talent by the hand—he had made the fortunes of several of the most celebrated authors in that way, who, but for him, would have perished unknown. The monopoly of literature was infamous. He had suffered by it himself,—but he had beaten them by his peculiar energy [with a self-complacent smile that concealed the truth of his having succeeded by his peculiar timeserving] the jealousy, envy, and trickery of the press was disgraceful, he suffered from it even now—but to the point, he would do for his young friend whatever he could.

Edward bowed his thanks, "Shall I read you a few passages from my manuscript?"

"Not now—I really have not the time. Leave it with me—I'll read it—call again next week."

Edward called—and was received most kindly. That week had been a week of star vation at death's door—but it had been tinge with hope.

"I have read your work—I like it much—I have given it to a friend of mine, who has great influence, to look through. But it's not the kind of thing I should like to usher you into public notice with. Have you not some novel or romance—of a good size—stirring incident, and thrilling interest?"

"Oh yes!—three or four—I'll send you one."

"Do so—as soon as you can—for I shall be going out of town shortly."

It need not be told that Edward lost no time in complying with the request, and sent the great man "Glenroy, or the Scottish Huntsman." A fortnight passed in feverish suspense; again the great man granted an interview.

"Your novel is excellent; but we want something of a more living interest. Have you anything that bears more on the day—this is rather too classical for a first work. I'm determined you shall make a hit at once, and take the town by storm. Then, you know, once having got a name, you can write rubbish if you like, and it will go down."

The young man's heart beat high.

"You don't reject Glenroy—sir, do you?"

"Oh, no! that must be number two. But have you anything of a domestic interest?"

"Oh, yes! there's 'The Tradesman's Daughter!'"—and Edward blushed—he had pictured *The* Tradesman's Daughter,—and need we say, heart and soul had been thrown into the sketch.

"That's it! that's the thing to make your fortune—let me see it—let me see it!" cried Mr. Sucknoddle, with extraordinary animation.

"I'll send it!"

"When?"

"This evening."

"Right! good bye! I must be off now, to meet Sir Nettledog Bullbaiter—the great dramatist. Good bye!"—and the great man bowed out the delighted Edward.

The work was duly sent. The proper time allowed to elapse. Not a line came from the great man. Edward grew uneasy. He called again and again—but to no purpose. He wrote at last; after long delays, one day when he called, a large and ominous parcel was placed in the young author's hand.

It contained his manuscripts returned, with a letter from the great man, stating that, despite the incontestable excellence of the works such was the prejudice and jealousy of the literary world, that no publisher could be got to bring out the unknown author's productions. "Indeed," added Mr. Sucknoddle, "it is an understanding between the leading publishers and the popular authors of the day, that no new man of talent who might prove a dangerous rival, shall be introduced to the public."

The great man concluded by expressing his profound regret that he could do nothing further for his poor young friend.

The last blow was stricken—the last effore had been made and failed!—the last struggle for glory and *for life*! It was over!

A few weeks later, the following announcement appeared on the walls of London and in all the papers:

"NEW STORIES,

GREAT ATTRACTION!!!

Mr. Sucknoddle's popular publication will contain two new and original Tales of the most startling interest, from his own pen—the one a picture of the Middle Age, entitled

SACKROY, OR THE BORDER-ROBBER,

To be continued in weekly numbers,

The other

THE CHILD OF THE COUNTER,

A tale of Domestic Life,

A Mirror of our own time.

Read! Read! Read!"

The works produced an enormous sensation. They became the most popular serials of the day. Edward, startled by the title, obtained a view of some of the numbers. Judge of his surprise at finding his own works had been used, with the names and scene of action only altered!

Thus it was! The cheap literary vampire made a practice of patronising young authors, of getting their works submitted for his patronage—keeping them a certain time, under the pretences shown in this chapter—copying them, altering them, and producing them as his own! By this means he was enabled to pour on the world that continuous torrent of cheap romance, ostensibly from his own pen, which astonished the world, brought him in enormous sums of money, and left his poor victims bankrupt of brain, maddened of heart, and ruined in every prospect! This is but ONE feature of the diabolical system. Appeal was useless—exposure vain—protest would have been laughed at.

Thus, nine-tenths of our cheap literature is concocted—by vampires living on the most dastard robbery!

Poor Edward was ruined. His last card had been played and lost—life was over for him. Like the gush of a returning tide, his whole heart and brain was now drawn magnetically towards Laura. The return of the first love before death!

But Laura was 300 miles distant, among the vales of Cumberland. Edward was penniless and sinking rapidly.

Turn we now to Laura.

De Brassier;

A DEMOCRATIC ROMANCE

COMPILED FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A DEMOCRAT,

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEMAGOGUE,

AND

THE MINUTES OF A SPY.

BOOK THE SECOND.*

IV.—THE TURNING TIDE.

The echo of insurrectionary battle-fields, reverberates in law courts. Trial and conviction followed massacre and murder. Two thousand were transported to colonies, where the average life of the strongest convict is calculated at three years—50 were hung, and 700 sentenced to various terms of imprisonment—among the latter were Latimer and Edward, who were sent for two years, to a felons' goal—Latimer being found guilty of heading the people on the day of massacre, and exciting them to revolt; Edward (on the evidence of the police), of proceeding from a secret meeting, with the intent of assassinating the mayor, and firing the town.

A dull stupor seemed to sink over the people—the effervescence was gone—the workshops began to re-open, the factory chimneys to smoke—pale, haggard and sullen, the people once more set themselves to the monotony of their daily work, or cowered patiently beneath the famine of unwilling idleness. The chariots that had disappeared from the streets, began to roll again: the signs of luxury, that had shrunk for very shame, flaunted their unblushing impudence once more—the chastening rod of rebellion was withdrawn, and the children of sin resumed their mad and cruel game.

But what had become of De Brassier? Since the convention he had withdrawn from the active movement. "I leave you to your folly—you refused to take my advice,"—tho' what it was that he *had* advised nobody could tell—not he himself—he had found fault with everybody who advised anything, but had given no advice on his part—"you refused to take my advice—then go on in your own way, and see what you will come to."

He had taken very good care they should come to no successful issue—for he had broken up the only means that could insure it—UNION.

When the terrible catastrophe had been completed, it was almost universally believed the movement was at an end. The people thought so, themselves. The press ridiculed and mocked the cowardice of De Brassier, who had just withdrawn from danger in the critical moment of time—the middle-classes were one triumphant sneer—the working-classes were discouraged, disheartened, broken, and,—as success sanctifies and failure damns,—a fearful weight of odium fell on the rash leaders of the unlucky rising. All the recreants, whose cowardice had caused them to oppose the bold policy of the brave and wise, whne boldness *was* wisdom, now came forward and vaunted their "moral courage" in having resisted such "sanguinary folly,"—and their "foresight," in having pre-told its result. One general invective fell on the heads of the doomed captives, whose fault consisted in having tried to carry out when weak and divided, that which ought to have been carried out when united and strong. Those captives were less the victims of the government than of their own "brother democrats."

Any one would have supposed De Brassier's "occupation gone." On the contrary—it only began—he was now about to step into his true sphere of action. He saw that if the movement fell, he fell—he knew that he could raise it

* The first book of "De Brassier," concluded in No. 25, p. 286

and make it all his own—he had the means ready planned—it was his rivals only who had risen and been defeated. He and the people still remained—and his stock for agitation he now drew out of the bank of his prolific brain.

Rumours of his illness had been industriously circulated abroad, for some time. Suddenly he re-appeared in the great towns.

"I have risen from the bed of sickness, from what I verily believed to be the bed of death, to take the helm of democracy once more. I'm scarcely able to move, I am so ill,—but I will go from town to town, from village to village, on foot, if needs be, to proclaim that our cause is not dead—that we are not defeated—that we had nothing to do in the rising—that they have not beaten *us*, but those who would not listen to us,—that our forces are unweakened—and now, in the face of government persecution, bayonets, cannon, death, fire, scaffolds, and dungeons, I begin the new campaign."

The people were startled and attracted by his boldness. He a coward? No! That man who steps forward after such a defeat, and defies such a victorious force, that man *must* be brave!—and confidence and courage began to glide in every heart. De Brassier was a consummate tactician. He struck the right key first. The imputation of cowardice lay against him—that was the first impression to remove—and he removed it. He then proceeded thus:

"You see what comes of not taking my advice. You remember what I said in the convention! You remember what I told you about spies. Now you see who was right. Henceforth you will take no advice but mine. Had you minded me, this blood would not have been shed—those widows would not have been bereaved—these poor little orphans—Oh?....." and overcome by emotion, he buried his face in his hands, and stood weeping long—while a cheer gradually swelled, and widened, and deepened from the crowd—and ended in one great overwhelming cry of "God bless De Brassier."

De Brassier had touched the second key—having re-created a belief in his *courage*, he had to establish confidence in his *wisdom*—his last sentences proved his INFALLIBILITY. Oh! cunning De Brassier!—while the poor people never once reflected that, like the priests of old, he had caused the fulfilment of his own prophecy! "The movement will fail!" and he took very good care to *ensure* its failure.

His next task was to create confidence in his own *power*. Accordingly, he launched forth in a tremendous diatribe against the government, dared, execrated and defied it,—and used language *stronger* than any that had been used by the convicted "rebels." He could do so with impunity—for the massacre had caused a re-action in public feeling—the middle-classes felt themselves safe, and sense of guilt and remorse at the needless wholesale brutality, began to steal over their minds. They trembled before history—perhaps unconsciously—and, with mean cowardice, tried to roll the blame off their own shoulders, on to that of the government and aristocracy. Every man, asked singly, expressed his abhorrence of the deed—the individual voices soon amalgamated into a public opinion, and the government had the odium of the victory, while the middle-classes had the benefit. De Brassier saw this,—he knew that no middle-class jury would convict him,—the more so, as *he had dissuaded against conspiracies and outbreaks*, dispersed the great meeting on the Town Moor,—and now, while thundering against the government, repudiated, at the same time all attempts on life or property. Therefore, he knew that he was safe in using strong language.

The government felt this also—they perceived the strength of his position.

"That scoundrel is a clever fellow, after all—we shan't get a jury to convict him!" said Lord Weather Cock.

"Buy him"—said Sir Gaffer Grim.

"Pooh! Leave him alone, and he'll hang himself. I see pretty plainly, there always *will* be a democratic agitation in this country. So much the better—its useful to play off against other parties—the only thing to be done is to keep a knave at the head of it, instead of an honest man.. He's a knave—the honest men are in prison, and detested by the people. Buy him—no! We'll allow him to pay himself out of the movement—that will do as well and save us money."

"I dare the tyrants to touch me! I array the people against them! I will hurl this base, murderous faction in the dust! I proclaim the new crusade! I stand here—and where are they? They know they have not the courage to raise a finger against my head! Now, that we have purged the movement of spies, fools, and traitors, we are stronger than ever. Rally round me, I'll get you your rights in a twelvemonth, you shall have popular sovereignty in six weeks. The government will be down in a fortnight. Down with the base, bloody, brutal, truckling, cowardly, sneaking, murderous, assassin, hellish ministers!"

"Hurrah!" roared the crowd.

Having created a belief in his power, for which his impunity vouched—he had now to raise a desire for its exercise—recent massacre.

This he did, by dwelling on them, heightening them, and firing a thirst for vengeance. He paraded the widows and orphans on the platforms—he published accounts of imaginary horrors— dreadful as the reality was, he made it appear even worse, till the pulse of indigna

tion began to swell and throb through the working million, and beneath its fiery beat, stagnation, and terror quickend into courage.

Step by step, tone by tone, color by color, this mighty artist of insurrection wrought up the popular mind. ONE MAN AND A PEOPLE!

As that solitary hand with light and easy finger touched each successive key of that vast instrument—the People,—the deepening cadence roared through a million tubes, echoing striking, and reverberating across the temple of society! Mighty musician—tremendous instrument—that sounds the march of History!

ONE MAN AND A PEOPLE;

The embodied thought of the age, and the power with which it works!

Unity of will—and universality of action.

Such are the elements that alone can carry Revolutions.

Where the man is sincere, it is the *People's* Revolution.

Where the man is sordid, it is the *Man's* Revolution.

But if the man is *really* great, his selfishness will consist in giving immortal glory to himself by giving unspotted liberty to the world.

Such men have been and are.

One task more remained to perfect De Brassier's victory:—he flew from prison to prison, from law court to law court,—helping the captives—trying to get respites, reprieves, pardons, commutations—and in many instances, backed by public opinion, he succeeded. Thus Latimer had been sentenced to banishment for seven years—he got the sentence altered to imprisonment for two. He hung like a terror over the judgement seats, he domineered over the judges,—he biassed the juries—while, day by day, the pressure from without, encouraged by success, kept growing, deepening, and gathering in his hands.

Thus De Brassier stood forward as the relenting chief, who, when his rebellious children had got into disaster through disobeying him, interposed his strong arm between them and their oppressors, and saved them from the ruin they had brought upon themselves.

Admirable De Brassier!—he thus struck the last nails in the coffin of his rivals' popularity.

Once more De Brassier stood at the people's head. Once more the movement began—but, this time, under altered circumstances. Before, it was De Brassier *leading* the people—now i was De Brassier *using* them.

The result of the mighty storm was not the defeat of the people, but of De Brassiers' rivals. It was not the victory of government, aristocracy or middle-classes, but of De Brassier.

Armies had been put in motion, battles been fought, prisons filled, convict-ships crowded, trade paralysed and a nation strick with terror and confusion, all merely to result in raising this extraordinary man.

He is but half revealed yet, we now turn to new phases in his character.

Current Notes.

I.—OUR MOVEMENT.

CHARTISTS,—The question as to the future of our movement, is now fairly before you. Almost every locality in which Chartism still is organised, has called for a Convention; not one (except one pothouse locality, and two others, in London) has pronounced against it!

The Executive were ordered to call a Convention. They had the offer—they rejected it. *Our servants refused to obey us.*

They have neglected to take warning by that party in Manchester which a year ago attempted to speak in the name of the Chartists of Manchester, without really representing them.

Then it was a local council that resolved to call a Convention, when the vast majority of the Chartist body, said they should *not*.

Now it is an Executive that *refuses* to call a Convention, when the entire active part of the Chartist body says they *shall*.

Democracy—the will of the majority triumphed in the former case—no doubt it will in this.

Meanwhile, the Executive take great credit to themselves, for struggling to get their debt paid. They are right in wishing its liquidation—but there is nothing very surprising in it, when one of them claims eleven pounds out of it as secretary, and another a bill as printer.

The question, Chartists, is now, I repeat, fully before you—what the Executive have refused to do—the Manchester Council, with the sanction of London, of the West Riding, and various important localities, is prepared to do. They have issued an address, asking you at once to proclaim, whether or not you will forthwith send delegates to Manchester.

On your reply depends the fate of Chartism. I receive letters from some localities saying; "we are in favor of the proposed Convention at Manchester—and would have passed a resolution to that effect—but did not, since we

are not in a position to send a delegate." These letters are few, but I mention the fact to show that even in those localities that have not spoken out, the feeling is in favor of the measure.

Shall this feeling, for want of a trifling effort, for lack of a little organisation, be allowed to perish?

The odds against us, I admit, are fearful. Every "democratic" paper is against us. They insert the edicts of the present disgraceful and ridiculous Executive—but not one of them has inserted, though sent, the address of the Manchester Council! We are being burked by "our own" press. "Our" Executive is trying to crush us—"our" papers are writing against us—falsifying us (*vide* the Ashton forgery), and just reporting that which can damage us in public estimation. "Reynolds" reports not at all, except that which is opposed to the present effort for regenerating Chartism. The "Star" reports are one tissue of scandalous misrepresentations. And even our friends pursue a shuffling policy, more fatal at the present crisis than open enmity!

Perish the men who, in this extremity of Chartism, try to give it a death-stroke, by drawing off its veterans to be the new recruits of quibbling chimeras!

He who now advocates a new move, is the assassin of the old.

He who divides the weakened body more, by calling for a change of name, an alteration of details, or a new organisation, is a parricide of Chartism.

Close your ranks—you who mean well by the people. The odds, indeed, are fearful—but we will face them, if need be, single-handed—and, what is more, not for one single moment do I doubt, or have I doubted—we will beat them all.

Let fall away what will—two things must remain:

THE CAUSE, AND A FEW MEN.

In that lie the germs of governments and masses—and in the midst of the surrounding weakness and disunion, in the name of democracy, I hurl defiance at them all, open foes and false friends alike—and tell them, the Chartist movement shall rise stronger than ever over their heads—the old, *bona-fide*, veritable Chartist movement, and purged of the miserable shams that have deluded us, become the governing reality of England.

There lies the gauntlet—now then, for the fight.

The following are the Chartist forces, available for a fresh campaign, up to this date:—

1. Manchester.
2. Stockport.
3. Rochdale.
4. Ashton-under-Lyne.*
5. Staleybridge.
6. Padiham.
7. Newcastle-on-Tyne.
8. South Shields and North Shields.
9. Darlington.
10. Halifax.
11. Huddersfield.
12. Midgeley.
13. Todmorden.†
14. Coventry.
15. Loughborough.
16. Sutton-in-Ashfield.
17. Llanidloes.
18. Merthyr.
19. Bristol.
20. Exeter.
21. Bridgewater.
22. Torquay.
23. Colchester.
24. Yarmouth.
25. Greenwich and Deptford.
26. Finsbury.
27. Islington.
28. Westminster.

for all of which see the "Notes."

These have pronounced in favour of adhering to a stern, unflinching Chartist policy—the policy of which the gallant Manchester council is now the standard-bearer.

These form the most important localities of England and North Wales. Besides these, I know that Newtown (Wales) is ready to march onward in the old Chartist ranks. That Leeds is imbued with the same feelings, is proven by the gallant stand they made at the recent middle-class meeting. Of the Potteries I cannot entertain a doubt—and I feel convinced that many places that are silent, like Hastings, Leicester, Derby, Cheltenham, Nottingham and Barnsley, are still hearty and faithful in the cause, and need but the example of others to stir them into action‡. Nay!

* The forgery signed Aitken is elsewhere explained. See the wrapper of this number.

† Bradford is with us, all except fifteen "Financial Chartists," whose secretary is also secretary of the "Financial Reformers." The Democratic Association of Bradford is with us to a man.

‡ To meet this, only one country locality (Keighley indirectly) and three London localities have pronounced against the Manchester Convention—but the value of the opinion of the three London localities will be seen by the following: the "Ship" is a pothouse, and honored by the special and frequent presence of Messrs. John Shaw and Thomas Martin Wheeler, now and late of the Executive. The "City Locality" is under the special influence of the present Executive, and in the John-street Locality Messrs. Bezer, John Arnott, John Milne, and H. T. Holyoake, (brother of the Executive member) have voted themselves in the right and all the Chartist body wrong. I mention this, lest it should be supposed that there is division and dis-

look at the weekly catalogue in the "Notes." Town after town is bursting into action that has been dormant for years. There is indeed a glorious resurrection beginning in Chartism. Woe to the hand that throws a damp upon it.

Scotland has not given a single sign. What incubus has been passing over its surface of late?

Now, my friends, I have given the above analysis of our present strength (and it is growing daily)—to show you that there is no need to despair of our movement—that it HAS the materials of power within itself. I am not led away, either by *enthusiasm* or *obstinacy*—I calmly calculate our materials, and the work we have to do—and I come to the conclusion, despite all our foes, that we have the means of restoring our movement, and soon making it tell upon the destinies of England.

It is folly to say, in the above catalogue, the organised Chartist ranks comprise but a few men. Grant it. But in those towns there are masses of working-men, and those "few men," can, whenever the times *warrant* and demand it, move those masses.

Such being our duty, and such our present force, how can we best bind it into action? By establishing a medium of intercourse between the localities by means of a Paper, and by bringing the localities together by means of a Convention.

I'LL WARRANT YOU, WE'LL FIND SOMETHING FOR THAT CONVENTION TO DO, that will produce a practical result, and make it differ somewhat from its predecessors.

If Chartism is to live and triumph WE MUST GIVE IT SOMETHING TO DO.

The Executive say it shall do nothing. That is political death. Action is our political resurrection. *Action, then, must be given it—it must be set its work—and that work must lead to some immediate practical result.*

But where is the authority to do this? Not in any individual—it rests in a Convention only.

Supposing that but few delegate assemble—(and I do not doubt but what there would be a *good* attendance), yet, even in case of but few assembling, let it be remembered those few would assemble with the sanction of the whole—and thus it would, in fact, be the entire Chartist body speaking, and no division could possibly be created.

As to the paper, if you do not *now*, after the disgraceful burking of the Manchester address, and after the Ashton forgery, see its necessity, you never will. A paper we *must* have, and I think we *shall*.

As to the Convention, 1, let every locality lose no time in replying to the questions contained in the Manchester address. 2, *Let those localities, that cannot send a Delegate, speak out, and express their opinions nevertheless*—and send them, not to the "burking sheets," but to the "Notes." 3, Let each locality communicate, not only with the Manchester Council, but with those next around it.

Where the secretary of the one locality does not know the name and address of that of the other—LET HIM WRITE TO ME, *and I will send it to him.*

The case is now before you.

Let us see who stands forward to help Chartism.—ERNEST JONES,

P.S.—Let me again remind you of the imperative duty of aiding Mr. O'Connor. Surely the Convention could do something in this matter also.—E. J.

II.—THE MILITIA BILL.

Some people want to make the Militia Bill the stalking-horse for a spurious agitation. *Beware of such agitations.* All the popular force is now wanted for the people's cause. There is nothing more injurious than getting up a fizzing agitation on every question that don't concern us at all, and that ends in nothing at all.

They tell you to cry "No vote, no musket!" Don't trouble yourselves. *Nobody has been offering you the musket.* It will be time enough to cry out when you have the offer. The Militia Bill is to arm only the middle-class. "No vote, no musket" indeed! Take the muskets at any rate, if they give you the chance—and, if you once get "the musket" depend upon it the vote will follow pretty soon.

III.—TORY AND LIBERAL.

The Tories are in—now beware of the middleclass. Their game will be more easy than ever—and their stock-in-trade will be more plentiful. Had Russell carried his Bill, they would have been obliged to be *more* "liberal" than he, in order to defeat his aristocratic "Reform" Bill. (Never lose sight of this, that the struggle in Parliament is between aristocracy and moneyocracy.) *Now*, under cover of tirades against Church, Lords, Pen-

union in London—such being not the fact—the mass of the Metropolitan Chartist mind is true and healthy, and the pernicious influence of a few pothouse leaders needs but to be obviated, to make it shine forth brightly in the coming struggle of democracy. *The pothouse has been the pest of London.* In the "Chartist Reports" it will be seen that the Teetotallers have formed a Chartist locality in the Tower Hamlets—and that a new locality is forming for *North London.* Down with the Pothouse! Democracy is on the rise in the metropolis, both morally and politically.

sions, Taxation, Sinecures, Army and Navy, Stores, &c., they can afford to be much *less* liberal—they have sufficient dust to throw in the popular eye. The rampant aristocracy being in power for the moment will excite the people, fiery oratory against "feudal privilege" will be launched from middle-class platforms to tickle the popular ear—the people will be in a less calm and critical mood to analyse the "Reform-Bills," and the old game of effervescence, delusion, and treachery, played by the middle-class so often, may be played by the middle-class again.

However—the people are warned. Let them remember this—Whigs and Tories, Conservatives, and "Liberals," are all Derbys to the People.

Lessons from History.

II.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 44, p. 863.)

The hostile powers stood balanced—deadlocked in admirable equipoise—the lesser weight was made to weigh equal with the larger, through the superior management of Cleomenes.

Meanwhile, time was fighting the battle of the latter. Illness, famine, and domestic troubles were imperatively beckoning the royal eagle backward from his prey.

"Antigonus," we are told, "was extremely dispirited." Unwilling to tarnish his military reputation by an inglorious retreat, he revolved the plan of moving to the promontory of Heræum, from thence to transport his troops in boats to Sicyon, and thus, eluding the Spartan army, to enter Peloponnesus by the seaboard. But this required great time and preparation, and these were just what he most lacked.

While pondering his course in this extremity, on the evening after his repulse from Lechæum, Antigonus was surprised by a visit of some friends of Aratus, who had come by sea from Argos, and told him, *the Argives were revolting from Cleomenes!* The king was invited forthwith to proceed to Argos by sea. "Aristotle was the author of the defection, and he found no great difficulty in persuading the people into it, *because Cleomenes had not cancelled their debts*, as he had given them reom to hope." (*Plutarch.*)

Dearly had Cleomenes to pay for that one fault. Truly there is no halfway house on the road to democracy. Had Cleomenes been as democratic in Argos as he was in Sparta, treachery and rebellion never could have risen in his rear. What a lesson for the Leaders of Revolution!

HALF MEASURES STRANGLE WHOLE PRINCIPLES.

Aratus, who had long taken up his abode in the king's camp, immediately sailed to Epidaurus with 1,500 men, whom Antigonus placed at his disposal. The command of the sea gave a fearful advantage to the Macedonians. It was only by a united population, ready to defend every point, that Peloponnesus could hope to remain intact. Aristotle, however, did not wait for the coming succour, but assembled the townsmen, and, assisted by Timoxenus and a body of Achæans he had brought from Sicyon, seized the town and attacked the citadel, in which Cleomenes had fortunately left a garrison.

The Spartan prince heard the fearful news of the outbreak about the second watch of the night—shortly after Aratus had sailed with his reinforcement. He instantly sent for his father-in-law Megistonus, "and, in an angry tone, ordered him to the relief of Argos: for he it was who had principally undertaken for the obedience of the Argives, and, by that means prevented the expulsion of such as were suspected *." (*Plutarch.*)

The brave old man departed on his mission, resolved to retrieve his word or perish. He died fighting in the streets of Argos.

Meanwhile the fatal news had spread among the troops. and got into Corinth. The whole city was in a ferment. Cleomenes tried to reassure the camp and town, by telling them it was only an inconsiderable riot that had taken place; but messenger after messenger kept galloping across the country telling them that his garrison in the citadel was hard pressed by the insurgents, and could not hold out much longer without succour.

In this extremity but one course was left. With Argos in the hands of the Macedonians, his position on the frontier passes became useless—Antigonus could enter Greece from the rear, cut off his retreat, and by a few hours

* Fatal oversight again! The privileged classes, when they gain the upper hand, ever expel in shoals those dangerous to their rule. The People, in mistaken generosity, let their foes remain in their midst. The remaining foe may play the surface part of friendship. The expelled foe at once must act as the open enemy. The former is generally fatal. The latter generally harmless.

march from Argos ravage Lacedæmon itself, and besiege Sparta, defenceless and without an army.

He was forced to retreat without even a battle. The whole advantage of his position was lost!—Greece was open to the enemy—and the die of liberty was to be thrown between unequal forces on an open field.

Scarce had Cleomenes decamped, ere the Macedonian march pealed victorious through the gates of Corinth.

But the Spartan prince never despaired. With admirable skill and courage, he planned a sudden dash at the new stronghold of the enemy, Argos itself! a stroke Napoleon never equalled. Collecting his troops in haste, he proceeded by forced marches, intending to fall on the city before Antigonus should have been able to reach it. He had the start by a few hours. On reaching the ramparts, he ordered an escalade without a moment's delay—but the wily old Aratus was not to be surprised. He had manned and strengthened the walls, and the Spartans were repulsed. Meanwhile Antigonus was hastening across the country upon his rear. The garrison in the citadel, however, still held out—Cleomenes therefore set his troops to work at breaking open the vaults under the quarter of the city called Aspis, in which the citadel was situate, and then suddenly emerging into the streets, like spectres from the bowels of the earth, his soldiers charged the astonished inhabitants, and formed a junction with the garrison. The united force immediately sallied down into the city, storming several quarters, and Cleomenes ordering his Cretan archers to ply their bows, cleared the streets of the enemy, who withdrew into the palaces and temples. Argos was on the point of being won—but, at this moment, Cleomenes who was overlooking the combat from an eminence, "saw Antigonus descending with his infantry from the heights into the plain, and his cavalry already pouring into the city." The obstinate resistance of Aratus had given the king time to arrive before the town was lost. Cleomenes saw his exhausted troops giving way before the overwhelming numbers of the king, fresh and unfatigued—he felt it was impossible to maintain his post, and, sounding the recall, he collected his scattered forces, and retired along the walls on the one side, without loss, while the army of Antigonus was rushing in on the other through the gates.

Dispirited, baffled, but unconquered, Sparta saw her gallant sons once more returning home. And it too soon became apparent that Sparta would have nothing else besides herself to depend upon in the coming struggle. For, no sooner had the sunshine of fortune faded from the flags of freedom, than the mercenary owns of the allies fell off one by one to Antigonus. Each sought to make its own terms, and drive its own bargain. Greece was in her decay—the spirit of profitmongering selfishness had cankered her very core, and the old patriotism that once united every divergent interest against a common foe, now truckled to the foreign enemy that the domestic rival might be crushed.

A deep calamity now fell on Cleomenes. "As he was marching home from Argos, messengers from Lacedæmon met him in the evening near Tegea, and informed him of the death of his wife,"—the beautiful, the lovely Agiatis. So great had been his affection for her, even "amidst the current of the happiest success, he could not stay from her a whole campaign, but often repaired to Sparta." Simultaneously, public misfortune and domestic calamity broke over the head of the devoted hero, but both, by their dark framing, serve but to heighten the bright colors of virtue in which he and his were decked. With Spartan fortitude he bore the tidings manfully, "spoke in the same accent: preserved the same dress and look; gave his orders to his officers, and provided for the safety of Tegea,"

The break-up of his home is told by Plutarch with such affecting simplicity, the nobleness of his family is so beautifully depicted, that it shall be given in the words of that historian: "Next morning Cleomenes entered Lacedæmon, and after paying a proper tribute to grief at home with his mother and his children, he applied himself to concerns of state. Ptolemy, king of Egypt, agreed to furnish him with succours: but it was on condition that he sent him his mother [Cratesiclea] and his children as hostages. This circumstance he knew not how to communicate to his mother; and he often attempted to mention it to her, but could not go forward. She began to suspect that there was something which he was afraid to open to her; and she asked his friends what it might be. At last he ventured to tell her; upon which she laughed very pleasantly, and said 'was this the thing which you have so long hesitated to express? Why do not you immediately put us on board a ship, and send this carcase of mine where you think it may be of most use to Sparta, before age renders it good for nothing, and sinks it into the grave?'

"When everything was prepared for the voyage, they went by land to Tænarus; the army conducting them to that port. Cratesiclea being on the point of taking ship, took Cleomenes alone into the temple of Neptune, where seeing him in great emotion and concern, she threw her arms about him and said '*King of Sparta**, take care that when we go out no

* "King of Sparta!" not "my son!" or "Cleomenes"—to remind him in that hour of affliction as a *son*, of the duties he owed his *country* as a *King*.

one perceive us weeping, or doing anything unworthy that glorious place. This alone is in our power; the event is in the hand of God.'

"After she had given him this advice, and composed her countenance, she went aboard with her little grandson in her arms, and ordered the pilot to put to sea as soon as possible."

When in Egypt, hearing that the Achæans were ready to make peace with Cleomenes, and fearing that the latter might hesitate to do so, on her account, out of fear of offending Ptolemy, she wrote to her son, to desire him "to do what he thought most advantageous and honorable for Sparta, and not for the sake of an old woman and a child, to live always in fear of Ptolemy."

Thus the happiest home in Sparta was broken up—and as Lacedæmon stood alone against a world—so Cleomenes stood alone among his people—desolate, bereaved, broken-hearted, but undaunted still. It is impossible for the reader not to sympathise with the sufferings and struggles of this gallant heart.

The reader is now invited to consider the glorious last campaign of Cleomenes, the magnificence of his efforts, and their result After which he will be taken to the seat of the Ptolemies, and have presented to him a picture of royal depravity and courtly infamy, having, alas! too many parallels in modern history—but almost unique as unfolding the doings of a kingly court in the olden time.

Crowning the whole by this grand contrast, come the last fortunes of the hero, Cleomenes.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—HALIFAX.

At a meeting of the Council of this locality held at Nicholl's Temperance Hotel, on Wednesday, February 25, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, "That this Council, (having seen the address of the Manchester Council, and having no confidence in the efficiency of the present Executive for conducting the Chartist movement, pledge itself to send a delegate to the Convention on the 5th of April, and to render it all the assistance in its power.

ISAAC CLISSET, President,
THOMAS WOOD, Secretary.

Halifax, February 26, 1852.

II.—NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The members of the National Charter Association of this place had their quarterly meeting on Wednesday evening, February 9, 1852, in the Democratic reading-room, when the following were elected to serve on the Council for the ensuing quarter:—

JAMES POWELL,
JOSEPH DIXON,
JOSIAH THOMAS,
GEO. GRANT, Treasurer,
JOHN BROWN, Financial Sec.
C. B. KNIGHT, Corresponding Sec.
No. 2., Lambton Terrace, Gateshead.

The following resolution was moved and carried: "That the members of the National Charter Association of Newcastle-on-Tyne use their best endeavours to assist Mr. Ernest Jones to bring out his newspaper."

III.—LLANIDLOES.

At a meeting of the Chartists of Llanidloes it was, after mature deliberation, unanimously resolved, "That we the Chartists of Llanidloes, are of opinion that a thoroughly democratic newspaper ought to be established which will be a faithful reflex of pure and unalloyed Chartist principles; that we hail with pleasure and delight the idea of a Peoples' Paper being started by Mr. E. Jones."

Good support will be given here to the Peoples' Paper; it will gain a larger circulation than any other in this town.

JOHN LEWIS.

February 23, 1852.

IV.—PADIHAM.

At the meeting of the members of this Locality it was unanimously resolved, "That we highly approve of the Resolution of the Manchester Council to forthwith summon a Convention, and support the same to the utmost of our power."

BENJAMIN PILLING.

V.—GREENWICH AND DEPTFORD.

A lecture was delivered on Sunday last at the Walter's Arms, Church-street, Deptford, by Mr. Bezer, who was well received, and gave general satisfaction. Great sympathy is expressed for your effort to start the People's Paper, and about 40 will become subscribers.

JOSEPH MORGAN.

VI.—FINSBURY.

This locality met on Sunday, February 22, 1852, Mr. Winmill in the chair. Mr. Butler reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council.

E. J. Loomes moved, "That a festival be held in the Finsbury Literary Institution on or about April the 6th, to consist of tea, conversation, and ball, in commemoration of the immortal and never-to-be-forgotten Maximilian Robespiere." Seconded by Mr. Keith.

Moved by Mr. Butler, "That the visiting Committee be re-organized, and every member be furnished with a book for the purpose of receiving contributions, &c., and have a list of ten persons belong to the locality residing in his immediate vicinity." Seconded by Mr. Wheeler.

Moved by Mr. Chinnock, "That a placard be hung up in the coffee-room for the purpose of receiving contributions for Mr. E. Jones's newspaper" Seconded by Mr. Butler.

E. J. Loomes.
Secretary.

VII.—TOWER HAMLETS TOTAL ABSTINENCE LOCALITY OF THE N. C. A.

After the address delivered by E. Jones on Wednesday last, a Chartist Locality was formed, under the above title. Last night the Council was appointed, and two delegates to the Metropolitan Delegate Council were elected. A series of meetings were arranged to be held at the Teetotal Hall, Royal Mint-street,—the first to be held on Wednesday, March the 3rd.

M. A. Heath.

February 24, 1852.

[Well done, Teetotallers of the Tower Hamlets. Raise Chartism from the pot-house, and we shall re-create the movement! E.J.]

VIII.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

Sunday February 22nd.

Fifteen delegates present. Mr. Farrah in the chair. Messrs. Bezer and Bryson handed in their credentials from the South London Locality, and took their seats. After some conversation the Council retired to the Hall, where an aggregate meeting of the London Chartists was held. Mr. Athol Wood was unanimously called to the chair. Mr. Osborn moved, Mr. Alexander Grant seconded, the following motion. "That in the opinion of this meeting it is expedient that a Convention be forthwith called." Mr. C. F. Nichols moved and Mr. Leno seconded the following amendment. "That we abide by the decision of the Executive, 'to call a Convention as soon as the debt is paid'; considering that the Executive are the only proper and legitimate officers to carry out the decision of Localities and Delegate Councils to that effect."

Messrs. Goodfellow, Bryson, Wheeler, Bezer, Knowles, Stratton and Finlen, supported the amendment, and Messrs. Bligh, Murray, Clark, and E. Jones, supported the original motion which was carried, amid much uproar, and confusion*. The Council assembled again after the meeting and adjourned their further proceedings till Sunday 29th inst.

J. Washington, Secretary.

* The motion was carried by a majority of nine tenths of the meeting. The confusion was created by an attempt to side the resolution, by a motion for *adjournment* on the part of Mr. C. F. Nicholls, of the "Financial Reform association."

IX.—NORTH SHIELDS.

February 24th, 1852.

At a meeting held in this Locality, on Monday Night, it was resolved that now we have settled our local pecuniary affairs, we pledge ourselves to assist in paying the debt of the Executive.

Moved by William Mathwin, and seconded by Thomas Thompson: That as we consider Chartism to be without an organ, we do all in our power to assist Mr. Jones in bringing out the *Peoples' Paper*, both individually and collectively, and that a committee be formed to collect funds to enable him to give publicity to it. The committee was then appointed, and consists of the following names James Price, James Wannan, Thomas Thompson, Robert Tate, William Mathwin.

On behalf of this locality.

Thomas Thompson, Secretary*.

* An excellent address to the District, was also forwarded—we are obliged to omit it for want of space. Ed. *Notes*.

X.—COVENTRY.

February 23rd.

Resolved.—That Mr. E. Jones having appealed to the Country on the necessity of establishing a Newspaper—that shall be a reflex of the democratic mind, and as he honorably proposes, after it has attained a certain circulation to remit 50 per. cent. of the profit for any purpose the Chartist body may think proper to apply it to, and as his views in the letters that have appeared in the *Notes*

on this subject are based on a principle of equity and justice, and reflect credit on him as a democrat—We the Chartists of Coventry hereby resolve to assist him in such a laudable undertaking by every means in our power—A Committee was chosen to solicit subsribers.

Any localities near Coventry willing to organise with this locality, are requested to address

George Freeman,
Coach & Horses Yard,
Musk Park Street,
Coventry*.

* We are compelled for want of space, to omit the admirable address sent herewith. We will give it next week if possible. When the *Peoples' Paper* is started—you shall not have to complain of such omission, Ed. *Notes.*

XI.—YARMOUTH.

February 24th.

At a meeting of this Locality it was unanimously agreed that—seeing the *Northern Star*, no longer advocates the cause of democracy, pledge themselves to use their best endeavours to support a *Peoples' Paper*, under the sole guidance of Mr. E. Jones. both in aiding the circulation, and subscribing to the Funds, it also fully agrees with the Manchester Conference and although not in a position to send a delegate, we will assist in subscribing towards the expense.

Yours truly,
F. Fisher. Secretary.
23, Row, Charlotte Street, Yarmouth.

XII.—WESTMINSTER

February 23rd. 1852.

At the weekly meeting of this Locality, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted. Mr. James in the chair. Proposed by Mr. C Young, seconded by Mr. Harris, that 3s. be sent to the Executive, completing our fair portion of the debt.

Proposed by Mr. Henderson, seconded by Mr. Robins, that this Locality approve of the resolution passed by the Metropolitan Delegate Council, on Sunday, February 15th, respecting the meeting of a Convention in Manchester, and instruct their delegates to support the same.

Several members present took up loans for the *Peoples Paper*, to the amount of £1. 15. 0.

E. L. Clarke, Secretary.
Frederick Street, Vincent Square.

XIII.—BERMONDSEY.

On Monday last, Mr. Ernest Jones lectured at the Paragon Chapel, Bermondsey New Road, to a crowded and delighted audience, on the Traitor of France, and the French Invasion, Mr. Jones addressed his hearers in his usual eloquent and impressive style, the manner in which he exposed the Nephew of my Uncle being a perfect masterpiece of oratory.

A vote of thanks was unanimously given to the lecturer, and also the chairman, who announced that Mr. Jones would again favor them with a visit on the following Monday, March 1st. The meeting, which, notwithstanding the exertions of the Police, (who tore placards announcing the lecture) was the largest that has been held in Bermondsey for some time, then quietly dispersed.

John Pearcy, Secretary.

XIV.—CITY

The following resolutions were passed at the above locality on the meeting nights of February 7th, 14th, 21st. Mr. Leno, president in the chair. 1st.—That we the members of this locality, think there is no necessity of holding a Convention at present. 2nd.—that when the sum of five shillings shall be in the hands of the treasurer, the same shall be sent to the Executive. 3rd.—That this locality feel satisfied with the policy of the Executive, and sincerely hope that they will continue to urge upon all Chartists, the necessity of paying off old debts before fresh liabilities are incurred. 4th.—That Mr. Farrah, be instructed to purchase one hundred tracts of the Executive, entitled—"what is a Chartist."

F. Farrah, Secretary.

XV.—JOHN STREET.

On thursday evening last, a special meeting of this Locality, was held in the Coffee Room of the Institution, John Milner in the chair. Charles Murray reported the proceedings of the Metropolitan Delegate Council. Ernest Jones was invited but did not attend.

On the motion of Messrs. H. A. Ivory and A. T. Holyoake the following resolution was adopted with one dissentient; "That the members of this locality highly approve of the policy of the Executive, in not calling a Convention until the debt due by the Association is liquidated, and we instruct our delegates,

(Messrs. Ernest Jones and Charles Murray,) to do their utmost to rescind the vote already passed by the Metropolitan Delegate Council relative to holding a Convention in Manchester, as they have supported such a resolution contrary to the opinions of this locality."

The sub-Secretary was then instructed to forward the above resolution to the Democratic Journals and four shillings having been voted to the Executive, the meeting adjourned to Tuesday evening, March 2nd.

JOHN ARNOTT.

The Co-operative Movement.

DROPPING-WELL OF FALLACY.

By eternal dropping the surface-doctors think to wear out the rock of truth. We tell them it is a rock of adamant, not of sandstone; and their false counsel will yet flow harmless across the public brain, leaving no trace behind.

Our friend, Gerald Massey, in No. 4 of the Friend of the People, has an attack on the views of this Journal, which he designates as "Notes of *Exclamation* to the People."

He therein tells us that "co-operation is the immediate necessity."

Pursuant to the delusion under which the school to which he belongs labours, he looks on co-operation as the *means*, instead of seeing in it the *end*. He tells us, again and again, associative labor will free the English working-classes from the tyranny of capital, and obtain for them political power and social freedom.

He tells us in the article alluded to above:

"*We have to produce for ourselves*, instead of paying to society 800 p. c., to be allowed to produce. We have to reconstitute society on such principles as shall render the fruit of a man's labor, the natural reward for his toil."

Just so. But how is this to be done?

"This can only be done on the principle of co-operation," says Mr. Massey.

We say, it can be done only by obtaining political power, which will give us a chance of "carrying out" the principle of co-operation.

Now, let us see who is right—Mr. Massey or the "Notes." We need not use any arguments of our own—Mr. Massey convicts himself. Thus it is, where unthinking, well-meaning enthusiasts let themselves be dragged through poetic mists to the contemplation of the stern realities of life.

Co-operation is to liberate the people. Well, let us learn from Mr. Massey its chances of so doing:

"We," says he, "are the real masters of the situation, the rulers of the world?"

"The monied power of the middle-classes" says Mr. Massey, in the same article. He even says, "They would rather go for a Republic than touch the present relations of capital and labour."

Well, then, this power, co-operation, is to upset—Mr. Massey tells us,—and co-operation, he adds, alone can do it.

But, a few lines later, he tells us of "the despotism of gold," that by giving *unlimited sway* to capital, in its murderous warfare with labor, LABOR MUST BE CONTINUALLY BEATEN—the weakest must go to the wall;" (the very words in the "Notes;") "it is a battle-field where it is death to the weak, and victory to the strong! And labor is EVER the weak—capital EVER the mighty."

Very good, Mr. Massey!—very true! But if "labor must be continually beaten—if the weakest must go to the wall,—and if labor is ever the weak,"—what chance has your co-operation.

Co-operation! Why you yourself tell us association is impossible: "Under the iron regime of feudalism the crushed slaves could make common cause, for they were one in their misery. They could unite against their oppressors with a kind of neutrality. BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH THE TYRANNY WE ARE BENDING OUR NECKS TO."

Pretty generals you must be, then, to attempt an impossibility!

So much for a specimen of logic and political economy! Now, we have ever said that co-operation would prove the salvation of society, but that co-operation was impossible until the people were possessed of political power, because the political monopoly back up and fenced round all the social monopolies,—because you could not get at the social evil, until you had broken down its political rampart. As though Mr. Massey's previous admissions were not sufficient, what does he say in his two last paragraphs: "The monied power," he tells us, "has *all the organized forces of society at its disposal*, and then, while it sets at work its million machines of torture to rack and wound, to pinch and pull, State-craft and law support it, the priest blesses it, and the soldier enforces its inevitable decrees."

Yes—there you have it! Political monopoly is the great obstacle to social freedom.—By political power the middle-classes *prevent* your social emancipation. As a proof of it, Mr. Massey tells us that "they seek further political power to enable them to stave off the social Revolution, which is inevitable."

Yes! and if political power in the hands of our enemies *prevents* our social revolution, surely political power in the hands of our friends will BRING IT ON.

Oh, friend Massey, THINK before you write, and do not thus practically protest against the first letter of your name!—that political power is the only means to the social end, is therefore admitted. Then, political organization is the only means to political power. Political organization is easy,—whereas, as Mr. Massey has conceded, against his will, co-operative union is, in the long run, impossible. In his own words, "it is only a struggle to get a little farther back from the devouring jaws of capital, our destruction being only a question of time."

He tells us, "under the iron regime of feudalism the crushed slaves could make common cause,"—so they can now. But they were wise enough then to combine "politically." They have now a far greater power for political organization. Armies are not so large—ignorance is not so great—prejudice is not so strong—despotism is not so united—and political liberty has made a vast advance. The facilities are greater now—political organization, then, conquered what little there exists of social right, shall we be fools enough to throw away the superior means we now possess—to neglect the safe, cheap, and easy path of political power, for that which the writer tells us is "impossible!"

II.—CO-OPERATIVE LEGISLATION.

A little time ago we said in the "Notes" that the rich were the enemies of the poor, and would prevent the spread of co-operation. Mr. Vansittart Neale said, in reply, the rich were the friends of the poor, would help on co-operation, and we should shortly see this done in Parliament. Mr. Slaney's partnership measures have been scouted in the House.

So much for the rich. Who was right, Mr. Neale?

III.—THE PROFITS IN LABOR.

Mr. Massey says, co-operation will enable the people to recover the 800 p. c., which he states they pay to the capitalist for the right to labor, because "our first step in co-operation recovers to us the profits of capital, and previous cash of mastership."

So it would, if the capitalists were suddenly to vanish from the field.

BUT YOU FORGET COMPETITION.

Your co-operation is something like perpetual motion. It is perfect in theory; it would work well, but you forget the friction!

You would have to pay the 800 p. c. still, only in another way. The capitalist competes with the co-operator. He does so by means of machinery and surplus labor. In the mutual lowering of prices, implied in competition, all the advantage is on the master's side, for he,

1,—Lowers the earnings of his *men*, but you lower *your own*. His profits remain, perhaps, the same—your's must fall, for every reduction made you take direct from your own profit.

2,—By lowering the wages of his men, he not only guarantees himself against loss, but he prevents you from gaining strength. By impoverishing the marketable labor he prevents its emancipating itself by the subscription of co-operative capital, and prevents its helping you by buying your goods, for he diminishes the purchasing power of the class in whom you have alone to rely for customers.

3,—He forces that surplus labor to buy of him instead of you; for its extreme poverty obliges it to buy in the cheapest market, and that is his.

4,—By machinery and the monopoly of land he keeps that surplus up. Without machinery you cannot compete with them in cheapness. But with your small capital how can you vie with him in machine power? And, if you do, if you employ great machine power, you cut your own throats in another way—for you employ so many less men—you take all the fewer from the labour-surplus, and it is just the labour-surplus that enables the capitalist chiefly to destroy co-operation.

Is it possible that these self-evident propositions should fail to strike every one? You, therefore, DO pay the 800 per cent. for the right to labor—the only difference being, that you pay it in a different form.

In the one case you have low earnings in the shape of wages—in the other you will have earnings equally low in the shape of profits—and in either case, the result remains the same, while, one by one, your co-operative ranks are thinned, your firms find, one by one, they can no longer make the returns equal the expenses, they cannot sell as cheap as the capitalist, they can therefore no more command the market, their co-operative fires die out in quick succession, stores and mills close over their deluded votaries—and the great ruin will stand bald, naked, and despairing in the streets.

May posterity forgive the men who now abet the fallacy!

Continental Notes.

I.—CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER.—ROYAL MURDERS REVEALED.—LOUIS NAPOLEON'S REVENGE.

The war-cry in England appears to be pretty nearly over; but if it is believed, on account of this, that Louis Napoleon had really pacific intentions, this would be a sad mistake. I happen to know, from a source which admits of no doubt as to its authenticity, *that Louis Napoleon himself has stated he would in a very short time march against Belgium, and against the Grand Duchy of Baden.* Whether this would not lead to a war with England, remains to be seen. So much, however, is certain that there can be no question as to the warlike intentions of the would-be Emperor, and even less as to the necessities of his position, driving him inevitably to hostile aggressions and attempts at conquest.

As to the Grand Duchy of Baden, the hostile intentions of Louis Napoleon recall an affair which some fifteen or eighteen years ago made a great deal of noise all over Europe. Everyone has heard of Caspar Hauser, the youth that was brought up in a dark hole in an unknown place, and when arriving at manhood brought in a mysterious manner to Nurnberg, where he was abandoned to his fate. Who was this Caspar Hauser? No other than the hereditary Prince of Baden, the son of the Grand Duchess Stephanie. And the Grand Duchess Stephanie is the niece of Napoleon's first wife, the Empress Josephine, who, herself, was the grandmother of Louis Napoleon. The Grand Duchess Stephanie thus is Louis Napoleon's aunt, and he and Caspar Hauser are cousins. The cause of the mysterious abduction of the infant Prince was the desire of a court party to bring to the throne the present bastard-branch of the Grand Ducal family. The baby was carried off to the Black Forest, and the Grand Duchess was assured that she had given birth to a still-born child; but she was never allowed to see it. The parties connected with the abduction never were authorized, nor had they the courage, to kill the boy; and thus he was brought up in the manner he himself has disclosed. The places of his confinement were various, the last near Lau fenburg on the Rhine. When the unfortunate youth was restored to human society, the restless investigation instituted by several philanthropists, and particularly by the celebrated legist, Feuerbach, soon led to some trace of his origin. A number of intrigues to get him out of the way having failed, at last the parties connected with this infernascheme were obliged to send an assassinwho stabbed him. Feuerbach, who, nevertheless went on with his researches, had just hit upon the right clue to Hauser's origin, when he, too, died,—as his family believe up to this day—poisoned.

The Grand Duchess Stephanie, however, very soon had found means to procure proofs which convinced her of Hanser's identity with her long-lost child. She had long ago kept entirely aloof from the Court of the bastard usurper, and shown the party in favour that she merely waited her time to take revenge. Ever since Louis Napoleon's first election to the Presidency she came over to Paris as often as possible, and urged her nephew on to revenge her on the infernal plotters that had destroyed her child. There is no doubt now that Louis Napoleon will very soon give her that opportunity. Whatever pretext there may be given for a war with Baden, the revenge for Caspar Hauser will be the cause uppermost in the mind of the French President, who, in hundreds of cases, has shown strong family feelings, and who considers himself as the natural protector of everyone connected with the blood of his great uncle. Thus, history will offer another example of one scoundrel being punished by another.

I.—LEGALITY AND DEMAGOGUISM.

CHAPTER 1.—Hungarian and French Revolutions. Their causes and effects.

CHAPTER 2.—The French Revolution in its real bearings. The groundwork of German Revolutionary movements, historically illustrated.

CHAPTERS 3 and 4.—A complete history of the Austrian Revolution, yet unknown to the British reader.

I.—HUNGARY AND FRANCE.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS SYMPATHIES IN ENGLAND.—THE CHARACTER OF THE HUNGARIAN MOVEMENT.

By J. G. E.

Whoever has witnessed, and reflected on, the conduct of the middle-class in this town

—the metropolis of the world—on those two memorable days,—the 10th of April, 1848, and the 3rd of November, 1851, must have been struck with the remarkable difference in the disposition of the middle towards the working class. Both days were distinguished by large gatherings of the metropolitan operatives,—a political demonstration was appointed on each; but on the former the entire bourgeoisie was enraged against the proletarians, while on the latter the bulk of the middle-classes were aiders, abetters, and upholders of the working-man's demonstration.

On the former occasion the entire middle-class press inveighed against the working-men, denounced them as demagogues, anarchists, incendiaries, and plunderers,—while on the latter, the Liberal papers eulogized and praised them. What a vast difference there was in the appearance of the streets through which the respective processions passed! On the one day business was suspended —the doors were carefully locked and bolted —the Bank of England fortified—other important buildings filled with soldiers and policemen—the public thoroughfares thickly lined with shop, and house-keepers, holding the law of peace, order, religion, and property, corporified into a piece of wood, in the right hand, ready to knock the poor man's brains out, if he should show himself obnoxious. The faces of these heroes manifested an awful expression of fear and horror, mingled in many instances with a taint of cowardice. On the other, the streets were ornamented with flags, and crowded with jolly and triumphant-looking spectators of all ranks glorying in the fun that was going on.

Why the middle-class evinced such a difference of disposition on those two occasions is easily explained. In 1848, the metropolitan proletarians intended to carry a petition of the working-men of the United Kingdom to parliament, praying for their political enfranchisement. They marched for the interest of their class—they marched as politicians, as an oppressed order, who loudly demanded admission into the body politic, and a share in the administration of the affairs of the kingdom. Hence the fear of the profit-mongers—hence the arming of the shopocracy —hence the denunciations of the press.

The meeting in Copenhagen-fields was, as far as political principles are concerned, to say the least of it, an open contradiction to the one on Kennington-common. On the 3rd of November the working-men went to welcome a powerful advocate of a political principle from abroad. They went to admire and worship the leader of a bourgeoisie revolution, under whose administration sweeping reforms were introduced—who, as dictator of his country, carried on a bloody war against the legitimate king, and finally caused him and his heirs to be deposed for ever.

Thus far the working-class paid homage to a man who represents a revolutionary principle; but this revolutionary principle is not their own—it is the principle of their present oppressors. It is the principle which brought about, and legalized, the revolutions of the seventeenth century in this country, and that of the eighteenth, in France. The working-men of London, therefore, did not go to Copenhagen-fields as a self-organized political party—as a body who represented the rising element of this country—they went as good, well-disposed, and peaceable wages-slaves, paying homage to an advocate of middle-class institutions and the rule of capital.

Here, then, lies the secret whence proceeded the difference in the middle-classes on those two memorable occasions. Moreover, Kossuth, the hero of the 3rd of November, 1851, had emphatically declared that he would accept no party demonstration, and it was only when he was assured by the General Committee that the intended demonstration was to be no demonstration of the working-class as a political party, i.e., that those who took part in it would sacrifice, for the moment, their partial class interest, and by the advice of his Manchester-school circuit, that Kossuth consented to receive the demonstration. Thus the affair was got up with the sanction of the middle-class radicals; and the working-men met, because their antagonists had no objection. After all, there was distrust in the camp. There was a ghost behind the curtains—a faint shadow of socialism, which was expected to manifest itself at Highbury Barn, where the *fête* closed with a banquet. The allies of the day who had severally been invited to partake of the finishing banquet, had no pluck or inclination to mix with the Highbury Barn orators, and listen to their speeches, harmless as most of them were. Some of these champions of liberty did not even think it worth their while to apologize, while others, of home as well as foreign breed, condescended to send some paltry excuse for their non-appearance; but present were none; and but for the occasion of the day, the whole of the middle-class press would have pronounced anathemas against the speakers at Highbury Barn, as some of the more reactionary actually have done.

But let not the reader imagine that we find fault with Kossuth because he is a middle-class revolutionist. Far from it. On

the contrary, we are well aware that a middle-class revolution in Hungary is as great a step of progress as proletarian revolution in England. We are aware, too, that this will require all the forces that Hungary can muster for the battle-field of social and political progress; and we are convinced that such an acquisition is the highest point that any nation can accomplish under the same, and even a somewhat higher, degree of civilization than the Hungarian.

What we find fault with, is Kossuth's refusal to accept a demonstration of the working men, in which they would appear as a political party. Who were the men that continually surrounded him during his stay in this country? Were they men who represented all the different ranks of Englishmen, who, in their collective capacity, constitute the English nation? No. They were men of a political party—leading politicians of the mill-owners—the Liberals and the Radicals. Why did he not object to their demonstrations? They are a political party. There were neither Free-trade Tories nor Protectionists among them, who are an integral part of our nationality. Because they are men of his own creed; and more than that, they are in power—they are the social and political rulers of the State. It would, therefore, have been an insult to Kossuth's partizans, had he permitted the wages-slaves in his presence to manifest political sentiments at variance with theirs.

Kossuth's professed republicanism does by no means alter his character as a bourgeoise politician. The history of modern revolutions gives ample proof that no legitimate Monarch or King, who claims a crown by divine right, is fit to become a constitutional Monarch to his own people, much less to a nation whom he may consider to be foreigners. The battle of the bourgeoisie against absolutism must be fought out under republican banners, since the rich constitutionalists are neither willing nor able to fight out their own quarrels, and the poor cannot be sufficiently roused to fight for them, without destroying the throne itself, and annihilating monarchy in all its ramifications. This was the case in the first French revolution. In '92, when matters grew from bad to worse, when the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, had completed their military preparations, and announced by their instrument the Duke of Brunswick, that their armies were ready to invade France—to restore the King his legitimate, divine, and ancient rights, and that every town, village, and hamlet, the inhabitants of which should dare to oppose them, should be levelled to the ground,—the constitutionalists began to grow timid—they deserted the field of action, and the poor under the republican banner had to step in to repel the invasion of the German despots, and exterminate their accomplices at home. The republic of '93—the 'reign' of terror—was necessary for the safety of France. The constitution of '91 had modified and reduced the prerogatives of the crown, deprived the feudal aristocracy of their privileges, and civilized the clergy. The safety of France depended on the adhesion of the old powers to the new state of things; but those powers were neither willing to adhere, nor to obey, nor to remain quiet. In their eyes the revolution of '89 was but the work of a set of designing demagogues, who in an evil hour had dared to lay hands on everything that was good and holy. Finding Louis XVI. too irresolute to proceed to extremities, the nobility in conjunction with the dignitaries of the church, protested and conspired against the revolution; and when they found that this was unheeded, they emigrated wholesale to invoke the German tyrants to lend military aid, which was but too readily granted. The camarilla in the Tuilleries was intimately connected with this treacherous movement, and Louis XVI had too much hope in the scheme to put a stop to it, and too much fear of the consequences to countenance it openly.

On the other hand, the Assembly of '89 had been too much in need of the popular support against the reactionists, and had readily assisted in arousing the revolutionary spirit of the masses by meetings and proclamations, but more particularly by their phrases of equality. In the constitution of '91 these lofty declarations were answered by a system of exclusion, by indirect election, and a direct tax-qualification for the suffrage. This electoral law offered nothing to the poor that could have induced them to fight for, and yet the masses were the principal, if not the only power that could effectually oppose the reactionists; and without their aid France must have fallen a prey to the despots. This made the Republic indispensably necessary. The men of '89—the framers of the constitution, lost the confidence of the masses, in the same degree as the conflict grew nearer; and when the battle actually commenced they had to leave the stage—the King was taken prisoner, and the Republic—that form of government for which the masses were willing to fight out the quarrel—was proclaimed. But it was not the good which that republic really did for the masses that induced them to risk their lives for it. It was the imagination, the illusion, and the hope of what might be

accomplished under this form of government, that roused the people to action, and filled them with enthusiasm. The impressions which the young Republic made upon the people, together with the enthusiastic language and exalted phrases which accompanied its proclamation, were sufficient to make the sons of toil, rush to arms, and brave the danger. When the reactionists at home were exterminated, the despots abroad defeated, and the revolution secured, the bourgeoisie re-appeared on the stage; calumniated, abused, and beheaded men who had been the leaders of those who did the dirty work for the capitalists, the revolutionary populace were butchered in the streets, the veil which concealed the middle-class character of the Republic was torn asunder, and the electoral law of '91 re-established in substance.

The Hungarian struggle of the present day is similar to the French of last century. The only difference is, that the French had a king of their own, while the King of Hungary is considered a foreigner. Like France—Hungary must become republican before she can subvert absolutism. This will be no difficulty, as no class in Hungary is particularly attached to the House of Hapsburg, and Kossuth's being in favour of a Republic will tend to prevent a collision between constitutionalists and republicans, which occasioned much intestine strife among the enemies of absolutism in France. But whether Hungary will go on smoother, when absolutism is defeated and her independence is established, is a matter of speculation. We do not believe that the proud magnates will quietly surrender their predominance to the bourgeoisie. They have already shown symptoms of resistance, which resistance will certainly become more vigorous when the foreign foe is vanquished. The future Hungarian Republic will surely require some extreme measures against aristocratic conspirators; but whether Kossuth will be able to maintain his leadership during such a crisis remains to be seen.

The first act of the revolution Kossuth has conducted with skill and sagacity. Like all mortals he has made some mistakes; but on the whole, he is one of the most clear-sighted politicians who held an official position in the revolutions of '48 in the different countries. He could distinguish the moments of action, and was not afraid to act when it was necessary, and moreover his measures were always to the purpose. But all this gives him no right to stigmatize the doctrines, and inveigh against the principles of politicians in the most civilized countries—principles for the growth of which the Hungarian soil will be too uncultivated for years to come! for they are the result of that state of society which Kossuth is anxious to establish in his own country. In this respect Kossuth has put himself on a level with his most inveterate enemies—the Emperors of Prussia and Austria, who have, from their point of view, as much right to stigmatize his political principles as he has to inveigh against the principles of the proletariat in the most civilized countries.

Ever since the Russian army invaded Hungary, the Liberals and Radicals in this country have assiduously denounced the Russian as well as the Austrian Government for their tyranny and treason. They have made long speeches, and written elaborate articles, to prove the legality of the Hungarian Revolution; but they have never mentioned the treachery of the bourgeoisie. They have seized upon the effect and ignore the cause of Hungary's disasters.

Now as to the legality of the Hungarian revolution. How did it begin? Austria, or rather Metternich, had for several years been combating the bourgeoisie elements—little as they were represented—in the provincial diets. The expenditure always exceeding the income, and Metternich not thinking it safe to levy taxes without some appearance of legality, appealed to the provincial diets for supplies, which, having no control over the public money, refused his propositions. Thus matters stood, when the revolution of February broke out, which, like an electric shock, spread over the whole continent, excited and encouraged the discontented and oppressed nations of Germany, Italy, &c. The people of Vienna revolted against the government. They were successful, and Metternich, in whom the whole power of the Austrians was centred, had to fly; with his flight all the chains and fetters which held the Austrian empire broke asunder—the authorities were powerless. Under this state of things Kossuth appealed to the youth of Presburg, and formed them into a National Guard. Public meetings were held, and the Austro-Hungarian cabinet resigned. Upon this, revolutionary measures were passed in the diet, everyone possessing property to the amount of 300 francs became an elector; serfdom, and all feudal servitude, were abolished; those of the serfs who held land from the nobles were made free proprietors of such land on indemnification being voted to the nobility—on the payment of which perhaps no Jew would lend a sixpence—and all those measures which are generally prominent in a bourgeoise revolution—as liberty of the press, trial by jury, &c. A popular adminis-

tration, i.e., a bourgeois cabinet, was also formed, of which Kossuth was a member. The magnates having no chance of resistance, did not impede these proceedings. A deputation was sent to Vienna to lay these resolutions before an idiotic King for his sanction. Besides, the students and the revolutionary populace surrounding the palace were ready to assault it should consent be withheld. There were ministers sprung from the barricades who had scarcely entered office—the Court was disconcerted—Italy was in open rebellion—the whole of Germany stood in arms against her potentates—we ask was the Court of Vienna in a condition to withhold its sanction for a moment? No! yet this very same sanction is all that our bourgeois-radicals, and Kossuth himself can bring forward to prove the legality of the Hungarian revolution.

Now let us look at the counterpart of this. In France the stock-jobbers and fundholders had the nation in their pockets. Some of the Liberal members of the second chamber began to agitate for reform. They told the manufacturers and shop-keepers that the franchise was too limited for France, and proposed an extension. The class appealed to responded cheerfully to the proposition, but the working-men were excluded from the reform meetings because they had principles of their own which the bourgeoisie hated as much as Old Nick hates Kossuth's. When the chambers, met the stock-jobbing majority in their address to the King, complained of the reform meetings, and called the promulgators of them "malcontents" and disturbers of the public peace. Upon this Odillon Barrot, the chief of the reform banquet movement, announced that a reform banquet should be held in Paris. The Government prohibited it, but Barrot was immoveable; and announced that it should be held in spite of the Government. He shrunk, however, when the hour arrived, but it was too late. The excitement in Paris was such that the Government thought it proper to call out the military and the National Guards. The National Guards, contrary to Louis Phillipe's expectations, were favorable to the reform movement. Louis Phillipe was indifferent. The proletarians of Paris, like, on a later day, the people of Presburg, took advantage of the situation, and made a revolution. Before they laid down their arms, they demanded that the Republic should be proclaimed, and the rights of labor guaranteed by the State. A Provisional Government was formed, which guaranteed this demand; but the working-class trusted too much in the honesty of bourgeois republicans, and could only bring two members in the Provisional Government who were likely to defend their interest. These two members were Louis Blanc, a negociating Socialist, and Albert, a working-man himself.

Now look at the two pictures. The popular Cabinet in Hungary consisted of Liberal aristocrats and bourgeois radicals. The French Provisional Government consisted of bourgeois republicans, and advocates of working-men's principles. The Hungarians compelled a crowned idiot in an hour of despair to sanction their—for a semi-barbarous country—really revolutionary measures. The French proletarians demanded a concession from the bourgeoisie, which the whole country heard, and nobody protested against, a sanction of far more importance than that of an idiot,—yet the one movement is called legal, because it is a middle-class movement—the other is called demagoguism, because proletarians forced a concession from their enemies. The condition of France requires a proletarian revolution just as much as Hungary requires a bourgeois revolution.

Chartism and Morals.

Why does not the Chartist organization progress? Why does not success attend our efforts? Why, because its tone is too low—its standard fixed in the dust. Good government cannot be established without a corresponding progress of morals amongst the people. Reformers cannot be consistent in Reform, except they reform themselves. They cannot lead the people except they are themselves in advance. The acquirement and distribution of justice is inseparably linked with the acquirement of a just system of morals, and its universal diffusion among all ranks. There can be no real reform where there is no consistency in morals—drunkenness, cursing, swearing, and low conversation in our political meetings. Such things are contrary to right reason, degrading to the individuals, and destructive to the success of our principles. Which, in the name of common sense, would be the elements of a government formed of the materials of a "pot-house" and "ale-house bench-ethics?" Can it stand? Assuredly not. Such a govern-

ment will contain within itself the germs of its own destruction. Lead the people it will not—nor can. We must then seek for a full development of the individual, in both leaders and followers. Can we consistently censure others for their political and social vices if we wallow in our own. Chartism must represent the best intelligence, and the best morals of the people; it must lead in moral-as well as in politics. Chartism is in the dust, and she cannot rise without the energetic action, and the vigorous union of the best moral forces of the country.

What is it that produces that want of rectitude and honesty in the peoples' leaders, but a lack of sound moral principle. The organization of men is so constituted—is of such a nature that except we fully develop all our faculties—the moral as well as the intellectual, we cannot possess a balance of the character, without which a firm adherance to rectitude and virtue is nearly impossible. What we have to do, then, is to cultivate ourselves—acquire knowledge on all subjects—establish schools and classes, and thus form the rear-guard of the intelligence and progress of the people.

Of all kinds of knowledge requisite for man to learn and acquire—a knowledge of our own nature is the most indisputably necessary. To know how to govern well and legislate truly, we must understand the nature of the people we have to govern. Study then the laws of your nature, physical or mental. Understand the laws of physiology and mind that you may know how to govern and elevate the minds of your fellow-countrymen. This will lead to unity, unity will lead to action—and action to success. We cannot fail if we act upon this principle—we have already in our cause the *broadest principles*—let us add these to the *highest morality*, the best regulated moral powers; and we shall, by a law of nature, *attract* the best and most talented to our ranks. This will weaken the ranks of Corruption, and place impugned Chartism as the most moral, most intelligent, and most powerful movement of the age—as it should be, and as by God's help it must be.

Let every true and veritable Chartist ponder these hints over in his silent moments—and if he find them true—decide at once and put them in practice without delay.

J. Wood, Member of the N. C. A.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book 3.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

X.—SOLITUDE.

In a lonely cottage situate on a green undulating rise that overlooks a northern lake, dwelt a broken-hearted woman: blighted in childhood, overshadowed in girlhood, and tied in her womanhood to a human eating and sleeping machine, called man by courtesy; Laura mourned a lost life, a wasted heart, a buried intellect. That which might have adorned and blessed society was squandered upon nothingness. A buried gem—but unlike the diamond—that lives on, bright through eternity, and may be discovered once—she died slowly, to pass away unknown, unmourned, unnoticed.

After going through the routine drudgery of a London Tradesman's wife for some time, her health failed, growing weaker every day, but docile, patient, meek, and uncomplaining, Laura had been taken by her husband to the north. Mr. Elmore, of a pursy, indolent and sleepy habit, though by dint of plodding method, an excellent man of business, disliked trade, from innate laziness—and being, as such men are, unambitious of either great wealth, power, or distinction, threw up his active share in the establishment of Cheapside, as already stated—and assuring to himself an affluent competune, bought the country residence of a decayed Cumberland squire, on the banks of Windermere.

There he lived in the most utter monotony—driving about his farm, eating, drinking, sleeping, riding a rough-back pony, talking

little, thinking not at all, associating with no one, and growing more corpulent and redfaced every day.

To his wife he was no companion—a few gruff words was all he vouchsafed her from morning to night, and these were merely as to household matters—dinner especially.

Thus Laura lived. For a few months after Edward had parted from her, she received letters from him,—letters in which his very soul was painted in words of fire—but in which the language of virtue and respect was never overpassed. She replied.—Whoever has known what the prisoner feels when expecting and receiving in his silent cell, a letter from one he loves without there in the wide world, may picture Laura's feelings when the letters of Edward came, though few and far between, to tell her far, far away in the noisy whirlpool of life some one still understood her, loved her, cherished her, for she too was a poor captive, in a mental and moral prison, among those beautiful, lonely, mournful hills. Whoever has known what the prisoner feels, when expecting and *not* receiving, in his silent cell, a letter from one he loves, may picture Laura's feelings, when week fled after week, month glided after month, and no tidings came of Edward. For she had made a sweet habitude of expecting and receiving his letters. They came, by a tacid understanding, at almost stated intervals, and their advent was an era to look forward to. Was he no more? or had the vision of glory been realised, and had he forgotten the violet, Love, before the sunflower, Glory? Yet, every successive letter he sent, had seemed to grow sadder and more desponding. Laura wrote to the last address he had given—she wrote again—and again—and each time her words grew fonder and more passionate. But no answer came! Her pride did not take fire, as it would have done in common natures, but her sorrows sealed her heart; she wrote no more!

The cause of the mutual apparent silence is soon explained. One day Mr. Ellmore found a letter addressed in his wife's hand-writing to Edward Trenton, lying waiting for the post. Curiosity prompted him to open it. He read enough to convince him that a secret attachment existed between the cousins. Ellman was not jealous—jealousy would have been by far to laborious a passion for him—(from the same reason he was moral,—for vice was fatiguing)—but he did not like, as he was afterwards heard to say, any other man to meddle with his business or interfere with his property, and therefore determined in putting a stop to the intercourse. Averse to a "scene," as such men always are, he took no noticc of the circumstance, but quietly ordered the servants that all letters to or from Mrs. Ellman, should henceforth be brought to him. The mandate was obeyed, and not divulged—for Mr. Ellman was *master* there, and all knew it. No one need wonder that neither Edward's nor Laura's mutual letters ever reached their destination. When, at last, the correspondence gradually died off and ceased, Mr. Ellman chuckled to himself at his skill and tact. "Other people," he said "would have made a disturbance, I have done the thing more quietly and ten times more surely. They hate each other now. Heigho! John! when will dinner be ready?" One link Laura still sought to cherish: it was recollected years afterwards that she evinced great anxiety in inquiring after all new works, and the names of their authors. She would buy them, but after turning the first few pages, would throw them aside in disappointment, as though she could tell at once, they were not written by the hand she sought. Mr. Ellman forbade books being brought to the house. "They feed her romantic folly!" he said—and the harmless comfort stopped.

Deprived of her chief solace, the only impulse that stirred the dull stagnation of her life, Laura sunk rapidly. Her only comfort now was, in the long summer evenings, after dinner, while her husband was sweltering asleep on his arm-chair in the dining-room, to glide out through the flowery casement on to the little terrace that lay before the cottage.

Thence she could see the sun setting in his splendour beyond the hills—the beautiful hills that ranged away, tier after tier, with their soft undulations of woodland and village, and farm, and the threaded silver of their thousand streams, like pervading sympathies binding the various scenes and interests of life—and here and there collecting in a broad, bright lake, like tributary greatness gathering into glory.

And there she would stand, the cool breeze fanning her hot, thin cheek, and the glow of eve deepening its hectic to angelic brightness. The eye could range far south for many, many miles, and there she would stand, gazing away over that wide expanse, all vibrating and glowing as it lay beneath the tremulous purple of sunset,—to where remote and unseen cities roared with their living whirlpool, and think of Edward, away amid the turmoil, and the passion, and the strife.

And then she would sigh once more: "*he* can spread his wings, and fly forth into the sunshine of the word—but I?"

Alas! How little she knew!

Yet, with the noble faith of woman, whose love is a religion, she never doubted of his constancy.

XI.—PILGRIMAGE.

When Edwards last attempt at fame and life had failed, that brave spirit sunk at last. One only hope he cherished—to see Laura and die!

Alas! Heavily the darkness had come down upon him. At the same time that his efforts to achieve distinction had grown more hopeless, the impulse ceased that spurred him to renewed exertion—Laura's letters ceased.

"Forgotten!"—he murmured.

Truly man loves not so truly, so religiously as woman: Edward doubted—Laura doubted never.

"To see Laura and die!" was the last impulse of his life. But how achieve it—Laura was three hundred miles from London—and he was penniless! His sole and every exertion now was, to obtain money enough to make the pilgrimage to Cumberland. He set about this with an untiring fixity of purpose that would startle any superficial mind. "To see Laura and die!" was his first word in the morning when he went forth on his day's quest. "To see Laura and die!" was his last word at night, when scanning his day's work.

Nothing did he shrink from stooping to—except dishonor! He ran about the streets, that kingly intellect, that might have shaken thrones, on the meanest, humblest errand—he would hold a horse—he would call a cab—he would beg at the rich man's door—but he never failed or flagged, it was "To see Laura and die!" Spurned, maltreated, abused—even imprisoned once as a vagrant—with the strong faith of the undoubting martyrs, he pursued his object. Sometimes he obtained work—sometimes he sought charity—but still he worked on and on—and nearer to his object—while strange mockeries of life came checquering across his path.

One day he had been holding the horse of a gentleman who had dismounted at a bookseller's. The rider remained long inside—and, on coming out, stood on the pavement for some minutes deeply absorbed in reading a book he had just purchased.

Edward read the title, "Sackroy, or the Border Robber." It was his own! He could not resist the impulse of saying to the rider, as the latter mounted and gave him a sixpence, "The work you are reading, sir, is mine!"

"Your's!—what do you mean?"

"I wrote it—and the manuscript was stolen from me."

"The follow's mad!" said the rider, and spurred his horse away.

In heat, and frost, and rain, that brave, heroic beggar might have been seen roaming through the streets of London, with his stern, wistful face, plying his unshaken purposes. None could think, when he sued the penny from the hard reluctant hand, what was his holy, mournful object—the giver thought it was the craving of willing idleness or unsatisfied vice, for the poisoning dram or the unearned loaf—or at least, the strife of the unwilling idler under the mere brute impulse of hunger—but of nights, when the outlaw staggered homeward to his lair, or to his homeless, shelterless, hiding-place, he would count his gain, and stinting his craving famine, breathe, "Some miles nearer to Laura and to death!"

A year had passed thus—and yet the beggar, from all the overflowing wealth of London, had not gleaned enough to pay his fare down to the north. He felt his life sinking—his hour approaching fast—he counted his treasure—to him priceless—those brown, dull, sordid copper coins, that to him were to open the gates of parbdise in death, and wreath the most beautiful flower of life around his dying head!

He fonnd his horde would suffice to maintain him for some days—and, weak, failing and prostrate as he was, he determined on walking the distance from London into Cumberland.

Last pilgrimage of the devotee, setting forth to see the shrine of his saint before he dies.

It was a day of early autumn when the weary, haggard wanderer, commenced his task. The sun was shining brightly—the birds sang cheerily among the crisp leaves—the first bracing chill was fresh upon the morning air, brisk herald of the coming winter—the sheaves still clustered here and there along the fields, the gay poppies and dahlias sparkled around the cottages—and as he climbed the northern upland, and London, with its cone of smoke, sank down behind him.

The London Council.

MR. O'CONNOR, and THE CHARTER—CHARTIST MORALS.—Middle-class Meetings—The Trades.

We urgently point the attention of the entire Chartist body to the important aspect Chartism is assuming in the metropolis.

Less than three months ago, the resurrection of Chartism began in London. At that period an aggregate meeting of the London Chartists was called on the requisition of the Finsbury locality, and at that meeting the formation of a Metropolitan Delegate Council was resolved on.

Since then, the Council has regularly met and we request particular attention to its constitution and its labors.

At first, the number of Delegates were but few,—since then, they have been gradually rising, till they numbered eighteen at their last sitting, and new localities are in course of formation.

The Council was determined to start from a right basis and give the cause at once a healthy tone—it therefore resolved, and nearly all its resolutions have been passed with almost perfect unanimity. "That the Chartists of London would countenance no franchise measures less than the People's Charter—would adhere to the principle and name of the Charter, and prevent to the utmost the Chartist movement from being made a tool for class purposes, in the hands of any other party."

This was a decided protest against that vacillating and dishonest policy which has led some to think they could reconcile a contradiction,—run with the hare and hold with the hound,—be a middle-class liberal and a working-class democrat at the same time. The good result of the principle laid down by the London Council has at once become apparent—the talk of joining or supporting the middle-classes on any basis short of the Charter, has ceased in the metropolis, and nothing but organisation is now wanting to render the gallant stand made at the Finsbury, Marylebone and Southwark meetings, prove victorious, and to show all other classes, that the working-classes are the most powerful Reform party in England, *and the only one in whose hands the cause of progression can or shall be trusted.*

The Council has not been unmindful of this fact, that it is of no use to lay down a principle, unless you also construct the machinery to carry it into practice—and, therefore, at its last sitting, it appointed an Observation Committee, "to watch the proceedings of the Middle-class Reformers in the metropolis, and elsewhere, with a view towards taking such steps as may ensure a true representation of the feelings of the working-men of London, relative to the franchise and the rights of the laboring-classes, so as to prevent the democratic mind of this city from being falsified and misrepresented at the public meetings of the Bourgeois Liberals, and so as to ensure the attendance, at the same, of efficient speakers on behalf of the people, and to render it impossible for the opponents of democracy to put down the free expression of opinion."

While thus remodelling and strengthening the organisation externally, the Council have not been unmindful of the still more imperative duty of purifying it within—of raising the *morals* of Chartism—the following resolution was unanimously carried:—

"That this Council countenance no locality that shall be formed in future, which shall hold its meetings at a *Public House* where spirituous liquors are sold; and that it use its best endeavours to induce existing localities to change their place of meeting where so held."

The effect of this, too, has already become visible. Three new localities have already been formed under the auspices of this council, short as the time of its activity has been—one of them is held at a Temperance Hall; the other two meet at temperance houses. Under the old system there would have been three more pot-houses growing rich on Chartist money, and impoverishing Chartist morals.

The result, too, of ceasing to cringe to the middle-class, of no more crying out "we are so weak, we can do nothing without the middle-class,"—has caused the London workingmen to turn their eyes to that quarter where their real strength lies—*their own order.* They have seen that the principal source of failure or of weakness lies in the apathy or neutrality of large portions of their class—the aristocracy of labor, and the trades. Accordingly they have called a series of meetings among the trades, inviting their attendance. That attendance has been excellent. The barrier of antipolitical prejudice is breaking down—and at the close of one of the meetings a locality was formed by acclamation, consisting chiefly of the laborers out of employment, on occasion of the struggle of the iron-trades.

Thus it will be seen that, based on the grounds of truth and principle, the London Council has been developing a consistent series of measures, each one bearing on the other

—all tending towards our great object—policy, that if uniformly carried out through the country, will soon place the Chartist body in a position to carry everything before it, and, be it said in sober conviction, without any false hope—of decidedly, quietly, and certainly establishing the Charter in a very short period of time.

To enable the country to pursue such a united course of action, the Council have advocated the only consistent means—a CONVENTION.

To enable those organised to *spread* organisation by spreading the knowledge of its *existence* and its progress, the Council have advocated the only consistent means: A PEOPLE'S PAPER.

This is the policy that will save the movement: we want the *union* that will ensure the policy, and the *press* that will cement the union.

The Council further resolved an immediate preparation by the best practicable means for the anticipated General Election, and when we state that the London Council represents a larger amount of reorganised Chartism, than has been known in London for years, that its organisation is growing daily, and that it represents also the yet unorganised Chartism, of London, as witness the crowded attendance and sympathy at every meeting it has called we think nothing more need be said to show the importance and trustworthiness of this body.

At its meeting on Sunday the 29th ult., it further took the initiative in organising the performance of a duty that has long been incumbent on every honest Chartist—ay, of every honest man—that of rendering assistance to Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

We will say nothing under this head, since the resolutions passed at the Council speak for themselves. We will merely direct the attention of the reader to those resolutions—and *caution the friends of Mr. O'Connor* and the Treasurers of the localities from entrusting funds for his assistance *in* the hands of any private individual, other than the General Treasurer, and through him, the Trustees, who shall have been elected by the entire Chartist body.

This is important, if you mean Mr. O'Connor to derive the benefit of your efforts.

OBSERVE!!! ☞ READ the resolutions referred to in the report of proceedings of the Metropolitan Delegate Council, under the head of "Chartist Reports," at page 906 of this Number.

Current Notes.

I.—THE CONFERENCE OF THE MONIED INTERESTS.

Brother Chartists,—A glorious resurrection has taken place. In the preceding paper you informed how organization has been progressing in London; it is now my proud duty to point out the fruits of the spirit it has awakened.

The political conference of the monied interests has been held in St. Martin's Hall—and despite every attempt at stifling and burking the expression of workingmen's opinions, it was a Chartist Conference, led by professing Chartists hostile to the Charter!

Scarce a speaker rose, from Hume, Thompson and Fox, to Reverend gentlemen in black and white, who did not rush forward with ludicrous anxiety to assure everybody he was a thorough Chartist, and even went beyond the Chartists themselves. It was truly amusing how they all tried to catch and flatter the Chartist party, by paying the most religious veneration to the Charter.

Thus, the Chartist name has obtained a universally recognised publicity,—the Chartist principles have obtained a full, complete and solemn public recognition of their truth—instead of being ashamed to be called a Chartist, every political reformer rushes forward with ludicrous eagerness, to christen himself with the popular and honorable name—and now, at last, the Chartist Body have taken the publicly recognised position—as being one of the great legitimate reform parties of the country—as being by the confession of the middle-class leaders, THE ONLY ONE that marches on the path of principle, and truth.

Now then;—after this triumphant result,—after this long expected, long sought victory—who is now talking of "a change of name"—of "a new organization?"—who is now telling us "the old movement is dead,"—that "any attempt to galvanise the dry bones of a worn out past" must be a vain folly? "Dry bones!" No! it was living heart and brain that stood forward in St. Martin's Hall! Flesh and blood, solid, strong, healthy and energetic! It was the old ring of the true metal at the Conference and at the meeting—and though our enemies got their miserable tools, workingmen hired to stab their brothers—though they tried when flattery failed by insulting

Chartists to provoke Chartists to insult in turn—though a Holyoake at last revealed his inward bias, and did his little best to crush the movement that had welcomed him with honorable, manly confidence:—victorious Chartism rose triumphant from the trial—and turned the middle-class conference into an overwhelming manifestation of Chartist principle and Chartist power.

Remember, Chartists: Now to change our name—now to give up our organization for a new one, is to abdicate the position we have at last achieved—and to present a disorganized mass to be played upon by designing and professing friends out of the middle-class, instead of a rising phalanx, flushed with a new victory, and confident from old campaigns.

A new organization?—a new name? "*Democrats*"—perhaps, which may mean anything or nothing—instead of Chartist, which lets us know what we mean and mean what we know.

Ah! my friends! I told you not to despair of Chartism—I told you not to doubt, or hesitate, or fear—I told you we should rise, more strong than ever, if we did but keep true in the hour of darkness—and you see how constancy is rewarded—Chartism is soaring up again with magical but safe rapidity.

At neither conference nor meeting did the monied-reformers attempt to defend their own measure, except on two grounds. 1st.—that it was the only *compromise* they could get all classes to accept. 2nd.—that it was, in reality the Charter, or something very like it

The first position is disposed of by the words of its advocate Mr. George Thompson, who told us on both days:

"If the working-classes were united—they could carry anything—*they were invincible.*"

Then of course, they can carry the Charter.

It is further disposed of, by the second assertion"

"That the Financial Association's" scheme, IS universal suffrage, or something very like it."

If so,—if it is (mark! IF), and since they proclaim this,—what is their objection to at once using the words—universal suffrage.

The objection is that they know it is not anything like an enfranchisement of the working-classes—and that they do not intend anything of the kind. But mark the miserable self contradictions, they tell us in one breath—"that the working-classes if united, can get anything they like. in justice—that manhood suffrage *is* just—that their measure *is* manhood suffrage (with an exception of 250,000 out of 6,000,000)—and that manhood suffrage is impossible to be obtained." What do you say to that for a specimen of logic? *Can* those men mean what they say, or know what they mean?

Now, let us analyse if their measure is so near an approximation to manhood suffrage or not:

I stated at the conference, and repeated at the meeting:—"that there were but two interests in this country—those of Capital and of Labor. The former being divided between the landed and the monied interests—the latter having the bond of solidarity by the brotherhood of toil. That I saw but two classes—rich and poor. That these two interests—Capital and Labor—were hostile to each other, under our present social system—and that, therefore any measure which enfranchised the employing classes without enfranchising also the employed class, was a re-actionary measure of class legislation. Their measure did so. It enfranchised 3,000,000 including the present constituency—and left nearly 4,000,000 unenfranchised. What kept those 4,000,000 out of the franchise—their riches? No! their *poverty*. What placed those 3,000,000 within the franchise? Their poverty? No! their *riches*. What was class-legislation? The rule of the rich over the poor. Their measure, then, by giving the franchise to those among the richer half of the people who had not got it yet, and withholding from the poorer half, capped the climax on class-legislation, for it completed the mastery of the one class over the other. Therefore, instead of being a "step in the right direction,"—it was a step in the wrong,—because it strengthened the power of a hostile interest—it armed our enemy, but left us still disarmed."

In reply to this, Sir Joshua Walmsly stated "that the number of houses in the united kingdom, was 4,380.000. That the number of inhabitants was 27,450,000. That, therefore, the male adults were under 6,000,000; that, thus, only 1,200,000 would be disenfranchised—and that he believed, after all deductions, the number would be only 250,000. Therefore, what was the use of quarrelling about such a trifle?" Just so—what is the use if only 250,000 will remain disenfranchised, why outrage justice, principle and humanity, for such a trifle—why quarrel—why not at once say "manhood suffrage?" Why, Sir Joshua? Because you know YOUR facts are false—that I am right, and you are wrong—and now I will proceed to prove it to you.

In the first place, as to your 4,380,000 houses, these don't mean 4,380,000 householders. The rich aristocrat and moneymonger, have generally two or three country-seats each, besides town mansions, shooting-boxes, and fishing-lodges. They don't under-let them—but keep them to their own use, at different times of the year. The rich money-monger the same, the wealthy tradesman the same,

in a minor degree; and even the well-to-do shop-keeper has his business in town, and his box a little way out in the country. A pretty good round deduction from your number of electors must come here. Then there are widows, unmarried women, minors, &c.; as occupiers of houses to be deducted—and the houses that are put down as "inhabited," but, which are for sale or empty, and moreover the houses that have changed owners during the required years of registration—all which deductions will not take less than 1,500,000 from your fancied catalogue of "householders."

Nay! more: the "census" tells us, in proportion to the increase of the population, there were 200,000 fewer houses in 1851 than there were in 1841! A pretty franchise that, which grows smaller as the population grows larger! It is true that, when calculating the male adults at 7000,000, I did not dwell on the wholesale death and flight of 1,600,000 people from Ireland alone!—but I still affirm that I am right in stating that your reform measure will enfranchise but 3,000,000, including the present constituency. Does it enfranchise household servants?*. Does it enfranchise soldiers, sailors of both navies,—"paupers," or "tramps?"—and the poorest need the vote the most. Does it enfranchise the surplus population, that the surplus-labor and the hunt for work, hurtles to and fro from pillar to post—an unstable swarm, bandied about by capital in the social deserts of our modern Egypt? And since your Capitalist-Reformers monopolise the means of work, since you can therefore drive them from parish to parish, and as fast and as numerous as you please—since your measure demands long residence in the same spot—how many millions will you not keep driving to and fro in migratory flocks?—so it is now—how much more will it not be then—when competition increases the labor-surplus grows—*and it becomes your interest to prevent the permanent residence of your slaves*?

Who is right now, Sir Joshua? What becomes of your £50,000? Why, army, and navy, and paupers treble the amount alone! Yet, knowing this, you can tell the people such deliberate fallacies. Now, as to the seven millions of male adults. Sir Joshua admits that there are six million families in the United Kingdom. Six million families cannot imply much less than seven million male adults; for, let any man take the general average of his acquaintance, he will find that in every six families, taking a fair average, there will be about seven male adults.

This vindication of my statement it was impossible to give at the meeting; for after Sir Joshua Walmsly had replied to me, as above stated, supported by Mr. George Thompson, no Chartist was allowed to speak—the chairman (Mr. Hume) preventing Mr. Finley, one of our most talented advocates, and declaring that, owing to the lateness of the hour, he could hear no other person!—it was a quarter before eleven. But I hope to meet him again ere long in London or the country, when I will not forget his figures and his fallacies.

The result of the meeting was, however, a virtual victory. Mr. Bezer, who had moved the amendment, in a speech, the brilliancy of which must have astonished the "parliamentary wisdom," having consented to withdraw it, in case the Financial Council would add it to their resolution. The latter took advantage of this, and put, first, the resolution with the amendment added,—secondly, the *resolution* INSTEAD of the amendment, and the amendment last. The consequence was, that the meeting, as great noise and uproar prevailed thought they were voting for the "amendment" when voting for the *resolution*. But even supposing the resolution really carried, what says the "Morning Chronicle:"

"The resolution was carried—but 'the majority was small.'"

The "Daily News" does not venture to allude to the proportions. It is the official organ of "the Financial Reformers," and would have been but too glad to have stated that the majority had been large, if it could have done so. The *Globe* implies the rider won

Then, taking it at their own statement, here we have the fact, that disorganized, dead, buried Chartism, "in apathetic and divided London," as some call it—almost their own hall at the winding up of their out-votes the middle-class enfranchisers, in own Conference, with their president, and all their stars upon the platform—after all the middle-class reforming strength of London had been raked together to make a meeting—although the meeting was called punctually for seven o'clock, in hopes of filling the hall with the shop-ocracy before the workingmen could get from their work, and though there were two Chartist meetings held simultaneously in the east and north of London.

* Sir Joshua Walmsly seems to think it don't at all matter to keep domestic servants without the vote "because they are so entirely under the control of their masters." That's the very reason they should have the vote, *protected by the ballot*, to prevent their being "so entirely under the control."

The same applies to the objection as to army and navy.

If this is done in their greatest stronghold surely every large town in England can do the like.

Now, wherein lies the wisdom of the policy !

In this :

Finding Chartism still strong and formidable, everyone hastens to swear he is a Chartist, and that Chartism is the only just principle. They recognize the principle. If we were really weak they would trample on its ashes.

"But," say they, "our measure is a compromise of expediency*, because it is not practicable to go farther.

Now, just play your own game—stand firm —organize, and show that you are a little stronger still ; and they will find it impracticable to go less far than you.

One display of strength makes them recognise the *principles*—one more will make them recognise the *practice*. Chartists ! the victory is in your own hands. The question is for you to answer—shall class legislation comple its trinmph by the enfranchisement of all the rich, or shall Democracy begin its reign by the enfranchisement of the poor as well.

ERNEST JONES.

II.—THE GENERAL ELECTION.

As a general election is probably not far distant, the Chartist body have been called to prepare for taking part in the struggle, on their own behalf, and in their own interests.

It has been suggested that this might certainly be done—but that it would be expensive —and the question has been raised, whether it would not be better to devote the money to the organisation of the movement, and the establishment of a Chartist newspaper.

These remarks deserve serious consideration —and, on mature reflection, it appears to us,

1. That we ought always to devote our energies to the first, nearest, and most immediate duty. If an election takes place, it is proclaiming the deposition of Chartism, if we do not take a bold stand in it—the more since we were so active at the last election, and, above all, since we really have a fair chance, in several boroughs, of returning Chartists. It requires, however, the co-operation of *all* localities to secure returns in any.

2. There appears to us no greater mistake than to say, "here is a thing necessary to be done, but we won't do it because, by-and-bye, there will be something else necessary to do."

Let all, therefore, now, at once, subscribe for the organisation of the movement—since the increased organisation increases the means for the struggle, and a successful election contest depends on previous organisation.

One effort helps the other on, it don't impede it—as long as they are both devoted to the self-same goal—strengthening, as in this case, the political organisation of the masses.

Money invested in organisation will bear interest at election times.

Therefore, we say, don't leave the one thing undone to-day, because you have another to do to-morrow. By such a course you never would do anything. Therefore,—don't leave the Chartist organisation in abeyance, because you want to contest elections—and don't forget the General Elections because Chartist organisation is a necessary prelude to them.

It is very bad to try too much at once, or to make efforts beyond our strength—but in this case, *it is the effort that* GIVES *the strength.*

* Hume's and Walmsley's own words.

III.—A NOVEL STRIKE.

We are no friends of strikes—and yet we are about to recommend one. The pothouse is the pest of Chartism, and the plague of politics. *Let all Chartist speakers and lecturers strike against the pothouse.* Let them, one and all, refuse to lecture in a public-house, or to attend a meeting in such a place, and a powerful impediment would be thrown in the way of Pothouse Localities. Speakers are the stokers of the democratic engine. Let us strike against every boiler that is fed with beer and gin instead of water.

IV.—THE MASK DROPPED.

The Anti-corn-law League have threatened at their great Manchester meeting that "If the Government opposed their freedom of commerce the Government had better beware; for THEN they would raise the country for the political rights of the People."

Thank you, gentlemen, for telling us what we knew already : if Government interferes with your *profits*—if they touch your *pockets* THEN you will try to make a cat's-paw of the people, under the cry of their "political rights." Thank you, gentlemen, for nothing ! We are not to be caught. Oh, good patriots, who say they will fight for our rights, if they were touched in their wrongs !

Address of the Coventry Chartists.

Proposed by R. Hartopp,
Seconded by W. Hosier.

Brother Democrats of the Midland Counties —more than sixteen years have now elapsed, since "the Charter and no Surrender," was the rallying cry of the Masses. The time has now arrived when every locality must make a vigorous effort to raise the necessary funds to send a delegate to a conference, to draw up a plan of organization that will enable us successfully to agitate and struggle, for "the Charter," and nothing less. This is the more necessary, inasmuch as certain pretended Chartists, apparently gifted with the ability to hold with the hare and run with the hounds, seem to have taken for their motto "Financial Reform," or something less. Brother Chartists —the principles we advocate are based upon truth, justice, humanity and religion, principles that have been recognized by the great and good of every age. Major Cartwright, the father of organized political societies, in a letter to the reformers of Coventry in 1819, observes, that when his attention was turned to the subject of the national representation, so clear and so resistless were found the principles of that branch of political science, and so obviously necessary to free election a protection against ill-will or tyranny, that in my earliest inquiries, I could find no satisfaction to my understanding, no justice to the commons of the realm, no safety to freedom, except in what (for avoiding circumlocution) we style universal suffrage, equally diffused, annual elections and the Ballot. I notice this fact of the basis, because such is the simplicity and self evidence of the several questions of universality—of equality—of annual choice, and of the necessity of a Ballot, that now, after a controversy of more than forty years, in which, for obscuring those truths, corrupt tyranny, aristocratic hauteur, factious insolence, party prejudice, grovelling selfishness, pitiable stupidity, and learned pride, have labored in vain to rear their noxious weeds, the vigorous plant of true liberty, overtopping and mastering them all, is seen alone to strike a deep root, and triumphantly to flourish in the glorious garden of the public mind.

Producers of wealth—shall we after sixteen years persecution and prosecution, abandon a cause made sacred by the martyrdom of a Clayton, a Holberry, and a Duffy, and more recently, Sharp and Williams, and hundreds of other persecuted patriots and at the bidding f professing reformers pursue a retrograde policy. Forbid it humanity. Forbid it Heaven. Never let us prostitute our principles for their ambition. We are strong as long as we remain firm to our pledges, and remain in one grand unbroken impenetrable phalanx.

Ah! but say some you never will establish these principles unless you affect a union between the middle and working-classes. If the middle-classes are actuated by a principle of justice, how is it that they want to enfranchise one portion of the people and degrade the other. Why merely to enable them to carry such men as Cobden, Bright, Roebuck, and others of their stamp, into power as ministers. Would the physical condition of the masses be ameliorated by a change of these new masters. No, my friends, they were the bitter enemies of the ten hours' bill, they have always defended the worst features of the New Poor Law, while Cobden and Bright made a ferocious attack upon the journeymen bakers of London when they prayed for legislative protection and declared it absurd to protect labour against the aggressive powers of capital. Yes, but say some there are, more than 58 M.P's. organized to assist in carrying reform, how is it then that only 13 of these worthies supported Mr. O'Connor's motion for the Charter, why simply because they have no wish to establish the political equality of our order. What organized M.P's. assist in recovering the long lost rights of the people.

It is preposterous. Hear what Major Cartwright says. In a letter to the chairman of the Society of the Friends of the People, he says: "Sir,—It is not the first time that members of the House of Commons have professed themselves reformers; it is not the first time that they have entered into popular associations; but should they, on this occasion prove faithfully instrumental in effecting a substantial reform in the representation of the people, and the duration of parliaments, it will be the first time that the Nation hath not found itself in error when it placed confidence in associated members of Parliament for the recoveries of the constitutional and inestimable rights of the people.

"The long lost rights of representation, are rights, Sir, which, in truth, are not to be recovered but by the exertions and the unanimity of the people themselves. Impressed with this great truth, it has been my invariable object to revive in the minds of the commonalty at large a knowledge of their lost rights, respecting the election and duration of

the representative body; and I doubt not that your society will see the wisdom of pursuing a like course; may it taste the delight of diffusing this knowledge; may it reap the honour of calling forth the energies of the Nation! When I contemplate the light and truth, by which, a benign providence, is now sweeping from the earth despotism in all its forms, and infringements of rights in all degrees, to make way for freedom, justice, peace, and human happiness; and when I see your society announce itself to the world as the friends of the people, I rest assured that your new institution abundantly partakes of that light, that it embraces that truth, and it will act up to the sacredness of that friendship which it professes, by nobly casting from it with disdain, all aristocratic reserves, and fairly and honestly contending for the people's rights in their full extent. Here, Sir, be assured lies all your strength. You may boast of names, of wealth, of talents, aud even of principles, but without the fellowship of the people, understanding and feeling their immediate interest in the contest, your association, whenever it grapples with that powerful despotism to which it is opposed, and to which a constitutional cloak gives double strength, will most assuredly crumble to the dust."

Men of the future, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the views of this friend and benefactor of the human race, Major Cartwright, and apply them to the present day for depend upon it, if ever happiness is to be the lot of the milllions it must be the millions by their union that must accomplish it themselves. Up, then, men of the Midland Counties, Chartism is alive, Yorkshire and Lancashire have pronounced in favor of the Movement and shall we be so base as not to elect our delegates and send by them our adhesion to the cause.

"Fan the patriot flame
Till it burns in every mind—
Till in its glorious light shall fade
The oppressors of mankind."

Any locality near Coventry, willing to organize with this locality, are requested to address:—

George Freeman,
Coach & Horses Yard,
Much Park St., Coventry.

Lessons from History.

II.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Continued from No. 45, p. 878.)

Despite his triumph, Antigonus feared to face the lion in his lair—Cleomenes stood at bay in Lacedæmon, prepared to guard the frontiers — and the proud Macedonian king shrunk from the attack. He contented himself with taking Tegea, and plundering Mantinea and Orchomanus.

Meanwhile the Spartan king called the last resources of his country into action, and enfranchised such of the *helots* (or slaves) as could pay 50 attic *minæ* for their freedom. By this means he raised the sum of five *talents*, and, moreover, armed and trained in the Macedonian manner 2000 of these *helots*, whom he designed to oppose the famed *Leukaspides* of Macedon.

How truth vindicates its rights! If the battle of democracy is to be fought, it cannot be gained by half-democratic measures—having given freedom to the Spartans, in the eleventh hour Cleomenes was forced to concede it to the *helots*. Tardy justice, extorted by fear—that, had it been rendered sooner, might have saved the commonwealth! But Cleomenes is hardly to be blamed—the prejudice of the Spartan was so great, that, had he attempted this act at an earlier period, he would have had the very poorest and most enslaved of his countrymen against him, and never succeeded in subverting the *ephori* and the monied aristocracy

Cleomenes at once felt the force and power of these new recruits,—and determined on immediate action—for rapidity now meant safety. The plan for the general of a smal force opposed to a large one, was, so to speak, to multiply his power by multiplying its presence. Double activity atones for deficient means. He therefore ordered his men to take five days' provisions, and pretended to march upon Sellasia, as though about invading Argos. But suddenly, in the night, he turned round, and moved rapidly on Megalopolis, a city as large as Sparta itself, and the most devoted of all to the Macedonian interest. On one side of this great, strong, and hostile city, lay the Achæan army, on the other that of Antigonus. The enterprise seemed rash in the extreme. Having given his troops a brief rest at Rhœtium, he sent Panteus, with two companies of Lacedæmonians, to make good a lodgement on the rampart. Panteus was a man preeminent for size, strength and beauty.

Stealing with his Spartans to the wall, he found it inaccessible on account of its height, but negligently guarded, since the Megalopolitans, surrounded by two vast and friendly armies, never expected anything less than an attack.

Panteus, since he could not scale the wall, began to undermine it—threw down a part, put the sentinels to the sword, and rushed in. By this time Cleomenes had come up, and, pouring his forces into the sleeping city, the town was lost before the inhabitants had been half roused from their slumbers.

Immediately, a general flight took place out of the opposite side of Megalopolis—some few making a desperate stand, and thus enabling the others to withdraw. Not more than 1,000 men, women, and children, remained behind—so completely was this large city emptied in a few hours. Two leading men, Lysandridas and Thearidas were taken prisoners. "Now," said the former, as he was brought into the presence of Cleomenes, "now, King of Sparta! you have an opportunity of doing an action much more glorious than the late one, and to acquire immortal honor."

Cleomenes, guessing his aim, made answer, "You would not have me restore you the town?" "That is the very thing I would propose," replied the captive, "and you will make firm friends of a mighty people." Cleomenes paused awhile, and then replied, "This is hard to believe, but, be it as it will, let glory with us have always greater weight than interest!" and he spared the town, and offered it back to the inhabitants.

But Philopœmen, he who has been miscalled "the last of the Greeks," told the citizens that it was merely a trick of Cleomenes, who, having got the town, wanted to get the inhabitants in his power also. Accordingly, the noble offer was rejected. Cleomenes was so incensed at their conduct, that, although he had hitherto preserved the property of the Megalopolitans with as great care as if it had been his own, he consigned it now to general plunder, and levelled the best parts of the city with the ground. Hereupon, he left the town, apprehensive that the allied armies would close on his rear. But the latter were paralysed with astonishment, and Antigonus held a council with the Achæans at Ægina. Here Aratus mounted the *rostrum*, and having covered his face with his robe, stood long in silence, weeping. The audience were surprised, and desired him to speak. Uncovering his face, he cried, "Megalopolis is destroyed by Cleomenes!"—and retired from the platform. The effect was electrical, and a feeling of anger and indignation consolidated the movement against Sparta.

Antigonus made great efforts to put his army rapidly in motion. But the troops had been lying about in winter-quarters, and came together slowly. He therefore, as the winter season was at its height, postponed further operations, and marched to Argos with a chosen body of troops, where he established his head-quarters. It is also probable that he mistrusted the Argives, for Plutarch has elsewhere told us that they had made overtures of peace to Cleomenes—and it is therefore feasible to suppose that he did not desire to crush the latter merely for the benefit of wavering allies.

Be it as it may, the indefatigable Spartan was determined to leave the tyrant not an hour of peace—and therefore hearing that only a small portion of his army had accompanied the Macedonian to Argos, he invaded the territory of that city—with a view of provoking Antigonus to battle at a disadvantage, or, if he declined, rendering him contemptible in the eyes of his allies. The King wisely declined the battle—and kept within the walls. Meanwhile Cleomenes ravaged the country, and heaped provocation after provocation, insult after insult on the invader. This so distressed and angered the Argives, that they beset the King with continual clamours to go out and fight, began to despise him because of his prudence, and told him, if he could not defend them better than that, to make room for stronger and braver men. But Antigonus, who was a great general, was not to be lured from his stronghold, and retorted on Cleomenes now, the same game the latter had played on him at Corinth.

Accordingly, the Spartan, after marching up to the very walls of Argos, withdrew with his army.

No sooner had he done so, than Antigonus sallied forth, marched to Tegea, and prepared to enter Laconia (Lacedæmon). Hitherto, Cleomenes had kept his country free from invasion. Once more he turned round, and roused in his anger, carried fearful devastation to the heart of Argos. The terrible invasion recalled Antigonus to Argos. Cleomenes quietly offered sacrifice to Juno before its walls, as a mark of contempt towards the enemy—and making a compass through Peloponnesus, drove the Macedonian garrison from Ploguntum, and returned victorious to uninvaded Lacedæmon.

His conduct in this war challenged the admiration of all antiquity, "for with the strength of a single city to oppose the whole power of the Macedonians and Peloponnesians, and all the treasures of the King, and not only to keep Laconia untouched, but to carry devastation into the enemy's country, were indications of no common genius and spirit." (*Plutarch.*)

But, "Antigonus coming to the war with vast funds, in process of time tired out and overran Cleomenes, who could but in a very slender manner pay his mercenaries, and give his Spartans bread."—*Plutarch.*

This fatal necessity kept driving Cleomenes more and more to the desperate resource of a pitched battle. With masterly skill he had succeeded in avoiding it, until his rear was threatened by the revolt of Argos,—then he had tried to provoke it in the moment of the Macedonian's weakness—but Antigonus had retaliated his own plan on the Spartan chief —now the tyrant had his full forces around him, and no longer shunned the encounter. Poverty drove Cleomenes to the field on the one hand—and, on the other, the pressure of his affairs at home forced the northern monarch to hurry onward a decision of the war. A great army of Illyrians had invaded Macedonia, and the remaining forces of the kingdom had difficulty in making head against them. Thus a twofold fatality drew the issue onward.

Cleomenes lay encamped on two almost inaccessible mountains, separated only by a narrow defile, and strongly fortified—Antigonus feared to attack so strong a position, and encamped below on the plains of Sellasia. Want of money and provisions at last forced him to descend. Cleomenes had only 20,000 men—whereas the army of Antigonus numbered 28,000 matchless infantry, and 1,200 horse.—*Polybius*, 9.

Before the battle began, Cleomenes took a view from an eminence of the Macedonian army. Antigonus had ordered his Illyrian and Acarnanian troops secretly to fetch a compass and surround that wing of the Spartan army which was commanded by Euclidas, the brother of Cleomenes.

The latter, not seeing where the Illyrians and Acarnanians were posted, began to fear they were designed for some such manœuvre, and ordered one of his generals, named Damoteles, to reconnoitre the rear. Damoteles had been bribed by Antigonus, and returning, reported that "nothing was to be feared from that quarter, for all was safe in the rear; nor was there anything more to be done but to bear down upon the front." Cleomenes, satisfied with this report, opened the battle. Then the metal of the *helots* was tried! They rushed with such impetuosity on the *Leukaspides*, that they bore the famed phalanx back five furlongs,— and were eagerly pursuing their advantage, when Cleomenes casting his eyes towards the wing that Euclidas commanded, saw the Illyrians and Arcananians rushing down upon their rear, and the devoted warrior soon enclosed on every side. He stopped in mid pursuit, and cried out, "Thou art lost, in spite of all thy valor! but great is thy example to our Spartan youth; and the songs of our matrons shall for ever record thee!"

Euclidas died fighting at the head of his men, and the rush came over their prostrate bodies on the rear of Cleomenes. The latter, seeing the battle irretrievably lost, mounted his horse, and galloped off to Sparta, to prepare the city for the coming catastrophe.

In this action vast numbers of the mercenaries fell, and out of 6,000 Lacedæmonians, not more than 200 left the field alive!

By a bitter mockery of fortune, "as soon as the battle of Sellasia had been fought, and Cleomenes had lost his army and his city, a messenger had come to call Antigonus home." The Illyrians had gained a great victory in Macedon. Had Cleomenes delayed fighting two days longer, the Macedonians would have been forced to leave Greece, and Sparta would have dictated any terms to the Achæans.

Thus twenty-four hours' delay, or the speed of a single horseman, changed the face of Greece, perhaps of all the ancient world.

When Cleomenes reached Sparta, knowing resistance to be hopeless, he advised the citizens to receive Antigonus: "'For my own part,' he said, 'I am willing either to live or to die, as the one or the other may be most for the interest of my country.' Seeing the women run to meet the few brave men who had escaped with him, help to take off their armour, and present them with wine, he retired to his own house. After the death of his wife, he had taken into his house a young woman who was a native of Megalopolis, and freeborn, but fell into his hands at the sack of the place. She approached him, according to custom, with a tender of her services on his return from the field. But though both thirsty and weary, he would neither drink nor sit down; he only leaned his elbow against a pillar, and his head upon it, armed as he was; and having rested a few moments, while he considered what course to take, he repaired to Gythium with his friends. There they went on board vessels provided for the purpose, and immediately put out to sea."—*Plutarch.*

Sparta surrendered on the arrival of Antigonus. He behaved with the most unexpected mildness and forbearance; offered no insult, and restored to the inhabitants their laws and polity; and, after having sacrificed to the gods, retired the third day.

Indeed, the ravages of the barbarian invasion at home prevented a longer stay—and the hand of death softened the sternness of his spirit. "He was in a deep consumption, and had a continual defluxion upon the lungs."

But, he bore up against his affliction, and leaving Greece, struggled with the torrent f

war that was sweeping over Macedonia. At last a great victory and carnage of the barbarians saved his kingdom, but, shouting in the battle, he burst a vessel in his lungs, and crying, "Oh glorious day!" brought up a great quantity of blood, and shortly died.

The reader is now invited to follow the historian to the gross court of effeminate tyranny—to the stately palaces of pride and superstition—to behold the pitiable spectacle of royalty at its zenith,—the stern, grand contrast of heroic virtue, glorious in her fall,—and the last weird, wondrous fortunes of her champion, Cleomenes.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, AND THE CONVENTION.

The following letters from Messrs. Bezer and Shaw, of the Executive Committee, have been sent for insertion in the "Notes."

"Sir,—Without entering into matters that might provoke discussion, *on this point*, we Chartists shall all agree, viz.—that the policy of the Executive ought to be Chartist exclusively, and that those among our leaders must on no account betray us.

"Brother Chartists!—Mr. Holyoake has done so, both at the sham 'Conference' and also at the public meeting at St. Martin's Hall. He may think he is right, but I cannot—will not—act with him on the Executive Committee, and if he does not immediately withdraw, I must.

"I am, Sir,
"Respectfully and faithfully,
"J. J. Bezer.
"To the Editor of the 'Notes.'"

"24, Gloucester Street,
"Commercial Road East,
"March 3rd, 1852.

"Brother Chartists:—The conduct of my colleague, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, at the 'Conference of the Financial and Parliamentary Reformers,' and the sentiments enunciated by that gentleman at the public meeting this evening, leaves me no other choice than at once tendering my resignation as one of your directing body. As a consistent democrat, I can no longer act with such a man, and therefore trust you will properly appreciate the step to which I am impelled, Yet, in the event of the withdrawal of Mr. G. J. H. from the Executive of the N. C. A., I shall, with much pleasure, to the best of my humble abilities, continue in my present position, and to do the best in my power till the debt of my predecessor is fully liquidated:

"And remain your's,
Faithful to the Cause,
J. Shaw."

Thus the truth will vindicate itself at last. From the beginning I understood the incompatibility of the elements constituting the present Executive. I knew that it was impossible for honest men to hold with the hare and run with the hounds. I saw that the middle-class spirit—the middle-class ascendancy was dominant in the Committee—even when Messrs. Thornton Hunt and LeBlond were not on it. Even those on it, who were politically honest at heart, were infected with the middle-class disease, under which Chartism has, for some time, been laboring. I saw that to remain on such a committee would be to help on the destruction of the cause. I saw that a practical protest against that, and some other deteriorating elements, was necessary, in order to bring back sense, health and vigor into the movement—and, therefore, I resigned. I have been abused, blamed, and maligned for the act. But now the innate, political honesty of Shaw and Bezer has opened their eyes. Now, those who blamed me and opposed me, are forced to do the same—and Chartism has been rescued from the specious and insidious snare.

Now you see what comes of running after fine gentlemen, and middle-class *literati*. These are the times that show us what men are made of. Some actually abuse and attack us—others shrink from the name, and others repudiate the old organisation—but, thanks to common-sense, the masses are true as steel—traitor, waverer, inconstant, are alike mistaken in their estimate of Chartist strength and character.

The danger was, however, great. Just fancy members of our own Executive, like Mr. Holyoake, stepping forward in the money-monger's conference, proclaiming themselves as of the Executive, and thus, *as with official, national authority*, handing us over to the middle-class.

Just fancy, some of our best men standing aloof—and never coming to the rescue at such a time! Looking on from a distance, while Chartism seemed in its death-struggle, and just one or two almost worn-out, wearied, and beset on all sides, were still fighting and struggling almost single-handed in the van of the great old battle of the people!

But the stand has not been in vain. The hour of darkness has passed. That stand has given time for the masses to rally—and they are gathering in around us on all sides once more. Witness St. Martin's Hall—witness the Walmsley Conference,—the first up-brightening of the movement after its long apathy and coldness and gloom. A gallant stand and a great moral victory—such as must, I think, have startled and dismayed our false friends, and our open enemies.

Now, Chartists! a Convention is more requisite than ever. If Holyoake, LeBlond, Hunt, Lindon, and Arnott, who openly avow the policy of the four former, do not resign, *they must be deposed.* Of course *they* won't summon a Convention. I told you so all along. A Convention only can depose them—therefore a Convention must be summoned—and the Manchester Council with rapidly increasing sanction of other localities, have thrown themselves in the breach.

If Holyoake don't resign, but I think it probable that, seeing they can't make a cat's-paw of the movement, he and his middle-class ally will both resign—if, I say, Holyoake don't resign, Bezer and Shaw will—in either case, two, or four, new elections become necessary to fill the vacancies created.

Now, *Chartists! you ought to* KNOW, *personally, to know,* the men whom you elect at such a crisis—you must not be driven to elect mere *names*—because the *men* are unknown. This, again, can be effected only by a Convention. As to saying, a Convention is not a good means because it will be caught by "claptrap" or fine speaking—it is an insult to say so. It is your business to elect delegates who will *not* be caught by "claptrap." Hear your men—see them—examine their views and policy,—explain yours to them—then, and then only, you will elect an Executive of sure, safe men, instead of, such an exhibition as we have lately had. Can this—I ask you—can this be done by anything but a Convention.

You are being told that a Convention is premature, that either no delegate would go (the midlands that we are told would send none, are already preparing to send two, Loughboro' and Coventry—and more are in the wake),—or that if many went, it would be "a waste of money,"—which ought to be expended in "the immediate formation of Election Committees pledged to Democratic Parliamentary Reform." So we should lay the foundation of a "new and powerful organization." Now, I am in favoe of a decisive stand being made at the next elections; but I am not in favor of our postponing real Chartist organization for that object. It is uncertain whether Parliament will be dissolved or not. A whole year may elapse—and while we are preparing for a Parliamentary struggle that will not take place for twelve months, the middle-class Reformers would walk over the field without resistance. The organization would be broken up in an endless chaos of election cabals; and, as hope would be raised, high passions excited to fever heat, and but very few Chartist candidates really seated. The corresponding reaction would be fatal. No practical, tangible, lasting results would be apparent—no sound basis of organization to rest upon after a tumult. An election struggle is a good auxiliary to agitation—it is a fatal basis for organization. Prepare for the election by all means, but ORGANISE YOURSELVES FIRST, that you may know what you're about, and have something to fall back upon afterwards. A Convention is the very thing that ought to precede any organised election movement; and just consider!—after the events that have transpired at the monied conference—after the great stand of right has thus been begun in London, with half the Executive belying and denouncing us, will you let this pass without some authoritative expression of your will and views? Surely, you must feel the necessity of this now more than ever. Surely you must see that a Convention is the turning impulse that will practically apply the re-awakened energy of Chartism.

Let us here venture to caution you on a point of great importance.

New programmes are being submitted to you—a sort of 7th and 8th points of Chartism. You are called upon to demand "the repeal of all laws preventing any men from bearing arms—the enactment of laws organizing volunteer corps—and the training of youth to military exercises."

If you take my advice, you will call for nothing of the kind. I am of course in favor of every man's being allowed to bear arms—but if you make this one of your demands, if you shout about "*Volunteer-corps*" and "*Military Training,*"—you will raise the old bugbear of "physical-force Chartism"—you will alarm, estrange, and strengthen prejudice, you will raise the old division of moral-force men and physical-force men—you will go the sure way of breaking up the movement,—open the gates for spies, traitors and prosecutors,—give our enemies the very cry they want, and strengthen the hands of a reactionary government. It is folly like this that has destroyed the finest movements the world has ever witnessed.

Stick to the Charter and the Labor-question—and the game is in your hands. Pikes and bayonets are all very well in their way—and it

may sometimes be requisite to use them—but they are things wise men don't talk of, and sensible people don't expect their enemies to give for asking. ERNEST JONES.

II.—THE METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

This body met as usual on Sunday last, the 29th ult., eighteen delegates present, Mr. C. F. Nicholls in the chair. Messrs. J. Bligh and Evans took their seats for the Tower Hamlets' Total Abstinence Locality; Mr. Harris, Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Hamilton, also took their seats.

The minutes having been read and confirmed.

ERNEST JONES moved the following resolutions:

Resolved,—1. That this Council, deeply regretting the unfortunate position of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, believes it would be a disgrace to the democracy of this country, were it not to exert its power for the purpose of raising the necessary funds for that fair audit of his accounts, which can alone silence the calumnies of his enemies, he not possessing the means for that purpose himself; and, furthermore, for providing him with the assistance requisite for proper medical treatment, and a suitable support and maintenance.

2. This Council, therefore, calls on the country, generally, to respond to the appeal now made, by the election,

a, Of a Committee, Secretary, Treasurer and Collectors in each Locality.

b, Of a General Secretary and Treasurer, resident in the metropolis.

c, Of two Trustees in whose hands the funds shall be vested for the benefit of Mr. O'Connor.

3, This Council constitutes itself the Metropolitan Committee for the purpose specified, and appoints its Treasurer, and its Secretary.

4, This Council nominates as a proper person for General Treasurer, as a proper person for General Secretary, and as proper persons for Trustees.

5, All local Treasurers to forward the collections made, weekly, to the General Treasurer.

6, This Council does not desire to dictate to other Councils, but, seeing that none have yet taken up the question as a matter of business, feeling that no time is to be lost, and its members being resident in the metropolis and in the vicinity of Mr. O'Connor, it conceives itself under a solemn duty of taking practical steps for realising the object desired. The Council, therefore, solicits the Chartist body

a, To send the Secretary of the London Committee any other nominations for the offices named, it may think proper. All nominations to be forwarded on or before Sunday the 14th of March,—whereon the Council will publish a list of the persons nominated, that the vote may be duly taken.

b, All votes to be returned by Tuesday the 23rd of March, so that they may be audited by scrutineers appointed at a public meeting, and published in time for the papers of that week.

This Council sincerely hopes that the friends of Mr. O'Connor will not neglect this opportunity of showing what their friendship is worth, and that the friends of democracy will not neglect this opportunity of saving it from the most disgraceful stigma, that of ingratitude and neglect towards a champion worn-out and ruined in its cause.

Other classes, bad as they may be, can build palaces, raise statues, and collect vast treasures for those who have served their class-interests, it would remain for the working-classes to offer the pitiable spectacle of neglecting and disowning the men who have toiled and suffered in their far holier cause.

As soon as sufficient funds are in hand, they will be applied

1st, To engage an efficient accountant to audit the accounts of the Land company, and thus save the character of Mr. O'Connor from unmerited aspersion.

2ndly, To obtain medical advice for Mr. O'Connor, and secure him every comfort and a suitable maintenance.

3rdly, As soon as any sum over £20 shall have been received by the Treasurer, he shall pay the same into the hands of the Trustee's on behalf of Mr. O'Connor,—being authorised, however, to retain £20 in hand for current expenses.

All letters, until the General Secretary shall have been elected, to be addressed to the Secretary of the London Committee.

Mr. CHARLES MURRAY seconded the motion.

Mr. FARRAH moved an amendment, "That the question be adjourned for a week, and referred to the localities." Mr. Washington seconded.

Mr. BEZER moved a further amendment, "That the questions be referred to a public meeting." Mr. Bryson seconded.

The original motion was carried by a majority of 13 over 5, amid loud acclamation from the Board and body of the hall.

On the motion of E. Jones, Mr. C. F. Nicholls was elected Treasurer to the London Committee.

On the motion of Mr. Clark, Mr. Ernest

Jones was elected Secretary to the London Committee.

On the motion of Mr. Jones, Mr. Saul was nominated as General Treasurer, and Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, M.P., and Thomas Wakley, M.P., were nominated for Trustees.

On the motion of Mr. Clarke, J. M. Wheeler was nominated for General Secretary.

Mr. C. Murray moved the following, which was carried unanimously, "This Council seeing more than ever the necessity of labor being represented in the House of Commons do hereby earnestly call upon the Chartists of Great Britain to organize in their respective towns and localities, in order to use their utmost exertions to ensure the return of members at the next general election who will fearlessly advocate the political and social rights of the People. This Council is of opinion that as the upper and middle classes profess to be the friends of the working classes, it is but right that we should test the sincerity of their professions by calling upon those who have the Elective Franchise to elect one of each, two of any town or borough, who shall be chosen by the non-electors, having their confidence. This Council cannot think that any objection can be raised against such a request, seeing that the non-electors form, to say the least, six-sevenths of the adult male population." Seconded by Mr. Bligh. Carried unanimously.

Mr. Ernest Jones moved, "That this Council appoint an Observation Committee of three persons to watch the proceedings of the middle-class Reformers in the metropolis and elsewhere, with a view to taking such steps as may ensure a true representation of the feelings of the working-men of London, relative to the franchise and the rights of the labouring classes, so as to prevent the Democratic mind of this city from being falsified and misrepresented at the public meeting of the bourgeoisie-liberals, and so as to ensure the attendance at the same of efficient speakers on behalf of the people, and to render it impossible for the opponents of Democracy to put down the free expression of opinion.

"The Observation Committee to have the power of specially calling together the Metropolitan Delegate Council.

"The Observation Committee to attend the Conference of the 'Parliamentary and Financial Reformers' in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday next. Carried unanimously.

Messrs. J. Bligh, Ernest Jones, and Charles Murray were elected as the Observation Committee.

The Council then adjourned.

Brother Chartists!

Having been appointed Secretary to the London Committee which has nobly taken the initiative in the fulfilment of the imperative duty of assisting Mr. O'Connor, permit me to exhort you to lose no time in sending in any further nominations you may think fit for the Offices of General Treasurer, Secretary and Trustees,—for this movement ought to be NATIONAL, and proceed with the utmost possible national sanction of the working-classes.

All friends would greatly serve, if they would forthwith convene the localities, read to them the above Report of the London Council, and make the necessary motions thereon.

It need not be said that I shall spare no effort and shun no labor in doing my utmost for the furtherance of this sacred duty.

I have already written to Messrs. Saul, Duncombe, and Wakley, and next week (if possible, before) I will publish their answers.

Since neither Messrs. Reynolds nor Thornton Hunt have Reporters for their papers at the Metropolitan Delegate Council's Meetings, I have with my own hand sent Reports to them, respectively, in order that as much publicity as possible may be given to this important matter.

All letters, containing nominations, or any communications on the subject, to be addressed to me, care of Mr. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, Strand, London.

Ernest Jones,
Secretary of the Metropolitan Committee.

III.—FINSBURY.

This locality met on Sunday February 25th at the Finsbury Literary Institution. Mr. Livesey in the chair.

Messrs. Butler and Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council. Mr. Weedon moved "That two delegates be appointed to attend and watch the proceedings the of Parliamentary Reform Convention, on Tuesday, March 2nd. The said delegates, Mr. T. M. Wheeler, and E. J. Loomes, and further that our delegates be instructed to advocate the six points of the Peoples' Charter whole and entire," seconded by Mr. Fuzzen, carried by a majority of twenty. Mr. Butter moved. "That the Secretary write to Mr. Grassby to inform the Executive that this locality strictly protest against Messrs. Hunt and Le Blonde, having a seat upon the Executive they not being duly elected," seconded by Mr. Crochet, carried unanimously.

Mr. Weedon moved, "That this locality perfectly agrees with the resolution moved by Mr. E. Jones on the Delegate Council, respecting the condition of Mr. F. O'Connor and pledges itself to raise subscriptions for his relief. E. J. Loomes, *Sec.*

IV.—LOUGHBOROUGH.

March 2nd.

The following resolution was passed at the weekly meetings of the Chartists of this locality.

"Resolved that the question respecting the propriety of sending a delegate to the Convention be postponed until Tuesday March 16th, in consequence of not having received answers to our letters from Nottingham and Derby, asking their co-operation in sending a delegate to represent those towns with Loughborough in the forthcoming convention.

JOHN FARROW, *Sec.*

The letters alluded to in the above resolution, was addressed to Mr. George Harrison of Nottingham, and Mr. Gilbert of Derby, with a request that those gentlemen would forward them to the Chartist Secretaries of those towns. The letters were sent a fortnight ago, and up to this time we have received no answer, we should be happy if Mr. Harrison of Notts and Mr. Gilbert of Derby would send us a note stating whether they received the letters or not.

All communications to be addressed

JOHN FARROW,
Shoe Maker, Mill Street,
Loughborough.

[Write to Mr. S. Saunders, Denman St. New Bradford, Notts.] ED. *Notes.*

V.—NEWTOWN, WALES.

The Chartists of Newtown have formed a committee to aid in starting "The People's Paper," and are determined to render all the support in their power to the project. At the first meeting of the committee, 4s. 4½d. was subscribed and £2 promised in loans and subscriptions. JOHN RICHARDS.

VI.—VICTORIA PARK.

A members' meeting will take place on Sunday morning, March 7th, at half-past ten o'clock at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Morpeth Street, Green Street, Bethnal Green, to discuss business of importance connected with the Chartist movement. the members of the locality are requested to attend and express their opinions.

L. H. PELTERET, *Sec.*
4, Tipe Street, Green Street,
Bethnal Green.

N.B. Persons can become members of this locality who wish to reform the movement by not joining *Pot houses*.

VII.—MANCHESTER.

The following persons have been elected as a committee, to raise subscriptions for the purpose of enabling Mr. E. Jones to establish the "Peoples' Newspaper." Joseph Owin, George Bailey, Edward Ormesher, Thomas Ormesher, George Chambers, Mitchell, Robert Thomson, William Ray. Edward Hooson, Secretary.

The committee held their first meeting on Tuesday, March 2nd, 1852, when the following resolutions were agreed to:—

1st.—"That we receive the subscriptions weekly, to suit the convenience of the contributors."

2nd.—"That all monies be placed in the 'Savings Bank,' until such times as it may be called for."

3rd.—"That we issue a dozen collecting books, such collecting books, to be brought in once a week."

4th.—"That we pledge ourselves to return all monies to the subscribers, after deducting preliminary expenses, should the 'Peoples' Newspaper, not be issued."

The monies received were as follows: on Loans £1. Gifts £1. Total £2.

We have a good many promises, and we shall acknowledge monies as received.

E. HOOSON.

VIII.—COVENTRY.

That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the vindictive feeling exhibited by Mr. Henry, a Police Magistrate of London in committing Mr. O'Connor to prison for seven days for what he pleased to term a common assault, when Mr. Reynolds represented how Mr. O'Connor was mentally afflicted is one of the basest acts of Magistereal despotism that can possibly be inflicted upon an individual, and believing in the great axiom that when one member of the community is wronged the whole through that individual is oppressed, we hereby solemnly enter our protest against such inhuman treatment, and should be unworthy the name of men, were we not to express our deep sympathy for Mr. O'Connor, and endeavour by every kind of means to restore him to that peace and serenity of mind which is essentially necessary for his future happiness. We therefore approve of the recommendation of Mr. Ernest Jones which has appeared in the Notes of the 28th February, and should consider it a sacred duty to co-operate with the members of any committee for such a laudable purpose.

Resolved—"that we the Chartists of Coventry in a meeting assembled having heard read a letter from the Manchester Council of the National Charter Association, hereby pledge ourselves to send a delegate to the proposed Convention, and furthermore to render them every assistance in our power, and that this resolution be sent to the 'Notes' for insertion, and the Manchester Council for their information.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book 3.—The Tradesman's Daughter.

XII.—THE MEETING AND THE PARTING.

Three weeks had elapsed since the time embraced in the last chapter.

It was a still, warm afternoon of autumn among the hills of Cumberland—but the leaves wore a deep brown tint, the gaudy finery of red and yellow, with which summer, like a worn-out courtezan, tries to paint the face of its decay, was softened down to a religious soberness, and the melancholy asters wrote "In Memoriams" over the foliage prostrate at their feet. Proud verdure of the topmost tree, laid low beneath the humble little flower!

All was still, and calm, and mournful round the cottage in Cumberland—no sound was there save when the dying leaves fell one by one along the terrace—or the mute bird was busy for his winter granary. All was still, and calm, and mournful, as Laura stood looking southward on the unseen lands of summer, youth, and hope.

A little boy came stealthily to the garden-gate and tried to win her notice. He was one of the recipients of her charity—for real love, even though unhappy, makes us good and kind.

"What do you want, Charles?" said Laura, strangely agitated, but she knew not why.

"A man told me to give you this letter," replied the child, "but to let no one see me give it you."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know, he was a poor man——and he told——"

But Laura heard no more—she had seen the handwriting.

"A dying man has come to look once more, after long years, on her he loves. By the memory of the love you once felt, by the holiness of its purity, I summon you to meet me this day, one hour before sunset, at the place that shall be pointed out to you. My wife, wife of my soul! wedded to me by the ring you shall soon receive again—I expect you.

"Edward Trenton."

With beating heart, the deep hectic of the cheek whitened into marble, Laura leaned for support against the gateway—unable to give utterance to the rapid questions that kept pouring on her tongue.

"A poor man?"

"Yes, ma'am, very poor! and he seemed very ill."

Edward had never, in his letter, told her of his struggles or his poverty.

"I come," she faltered, as she wrote the magic words on a leaf torn from her tablets—and the blithe boy darted away with the precious missive.

On a narrow space of white sand-beach by the lake, beneath the umbrageous shade of the brown elms and oaks, against whose boles the setting sun flashed purple glory, a graceful lady of surpassing beauty—and a weary, dying haggard outcast, had been seen to meet. What words were spoken between them, none ever heard, and the divining pen of the narrator is silent before the sanctity of that communing. One hour they stood on that lone beach—love and death, twin sovereigns of each heart—whose empire was written in roses on the face of one, and graven in marble on the forehead of the other. Wealth and poverty equalised and united by love—the rags of the pauper and the purple of the lady, mingled in one embrace—the wildest contrasts of humanity welded in one unison of passion—the threshhold of death, decked with the noblest and richest flowers of life.

What memories were recorded—what tortures were revealed—what mistakes deplored! Oh! who can tell the words, the thoughts, the agonies, the consolations, of that parting hour!

Was the question asked, "Would it not have been better to have proclaimed the preeminence of love—to have abjured the unnatural and fatal union before it was cemented—and, hand in hand, Edward and Laura, to

have gone out into the world, and battled it together?"

Was the question asked, "Would not the misery have been as keen—would not Edward's mental sufferings have been doubled, to have seen the physical sufferings of her he loved? As it was, at least the ennobling tie of a holy passion raised the purpose of their lives, the tenor of their thoughts, and the goal of their hopes—but under the hard hand of squalid wretchedness, would love have held its own—the haggard cheek and sunken eye replacing the beauty that had dazzled—the soured spirit and the querulous complaint succeeding the gentleness that had allured—the mutual recrimination and the eternal reproach, tacit if not spoken, following the endearments that had charmed—would they not have killed affection slowly, but surely, would not the physical suffering of one, the mental agony of both, have been increased—and their lives have lost that priceless treasure which they still possessed—unspotted, undimmed, unchanging—LOVE?"

Was the question asked: "Are some predestined to misery?—and can no effort—no strength—no bravery, break the fatal spell?"

Was the consolation felt—that *death* was near? Ah! there he is—the Comforter! Oblivion to the sceptic,—paradise to the enthusiast—a boon to either!

Yes! strange as it may appear—those two broken, dying hearts, parted with a calm, proud, pitying comfort—calm in the security of death—proud that their love had stood the test of life—pitying that mankind remained so mad, so miserable, and so blind, when they might become so happy!

Shortly after, there was a funeral in the village. A stranger, in the last stage of poverty and illness, had arrived at the village-hostelry one afternoon. Food he tasted none—but staid abroad till one hour after sunset. Then he returned—retired to his room, and spent some time in writing.

Next morning he was found dead. Two letters were lying by his bedside—the one addressed to a lady at Ellman Cottage—the other to a celebrated literary character in London. Both were duly forwarded. The dead are often better obeyed than the living.

An inquest was duly held—speculation and curiosity were busy as usual,—and then the body, that falling into its grave, had rippled the calm waters of society in that secluded village, left them back to their original stagnation.

Thus ended Edward Trenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellman were sitting in their parlor—he dozing over a game of whist with the clergyman, the steward, and the surgeon of the place,—she in marble silence—when the servant entered and placed a letter in her hands.

That hand trembled as she opened it—but no other sign of agitation was perceptible—though she seemed to divine its contents. Nothing but a golden ring was contained in the enclosure. Laura took it, placed it on her finger, with apparent calmness, and then fell senseless on the ground.

The other letter was also forwarded to its destination. It was addressed to Mr. Sucknoddle, the celebrated author. It contained the bitter reproach of a dying man for the piracy of his works, and the solemn request for him to own the fraud and do justice to his memory.

Shortly after an article appeared in the leading reviews of the day, from the pen of Mr. Sucknoddle, entitled,

GENIUS UNRECOGNISED!

ANOTHER CHATTERTON! A NEW POET!

Herein the struggles of Edward Trenton were described, an outline was given of some fragmentary and posthumous works; and a torrent of sentimentality poured upon the public—while it was announced that Mr. Sucknoddle would edit and publish the literary remains of his lamented friend.

These soon appeared with the following *fictitious* letter from the murdered Edward.

"Noble and dear friend!

"To you, as the patron of my efforts, and the cheerer of my wretched life,—to you, to whom I owe consolation in misery and succour in distress, the ready and disinterested patron of unrecognised genius, I bequeath the task of doing justice to my memory, publishing my works, and avenging me upon those who have driven me to an early grave.

"EDWARD TRENTON."

One need not say what a sensation was created. Death was the passport to popular attention. The fragments Sucknoddle had collected, and not used himself, sold like wildfire in gilt-edged, silk bound volumes at a guinea each—the entire press praised the dead man whom they would have persecuted living—*the speculation succeeded admirably*—Mr. Sucknoddle gathered a golden harvest, and golden opinions also for his noble act of disinterested generosity.

A friend of the family, knowing the family relationship between Mr. Ellman and the late poet, sent a splendidly bound volume of his works to Ellman Cottage as a Christmas present.

Alas! There was no one then in Ellman Cottage, who read poetry.

END OF THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.

In the next number will begin Book IV., "The Lady of Title."

Continental Notes.

II.—LEGALITY AND DEMAGOGUISM.

CHAPTER 1.—Hungarian and French Revolutions. Their cause and effect.

CHAPTER 2.—The French Revolution in its real bearings. The groundwork of German Revolutionary movement, historically illustrated.

CHAPTERS 3 and 4.—A complete history of the Austrian Revolution, yet unknown to the British reader.

II.—FRENCH AND GERMAN REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

By. J. G. E.

From the very hour that the Provisional Government was established the work of treachery commenced. First of all the traitor Lamartine persuaded the proletarians to abandon their revolutionary ideas, to give up the red flag, and accept the tricolour, which, according to his statement, was acceptable to all classes. Moreover he assured them that the bourgeoisie were favourably disposed towards them, and that they should await the result of the elections, &c. Besides this, he betrayed the Belgian expedition to the Belgian government, and as Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent circulars to the despotic courts that the French Republic, i.e., the Provisional Government, meant no harm. Among the rest of its treacherous proceedings we only mention the decree which imposed an additional tax upon an over-taxed peasantry, which tended to excite the farmers against the working-classes in the towns, and the cunning mode in which the Provisional Government got rid of Louis Blanc and Albert, who, by the bye, were treated as ex-officio members, by sending them to the Luxemburg, apparently with a view to satisfy the claims of the working-classes. The national workshops were established to throw dust in the eyes of the poor, by making them believe that the Government was laying a foundation upon which the right to labor was to rest.

There is nothing more dangerous for an oppressed class than, in an hour of victory, to confide in politicians, however liberal they may be, whose sentiments are not entirely with the oppressed, or to help lukewarm leaders into office. The proletarians of Paris committed both faults in '48, and have dearly paid for the lesson. The Hungarians were more fortunate in their choice. The two champions who had to defend the interest of the rising element in the respective governments acted entirely different. While Kossuth was strictly adhering to his post, closely watching every movement, and thereby checking every attempt at retrogression which his aristocratic companions might have been disposed to introduce, Louis Blanc betrayed his trust, absented himself from the Provisional Government, gave "carte-blanche" to the bourgeois republicans at the Hotel de Ville, and promulgated a scheme, the chief characteristic of which was the converting bankrupt manufacturer into foremen of co-operative workshops Louis Blanc, as a historian, a journalist, and politician, was not unacquainted with the principles of Marrast, Page, Lamartine, &c. His place was not at the Luxemburg—it was at the Hotel de Ville, to check the proceedings of those dubious characters, and if this was impossible, to resign his post, and appeal to those whose delegate he was, to decide the question. Kossuth, by his energetic conduct, became the sole leader of the movement. Louis Blanc, for his negligence and lukewarmness, earned his well-merited reward. He lost his popularity, as indicted was a demagogue, and had to fly.

When the proletarians found out that the Provisional Government was a wolf in sheep's clothing, they turned their minds towards the election to retrieve their mistake, but they forgot that three-fourths of electors were peasants—the very peasants who were charged with an additional tax, and were in the hands of designing priests, usurers, and adventurers. The whole of the civilized world was anxiously awaiting the result of the election. The Constituent Assembly met on the 1st of May. The Republic was confirmed; but as there was a preponderance of bourgeois republicans and re-actionists, it was clear that the election was also a failure. Again the proletarians bestirred themselves to remedy the evil, but in vain.

Poland—poor, bleeding, trodden-down, and cut-up Poland, has been betrayed by all French governments. When the proletarians of Paris saw that the Assembly was not likely to further the revolution, they resolved on

the emancipation of Poland. The emancipation of Poland could serve a two-fold purpose. It would have compelled the Assembly to take part with the Italian, Hungarian, and German revolutions; and it would have liberated France from a considerable portion of the army, who were indignant at their defeat in February. The Austrian and Prussian armies would have been fit objects to vent their grief upon. This would have given the revolutionary party a better chance of success at home. To force the Assembly to declare the restoration and independence of Poland, a monster demonstration was made on the 15th of May, which, ended, in a complete discomfiture for the proletarians. By this the cause of Poland was lost—the fate of the Italian and Hungarian revolutions sealed. The 15th of May revealed to the Continental despots that the French bourgeoisie were willing to wage but one kind of war—a war of extermination against the revolutionists at home. Without French interference the Austrian camarilla, in conjunction with the traitor, Charles Albert, who, like Frederick William in Schleswig Holstein, had embraced the popular cause, the better to betray it, were capable of managing Italy, and Poland, being left under the Russian yoke, enabled Old Nick to arrange his military preparations, to concentrate his forces in Poland, and let them lay in ambush until their aid became necessary for the cause of despotism either in Poland or Germany.

Out of the Assembly the bourgeoisie were not idle. Ever since they had recovered from the first shock of February they had been busily at work to counteract the movement. The rural districts were swarming with the agents of the money-mongers, the hirelings of usurers and the church were slandering and calumniating the working-classes in the towns, and millions of tracts were sent forth to the priest-ridden peasantry to excite them against the revolution. After the 15th of May the bourgeoisie considered it no longer necessary to work secretly. They now began openly to attack the revolution, and to show the proletarians that they (the bourgeoisie) merely looked upon the concession of the right to labor as a matter of expediency. The Assembly decreed the dissolution of the national workshops. This was striking at the root of the revolution. The proletarians had the alternative to surrender all without a murmur, or once more to try the fortune of battle. They chose the latter, and were vanquished.

The dissolution of the national workshops, besides annihilating the only important acquisition of February, threw thousands upon the pavement of Paris, who had neither food nor shelter. The accession suggested the battle-cry of "Bread and Work" "Battle and Death," resounded through the streets, and the proletarians flew to arms. But no sooner did the Assembly perceive that the proletarians did not choose quietly to submit to this perjurous conduct than the whole war-establishment was put in motion, and General Cavaignac, the French Haynau, whose sole merit consisted in having aided Bugeaud in the extermination of the Beduines in Algiers, was made dictator, and commissioned to proceed against the insurgents according to his pleasure. To fill the cup of wickedness, a rumour was circulated that the insurgents were deluded hirelings of Henry V., and even Ledru Rollin has not been ashamed to justify his conduct during the insurrection of June by this vague rumour. Cavaignac, true to his trust, proceeded with rigour. The dictator of France did honour to the butcher of the Beduines. Never was battle-ground more fiercely contested—never did combatants manifest such valour as in the fatal days of June. After a battle of three days duration, to which history has no parallel, the proletarians were conquered, and besides 14,000 killed, lost 15,000, who were transported without a trial.

When the news of the result of this insurrection spread over Europe, liberals as well as radicals, had but one voice to express their joy. The same men who are idolizing and worshipping Kossuth, the bourgeois revolutionist, were then bestowing the highest praises on Cavaignac for having annihilated the revolutionary party, and the same champions of middle-class liberty, who are execrating the House of Hapsburgh, and the Emperor of Russia, for having crushed the "legal" revolution in Hungary, were then execrating, denouncing, and anathemizing the French proletarians as "the demagogues and the plunderers," for having dared to defend themselves against the treacherous conduct of the bourgeoisie.

What was the difference between the French Assembly, and the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburgh? What is the difference between Cavaignac and Haynau? And what difference was there between the Magyars and the working-classes of France? If the sanction of decaying and defeated powers can give legality to any measures of social and political progress, must not the sanction of a whole class be infinitely more important than the signature of an idiot?

The French bourgeoisie, by treachery and violence, crushed the revolution for their own class interest. The Italian bourgeoisie, on

the contrary, by intrigue and cowardice, assisted in crushing the movement against their interest. Frightened by the ghost of a democratic Republic the moderate constitutionalists did everything in their power to counteract the movement, and gain the good graces of their respective sovereigns, whose seducing asseverations they readily accepted as expressions of sincerity. The lesson taught by the history of the English as well as the French revolution, "that absolute monarchs are incorrigible," had no effect upon them. They willingly became the tools of Ferdinand of Naples and his allies, until they had served all the purposes of reaction. Then they were cast aside by their royal friends, put in chains, and thrown into the worst of dungeons. Had Poerio and his friends performed their duties, when in office, "Bomba" would never have had a chance to imprison them.

Besides the Italian constitutionalists there were other influences at work on the side of reaction. When the Sicilians were on the point of success the agents of the British Government—the very same Government that helped to release Kossuth—interposed, and induced the victorious to lay down their arms, and enter into negociations with the tyrant King. The negociations of the commander of the British squadron having no effect, save that of disorganizing the insurgents, he left the Sicilians to their fate. Thus the insurrection had been made in vain—the cause of Sicily was lost. Such ever has been, and ever will be, the fate of revolutions that stop half-way, or trust to negociations with previous oppressors.

In Germany the bourgeoisie had been agitating for representative Government, and the Union of Germany ever since the Congress of Vienna. Now and then they gained a point in the smaller States, but as often as one of the potentates was hurried into a concession, the German Bund at Frankfort, (an Assembly of thirty-nine plenipotentiaries of Germany, manufactured a law not only to neutralize the effect of such concessions: but to prevent similar concessions in any other State of Germany. The power of this reactionary Assembly could only be counteracted by an Assembly of Representatives elected by the people, and accordingly the entire population of Germany was in favour of a central Parliament.

In 1848 when the tide of revolution set in from the west, the Germans made as many revolutions as they had Governments, and in every one of the thirty-nine revolutions the principle and invariable demand was—the Union of Germany, Representative Government, and a German Parliament. The German Bund, suiting themselves to circumstances, were just busily engaged in legalising and registering the several points which the people in thirty-nine capitals had acquired on the barricades, and with an air of unprecedented condescension abolished some of the most hateful restrictions against the press and public meetings, when a number of political exiles, who had sojourned in Switzerland and France, and several advocates of the Union from the immediete neighbourhood, appeared in Frankfort, and constituted themselves into a Fore-Parliament. This spontaneously constitnted Fore-Parliament dissolved the Confederation of the German Princes, made a some preliminary arrangements for the meeting of the real German Parliament, and left a permanent committee to watch over the public welfare, until the Assembly should be in a condition to commence their labors.

The first emblem of unity which Germany presented to the world was the institution of thirty-nine Constituent Assemblies, who were commissioned to make constitutions for their respective States, and a German Parliament to make a united constitution for the whole of Germany. In every one of the opening speeches to the local Assemblies the deputies of the people were entreated not to enact anything whatever that might be contradictory to the constitution and laws which were expected to issue from the German Parliament in Frankfort, and the latter Assembly was reminded that they must take care, in the constitution which they were called upon to fabricate, to leave sufficient scope for the free and independent development of the thirty-nine nationalities which composed the German Union. This meant in other words thirty-nine Assemblies should make thirty-nine Constitutions, every one of which should concur with the views and sentiments of the Central Parliament, and this should make one Constitution to please thirty and odd Princes and the patricians of four Free Towns. Thus the seat of modern philosophy became also the seat of the greatest absurdity.

If honest and able legislators are scarce in countries where there is political life, and where they have chances for education, they must be infinitely more so in a country like Germany where every appearance of public life was arbitrariously prohibited and suppressed. It was therefore no wonder that much inferior material had to be used to fill forty co-existing parliaments—one for every million of inhabitants, with the requisite number of deputies. Nobody, we hope, will assert that the German revolution failed for want of legislation. On the contrary it was too much legislation that dragged the revolu-

tionary chariot into the mire.

The German Parliament, legislating for the entire Union commenced with creating an Executive, and elected an Austrian prince whom they made Vicar of the Empire. These two powers were the poorest that ever existed. Save the salary for the members, which was paid by the different States, neither the Executive nor the Parliament had any funds at their disposal, or forces to support the execution of their decrees. This point, however, could have been remedied by energetic conduct, but as things did turn out the German Parliament was a farce. One thing, however, deserves to be mentioned. Never were there so many scientific men in any political assembly. Probably the Germans considered the Professors of Universities the best of statesmen, and according to this belief they elected so many for the Central Parliament that they were almost preponderant. But, perhaps, in the whole movement of '48, there was nothing so clear. It was obvious to the most obscure politicians that if the Continental revolution should succeed, Russia would play the same part in the nineteenth century which the Holy Alliance, but more particularly the Germans, had played in the eighteenth. Policy and necessity, therefore, made it imperative for the German bourgeoisie to restore Poland, and and thereby make it a rampart against Russian invasion.

The German Parliament not being under the immediate control of any of the monarchs, and representing the entire nation, had the best chance of doing so. Moreover, such an act of boldness would have increased its political influence and power, and roused the support and esteem of the civilised world. Instead of this, the German Parliament (some have called it an assembly of old women) committed an additional act of treachery against Poland, they made a fourth division, and showed their sense for the union of Germany, by making that part of Poland, in which the Prussian Government had succeeded in Germanizing the Poles, an integral part of the German empire. The professors, who knew every thing in the universe save their duties as representatives, in concert with other liberal phrase-mongers, laid Germany open to the Czar. By choosing Archduke John as chief of their executive, they told Austria that they meant no harm to royal authority; by drawing a new line of demarcation in Poland, they pleased the King of Prussia, and by leaving the usurpations of Poland unquestioned, they assured old Nick that they had no intention of following the revolutionary path. The proceedings of the opposition were as vague as those of the majority—it was a farce.

The proceedings of the leading statesmen in Berlin were as disgusting as those in Frankfort. Prussia, by her geographical position, extending from the borders of Russia to the frontiers of France, and containing two-fifths of the German population, by her political influence, and by the development of her industry was entitled to that position which she still holds in Germany, and could have neutralised the follies in Frankfort and carried the German revolution to a successful issue. In March, when after a severe struggle the men of the barricades proved successful, Camphausen, one of the foremost champions of constitutional government was called to the helm. The crown, the whole power of absolutism lay prostrate before the barricades at Berlin, the revolution had broken the legal existence of the past, it was for the new minister to regulate the future! What did he do? To oblige the aristocracy and the court he assembled the United Diet, an assembly which owed its existence to the machinations of Frederic William who, because his officials were no longer able to manage the bourgeois element in the provincial Diets, had, in 1847, called a diet of the whole kingdom, under the title of United Diet, to Berlin, on purpose personally to overawe the opposition of the constitutionalists, and to obtain a loan which Rothschild had refused because there was no legal guarantee. Camphausen and his partizans had, by speech and writing, continually exclaimed against this aristocratic humbug, and had thwarted the loan which the King endeavoured to obtain. Yet this very United Diet, Camphausen assembled to legalize what the population of Berlin had conquered on the barricades,—as if two day's connonade, the shattered houses, the broken skulls, the dead and wounded, could have been expunged from the pages of history. Camphausen proposed to the United Diet those measures which he considered necessary for the meeting of the National Assembly, as if the King, by his own generous will, had condescended to cause a change in the management of public affairs—as if the legal course of things had not been interrupted for a moment; the United Diet passed an electoral law, fixed the number of members for the new Assembly, appointed a day for opening, &c. Having accomplished this Camphausen dissolved the United Diet.

(To be continued.)

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book IV.—The Lady of Title.

In three parts,—*Girlhood*, *Marriage*, *Old Age*.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

We have now reached the fourth book of "Woman's Wrongs,"—and have mounted the ladder of society from step to step, to trace some of the various phases of ill that afflict woman in the different spheres of life.

At the poorest stage, that of the working-man's wife, want of moral education on either side will be seen to combine with the hardships and cruelties of society towards the poor, to wreck the happiness of woman.

At the next stage, that of the class to which the young milliner belongs, heart and intellect are allowed a freer course. They are neither dwarfed by ignorance nor warped by conventionality, and need but a fair chance to reach a full, bright, and happy development. In that class the best specimen of womanhood would be the likeliest found. But, for that class, too, either poverty and temptation prove destructive, or the weary, toilsome, and ill-sorted marriage to want and drudgery, wreck the first budding flowers of intellect and feeling.

At the next highest stage of social prosperity, that of "The Tradesman's Daughter," education is in reality less developed than in the upper orders of the working classes—for the latter are forced to shift more for themselves, and consequently to observe more, to reflect more, and to feel more. The tradesman's daughter is too often either a calculating machine, or a mere waxflower, and, be it well understood, Education does not consist in music, embroidery, dancing, or French—*education consists in knowing how to feel nobly and to judge rightly*. And, indeed, it may often happen that the peasant who cannot sign his own name, is more highly educated, in the moral, manly, only true sense of the term, than the peer's son, though fresh from Oxford and from Paris.

In the first book, we have accordingly shown the lurking Instincts of our human nature undeveloped, but still in existence, played on like a naked machinery, by the rude touches of misfortune.

There is much impulse, with little feeling—great truth, with little judgment. The characters are just what society makes them—but they let themselves be moulded by the rude grasp of that society, without even a single struggle.

In the second book, the Heart stands forth developed. The rude passions of a Margaret and a Haspen sink into abeyance—and the mechanism by which society beats down to sin and ruin, is covered with the velvet of sentiment, or veiled with the gauze of morality.

In the third book, the Mind steps into the foreground. The heart is not reached, save by the threshold of the brain—and, in verging nearer to the grades of conventionality, society, which strove to strangle *feeling*, finds itself foiled—because human nature *is* human nature after all—it *will* speak, it *will* assert its sway, the heart is an unconquerable rebel, for if you seek to destroy it, Sampson-like in perishing, it pulls down the temple of our life as well.

We now proceed to the fourth stage—the loftiest platform of our social splendour and our social misery—a true, a startling, a painful revelation.

In these books we have not merely sought to *amuse*—we present them to the reader as *a psychological and social study*. There you have seen what society makes us. *But we*, too, *make society*. There is a corrective principle in human nature, a compensating balance, which, if we apply aright, will enable us to recover our lost position, if ever we were better (which is very doubtful)—to gain a superior position, if we were not.

It is folly to say "we can't help it," "we

are the creatures of circumstances" — "we are what society makes us." We *can* help it —we can *create circumstances*—we can *make society*—or whence the efforts at redress and reform — moral, social, political, religious? Why is it, if circumstance unconditionally makes us what we are, that we don't eternally grow worse? How is it, that, the evil once begun, the disease once inoculated—surrounded by deteriorating circumstances, nations suddenly emancipate themselves from sin and rise in the moral and intellectual scale of greatness? It is, BECAUSE THERE IS A COMPENSATING BALANCE IN THE MORAL WORLD. It is, because the spring of living action still remains, that can enable us to purge off our impurities. So with individuals—so with nations. A pure thought rises, greatens, battles, conquers in a single brain. A Rienzi can be born in a servile Rome, a Luther can appear in a superstitious world, a Cato can regenerate a licentious people.

"We are the creatures of circumstances." Yes! the man viciously educated, lost in ignorance, or worse, perverted with false teaching, — goaded by poverty, or dragged down by temptation, without the counteracting guards —sinks to crime. Who is the criminal? The man who did the act? No! *the society that made him do it.* So far, society makes a man what he is. But, there are some brains so wrought—some hearts so tempered — some lives so situate—that they become the rallying points of the moral reaction—stem the torrent of corruption—and, USING circumstance to help them on, (circumstance is a thing that will *use you*, if you don't *use it*—and you may) climb into power—whether moral, political, or religious. *Then* they wield circumstance —*then* they use circumstance, to further their moral views. They look across society—and they see poverty and ignorance breed crime; if so, competence and education will counteract it; commanding the resources of the state, they are enabled to apply the remedy. They take the medicine, "*Gold*," and pouring it into the phial, "*Labor*," give it to the patient, Poverty; give, like a good physician, in gradual, gentle doses, and guide the misused energies of man into a steady, healthy, moral course. So nations are reformed—so mankind are exalted —so progression is established. But mark! if poverty is the mother of crime, the moral reformer, as well as the social reformer, must begin by being a political reformer as well. If the immorality of the poor creates their poverty, then to preach morals would be enough. But as long as the immorality of the rich creates the poverty of the poor—only one of two courses is left for the reformer; either to preach morality to the rich till they become moral, divest themselves of their riches, and make the world happy,—or, to take away their power. Morality has been preached to them for six thousand years, and they are not moral yet. The Almighty himself, the Bible tells us, preached it to them in person, and by prophet. They upset His altars, we are told, stoned His messengers, and crucified His son.* Then he ceased to commune with them in person. Does the moral reformer think to achieve what God himself is said not to have effected? Nay! the duty of the moral and social reformer is obvious—TO GET POWER—and then use it! Be not merely preachers, and teachers, and writers—but Generals, and Ministers, and Rulers. Philosophy must sit on the judgment-seat before it can empty the felon's dock. Peace must stand at the head of an army before it can furl the banners of war. Equality must step upon the throne of power, before it can remove the tyrannies of the earth.

"You can't make men moral or religious by Acts of Parliament." Ah! but you can though. Not by ordering them to be good, certainly. *But by removing the causes which make them bad.*

To the task then, men of thought and truth! You've made a mistake by merely writing in your closets. Out of your studies, away from your seclusion—soldiers of the moral world! Let your aim be POWER—your place is in the senate, the cabinet, and at the head of armies. You must wield the force too, as well as the mind, if you wish to conquer. PHILOSOPHY IN ACTION, be the shibboleth of the reformer.

Reader! We have thought this no digression while introducing the fourth book of our work —for all we write is with one aim—and all we read ought to be read with one object—knowledge.

We now invite your attention to the over true history of that strange phase of human nature "The Lady of Title." Having in these books given you an outline of some of the wrongs by which woman is debased and wrecked, we may perhaps, in four future books, show some of those features by which the character is raised and saved.

* Let it not be said "the poor shouted 'crucify him! crucify him!' They did, but they were set on by the priests and nobles, who had made them ignorant and then played upon their ignorance. And, as is well-known, the early Christians were almost all the poor.

Current Notes.

I.—THE REMEDIES FOR LABOR. THE TRADES UNION CONDEMNED BY ITS OWN PRESIDENT.

Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, M.P. has resigned the Presidency of the National Trades-union—and after indirectly condemning the proceedings in the Wolverhampton case*,—observes :

" In terminating my official connection with your association, do not imagine for one moment that I have grown indifferent to the great and important objects for which it was established, or that I have lost faith in the principles on which it was founded. The experience of the last seven years has only more profoundly impressed me with the conviction that combination on the part of the working-classes is necessary for the due protection of their interests.

" BUT the decision in the Wolverhampton case, *and the results in* ALL *similar cases*, are calculated to raise *grave doubts* as to whether the present state of the law is sufficiently clear and explicit to afford that fair and open combined action on the part of the operatives which it apparently guarantees, and it is *still more* doubtful, whether, WITH OUR EXISTING REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM, *any substantial alteration in favor of the industrial classes can be introduced.*

" Seeing the *paramouut* importance of such a change in the constitution of the legislature, as will give labor its fair share of the representation, it is my intention to devote my restored health, and such energy as I possess, to the promotion of those great *political* reforms, of which I have been the humble advocate."

Thus the presiding and long-tried leader of the Trades-unions, he who was once most enthusiastic in their favor, has seen through their utter fallacy at last !

He has pronounced, that associative labor is hopeless and impossible, that combinations of labor are useless, until you afford association a chance, and combination a safeguard, by giving associates and combiners the political power by which their enemies destroy them now.

* He takes care to say that case was undertaken " without his *consent or sanction*,"—and observes he had not before, out of a feeling of honor, deserted the Association "whatever might have been his private opinion as to the *discretion* or the *propriety* of the course of action which led to those difficulties."

Their greatest authority, their own President, has at last paid homage to the truth, that,

Political power must precede social regeneration.

He has given the lie to the dictum of the Trades-union that " national association is the only remedy for industrial wrongs."

This little journal, probably, never fell in Mr. Duncombe's hands, but, notwithstanding, he has formally endorsed the views on the Trades-union it has so repeatedly expressed—and written in almost the very words that have been used in these pages.

Working-men ! warning after warning is being given you. Voice after voice is raised, to draw you from the great error in which you have been so long embarked—surely, it hardly needed this great crowning testimony to convince your minds.

II.—AN EXAMPLE.

With all their wealth, the class that can subscribe £1000 per minute, cannot, by social means alone, secure their social power—even though possessed of considerable parliamentary influence. Not being able to *turn the balance* of political power, they have been unable to steady the beam of monied ascendancy.

The Manchester School, when carrying their class-free-trade, neglected to secure full political power—and, therefore, the victory that a partial possession of political power, and the command of enormous wealth enabled them to secure for the moment, is melting from their grasp,—and they are now obliged (while professedly, *out of their jealousy of the Walmsley-party*, eschewing politics,) to hint at the subversion, by political agitation, of the political power of their rivals, the landed aristocracy.

Now, working-men! is this not a lesson for us ? If they, possessing much parliamentary power, cannot secure their social supremacy without securing their political supremacy,—how on earth can we, who possess no political power at all ?

If they, possessing incalculable wealth, cannot secure that wealth's supremacy, without securing their political supremacy,—how on earth can we, who possess no wealth worth speaking of, except our labor, and are not allowed the self-use of even that ?

Take a lesson, working-men ! if the gold-

kings of Manchester can't do it, the pariahs of England can't do it either. Political power is the only path to social right.

That political power the Manchester lords will be obliged to seek. For that they'll try to agitate the country. The country won't respond to the appeal—because their sordid motives are apparent now. They who gave us the *cheap loaf*, gave us the *cheaper man*. They'll commit themselves—thinking the people are still with them, aristocracy will step in upon them—they'll call on the people they wronged—it won't answer—and they fall! Then, if we organize aright, our hour has come:—the landlords without real power, the cotton-lords completely powerless,—the people organized—and who can doubt the issue?

III.—THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Unwarned by these simultaneous signs and warnings, the attempt is being made to galvanise the wornout skeleton of trades-unions in St. Martin's Hall, but it is remarkable how the tone and attitude of the leaders is becoming altered. At one time, the men of the iron-trades were told that, single-handed, they ould beat the employers—and the £25,000 a s to remain untouched.

Instead of resisting their employers single-nanded—several fingers of that hand are already clasping the employers' offers—4000 men have signed the masters' declaration—and "workmen are coming up from Scotland to sign the declaration, and thus earn higher wages than they now receive."

As to the funds, Mr. Newton tells us, "their own funds had been reduced from £25,000 to £16,000 and £17,000,—they were therefore justified in appealing to the trades."

What is the object of the appeal? To get other trades to act in a way similar to that in which they have acted—to engage in a similar struggle. Let us see their chance of success!

The strongest trades, the iron-trades, are resisting their masters; the men combine—the masters combine—the weaker are going to the wall.

Now mark! the iron-masters have fought the battle with *their own resources only*,—the men have been helped to a considerable extent by other trades,—and yet the masters are rapidly proving the stronger. What holds good in this, the strongest trade, holds doubly good in others. Take all the trades through, one by one, and in each, you will find the masters stronger than the men, *as already proved by repeated struggles*. Now, if the strongest trade, aided by others, cannot master its masters, the latter standing single-handed,—if each other trade in detail has a still worse chance. how can the collective weakness hope to conquer their collective strength?—and yet it is for this hopeless struggle, that Mr. Newton, backed by a portion of the democratic press, is actually arraying the masses! It is extraordinary and lamentable that such fallacies should be abetted—and, indeed, by some men, whom we have heard denounce and ridicule the attempt with their own mouths.

What are the powers for the struggle? Mr. Newton has informed us:

"The trades had about *half a million* of money invested in various ways at a lower rate of interest."

Half a million of money! and with such a paltry pittance do they think to beat down and compete with the countless millions of the master-classes? One-twentieth of the sum the iron-trades alone possess. That is already reduced by nearly half. From this you may conclude what chances the £500,000 would have. This money too it is proposed to employ under the worst possible form of association—Joint-Stock Companies. The fact is, a few thousands seem a large sum to working-men, impoverished as they are—while they are but a drop in the golden ocean of capital, that taken away, or added, makes no visible difference to the amount. If that £500,000 is invested in a "People's Bank," and lent out to co-operative concerns, *not one sixpence will the depositors ever see again*, for the co-operative concerns must fail, as they have ever hitherto done in the long-run in competition with the rich, and what then will become of the capital advanced by the duped and ruined depositors?

We exhort all right-minded and *honest* men to take the lesson read to them by Mr. Duncombe to heart—to see, as he has proclaimed, the hopelessness of such a struggle, and to obey the advice that he has given,—namely, to combine every energy for the attainment of political power as the only means to our social rights.

IV.—NEW TRICK OF THE IRON-MASTERS.

"The Employers' Committee is maturing the plan of a safe and genuine benefit society."

Have nothing to do with it, working-men! Think of the "field-box" of the coal-kings. This is merely an attempt to break one of the ties of self-interest which bind working-man to working-man in Trades' Societies. Truly the Philistines are cunning.

If you entrust your funds in the *masters'* hands, you are doubly lost. They have got your time—they have got your toil—one thing is wanting: that they should get your *savings*

too. Verily, you would then be slaves indeed.

V.—"OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS SHALL YE REFUTE THEM."

The *Dispatch*, of Sunday, February 15, says:

"We should refuse the franchise without the ballot."

What? is the *Dispatch* against the instalment system — after telling *us* to take instalments? Why is the *Dispatch* opposed to this "instalment?" "Because," says the *Dispatch*: "the mouths of Reformers will be stopped by a pretence, and the power which is said to be given them as an '*instalment*,' *as a means of claiming further rights*, WILL BE USED AGAINST *them*."

Well said, "Dispatch!" Let every Chartist take those words to heart—from the very lips of one who recommends us to take instalments, while it refuses them for the class it represents.

VI.—THE MEETING IN ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

The "United Service Gazette," says the amendment was carried on Wednesday the 3rd instant, despite the juggle in putting it to the meeting.

VII.—WHO MAY SPEAK, AND WHO MAY NOT.

The Duke of Richmond and the Protectionists said at Drury Lane, "if protection was not restored, they would mount their horses and ride them the wrong way."

Mr. Cobden and the League said on Tuesday the 2nd instant, at Newall's Buildings, Manchester, if Free-Trade was not restored—

"I have always said, I said it seven years ago, that we shall DESTROY two or three GOVERNMENTS before this question is settled. And now I say—without caring for the consequences at all—*I dare the consequences*, feeling certain that the consequences will be useful to the country—I say let all unite—all classes of the country, the humblest as well as the richest—and let us put this government to one of three courses—either they must recant fully and completely the principles of protection, or they must resign their seats and the Government, or they shall dissolve Parliament. One of these courses we will *compel* them to adopt." (Loud cheers.)

The landlords may speak—the money-lords may speak—but let the labour-slaves dare to try!

VIII.—WHAT WE CARE FOR.

Mr. Cobden at Newall's Buildings: "Your *merchants*, your *manufacturers*, your *shipowners*, your *colonists**, all require to know how this thing [Free-Trade] is to be settled. *They want to enter into transactions enduring over a year or two. . . . . Therefore*, talk not to me of some intrigues between the diplomatists of Vienna and Paris—of some new chicanery, or atrocity if you will, of the President of the French Republic—talk not to me of these *distant, shadowy* evils in comparison with the disturbance and unsettlement of the whole industry and *commerce* of the country."

Just so! That's candid, at least. All the interests of humanity may go to the devil, so that the moneymongers may quietly enter into transactions enduring over a year or two.

* You forget the working-man, Mr. Cobden.

Lessons from History.

II.—THE AGRARIANS AND DEBT CANCELLERS OF SPARTA.

(Concluded from No. 46, p. 899.)

Cleomenes first touched at the Isle of Cythera, and thence sailed to another island, called Ægialia. Here he formed the design of passing over to Cyrene*, and there awaiting or planning altered fortunes for his native land.

* A large, once fertile territory or northern shore of Africa, westward of Egypt, and then subject to the kings of the latter country.

While musing over these plans, an intimate friend, Therycion by name, approached him privately, and a conversation ensued between them which conspicuously reveals the high moral courage of him whose physical valor has already been so forcibly displayed—and which we give verbatim from the old historian, so characteristic of the men and of the age in which they lived:

"We have lost, my prince!" said Therycion, "the most glorious death, which we might have found in the battle, though the world had heard us boast that Antigonus should

never conquer the king of Sparta till he had slain him. Yet there is another exit still offered us by glory and virtue. Whither, then, are we so absurdly sailing? flying a death that is near, and seeking one that is remote. If it is not dishonorable for the descendants of Hercules to serve the successors of Philip and Alexander *, why do not we save ourselves a long voyage, by making our submission to Antigonus, who, in all probability, as much excels Ptolemy, as the Macedonians do the Egyptians? But, if we do not choose to be conquered by a man who beat us in the field, why do we take one who never conquered us, for our master? Is it that we show our inferiority to two, instead of one, by flying before Antigonus, and then going to flatter Ptolemy? Shall we say that you go into Egypt for the sake of your mother? It will be a glorious and happy thing for her, to show Ptolemy's wives her son, of a king becoming a captive and an exile. No! while we are yet masters of our swords, and are yet in sight of Laconia, let us deliver ourselves from this miserable fortune, and make our excuse for past behaviour to those brave men who fell for Sparta at Sellasia, or shall we rather sit down in Egypt, and inquire whom Antigonus has left governor of Lacedæmon?"

Thus spoke Therycion, and Cleomenes answered: "Dost thou think, then, wretch that thou art, dost thou think that by running into the arms of death, than which nothing is more easy to find, to show thy courage and fortitude? And dost thou not consider that this flight is more dastardly than the former? Better men than we have given way to their enemies, being either overset by fortune, or oppressed by numbers. But he who gives out either for fear of labor and pain, or of the opinions and tongues of men, falls a victim to his own cowardice. A voluntary death ought to be an action, *not a retreat from action.* For it is an ungenerous thing either to live or to die to ourselves. All that thy expedient could possibly do, would be only the extricating us from our present misfortunes, without answering any purpose either of honor or utility. But I think neither thou nor I ought to give up all hopes for our country. If those hopes should desert us, death, when we seek for him, will not be hard to find."

Therycion made no reply; but the first opportunity he had to quit Cleomenes, he walked down to the shore, and stabbed himself.

Leaving the body of their gallant friend, after a hurried, melancholy funeral, a small body of exiles, rallying around the fallen fortunes of their prince, set sail from Aegialia, to test which should prove the wisest, the man who shrined his dead heart in Greece, or he who buried his living hopes in Egypt.

On landing in the latter country, the exiles were surrounded by the officers of the African monarch, and conducted to Alexandria, the magnificent metropolis of the age. Here Cleomenes was received by Ptolemy Euergetes†, with every mark of kindness. It so happened, that an exception to the long line of Egyptian kings, then occupied the throne—a man in whose veisn some of the old Attic fire still sparkled. The Spartan prince became a great favorite, Ptolemy regretted not having supported him against his rival, Antigonus, "encouraged him with every mark of attention and respect, and promised to send him back to Greece, with a fleet and a supply of money to re-establish him in his kingdom." He received, likewise a liberal allowance, on which he lived frugally himself, and distributed the surplus among such Greeks as had, like him, sought refuge in Egypt from the troubles in their own country.

But just when the desires of the Spartan were about being realized, the old king died, and was succeeded by a young prince, Ptolemy Philopater‡. The court at once assumed its former aspect. Licentiousness in the palace, servility in the capital, rapine in the provinces, reigned supreme. The vast abode of royalty was a garner-house of the grossest and most unnatural sensuality—drunkenness and women, riot, lust and orgy filled it eternally with a hoarse tumult. The external provinces were the continuous prey of barbarian invasion, taxes were amassed, trade and agriculture ruined to raise immense armies, which were never raised, the supplies from which were shared between lascivious favorites, their panders and their prostitutes. When the king was sober and exhausted with lust, he fell into fits of abject superstition,—and spent all the time abstracted from wine and women, in the celebration of religious mysteries; till at last he sank in such a state of maudlin wornout inability, that he would pass whole days wandering about the palace, beating a drum in honor of the gods with his own royal hands—until the sight of beauty, venal or reluctant, dragged, enticed or accepted by his drilled establishment of caterers, who took the first taste of enjoyments destined for their master, roused his blunted passions; or until his exhausted vigor was stimulated by the potent dram and fiery libation, and the roused passion of the royal miscreant slaked

* The Macedonian Kings.

† "The well-doer."

‡ "The father loving."

itself in the sight of torture, and the streaming scaffolds of the victims to his fear and anger.

Meanwhile, the affairs of state were left in the hands of his chief mistress, Agathoclea, and her mother, and of Œnanthes, the infamous minister of his pleasures; the only active share taken by the king, was to get rid of his relations and suspected rivals. He was greatly afraid of his brother Magas, who was popular with the army, and therefore sought to compass the death of so dangerous a subject. Therefore, though hating and fearing Cleomenes, as vice always hates and fears virtue, he at first flattered him and took him to his councils, because 3000 of the mercenaries were Greeks, and, as such, would hold their arms at the disposal of the Spartan prince. The latter was accordingly alike useful and dangerous to the tyrant. The astonishment and disgust of the exile may be well imagined, when his attendance was invited to a council, at which it was quietly deliberated, whether or not, and how, Magas should be put to death. All voted for his murder, except Cleomenes, who announced his stern opposition to the act. This but increased the hatred felt towards him by the king's minister, who dreaded the influence that virtue might have on the mind of the Egyptian monarch. Sosibius, the king's principal favorite, secretly determined to compass the ruin of the exile—and when Cleomenes said "Ptolemy need not fear his brother, for the 3000 Peloponnesians would do as he (Cleomenes) told them;" the minister made a handle of the words, and represented to the king that the power of the exile was dangerous, that he ought to be rendered harmless, "that he was a lion among a flock of sheep."

Cleomenes, being aware of this turn of feeling, made no more applications for men and money, since Losibius kept representing to Ptolemy that if he were supplied with these, instead of going to Greece, he would use them to seize Cyrene for himself.

Therefore, on hearing that Antigonus was dead, that the Achæans were engaged in war with the Ætolians, that disorder and chaor reigned throughout Peloponnesus, and that his presence alone was required to collect and reinaugurate the scattered elements of Grecian nationality, he limited his demand simply to being supplied with a solitary ship, to take him and his friends back to their own country.

But Sosibius, who could believe in neither patriotism, gratitude, nor honor, thought it dangerous to release the active prince of a warlike people, after he had espied the weakness and defencelessness of Egypt, the discontent of the people, and the effeminacy of their sovereign and army. He, therefore, persuaded Ptolemy to put the prince off from week to week, and sought, meanwhile, the means for his destruction.

Affairs being in this posture, Nicagoras, a Messenian merchant, came to Alexandria. This man "concealed the most rancorous hatred of Cleomenes under the pretence of friendship. It seems, he had formerly sold him a handsome piece of ground; and the king, either through want of money, or his continual engagements in war, had neglected to pay him for it. Cleomenes, who happened to be walking upon the quay, saw this Nicagoras just landing from a merchantman, and saluting him with great kindness, asked 'what business brought him to Egypt.' Nicagoras returned the compliment with equal appearance of friendship, and answered 'I am bringing some fine war-horses for the king.' Cleomenes laughed, and said, 'I could rather have wished that you had brought him some female musicians and pathics, for those are the presents that the king likes best.' Nicagoras, at that time, only smiled; but in a few days he put Cleomenes in mind of the field he had sold him, and desired he might now be paid: pretending 'that he would not have given him any trouble about it, if he had not found considerable loss in the disposal of his merchandise.' Cleomenes assured him, that he had nothing left of what the kings of Egypt had given him; upon which Nicagoras, in disappointment, acquainted Sosibius with the joke upon the king. Sosibius received the information with pleasure; but being desirous to have something against Cleomenes that would exasperate Ptolemy still more, he persuaded Nicagoras to leave a letter, asserting, that, 'if the Spartan prince had received a supply of ships and men from the king of Egypt's bounty, he would have made use of them in seizing Cyrene for himself.' Nicagoras accordingly left the letter, and set sail. Four days after, Sosibius carried it to Ptolemy, as if just come to his hands; and having worked up the young prince to revenge, it was resolved that Cleomenes should have a large apartment assigned him, and be served there as formerly, but not suffered to go out."—*(Plutarch).*

Cleomenes was now a prisoner, and of course all intercourse with those without, the Greek mercenaries especially, was most rigorously prevented. Time wore heavily—every effort at release proved vain—and a gloomy despair began to settle on the devoted band of exiles. One solace only remained—that they were permitted to remain together, thirteen in number—and they wiled away the tedious hours in their stately prison, by recording the legendary tales of home, and dwelling on their past fortunes or their future hopes. These, however, if entertained at all, were soon darkened by an ominous event. Ptolemy, the

son of Chrysermus, an intimate friend of the Egyptian king, had all along behaved to Cleomenes with remarkable civility and kindness. The captives therefore entertained some hopes of his mediation with the tyrant, and Cleomenes accordingly solicited him to come and see him in his prison. He came—and spoke the most friendly and reassuring words, profuse of promise and encouragement. Cleomenes, however, whether suspecting his manner, or from curiosity or friendship, as the son of Chrysermus was going out, followed him to the door. Ptolemy did not perceive it, and, in going out, "gave the keeper a severe reprimand for looking so carelessly after a wild beast, who, if he escaped, in all probability could be taken no more.'"

"Cleomenes, having heard this, retired before Ptolemy perceived him, and acquainted his friends with it. Upon this, they all dismissed their former hopes, and, taking the measures which anger dictated, they resolved to revenge themselves of Ptolemy's injurious and insolent behaviour, and then die as became Spartans, instead of waiting for their doom in confinement, like victims fatted for the altar. For they thought it an insufferable thing that Cleomenes, after he had disdained to come to terms with Antigonus, a brave warrior and a man of action, should sit expecting his fate from a prince who assumed the character of a priest of Cybele; and who, after he had laid aside his drum and was tired of his dance, would find another kind of sport in putting him to death.

"After they had taken their resolution, Ptolemy happening to go to Canopus, they propagated a report, that, by the king's order Cleomenes was to be released; and as it was the custom of the kings of Egypt to send those to whom they designed to extend such grace a supper and other tokens of friendship, the friends of Cleomenes made ample provision for the purpose, and sent it to the gate. By this stratagem the keepers were deceived, for they imagined that the whole was sent by the king. Cleomenes then offered a sacrifice with a chaplet of flowers on his head, and afterwards sat down with his friends to the banquet, taking care that the keepers should have large portions to regale them. It is said, that he set about his enterprise sooner than he intended, because he found that one of the servants who was in the secret, had been out all night with his mistress. Fearing, therefore, that a discovery might be made, about midday, while the intoxication of the preceding night still kept the guards fast asleep, he put on his military tunic, having first opened the seam of the left shoulder, and rushed out sword in hand, accompanied by his friends, who were thirteen in number, and accoutred in the same manner.

"One of them, named Hippotas, though lame at first, was enabled by the spirit of the enterprise, to keep pace with them; but afterwards perceiving, that they went slower on his account, he desired them to kill him, and not to ruin the whole scheme by waiting for a man who could do them no service. By good fortune they found an Alexandrian leading a horse in the street; they took it, and set Hippotas upon it, and then moved swiftly through the streets, all the way inviting the people to liberty. They had just spirit enough to praise and admire the bold attempt of Cleomenes, but not a man of them ventured to follow or assist them.

"Ptolemy, the son of Chrysermus, happening to come out of the palace, three of them fell upon him, and dispatched him. Another Ptolemy, who was governor of the city, advanced to meet them in his chariot [of war]: they attacked and dispersed his officers and guards, and dragging him out of the chariot, put him to the sword. [Only thirteen men! —so irresistible was the valor of the Greeks. Then they marched to the citadel, with a design to break open the prison, and join the prisoners, who were no small number, to their party. But the keepers had prevented them by strongly barricading the gates. Cleomenes, thus disappointed again, roamed up and down the city; and he found that not a single man would join him, but all avoided him, as they would avoid infection.

"He therefore stopped, and said to his friends, 'it is no wonder that women govern a people who fly from liberty'; adding 'that he hoped they would all die in a manner that would reflect no dishonor upon him, or on their own achievements.' Hippotas desired one of the younger men to dispatch him, and was the first that fell. Afterwards each of them, without fear or delay, fell on his own sword, except Panteus, who was the first man that scaled the walls of Megalopolis, when it was taken by surprise. He was in the flower of his age, remarkable for his beauty, and of a happier turn than the rest of the youth for the Spartan discipline, which perfections had given him a great share in the king's regard; and he now gave him orders not to dispatch himself, till he saw his prince and all the rest breathless on the ground. Panteus tried one after another with his dagger, as they lay, lest one should happen to be left with life in him. On pricking Cleomenes in the foot, he perceived a contortion in his face. He, therefore, kissed him, and sat down by him till the breath was out of his body; and then embracing the corpse, slew himself upon it.

"Thus fell Cleomenes, after he had been

sixteen years king of Sparta, and showed himself in all respects the great man. When the report of his death had spread over the city, Cratesiclea, [his aged mother,] though a woman of superior fortitude, sunk under the weight of the calamity; she embraced the children of Cleomenes, and wept over them. The elder of them disengaging himself from her arms, got unsuspected to the top of the house, and threw himself down headlong. The child was not killed, but much hurt; and when they took him up, he loudly expressed his indignation that they would not suffer him to destroy himself.

"Ptolemy was no sooner informed of these things, than he ordered the body of Cleomenes to be flayed, and nailed to a cross, and his child to be put to death, together with his mother and the women her companions. Amongst these was the wife of Panteus, a woman of great beauty, and a most majestic presence. They had been but lately married, and their misfortunes overtook them amidst their first transports of love. When her husband went with Cleomenes from Sparta, she was desirous of accompanying him; but was prevented by her parents, who kept her in close custody. But soon after she provided herself a horse, and a little money, and making her escape by night, rode at full speed to Tænaras, and there embarked on board a ship bound for Egypt. She was brought safe to Panteus, and she cheerfully shared with him in all the inconveniences they found in a foreign country. When the soldiers came to take out Cratesiclea to execution, she led her by the hand, assisted in bearing her robe, and desired her to exert all the courage she was mistress of; though she was far from being afraid of death, and desired no other favor than that she might die before her children. But when they came to the place of execution, the children suffered before her eyes, and then Cratesiclea was dispatched, who, in this extreme distress, uttered only these words, 'Oh! my children!' whither are you gone?"

"The wife of Panteus, who was tall and strong, girt her robe about her, and, in a silent and composed manner, paid the last offices to each one that lay dead, winding up the bodies as well as her present circumstances would permit. Last of all she prepared herself for the poniard, by letting down her robe about her, and adjusted it in such a manner as to need no assistance after death; then calling the executioner to do his office, and permitting no other person to approach her, she fell like a heroine. In death she retained all the decorum she had preserved in life, and the decency which had been so sacred with this excellent woman, still remained about her. Thus in this bloody tragedy, wherein the women contended to the last for their prize of courage with the men, Lacedæmon showed that *it is impossible for fortune to conquer virtue.*" (*Plutarch*). *

* Plutarch tells us that "a few days after, the soldiers who watched the body of Cleomenes on the cross, saw a great snake winding about his head, and covering all his face, so that no bird of prey durst touch it. This struck the king with superstitious terror, and made way for the women to try a variety of experiments, for Ptolemy was now persuaded that he had caused the death of a person who was a favorite of heaven, and something more than mortal. The Alexandrians crowded to the spot, and called Cleomenes a hero, a son of the gods."

The Co-operative Movement.

To the Editor of the "Notes."

"They wish not to interfere with any 'honorable' employer."—CASTLE ST. CIRCULAR.

February 28th, 1852.

Sir,—Much good would accrue to the working-classes if they were to read such controversies as those held at Halifax between yourself and L. Jones, and if such discussions were to take place in different parts at short intervals they would be the means of conferring a great benefit. At Halifax, your opponent displayed his usual characteristic evasiveness—with an attempt to mislead the audience—He seeks *victory* instead of truth; collusion instead of honest dealing. He charges you with being "wrong in your facts and false in your logic," without showing you to be so, and then commits the worse error of being *dishonest* in his facts and seductive in his logic. In his concluding speech he says "there is a firm in London which pays 1s. 3d. for making a coat, and the Castle Street Tailors pay 14s." Now, sir, "no man can class the two things together as one and the same thing." He takes the *highest* in the one, and the *lowest* in the other instance, as the prices paid for making a coat. Why was Mr. L. Jones silent about the 7s. coat paid in Castle Street? Fair dealing suggests that he should

have given proper scales in both instances. But, sir, do not these Christian Socialists complain of "unlimited competition" as being the great evil which at present afflicts society, and which they by their co-operation seek to put down? If so, how is it Mr. L. Jones tells us "it is *not* Moses & Son, that the co-operators compete with, but with other concerns, as Myers, Stulz, and the *great masters.*" What does this mean but the "transferring the *role* from one set of actors to another," leaving the mass worse than it found them? Pray does Mr. L. Jones forget that Stulz and the "great masters" are already comparatively struck down? Stulz with 300 men—paying 6s. per diem is reduced to 100 men and piece work. Nugee with 200 is reduced to 80 and the same pay. I do not deny that "great masters" have realized large fortunes for themselves, but they have allowed their journeymen to live by their labor—which is more than Nicoll or any "slop" masters have ever done. Lloyd Jones when in business in Oxford Street, fostered "sweating," and *low* wages, will he find these evils in the Stulz's or the Nugee's? Transfer the payment of a certain sum of wages-money from Clifford Street, and St. James' Street, to Castle Street, will the number of men be increased or the amount paid them as "allowances" be more? NO. Wages in Clifford Street, are *higher* than both "allowances" and "profits" in Castle Street. Who then will be the parties benefited by the transfer? The aristocracy. The champion of wafers and treacle virtually acknowledges the inefficiency of co-operation to dam the stream of female and child labor from flowing into the reservoir of labor.

Supplant a Nugee to-morrow, will it put down a Hyam the next day? Let Stulz join the co-operative movement immediately, will it prevent a Moses or a Nicoll opening side by side and employing "sweaters" and women?

There are one third less tailors now than ten years ago; with this diminution in their numbers poverty alone has increased among them. In London, out of 18,000 journeymen only 2,060 belong to Society (houses of call): give Mr. L. Jones these, will he rescue the 16,000 from their dens of misery and filth? No! Some other power must be brought to the rescue. Until then, co-operation will not redeem the Tailors, nor any other class.

A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR.

Poland Street, Oxford Street.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

In a democratic periodical after observing that it is a pity that those members of the Financial Reform Association "who are honest, earnest, and anxious to bring the question of the suffrage to an issue," [is there one real DEMOCRAT among them, if so, which is it?] "should continue to waste themselves in the companionship of the huxtering and the timid," the question is asked, "is there no possibility of forming a people's party which, while holding fast to the great principles of democracy, shall be *so fraternal in its sympathies*, so just in action, as to admit of all true-hearted men of progress joining its ranks, and rallying to its banner?"

"Is there no possibility of forming one?" Why, one is *formed already*—the CHARTIST Association,—the time-honored, martyr-hallowed movement of the People,—that has weathered every storm—and now taken a triumphant stand of public recognition. A movement known across the world, and respected in every civilized country in Europe and America.

What is the meaning of all this? What means "*so fraternal in its sympathies.*" Does it mean a compromise—does it mean truckling to the capitalist—or the broadcloth of a Walmsley, a Neale, or a Goderich? Plainly, does it mean to give up a portion of our rights and to desert—*practically desert, even if we theoretically hold*, our principles

If it does not mean this—we *are* fraternal in our sympathies—fraternal with all who mean honestly by us, and *show it*,—but we repudiate fraternity with others.

If those who are calling out for a new party would help the old, there would be no room to talk about "new moves."

II.—SOUTH LANCASHIRE DELEGATE MEETING.

On Sunday, March 7th, a meeting of Delegates, representing the Chartists of Manchester,—Rochdale, Stockport, Ashton-under-Lyne, Staleybridge, &c., was held in the large anteroom of the People's Institute, Manchester. Mr. Lewis in the chair. The Chairman opened the business by a few appropriate remarks on the present position of the Chartist movement, and the necessity of determined and united exertion on the part of all who re-

mained faithful to genuine Chartism, and concluded by calling on the delegates to produce their credentials and give an account of the state of their respective localities. That part of the business having been satisfactorily concluded, the Secretary proceeded to read the minutes of the last meeting, the whole of which were confirmed with the exception of a trifling alteration in one of an entirely local nature. The levies were then paid, and the following resolutions agreed to:—

1st,—"That Mr. Ernest Jones be requested to visit Lancashire for the purpose of lecturing in the different Localities."

2nd,—"That should Mr. Jones's arrangements allow of his doing so within the next month, he be requested to insert his answer in the forthcoming number of the "Notes to the People," so that each locality may become acquainted at one and the same time with his determination."

3rd,—"That in the event of Mr. Jones's answer being in the affirmative, a Delegate Meeting be held at Oldham on Sunday, 28th March, the chair to be taken at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

4th,—"That the secretary write to Mr. Jones, stating the nature of his engagement and the amount of remuneration to be given to him for his services."

"That we approve of a Convention being held as soon as possible, and recommend the Manchester Council to call the same immediately after a majority of the Localities throughout the country shall have decided in favor thereof, and signified their determination to send delegates thereto. (This resolution was opposed by the delegate from Ashton, who was the only dissentient.)

"That having seen a letter in the 'Northern Star' newspaper, purporting to emanate from the Old Chartists of Ashton-under-Lyne, and signed William Aitken, containing some severe strictures on the conduct of the Delegates recently assembled at Rochdale, we unhesitatingly declare such strictures unwarranted and unjustifiable, inasmuch as the delegates voted in strict accordance with the instructions they received from their constituents, and produced credentials properly attested by the secretaries of their respective localities."

"That in the event of Mr. Ernest Jones not being able to visit Lancashire, the next Delegate Meeting be held at Oldham, on Sunday, April 11th, the chair to be taken at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

"That Mr. Crabtree of Rochdale visit Oldham and Royton to make the necessary arrangements and correspond with the county secretary as to the result."

A vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman, and the meeting then broke up.

A Committee has been formed in Manchester for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions for Mr. O'Connor, which has set to its work in good earnest. It has already published an address, issued a number of collecting books, got a staff of collectors, and held a public meeting which was addressed by Mr. Morgan of Ashton, Mr. McCartney of Manchester, and Mr. W. P. Roberts. The meeting was held on Sunday last, in the People's Institute, Mr. Thomas Fiddes, in the chair. A resolution of sympathy for Mr. O'Connor was unanimously carried, and a very liberal collection was made in the hall. Mr. Thomas Clark, late of London, created some disturbance by his appearance in the hall and on the platform. He, however, received a most severe castigation from Messrs. Morgan and Roberts and retired discomfited.

W. Grocott, *Sec.*

III.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

Sunday, March 7th, Mr. C. Murray in the chair.

Credentials were handed in and read, from the North London Locality (incorporated with the Islington Locality) appointing Messrs. E. Jones and A. Wood as delegates; and from the Victoria Park Locality appointing Mr. Snelling and Mr. S. Ferdinando as their representatives. Mr. E. Jones then stated that he had resigned his position as delegate for John Street Locality, as he could not consistently support their recommendation to rescind the resolution favoring the proposed Convention.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, Mr. E. Jones delivered a report arising out of his duty as secretary to the O'Connor Committee.

After reading letters from Messrs. Saull and Duncombe who decline the posts to which the Council nominated them, on the ground of ill-health; the report was received. Mr. Sharman Crawford was nominated as trustee and Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds as treasurer, which he has since declined on private grounds only.

Mr. E. Jones was then called upon to report on behalf of the Observation Committee. The report stated that the committee had succeeded beyond their expectations, although subjected to many false imputations at the Conference at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday. On Wednesday the committee appointed Messrs. Bezer and Shaw to move an amendment embodying the "Charter" at the Reform Meeting, which amendment they had every reason

to believe, was carried, although the chairman decided against them. The report elicited many observations of satisfaction from the Council, Mr. Bezer stating that the "United Service Gazette" asserted that the amendment *was carried*; it was moved by Mr. F. Farrah and seconded by Mr. Henderson, "That the report be received, and that this Council highly approve of the policy of the Observation Committee." Carried unanimously.

Mr. Bligh then moved and Mr. C. F. Nicholls seconded a motion to the effect that the Council call a Public Meeting in one of the largest halls in London, to consider the late Conference of the Parliamentary and Financial Reformers. Carried unanimously.

Messrs. Wood, Nicholls, Bezer, F. Farrah and Clarke were appointed as a sub-committee to carry out the foregoing. Mr. E. Jones suggested that Sir J. Walmsley and other leading members of the P. & F. R. A. be invited. This suggestion was adopted by the Council.

On the motion of Messrs. Knowles and Bezer the order of the day was suspended, and Mr. Knowles moved the following resolution, "That this Delegate Council having considered the conduct of G. J. Holyoake, as exhibited at the late Parliamentary Reform Conference, towards his brethren of the Executive and the Chartist body generally, cannot acknowledge him as an exponent of their principles; or as one of the recognised leaders of their movement and respectfully request him to retire from his seat on the Chartist Executive." Mr. Wood seconded this motion which was carried, 15 voting for it, 2 against, and 1 neutral.

J. Washington, *Sec.*

[Having been instructed to write to Mr. Patrick O'Higgins, I did so, asking him whether he would act as trustee, and I am happy to say I have received the following answer.—E. J.]

Dublin, March 9, 1852.

"Dear Sir,—I have received your note of the 8th instant, and have read it with feelings of deep and heartfelt pain. The state of my friend Feargus O'Connor's health and circumstances, grieves me beyond expression. His cousin, William O'Connor, General Arthur O'Connor's eldest son, spent Sunday evening with me. He said that which I had often heard both him and others say before, that Feargus O'Connor's nature was so generous, so free from a love of money, so desirous to relieve the wants of others, that he would die a beggar. A tenant of his father's borrowed the first £40 ever Feargus was master of, under the pretence of buying some heifers in spring, which he said he could sell at a great profit in autumn, when he promised faithfully and punctually to pay Feargus. "You know, Master Feargus," said he, "I never broke my word with any one," whereupon Feargus lent him the £40, and went about telling every one with delight how independent this little sum would make the farmer. After the fellow got the money he returned to Feargus, and said, "Now, Master Feargus, if I cannot pay the money on the very day I promised, sooner than break my word I will come to you the day before and tell you, by gorra, that I cannot pay it." From that day to this Feargus never got one farthing of the £40.

"I was present myself on an occasion when a debtor asked to speak a few words with Mr. O'Connor. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but I want to know my position with you." "Your position," said Feargus, "why, sir, you are the best judge of that yourself. What do you mean?" "I owe you, sir, about £115 and I can't pay it." "Then your position is just this, you owe me £115, and cannot pay it, now that is your position exactly." Feargus related the anecdote with great good humour, but never touched a penny of the money.

"Please to mention to the Committee that I shall give them my best aid to promote the object they have in view, in any capacity in which they may deem me most useful.

"What has become of Mr. O'Connor? Where and how is he?

"Great and generous man, I am truly sorry for him.

"Faithfully your's,
"Patrick O'Higgins."

E. Jones, Esq.

IV.—MANCHESTER.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Manchester Council, on Monday evening, March 8th, the following resolutions were passed unanimously.

1st,—"That the secretary write to as many localities as possible, with a view to ascertain their feelings in the matter of calling a Convention to be held in Manchester."

2nd,—"That this Council, while it repudiates the conduct of Mr. Holyoake at the late meetings held in St. Martin's Hall, as unchartist, cannot help expressing their thanks to Messrs. Jones, Bezer and Shaw, for their manly vindication of genuine chartist principles.

J. E. Lewis, *Sec.*

V.—NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

At a meeting of the Newcastle Branch of the National Charter Association, on Sunday,

Feb. 22nd, the following members were appointed as a Committee to assist Mr. Ernest Jones to bring out his paper:—Josiah Thomas, Charles B. Knight, William Johnson, James Cairns, James Watson, bookseller, *treasurer*, John Brown, *secretary*, 8, Harrison's Property, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

It was resolved, "That eight memorandum books be procured for the use of the members of the Committee, to enter subscriptions, each book to be signed by the treasurer and secretary."

You will see by this, sir, that we intend to commence work earnestly for a "People's Paper," for which we see so much need.

JOHN BROWN, *Sec.*

VI.—PLYMOUTH.

There is no locality at present in Plymouth —not for want of Chartists or of democratic spirit, but for want of a good, active council to push organisation: but I can inform you that nearly every Chartist here is in favor of a Convention being called.

A. BLACKLER.

VII.—HUDDERSFIELD.

A report having appeared in Reynolds' Paper, that letters had come to hand, that the Chartists repudiated the resolution come to by their Delegates, at the West Riding Delegate Meeting, held at Halifax, I am instructed to deny the truth of that statement, no such letter having been sent from Huddersfield. We passed a vote of thanks to the Delegates for their manly conduct at that meeting, and our secretary wrote to "Reynolds' Newspaper" and to the "Northern Star," giving a report to that effect—but both papers refused insertion. We therefore request your insertion of this fact in the "Notes."

THOMAS HIRST, *Sec.*

VIII.—NORTH LONDON.

A special meeting of the members was held February 27th, at 13, King's Row, Pentonville, Edward Harman, in the chair. The secretary stated that Mr. Ernest Jones intended resigning his office of Delegate for the John Street Locality, in consequence of a resolution passed by its members calling upon him and his brother Delegate to use their utmost exertions in getting the resolution relative to the calling a Convention, passed by the Metropolitan Delegate Council, rescinded; and suggested the eligibility of that gentleman as a representative for North London. He then moved, and Mr. Thomas Chandler seconded, "That Mr. Ernest Jones be appointed to represent the North London Locality on the M. D. C.; carried. It was then proposed that Athol Wood, also represent this locality in conjunction with Mr. Ernest Jones; Frederick Charlton, seconded the motion." Carried.

An adjournment then took place.

At the adjourned meeting the following resolutions were unanimously carried. Proposed by Athol Wood, seconded by Frederick Charlton, "In consequence of the evidently premeditated antagonistic declamation of Mr. G. J. Holyoake, at the Financial Reform Conference, and likewise at the Aggregate Meeting held at St. Martin's Hall, in reference to Chartism, we, the Chartists of North London, in public meeting assembled, are of opinion that he has entirely forfeited the confidence of the Chartist body, and hereby call upon him to immediately withdraw from the position he has held but to betray: we further believe that no consistent or honorable man would have acted so unworthily as he has done."

"We likewise enter our strongest protest against the nefarious manner in which Messrs. Thornton Hunt and Robert Leblond have been smuggled upon the Chartist Executive—as their asserted election is illegal, and not in accordance with the constitution of the Association, which provides that candidates for the Executive shall be put in nomination ONE MONTH, whereas in their case *but one week elapsed and no votes were taken*—and therefore express our conviction that their assumption of office is an act of presumptuous usurpation which imperatively calls upon us to demand that they retire forthwith.

ATHOL WOOD, *Sec.*

A Discussion will take place on Wednesday, March 17th, "Chartism *versus* Financialism, which claims the greatest amount of popular support?"

IX.—BETHNAL GREEN.

Moved by E. Stoke, and seconded by S. Ford, "that L. H. Pelteret act as Secretary of this Locality."

Moved by S. Firdenando, seconded by S. Staines, "That E. Stokes act as Treasurer."

Moved and seconded, "That Douglas Snelling and Samuel Firdenando represent this Locality on the Metropolitan Delegate Council."

Moved by G. Vickers, seconded by S. Firdenando, "That the members of this Locality, approving of the previous general policy of G. J. Holyoake, cannot but feel pain at the manner in which he acted at the Reform meeting on Wednesday evening, March 3rd, by op-

posing Mr. Bezer's amendment for the Charter, such conduct in our opinion not being worthy of a consistent Chartist."

X.—CITY LOCALITY.

We, the undersigned, are instructed to inform you that the members of the City Locality object to the remarkable announcement made by the "Notes to the People," of March 6, that the members of this Locality are "under the especial influence of the Executive," the members of this Locality desire it to be known that they are no more under the especial influence of the Executive than they are under any influence Ernest Jones may possess.

They wish to reserve to themselves the right of expressing their opinions on Chartist business generally without being amenable to any imputations of interested motives, and consider that the assertion was as uncalled-for as it is untrue.

Trusting that you will oblige by the insertion of this in the "Notes."

We are, on behalf of the City Locality,

F. Farrah, Cor. Secretary.
J. B. Loomes, Chairman.

[The members were never accused in the "Notes" of "interested motives." What was said was simply this, that the John Street and City Localities were under the influence of the Executive—for in John Street, Mr. John Arnott, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, Mr. H. Holyoake (his brother) Mr. Bezer, and Mr. John Milne, are members and regular attendants. In the City Locality, Messrs. Bezer, Arnott, Wheeler, &c., are very frequent in their attendance. In the former they could influence by *direct votes*—and then those localities in which they are members or personal attendants, are the only localities of all in London, that opposed the Convention. We trust our friends will not be offended at a little plain speaking now and then. As an attempt was being made to show that London was divided and distracted by factions, and as the Executive said and published "that the Metropolitan Delegate Council did not represent a tithe of the Chartists of London"—we were very anxious to do away with the wrong impression — and, as these localities had differed from the others, it became a matter of great importance to show to the country that such difference was not a type of the general feeling of London Chartists, but a peculiar exception. We intended, and we intend no offence—but in weighing the relative opinions on either side, surely, as editor f a public journal, there was no harm in adverting to this fact, while explaining the state and feelings of metropolitan Chartism.]

XI.—HECKMONDWIKE, NEAR LEEDS.

A public meeting of the friends of Mr O'Connor was held in the Working Man's Hall, top of Heckmondwike, on Sunday 7th March, at two o'clock p.m. Mr. Lassey in the chair, when a committee of nine was chosen to aid in getting up subscriptions for the purpose of assisting Mr. O'Connor in his present unfortunate circumstances. The sum of £1 10s. 2d. was collected, and the following resolutions were passed.

1st.—Moved by John Rothery, and seconded by George Taylor. "That Mr. Duncombe and Mr. Wakley (providing they will) be elected Trustees for Mr. O'Connor."

2nd.—Moved by James Elam and seconded by Mark Stubley. "That Mr. David Saull, Mr. E. Jones, Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, Mr. T. M. Wheeler, Mr. W. Rider and Mr. Fleming, form the acting committee in London."

3rd.—"That the committee meet on Sunday the 14th, at two o'clock p.m., in the Working Man's Hall, Heckmondwike, to receive subscriptions and transact other business."

4th.—"That a public meeting be held in the Working Man's Hall, Heckmondwike, on Sunday the 21st, at two o'clock p.m."

James Elam, *Sec.*

XII.—TOTAL ABSTINENCE LOCALITY.

March 9th, 1852.

We, the members of this Locality recommend that the country do call upon Mr. George Jacob Holyoake to resign his seat on the Executive, for his conduct at the Parliamentary and Financial Reform Conference, and to elect another in his place. Moved by James Evans, and seconded by James Bligh.

John Simpson, *Sec.*

XIII.—FINSBURY.

Sunday, March 7th, 1852.

Mr. V. Down in the chair. Messrs. Butler and Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council, E. J. Loomes from the Reform Conference. Mr. Butler moved, "That this locality recommend to other localities, to elect no one on their Executive or Delegate Councils who are members of any other association, and advocate any less measure of Reform than the People's Charter, considering that by electing such men they are stultifying themselves, injuring the movement, and playinto the hands of their deadliest enemies." Seconded by Mr. Fennel; carried. Mr. Wheeler, moved, "That this locality seeing from the conduct of the Parliamentary Reformers at the late Conference at St. Martin's Hall, that it is utterly useless for the working-

classes to expect anything at the hands of the Financial Reformers, tender their thanks to Messrs. E. Jones, Bezer and others, who so nobly stood up for free discussion so shamefully attempted to be burked by the business committee ot the conference, and feel deeply aggrieved and surprised at the conduct of Mr. Holyoake as one of the Chartist Executive at the said Conference, and request him to resign his seat as one of the Chartist Executive." Seconded by E. J. Loomes, and carried unanimously.

E. J. Loomes, *Sec.*

XIV.—POTTERIES.

The reason why the Chartists of this locality are not doing anything at the present with regard to a Convention, and other matters with regard to the Association, is on account of the critical position of the People's Hall.

A number, however, met on Sunday last, after the Hall business was dispatched, when it was agreed to call a meeting for the following Sunday, to wind up the affairs of the raffle that was to have taken place some time ago for Mr. O'Connor's benefit, so that you may expect an early remittance on his account.

When the arrangements for a Convention are finally made, support may be expected from the Potteries, in some form.

J. Copewell.

March 6, 1852.

XV.—WESTMINSTER.

March 8th, 1852.

At the weekly meeting of this locality, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted; Mr. Robins in the chair. Mr. E. L. Clarke reported from the M. D. C.

Mr. Crump, proposed; Mr. E. L. Clarke, seconded; that in the opinion of this locality, the conduct of Mr. G. J. Holyoake, at the Reform Conference and Public Meeting, held at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday, March 3, was such as to deprive him of the confidence of the entire Chartist body, and consider that by so doing, he has virtually lost his seat as a member of the Executive Committee.

Proposed by Mr. Young; seconded by Mr. Carey, that 3s. be sent to the M. D. C. towards the aggregate meeting.

Proposed by Mr. Harris; seconded by Mr. Henderson; that the business of this locality be transacted between the hours of 8 and 10.

E. L. Clarke, Sec.

3, Frederick Street, Vincent Square.

De Brassier;

A DEMOCRATIC ROMANCE

COMPILED FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A DEMOCRAT,

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEMAGOGUE,

AND

THE MINUTES OF A SPY.

BOOK THE SECOND.*

V.—THE ELECTION.

De Brassier had firmly reseated himself on the Democratic throne. His sway was undisputed, his rivals were in prison, covered with the oblivion or the blame of almost all the democratic party,—blame, attached to them for having done the very thing which in reality they tried to prevent. De Brassier felt that after so violent an excitement, a corresponding reaction always follows. Not at once—an after-wave always swells up, before the storm subsides—that after-wave he used to lift himself once more into his olden eminence. This secondary excitement was created

* The first book of "De Brassier," concluded in No. 25, p. 286

by the trials and treatment of the prisoners, and the repressive measures of the government. He knew that it could not last long, and that a year or two of comparative apathy would ensue. He, therefore, like a good tactician, just used the effervescence to prepare a tenable position for himself during the anticipated time of apathy—and he went to work as follows.

The calming down of popular excitement had calmed down the speculations at the Stock Exchange. No rapid rise and fall of stock—no troubled waters for the dirty fishers to fish in to advantage. De Brassier, with Bludore's help, had made large sums—but he had spent them as soon, partly by investing them in a new venture, partly by lavishing them on the democratic movement, in order to keep the excitement up that should make the funds go down, for him to buy in.

But all this was stopped—and, worst of all, De Brassier was in debt, deeply, fatally, hopelessly in debt. Take the benefit he could not—for all his transactions would come to light, and the accompaniments of his democracy be revealed to the democrats. Go to prison he would not—for how should he get out, if he once got in? He applied to Bludore, who had escaped from the attack on Dorville's house, he being the party who had been seen in the park, and the subsequent confounding of whose identity with that of Dorville by the Poacher, contributed not a little to save the life of Latimer and Adeline. But a great change had come over Bludore—whether he thought De Brassier a falling man, who had run out his tether,—or that he had other secret reasons, which may possibly become apparent hereafter. Suffice it to say, Bludore lent no ear to the d magogue, but, on the contrary, hurried on the expected catastrophe, pushed and sharpened the surrounding difficulties, by every means in his power.

De Brassier was in an extremity. He had no money for current expenses—he had no means to pay his debts—and the ghost-like presence of writs and bailiffs began to dive up ominously on his path. Like a stag beset on all sides, he stood at bay. He saw at once the gravity of the war, and life or death its issue. He staked that issue on one grand throw. His first object was to gain time, and accordingly, he defended the most pressing action. To do this, he used the money raised for the defence and maintenance of the prisoners, calculating on a clever trick, already in embryo, whereby to cover the deficiency.

Meanwhile—having calmly looked over the board, he saw one game alone was left, and that he must get into one of two places: prison or Parliament.* Preferring the latter, he set about his work. The last after-wave of the late excitement, might carry him into the House. Luckily, a General Election was at hand, this added to the excitement—and no time was to be lost.

Accordingly, he at once publicly deprecated the folly of former conduct—said "this was a constitutional country—in which sufficient constitutional power was in the people's hands to enable them, by constitutional means, to change the constitution—[of course—if the Constitutional Government will stick ALSO *to constitutional measures in defending it!*], and that it was on the hustings, in the polling-booth, and in parliament, that the battle had to be fought. He had always deprecated violence and folly. He had always respected life and property—he had always been for the altar, the throne, and the cottage—he had always been the best friend of the middle-class,—but in the time of excitement the people would not hear him,—now they were calm enough to do so—and he now stood forward to unite the contending middle-class and working-class, on the basis of a common interest. It was because men like he were not in Parliament, that the former were so taxed, and the latter so oppressed."

His words seemed verified by his conduct—as already stated. The cruelty of government had caused a revulsion in the feelings of the middle-classes, and De Brassier had apparently acted so dignified a part during the storm—so bold a part during the subsequent prosecutions,—he apparently *had* opposed the outbreak—he certainly had the people with him—and the middle-classes, who hated the government, as they always hate everything that takes money out of their pockets, and who had ceased to fear the people since their recent defeat, began to look favorably on De Brassier. They were capable of electing him merely out of spite against the ruling faction of aristocrats. De Brassier felt and knew this, and accordingly, having got up a requisition from the town of Spindles, issued his address, and appeared on the arena.

The grand thing, however, was to keep the bum-bailiffs off till the elections were over. It was a neck-and-neck race between St. Stephens and the Bench. Meanwhile, De Brassier held great meetings, such gatherings as had been but rarely seen before—cheer, shouts, and homage, garlands, and greys, landaulettes and pink jackets, flags and bands, bouquets and banners were poured forth in his homage. He stood there as the champion of Constitutional Democracy, the

* Members of Parliament in De Brassier's country, are privileged during session, and for forty days after, from arrest. A reason why some Parliaments are generally prorogued for only forty days.

crowned of the people, the accepted of the middle-class. Government almost feared. His power was certainly far greater, in reality, than it had ever been before—and that power was more formidable than the late ebullition of democracy, because the latter had been disorganized and divided, the present was the concentrated will of one man, led by the bold uncompromising spirit of intensest selfishness. Such a man was dangerous—such a man, though he would never do anything *for* the people might do much *against* the Government.

But the contrasts of life are strange. This redoubted, hated, feared, loved, idolized, and fêted man might be seen hurrying away from the national ovation where he had received the almost worship of a hundred thousand hearts, where even wealth was bowing before his power, and at the echoes of whose voice government trembled—might be seen, we say, hurrying to some obscure house in some dusky street, and with almost abject humility cringing, bending, pleading before some dirty-fingered and dirtier-hearted son of mammon, to whom he owed—ah! perhaps merely a few paltry pounds. De Brassier shook government, and stirred a nation; but a haberdasher, or a money-lender, a usurer, or a tailor, shook him. After having eaten the dust before the man who made his trousers, he went to throw the dust in the eyes of the people, and hurl in the dust the proud opposing faction of the aristocracy. Oh! you should have heard the thunder of the platform die into the meek whisper of the tradesman's parlor, and you would have disbelieved your own eyes as to the man's identity. Time after time, at many a crowded meeting, his eyes might have been seen suddenly rivetted with intense anxiety, on some suspected individual, and his white cheek tell of his inward terror. But never did the clear flow of his thoughts grow troubled—never did the clear roll of his voice falter for an instant. He had resolved on the game—he calculated its chances—he knew its dangers—and he played it well.

Every legal ingenuity had been exhausted to throw the last proceedings of the most pressing actions over for a few days. But, notwithstanding all he could do, final judgment was had against him in the King's Bench, and a warrant for his arrest was out two days before the polling was to commence. The fight now came to close quarters—the chances were growing desperate.

De Brassier was seated in his committee-room in the town of Spindles, his trustiest supporters around—a crowd of enthusiastic admirers was outside in the square below, when he received a letter from his lawyer, sent by special express, that on the following morning the warrant would be issued, and in about six hours after that the officers might be expected to appear in Spindles.

"Gentlemen!" said De Brassier to his friends—with a calm, joyous smile! "the enemy are at their tricks. There is a design against us—they intend using violence—attacking the hotel—we must get our forces up."

"We'll lick them—let them come!" shouted the committee.

"We must make sure," observed De Brassier, quietly. "Therefore, all the men of Spindles, who are in our interest—the poor you know! the poor!"—said De Brassier, with emphasis—"*my* friends, the *poor*!"—hurrah! shouted the committee: hurrah! shouted the crowd outside, because they heard somebody cheering within—"must all turn out at once—and remain in the streets until the poll is closed—night and day—it is only six-and-thirty hours, surely in such a cause, you won't mind a little campaigning."

"Six-and-thirty days if you like," shouted the committee. "Hurrah!" roared the crowd outside.

"But that's not enough," continued De Brassier. "We must have at least 200,000 men in the streets. Therefore, we must get the lads up from the country."

"They shall be here to-morrow."

"They must be here to-night. Here—divide the surrounding country into districts. Here—Jack Honeyfoot, you take Mudfall, Liquorwheels and Deadman's Hole; you, my gallant young soldier, William Dowseend, take Cottonwaste, Hearttease, and Childpits: ah! my old veteran, Limpsetter!—you take Dusty-choke, Liverbog, and Smoketreadles—go quick—they'll just be coming out of the mills by when you get there—stop the bands; tell them all to pour over here; tell them, we're sure to conquer if they come; tell them the era of liberty is near; tell them the people's reign is come at last; tell them to go from mill to mill—from man to man: tell them to bring the *women* too, (they're always the best at a row)" he added aside: "and tell them not to go to bed till I am member for Spindles!"

"Three cheers for the member for Spindles! De Brassier, and liberty!" shouted the committee, within.

"Hurrah!" shouted the crowd without—and with the faith and fanaticism of the Wahabite apostle, the missionaries of De Brassier, without food or drink, fed by their magnificent excitement, believing solemnly that the salvation of mankind depended on the issue—rushed off on their eager quest.

Meanwhile, De Brassier had set the telegraph at work—transmitting words, intelligible to him and his lawyer, but not to be understood by others.

From hour to hour came the precious missives—telling him whether the danger had increased—and how many hours of liberty still fell to his lot.

Thus the night had passed. It was the day of nomination,

De Brassier sat surrounded by his committee; as message after message was brought in.

"My agents tell me, the government are watching us narrowly. I receive reports from Downing Street every hour; if we carry the election, it is probable the ministry will resign!"

"Hurrah!"

Another message, which De Brassier understood to mean: "The bum-bailiffs, have started a quarter of an hour ago—they will reach Spindles by noon."

"The government have ordered two regiments down on Spindles. So much for the liberty of the subject. Never mind, they can't be here till the election's over. We'll make a stand for liberty. We'll beat them. Are our men come yet from the country? What's that?"

A heavy surging sound and a running fire of cheers was heard in the distance.

"That's the country-boys!"

"Out—we'll meet them!"—and throwing himself at the head of his committee, he rushed to meet, encourage and inspirit the coming reinforcements.

It was a magnificent sight to see the approaching mass, about 100,000 strong, for the various gatherings had met on a given point, and came pouring in in one immense procession.

The stationary mass of townsmen, about 60,000 strong, hailed them with delirious shouts, but were swept backward by the friendly onset of the streaming myriads.

"De Brassier!"—rolled the short, reiterated anthem of the hour, and the very glass trembled in the windows of the city before the living artillery of those countless lungs.

The words of De Brassier were electric in their effect—and the vast concourse, for whom, indeed, no accommodation within doors could possibly have been found, resolved to remain in the summer-tented streets and squares, till the poll should have closed on the following day.

"An attack will be attempted on the hustings—I believe my life to be in danger," cried De Brassier. "Will you stand by me?"

An inarticulate roar, like the throes of a volcano, answered annihilation to whoever should threaten the favourite of the people.

"The time is come for the nomination," said De Brassier's friends.

"Has the 12 o'clock train from London arrived yet?" inquired the candidate.

"It has just come in," someone replied.

"To the hustings," rejoined De Brassier, in a voice of thunder; but his cheek turned very pale, and his hand involuntary touched his waistcoat pocket. In that pocket he had concealed a small vial of prussic acid.

Nevertheless, showering smiles around him—riding, as it were, on the surge of that tremendous sea, he reached the place of nomination.

The nomination, as far as the hostile candidates were concerned, was a mere form—their speeches were not heard—their gesticulations were ridiculed—even their persons were threatened, but De Brassier, for the interest of his election, prevented violence.

He spoke—and all was silence. His language was magnificent, but his speech was characteristic. We give his side remarks, or running accompaniment of secret thought, in parenthesis, by way of illustration.

After a splendid exordium, modelled to win alike the shop-keeper and the working-man—after an exposition of labor's misery that drew tears, even from the eyes of labor's foes—when every cheek was wet and flushed, with the mingled dew and fire of feeling.

"Yes, countrymen!" he continued with eloquence on his tongue, resolution in his heart, and death in his waistcoat-pocket, "I stand here to battle against the usurer and the money-lord (cheers). [By heaven! there are those infernal bum-bailiffs—I see them in the crowd]. I hurl defiance at the tyranny of capital! (cheers.) [They are forcing their way towards me]. I make a last stand for liberty! [I'm afraid they'll grab me]. I see the satellites of government in the meeting. (dreadful groaning). [I'll give the scoundrels a hint]. I caution them not to attempt their dirty work here (loud cheers). I desire peace, law, and order; but the people wont be trifled with, and I could not answer for the safety of any government spies, who should try to divide the public by election tricks. I should not like to be in their skins (tremendous cheering). [Ah! they nnderstood that—they turn pale, but they still keep coming this way]. Do you understand that, you scoundrels? (immense applause, and laughter). [Devil take them—they are at the foot of the hustings!]. The rights of labor shall be vindicated against the tyranny of capital. The shop-keepers shall not be ruined by taxation. Think of the national debt. We wont be saddled with the

debt any longer (cheers). [Curse the fellows, how they grin!]. We'll wipe it off (cheers). [They're showing me their warrant]. They sha'n't make us pay it. We wont be money-slaves, crushed down by an iniquitous debt (cheers). [They're climbing the hustings]. Our usurers and capitalists are the only tyrants I fear. [How determined they look]. Against them I make this stand —now help me in the cause of freedom (deafening cheers that seemed as if they would never cease.

"Who are you?—what are you staring at me for, sir?" said De Brassier, in a look and tone that few could meet without quailing, to the bum-bailiff, who had just reached his side, while the cheering covered the tenor of their conversation. "I know you, you dirty tool of the government. You had better mind what you do."

The bailiff, a strong and determined man, (for bailiffs, even if they are only four feet high, and seventy years old, are wonderfully resolute), fired up, and touched De Brassier's shoulder and showed him his warrant. De Brassier's left hand felt for the phial in his waistcoat pocket—his right hand descended full in the face of the bailiff, and brought him bleeding, stunned, and motionless to the ground.

"Do you dare to insult me?" he said, calmly. "This scoundrel is a spy of the government, and has sought to entrap me."

Every effort of De Brassier was needed to save the denounced man—but, while screening him, he succeeded in having him conveyed to a room, under pretext of safety, most kindly administered cordials to him—and in so doing relieved him of the warrant for his arrest, which he coolly transferred to his own pocket —observing to the bystanders,

"Ah! I thought so! A hired spy. Here are his credentials."

"Let us see! Let us see!"

"No! no! This must not get buzzed abroad before its time—I see! I see! This implicates high names. Wait—wait—you'll all know everything in good time!"—and the triumphant De Brassier returned to his Committee-room.

The election was over—De Brassier won by 128 votes—the victorious candidate was chaired —his friends rallied around him.

"Ah! what are you there, my old friend?" said the victor, as he spied the bruised bum-bailiff in the crowd "here—take a glass of brandy!—for—you'll understand me now— *Labour has been saved from Capital, and the National Debt's wiped off!*"

Continental Notes.

II.—LEGALITY AND DEMAGOGUISM.

CHAPTER 1.—Hungarian and French Revolutions. Their cause and effect.

CHAPTER 2.—The French Revolution in its real bearings. The groundwork of German Revolutionary movement, historically illustrated.

CHAPTERS 3 and 4.—A complete history of the Austrian Revolution, yet unknown to the British reader.

II.—FRENCH AND GERMAN REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

By. J. G. E.

The reason why Camphausen preferred to issue the new regulations as the work of the United Diet, instead of a series of revolutionary decrees based on the events of the 18th and 19th of March, became apparent. When the new Assembly met, several members demanded that Camphausen should acknowledge the revolution, and thereby proclaim the revolutionary origin of the new powers. Camphausen thought different. He called the revolution of March a street riot, brought about by an unruly mob, and emphatically denied that it had in any way influenced the decision of the King, or altered the natural course of political affairs. He merely admitted that the events of March might have hastened the King in the execution of his resolution. The programme of the new Constitutional Minister was that the Crown had called a Constituent Assembly to amalgamate the prerogatives of the Crown with the interest of the nation. The majority eagerly embraced the proposed principle of amalgamation, and thus virtually delivered the national interest bound hand and foot to the camarilla. The national interest, instead of dictating its own terms to the Crown, was reduced to a position where it was merely permitted to sanction the dictates of the Crown. Had the Prince of Prussia—one of the greatest antagonists of constitutional government—himself been

prince-minister, and his flunkeys the majority in the Assembly, they could not have acted more detrimentally to the establishment of Constitutional freedom than the majority and their great leader, Camphausen.

Pusillanimity and cowardice were the chief characteristics of the Prussian Representatives. Let us suppose that it was politic to deny the political importance of the events of March, and that by giving the Assembly an appearance of legality excesses could be prevented, was it politic to leave the entire army in the hands of absolutism? The Prussian army for the last thirty years had served no other purpose but that of keeping the population in check. No officer was tolerated who entertained liberal opinions—servility was the chief stipulation for promotion. The generals, without exception, were in favor of absolutism, and the inferior officers being for the most part poor, noblemen, who considered the military profession the only one compatible with their rank for getting a living, knew no other duty but to please their generals.

With such an army the Court could at any time frustrate the hopes of the Constitutionalists, who felt so secure in their triumph that the army was wholly neglected, neither Camphausen, nor Hansemann, his successor, nor the Assembly, ever attempted to constitutionalize the army, and insure their support.

After the insurrection of June, the Camarilla began to show how they appreciated the conduct of the ministers and the Assembly. The editors of democratic journals, and presidents of popular clubs, were arrested—domiciliary visits were paid by the police—papers confiscated—and houses searched. The soldiers began openly to insult the civilians. In Silesia one regiment had committed outrage, and wantonly killed several citizens. This cruel behaviour roused the deputies in Berlin from their slumber—an inquiry was demanded, but the officers of the regiment did not choose to give evidence before a parliamentary committee. The consequence of this was a resolution carried by the Left in the Assembly, requesting the Government to issue an order to the officers of the army, according to which those officers who were not in favor of Constitutional Government should resign. But it was too late. The Court and the King had long been weary of this constitutional buffoonery, and Hansemann, then premier, aware that his time was up, and also to anticipate his royal master, seized this opportunity to resign.

The King responded to the resolution of the Assembly by calling General Pfuel, the butcher of the Poles, to the helm of Government. Pfuel made a declaration in the Assembly which was so unmeaning that nobody knew what it meant, but the members, perhaps mindful of Paul's deeds in Poland, for the sake of peace, interpreted that it meant the execution of their resolution, and fell back into their old self-complaisant mode of speech-making.

The Imperial Diet of Austria played a similar game. Like our present Parliament, the members were making long speeches with little substance, as if they had met for an entertaining chat. What the Hungarian Diet had accomplished in a few hours—what the peasantry in many places had virtually abolished by lighting bonfires with the deeds and documents of feudal servitude, the members of the Diet were discussing for months without coming to any conclusion. While the Court was sending emissaries and money to the riotous Croats, while towns were bombarded in Bohemia and Italy, the members behaved as if they had nothing in common with the people out-of-doors. It was considered a particular act of boldness, if now and then a worthy member rose and asked the minister whether there was any foundation for such and such a rumour, and whether Government were acquainted with the doings of the Court, and the most evasive replies fully satisfied them. It was when the terms of treachery were finally agreed on between Charles Albert and the Austrian camarilla, when an armistice was concluded in Italy, and the Hungarians had defeated the Croats, that the Austrian Court threw off the mask. October was for the Austrian Court what June had been for the French Assembly. The first official act of the counter-revolution was Hungary declared in a state of siege—martial law proclaimed—and Jelachich appointed Governor.

What the Diet had neglected to do, viz., to engage the army on the side of political progress, some of the soldiers of a regiment in Vienna proposed to accomplish by their own exertions. Tired of serving the cause of absolutism, they called a meeting of soldiers on the 5th of October, deliberated on their political position as soldiers, and agreed to lay their conclusions before the Minister of War. Latour (then Minister of War) hearing of these proceedings, gave orders to the regiment immediately to leave for Hungary; but the regiment positively refused to quit, and threatened to shoot any officers who should insist on the execution of this order.

The People's Anthem.

(AIR:—"*God save the Queen.*")

THE God of Freedom bless,
With strength for self-redress,
The People's might;
The cause of man to save,
Arouse each willing slave!
Unite, the ready brave!
UNITE! UNITE!

Awake, ye slavish things!
Beneath your Priests and Kings!
Long curbed by lies!
The altar's but a sod,
The sceptre but a rod,
A People is a god!
O God, arise!

Think! as your fathers thought;
Teach! as your fathers taught;
Fight! as your fathers fought;
When words are vain!
Tear up the rooted wrong!
Strike down the falsely strong!
Slave-herds, degraded long,
Be men again!

A few, a very few,
Still struggle bravely through,—
And call for aid!
Confound the open foe;
Lay tool and trickster low,
Unmask the specious show,
Of knaves by trade.

Unseal the People's eyes,
Teach them to fathom lies,
And know the true!
Give them the sense to care,
Give them the strength to bear,
Give them the soul to dare,
And hand to do!

The reign of wrong shall end,
When every slave's a friend,
To win the right;
One thought in million brains,
One pulse in million veins,
Will break the strongest chains,
UNITE! UNITE!

E. J.

Current Notes.

I.—A LITTLE PRACTICAL ADVICE IN A TIME OF DOUBT AND DANGER.

It is time that all Chartists, in all places wherever there is Chartism, should meet together, and organize themselves. If there is no local Secretary, let any friend of the Charter call together those he knows, and, when assembled, solicit them to form themselves into a locality. Nowhere will such an attempt, we venture to say, be found wholly unsuccessful.

Where a public room to meet in cannot be obtained, from local prejudice, or from the fact that the members are too poor and too few too pay for one, let them meet weekly in rotation at one another's house, but by no means go to the public-house. By the time a private room grows too small to hold them, they will become numerous enough to afford a public one. Try and establish *reading rooms*, and *children's schools* in conjunction with each locality. You can if you try with energy, and you will soon find them attract more than the pot-houses (all those that are worth attracting), and pay better than the penny-dance.

Let each new member be set the task of bringing with him to each successive meeting, at least one new friend, and let this be understood as expected of him.

Let the members form themselves into a locality of the National Charter Association, and not as a separate, local, isolated democratic body. This is vitally important in respect of united action, organization and the prevention of future bickerings and rivalries. If it is suggested they cannot recognise the present Executive—that is no valid objection, for they can belong to the Association, and work with others to form a better Executive.

If any one suggest the idea of calling the locality anything else than a branch of the N.C.A., of changing the name Chartist, of dropping any one of the details of the Charter, or any suggestions of that kind, let them be negatived at once. In the same way in

which the priest says "you are not to doubt the Bible, not to call your religious faith in question;"—so you should answer, "we must not doubt the Charter; we must not call our political faith in question."

Like the debates on moral and physical force, the discussion would tend to do nothing but *divide the Movement*, and create two hostile parties. This question has been settled long ago. It was mooted in the Calton Hill resolutions. Chartists! You know what came of that!

You must take Chartism as an accepted fact—you must believe in it, and act up to it, not with "blind," faith, but with *clear open-eyed* faith—and not let dust be thrown in your eyes.

It is too late in the day to raise the question of Chartist principle, details, name and organization. You have not to *discuss* the question now, but to ACT upon that which was discussed and SETTLED sixteen years ago. Scout the suggestion as the emanation of either foolishness, sordidness, treachery, or ambition, for *it is one of the four*.

In forming new localities, or organizing and extending new localities, don't hunt after middle-class men or aristocrats. They've been the very pest of our Movement. Don't repel them if they come; but take care to keep them *subordinate in numbers and influence*. The national majority of working-men must not have local majorities of middle-class men on their councils. THIS WOULD BE FATAL. Keep them in the minority on your local councils. This you can do, not by rejecting them when they come, but by taking good care to put half-a-dozen working men on your councils for every middle-class man or aristocrat.

Elect none but working-men as your local secretaries and presidents.

Don't run after the rich men to be chairmen at your meetings. Make a general rule of having none but working-men in that position, and point to the fact with pride. You don't show your influence by showing that rich men will *preside* at your meeting, but that the rich men will *attend* at the meetings, *under the presidency of the working-men*; and depend upon it, these are not times in which the rich will like to stay away from the meetings of the people. On the contrary both lords and money-mongers will attend, in order to deceive you and talk you over. Don't say, "A tradesman's name in the chair draws the people, or enables us to get a hall that would be otherwise refused." If the people come for a "a tradesman's name" only, they'd best stop away; and as to a hall, summer is coming—take the open air.

Don't seek your leaders among the rich, or the House of Commons. In that House you have now NOT ONE man worth a button, as far as Democracy is concerned. I say emphatically NOT ONE.

You will not succeed if you have others but working-men for your leaders—if you put your trust in anything but in your own order.

See that your secretaries send weekly reports to your organ of communication—see to it, for nothing sets one part of the country going better than to read that other part are active. This point is terribly neglected in our Movement.

There, friends! are the humble, but practical suggestions we would make to you.

In conclusion, every one of you answer the appeal of the Manchester Council, now forwarded to you. Whether you can send a delegate or not, answer them, and give them your opinion as to the Convention,—a step more necessary than ever, since the four "financial" members of the Executive refuse to resign; since the Financial Association seems to have been almost extinguished in St. Martin's Hall; since they are stagnating and withering under the deserved scorn of either side of the question, since a General Election is by no means a certain contingency for the next six months, whatever Parliamentary promises may be given; and since the glorious, reinvigorated rise of Chartism waits but for the uniting hand of a Convention to assume a proud, powerful, and active agitation, and purge off the last disunion which the mock-leadership of the rejected of the majority will perpetuate as long as it is permitted to exist, and since, amid the general want of confidence, leadership or organization, that body which now throws itself actively, prominently, and boldly forward, is sure to carry the day. Be you that party, working-men. Isolated and divided, you can't do it. A Convention alone can speak so that the country will hear. Speak, and you will raise a glorious echo.

II.—THE IRON TRADES.

Mr. W. Peel, in his weekly letter, writes as follows; "The amalgamated iron-trades, though numerically and financially strong, *cannot, single-handed, cope with the Bucklersbury despots.*"

Then why did all those gentlemen tell them that they could? If they knew their weakness all the time, why did they delude them into a belief of their strength? If they did

not know of it, and have only found out so transparent a fact now, a fact that any man not blinded by self-interest, or enthusiasm, or ignorance, could have seen at a glance,—then they are very unfit to be the leaders of any section of the working-classes. "Oh dear! I was wrong!"—is not the way to lead a people.

This is the manner in which the people's cause is trifled with and murdered. Quack doctors, utterly ignorant of the science they profess to follow, go experimentalising on the patient, till by dint of killing, they begin to find out their errors—a way of studying medicine rather inconvenient for the sick man. So, the leaders of the iron-trades, after telling the men that "single-handed, if needs be, they could beat the masters—nay, one branch alone, the moulders, could force them into submission when they pleased,"—are now reduced to confess that we were right, when we told them that "single-handed they could not cope with the Bucklersbury despots."

"Oh dear! I was wrong"—if it is a bad confession for a leader, is, however, far more honorable, than to persist in an error knowing it to be wrong; or, at least shows more wisdom than to fly to a fallacy greater still, as a remedy for the short-comings of the first plan.

The leaders of the trades'-union now say, that, since it is proven that the iron-trades alone cannot stand their ground, it only requires a union of all trades to secure victory. What an egregious fallacy! The iron-trades are the strongest, one of the highest paid, and by the nature of their trade, most powerful of all the sections of industry. If any had a chance to conquer in the struggle with capital, these men had that chance—and yet they fail! Each other trade, singly, has a far poorer chance. If each one, singly, must fail against its masters singly, all collectively must fail against their masters collectively. In the words of the celebrated counsel who opposed king James—"I never heard that one hundred black rabbits would make one black horse." All the men of all trades, combined against the masters of one trade only, might conquer, but all the men against all the masters, leaves the case in a weaker position than that which the iron-trades would hold alone, because the other trades are weaker, and the other masters stronger in proportion.

Let us see, whether, before seeking aid from other trades, before expecting others to sacrifice their work for them, the iron-trades are able to do the same themselves; before calling on others to unite with them, whether they are able to remain united within their own ranks.

The last return of the employers shows that, up to March 8th, 6,056 men have signed the declaration of the masters. Among these, are 656 moulders.

Now, the society attempts to reason away the powerful lesson read by this fact, by saying "that some are not society-men, and that, out of the latter, 1,100 men have all along remained at work, since all the factories did not close on the 10th of January." Granted. What does this prove, if true? that 1,100 men remain at work, keeping the masters' shops open, thus enabling the masters to fulfil their contracts and set at defiance the men who are holding out. It is true those 1,100 by receiving wages, may contribute towards the support of the turnouts, and thus *delay* A LITTLE the *final* ruin; but that is a hopeless game—for *the masters will get more out of their work, than the turnouts can get out of their earnings.* Any child may see who has the best at that game. If some, again, are not society-men, what does it prove? That even the close borough system of the society has failed to protect it—that, though trying to make a monopoly of their skill, brain, and sinews, their monopoly has been broken through.

Thus, in the trade itself, the men are seeing the hopelessness of the struggle, *they are seeing the fallacy of the advice that has been given them by their leaders*—they are seceding from the ground of a false resistance, we hope, to take that of a true and effective one. The cry will naturally be raised of treachery, treason, and villany, against the "black sheep," who have seceded. And we cordially admit, that no working-man ought to sign a declaration so humiliating as that proposed by the employers. No man ought to bind himself down not to do what he likes with his own earnings, or to join whatever honorable association he thinks proper. But however, they have done so—there stands the fact, melancholy as it is—and it is these facts that beat trades'-unions down, whether directed to abstention from work, or to self-work by co-operation. "Blacks" there are—"blacks" there *will* be, and "blacks" there *must* be, in still increasing numbers every year. You may revile them: it wont turn them white. While there is now much disgraceful cowardly truckling to the employer, much barefaced treachery to the brother working-men,—that treachery, that truckling, will ere long change into necessity and self-defence—unless a *right* mode of resistance be adopted. Men will be "blacks," not from sordid choice, but from dire compulsion. Men are now *seduced* and *tempted* to become "blacks,"—ere long, they will be *forced* to it. Increasing poverty, the same as it *forces* the working-man to buy his clothes at the slop-shop or the jew-clothesman, will force him to abandon his fellow working-men, and, against his own

will, with bitter, burning and uneasy heart, help the master on in his struggle, by working for him. You may cry: "all unite!" But you *can't* all unite. You are too poor to unite. You may cry: "be a man" but the pale cheek of the wife says: "be a slave!" You may cry: "stand firm!" But the faint moan of the child says: "give way!"

There will be more "blacks" with every year, as capital grows, machinery increases, and land-monopoly spreads.

Why is this? Because the employers thus hold the means of work. What can stop this wrong? What can alone get the means of work out of their hands? (for that is the shibboleth of emancipation). Political power. But say you, perhaps, "if we are so weak, if we can't resist our masters, how on earth shall we get political power?" By political combination, which is sure of success, at the very time when social combination is sure of failure. Social combination is useless, because in that, you set out with a professed obedience to the existing social and political laws. You attempt to use those laws, whereas it is the laws that use you.

You say: "Land shall emacipate us." But land is in the hands of the landlord, and he uses it to keep you enslaved. You say, "machinery shall emancipate us." But machinery is in the hands of the capitalist, and he uses it to keep up surplus labor and poverty. You say "trade shall emancipate us." But trade is in the hands of the money-lord, and he uses it to beat down your efforts by competition. Thus you attempt to fight, while the weapons you require are in the hands of your enemy. It is, as though you were to say to your foe, "we will fight with the sword," and there was but one sword between you, and that sword in the hand of your opponent. But, in political combination, the case is far different. Political power is now, it is true, also in the hands of our enemies. But what constitutes that political power? The apathy and disunion of the people. Numbers are the element of political power. Now, in the same way in which land, machinery, gold, and trade are in the hands of the rich, NUMBERS are in the hands of the poor. In the social combination, they have all the weapons, and you have none, in the political combination, *you* have all the weapons, and *they* have none. Do you see the difference? In political combination, numbers constitute your irresistible strength. In social combinations numbers constitute your irremediable weakness; because, in the latter, they constitute the surplus labor which forces men to become "blacks."

You may say; "Won't the masters, if they find their men combine politically, force them to sign an anti-political declaration, the same as the iron-masters forced their men to sign an anti-unionist declaration—and if they refuse to submit, won't they turn them out of work?"

Let them try. Why! they would just become recruiting sergeants of democracy, if they did! Regiment after regiment of labor would pour into the ranks of organisation.

Once give the right impulse and the right direction — let the men see what political power would give them—and forthwith poverty would be our strength, non-employment prove our victory. No! no! the employers know better than that. On the contrary, they would then, the same as they have ever done in such cases, try to soothe you, to divert you from political progress by granting social concessions. They would try, by the temporary bribe of greater work and wages, to turn you into political "blacks," instead of social ones, and the only danger then to be incurred, would be, to keep you from being *bribed* and *flattered* into desertion, instead of being forced into it.

III.—THE MOULDERS.

The London moulders have passed a resolution "to the effect that, when the masters should have agreed to the terms of the Amalgamated Society, they, (the moulders) would not resume work, unless all the moulders, who have signed the 'declaration,' *should first be discharged*."

Can there be folly greater than this? That's just the way to play into the masters' hands. These moulders ought to be conciliated, they might, perhaps, be won to a kindly feeling. Instead of which, *deliberate ruin is decreed them by their enlightened fellow-workmen.* Do you think they will forgive it, or forget it? Do you not think, they will cling closer to the masters for revenge, for bread, for life? Oh! that's what comes of letting passion lead us instead of statesmanship. That's the way that labor ever sinks before the calm, united strength of fraternizing capital.

IV.—TRADES CAPITAL.

The Executive of the Iron-trades are now preparing to invest all the capital of the trades (£500,000) in a People's Bank, to be advanced by that to start co-operative undertakings—and a portion of the democratic press says that, by this, "general employment would be given to those now in idleness, and the capitalist might be dispensed with altogether."

Just fancy! thousands of millions of capital keep the people *down*—and then half of one million is to raise them up! Half a pound is to strike the balance against thousands. This

is based on the old fallacy, that the co-operative concerns will re-produce the capital, and thus return it to the bank. We have already shown (and all our opponents have been reduced to admit this truth by their silence, after contesting it in their columns, in these pages, and on the platform, for some time) that the competition of the capitalist, to say nothing of that between the co-operators themselves, must eat up those contemplated profits, and gradually undermine the undertaking.

We caution the trades against letting their money go for such a project. With the most complete honesty on the part of all concerned, and making allowance for the possibility of a momentary success at starting in the first impulse of some few aiding causes, not a solitary fraction of their money would they ever see again,—because each concern in which it was invested would be ruined in quick succession.

Mr. Newton thought an Act of Parliament would be necessary to legalise such a bank. Another party says, Parliament would never grant the act. The latter may be right there, and accordingly recommends making it a private bank, on the principle of Trusteeship. A dangerous proposition—since the "half-a-million" would be utterly at the mercy of the said trustees—no very enviable position for the depositors.

All these difficulties and chimerical schemes originate, when men set up as teachers of the people, who, however well-meaning and honest, don't understand the bearings of the social question, or the nature of the powers with which they have to deal.

V.—EARL DERBY'S TESTS OF THE PEOPLE'S HAPPINESS.

"The public mind seems to me peaceable and content. Is there a more accurate barometer of public feeling than the public funds? Yet, when were the funds as high?"

My Lord—are the WORKING-CLASSES *the Fundholders?*

VI.—"THE EARL" PROVES THE ADVANTAGE OF OBSTRUCTIVE POLICY.

"The noble Lord (J. Russell) was called on by his supporters and agreed to amend that *nugatory* and *absurd* Reform Bill, which he had submitted to Parliament; and the noble lord had no hesitation in stating that, if he were called on to form another Government, it would be very different, and on a much wider basis than that with which he had been connected (cheers)."

Just so. The "Liberals" obstruct Lord John, because, *as they say*, his measure is not wide enough, (but, in reality, because *their leaders wish to be associated in the Government*), and the result is he'll come out with a stronger measure.

So let the Chartists "obstruct" the "Financials," and they must bow down to Chartism.

VII.—"THE EARL'S" POLICY.

"Will you support a Government which would give increased power and strength to *religious* and moral education, and which would exert itself moreover, I will not hesitate to say, to offer some barrier against the current that is continually encroaching, of "*democratic* influence," which would throw power nominally into the hands of the masses, practically into those of the demagogues who lead them."

The expiring glimpses of an aristocratic ball-room taper, trying to put down the rising sun.

VIII.—EARL GREY AND THE POLITICAL JANUS.

"If he meant to surrender protection, why not say so? Simply for this reason—that he meant to canvass the counties as a PROTECTIONIST, and the towns as a FREE-TRADER."

Bravo! Unmask each other. We're watching you—six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other.

One "Earl" says this of another "Earl's" platform professions. We tell you, workingmen, the same of the platform professions of Sir Joshua Walmsley, Cobden, Bright, &c.

IX.—LORD ABINGER SPEAKS OUT.

"True, the laboring-classes had, with the exception of those in some agricultural districts, benefited by this confiscation (Free Trade); but it was not to be supposed that the landlords and tenants were to stand by and smile, as the crushed *noblesse* of France did while the nation at large was revelling at their expense."

Oh, no, to be sure not. If the workingmen speak thus for their political rights it's "sedition" and "rebellion."

X.—THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE'S DREAM OF WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

"£30,000,000 per annum had been lost by farmers and landlords by the abolition of the corn-laws. Therefore £30,000,000 had gone into the pockets of the people, and principally of the lowest class of the people."

XI.—INTERPRETATION OF THE MARQUIS'S DREAM, BY VILLIERS AND LORD DERBY.

"In answer to a question publicly put to him, Earl Derby said that a corn-tax raised the price of bread, and enhanced the cost of living, but did not augment the remuneration of the laborer."

Where do the £30,000,000 go to now, Marquis?

XII.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL DRIVES THE WEDGE HOME.

"A fixed duty laid on corn, a tax of which, by the researches of all scientific men, five-sixths will be PAID OT THE LANDLORDS, and only one-sixth to the Exchequer."

Just so. What the landlords don't get the place-hunters do.

XIII.—MR. VILLIERS, from the evidence of the Royal Commission, shows us how prosperous the laborers must be.

"It may now be said that machinery has given to farming what is most wanted, not absolute, but comparative certainty. It seems proved, that within 10 years old improvements have been improved, and new ones devised, the performances of which stand the necessary inquiry, as to the amount of saving the produce, seeing that the owner of a stock farm is enabled in the preparation of his land, by using lighter ploughs, to cast off one horse in three, and, by adopting other simple tools, to dispense altogether with a great part of his ploughing; that in the culture of crops by the various drills, horse-labor can be partly saved, or the use of manures greatly economized; while the horse now replaces the hoe, at half the expense. The American reaper effects 30 men's work, while the Scotch cart replaces the old English waggon with exactly half the number of horses; that in preparing corn for man's food the steam threshing-machine saves two-thirds of our former expense, and in preparing food for stock, the turnip-cutter, at an outlay of 1s. a-head, adds 8s. a head in one winter to the value of sheep; lastly, that in the indispensable but costly operation of drains; the materials have been reduced from 80s. to 15s.—to one-fifth nearly of their former cost. It seems to be proved that the efforts of agricultural mechanics have been so far successful as in all these main branches of farming labor, taken altogether, to effect a saving or outgoing of little less than one-half."

What has become of the displaced laborers? Well may D'Israeli talk of the "unparalleled distress they are suffering." But, in his mouth, it is merely clap-trap. Protection, as Russell and Villiers show, won't benefit the LABORER. Free-trade, as D'Israeli and Derby show, don't benefit the MECHANIC. For, in the first case, the wages don't rise in proportion with the rise of prices; in the last case, they fall out of proportion with the fall of prices. It is a common fallacy to say that the people eat more bread because the imports of wheat increase.

Mr. Newdegate says on this head: "The quantity of home-produced corn is 3,000,000 quarters less than in 1845."

The foreign imports have increased, but it is a substitute of foreign corn for home.

XIV.—1, THE PEOPLE'S APATHY.—2 THEIR POWER.—3, THEIR GULLIBILITY.—4, THEIR INTELLIGENCE.

1, The people's apathy. Villiers: "No political irritation exists anywhere."

2, The people's power. Sir J. Graham: "If representatives say they will disregard the opinion of the RABBLE on the question of cheap bread, I very much fear the result."

[What a pity the "rabble" don't speak out on more subjects than one!]

3, The people's gullibility. Villiers: "I believe that the people are often too confiding."

4, The people's intelligence. Lord John Russell: "I am told this (Free-trade) is to be referred to the intelligent portion of the people of England. Upon this subject 'the whole community is intelligent.'"

Intelligent enough to clamour for the money-question of the rich; but let them be intelligent enough to speak for the labor-question of the poor, and the Russells and Derbys, Cobdens and Walmsleys will at once tell us "they are too ignorant to be entrusted with the franchise."

XV.—ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

The members of the Financial Reform Association, some time back, numbered in Greenwich 168. They now number only 13, and out of these 9 have determined to leave the Society because of Sir Joshua Walmsley's conduct in St. Martin's Hall, and subscribe 1s. each to the "Peopl's Paper."

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book IV.—The Lady of Title.

In three parts,—*Girlhood, Marriage, Old Age.*

II.—THE DANCE AND THE THUNDER.

Blaze Castle was one glory. The Earl and Countess of St. Blaze were giving a grand ball. The pale moon was climbing over the silent harvest-fields. Worn-out, haggard toil had slunk to rest in its holes and corners, and the light flashing from the lordly windows, the music pealing from the stately halls, floating unchallenged over the rich, deserted corn-lands —as it broke gleaming and murmuring through the full woodlands of the park.

All day long a hot heavy atmosphere had weighed painfully on the throbbing temples of labor,—and was reverberated with a pricking heat from the palace walls of languid and uncaring ease. The cattle had remained standing up to their middle in the stilly pools, and the sharp stings of the gad-fly and the insect world had seemed dipped in double venom. The voice of the bird had been silent —and a sultry foreboding pause seemed holding nature in some ominous suspense.

With twilight came no freshness. The evening was intensely close, and not a breath of air entered the magnificently-lighted ball-room of the castle. Yet its spacious windows were all opened wide. The distant country, caressed by the soft moonlight, framed itself between their gilded panels and silk-hangings, like so many landscapes by some great master, hung against the wall, so motionless and lifeless seemed everything without.

The heaviness of the atmosphere appeared to have imparted itself to the guests; for the dance languished, the band paused frequently, and the fair dancers glided with indolent lassitude, or drooped dreamily over the rich ottomans, like flowers before a storm.

The assemblage comprised all that the country afforded of wealth, aristocracy and title —measured by the most exclusive standard; the fête was conspicuous in everything that could add the climax to splendor, or the zest to enjoyment.

It was at that hour of the evening, in which the imagination, heated by a thousand voluptuous images, conjured up by the ball, loses itself in wild and ardent vision—before fatigue tames down its warmer impulses. There seemed something dreamily intoxicating in the air—the mingled atmosphere of scents and flowers, throbbing with the rapid pulse of music. A burning dew glistened on the purest, fairest brow—and while the gay brilliancy of the hot saloon stimulated and excited, the quiet, warm gloom of the half-seen country wooed to voluptuous and mysterious retirement.

In the midst of this scene of enchantment, a faint gleam seemed to flicker across the chandeliers—faint as it was, throwing them into momentary obscurity by the contrast of its weird strange light—a deep bass came muttering with the light trebles of the sparkling music—and a cool breath flowed in soon after with startling freshness through the open casements.

Some gentlemen stepped to the windows,—but the dance continued. Presently, a deep, heavy, though distant, roll was heard—it muttered—deepened—swelled and then roared terribly around the towers of the castle.

In an instant, the merry chaos of the ball-room lulled—the women turned pale and looked at each other in alarm—the music ceased—the voices sunk to a whisper—there was silence—and "*the thunder!*" fell in terror from many a faltering lip.

"How stupid!" exclaimed the Countess of St. Blaze. "It will spoil the ball. How very, very stupid!"

It certainly was very wrong that a thunder-storm should take place when a nobleman

was giving a ball. It was some very great mismanagement in nature.

"Dear me! I'm very sorry," she continued, as though it was all merely an oversight on her part that such a thing should have been allowed to occur. "Pray do not alarm yourselves—it's nothing at all—merely . . . Why don't they go on playing—Sir Fiddle Mygarter—pray tell them! Who forms the next contre-danse? It's nothing at all—merely . . . ."

At that moment, a pale blue light filled the whole room, and a simultaneous crash, as though a planet had toppled from its equipoise on to the earth, made the whole castle rock to its foundation.

Shrieks and faintings followed the explosion. The fair guests fled into the adjoining rooms—some hid themselves behind curtains and ottomans—some fainted, or pretended to faint—the oldest, whose nerves were the strongest, were the greatest fainters—and the stronger sex ran after their fair charges, attracted by the charm of soothing and encouraging them by divers pleasant means.

In the general terror, the wreaths fell from the silken hair, the scarfs fled from the snowy shoulders, the bouquets dropped from the loosened girdles.

The terror seemed to grow the more the occasion for it ceased. But it was not a pale and haggard terror—it was a pretty, graceful, loving, confiding fear. Ladies fainted—not on sofas, though they might be sitting on them—they got up to faint in the arms of some young cavalier, who was, perhaps, most inconveniently situated for the operation. Nay! some were seen to walk across the room with the stalwart step of a dragoon, till they got near some particularly attractive individual, and then, suddenly giving a faint pretty shriek, to drop, like a ripe cherry, in his arms.

What tender comfort was then whispered! what straying hands! what beating hearts! what gliding forms! and a remarkable feature of the scene was, that the fair nymphs and matrons, after recovering without scent, salts, or water, remained in the same attitudes into which their faintings had surprised them.

Presently, cavaliers, with their arms around the waists of pliant nymphs, were seen to raise them up, and half carry them with many signs of terror, to the ball-room. The band struck up again—the few drops of rain had imparted a fresh vigor to the air—the deep descent of the thunder and the sharp gleam of the vivid lightning added a magical excitement to the scene—louder and wilder played the band—deeper and fuller roared the storm—keener and quicker flashed the clouds.

"Oh! what a delicious excitement!" whispered the Dowager Lady Peppers; and their blunted passions stimulated by the unwonted scene, like bounding bacchanals the women whirled in the voluptuous dance.

Locks flew loose, bosoms heaved and glowed, cheeks flushed, eyes flashed—closer and closer the waltzers embraced—faster and faster the waltzers whirled,—and opportunity alone was wanting to complete the desired sin.

In the embrasure of one of the windows of the ball-room, that opened on the terrace, leant a young man, whose severe and pale countenance bespoke the presence of a noble thought. He stood on the threshold of the window—if the term may be used—half in the wild stormy world of nature, without; half in the artificial glittering world of man, within. Now he turned to the magnificent tempest of the elements; now he gazed on the impure fever of the passions.

"And, she, too, may become as one of these, foul, meretricious, callous, the plague-pest of social corruption in her soul—and yet! 'tis sacrilege to think it. But were those not pure once? Did they not blush beneath the first dawn of innocent love, fragrant and stainless as the dew upon the rose-bud? And what have they become? Foul, pestilent soul-corruption, or cold, bitter, acrid, dry-bones of humanity—hating, and hated, mischief-making and scheming dowagers of fashion, inheritors and transmitters of the social curse. And what has made them so? The false course in which birth and circumstance has launched them. Alas! and why should she prove an exemption."

While the young man reflected thus, a beautiful form—tall, graceful, buoyant as the antelope—glided from the hot ball-room to his side. Her dark-brown locks waving loosely, her flushed cheek, her sparkling eye, spoke of the excitement of the scene—and increased her elegant and surpassing loveliness.

"Do not stand there, Mr. Darcy," she exclaimed. "Pray close the window! don't you hear the storm?"

"What matters?" he answered.

"Good heavens! but don't you see the lightning? you will attract it here."

"That would be a pity while those ladies are so happy."

"Now, don't be satirical. Come in—you make me tremble,"—she replied, laughing.

"Tremble! Why should you? Do you fear I should act the part of a conductor? Take courage! Nature is a well-mannered kind of person; she would never send a thunder-bolt among so distinguished a circle. You know, if it were a cottage . . . "

Lady Honora St. Blaze looked at him in surprise.

"Besides, you know, it would be a very distinguished kind of death! I should have my name in all the papers, and you could tell your friends such a romance of horrors."

"You are cruel."

"No, no! I should be sure my friends would not forget me for nine days. But, by the bye! I'm wrong—there'd be such a smell of sulphur—you'd have to leave the dance prematurely."

The earl's daughter clasped her hands with a melancholy reproachful look.

"What can make you speak so?"

"Me? Nothing. But you are pale, Lady Honora! The thunder has marred your pleasure—and you hear it louder at this window. Are you not afraid of remaining here?"

"No!" she replied, with a sort of childish pettishness in her tone—and stepped out on the terrace on which Darcy was now standing.

A flash suddenly deluged the whole heaven. Lady Honora trembled, but stood firm.

The thunder that followed was distant and subdued.

"The storm is passing away," said Darcy. "The wind is getting up. Console yourself, the ball will not be spoilt."

"I don't care for the ball—I hate the ball," and Darcy thought he heard a half-stifled sob—he looked at her intently.—She was shedding tears.

"Good heaven! What moves you—Honora—*Lady* Honora?"

"How can you be so cruel?"

"Is it possible that anything that I have said should move you to tears? Pardon me! you know I am ill at ease in a scene like this. I feel a sort of anger in seeing you enjoy such pleasures as those we are witnessing. It seems to me as though it was profanation for you to breathe such an atmosphere."

"But what have I done to you?" said the young lady, with one of those bewitching looks, half smiles, half tears, which no language can describe—"what have I done to you that you should .... What harm have I done?"

"None! oh! you are good and pure as an angel! But, do you know, that if the inmost thought were written on each brow now beaming in that room, the whole world would turn as from a brand of infamy. You start—you think me eccentric—mad—what you will. No matter! Do you know that those ——— men———are little better than a band of moral assassins, who lay pitfalls for the happiness of ever one of you? That there are not three, perhaps, who would recoil from the idea of making you miserable for life—who look on you as better than a pastime; or, if more seriously, than a stepping-stone on the ladder of ambition. And would you have me otherwise than sad, when I see you giving yourself up to such as those?"

"And do you think I give them other than a *gloved* band—that I look on them as more than guiding-machines for the contre-danse? They are merely the requisite machinery for dancing an evening out, and I take them out of my memory at the same time in which I take the flowers from my hair. It is merely an occasional amusement," and the young philosopher laughed in a manner ill according with her philosophy.

"But do you not see that these 'occasions' become your whole life—and that your heart will take the impress of your actions, if you do not make your actions take the impress of your heart? Do you not see that this society, which you compare to the wreaths in your hair, quits you as little as do the latter, and becomes thus almost a part of yourself? Forgive me for speaking so plainly—but I have not seen you alone for eight days—and—and—a storm at a ball is so unusual," he added with an artificial smile, "that liberties may be taken when it happens."

"Do not fall back into that ironical manner or I shall cry again; I feel—I feel you speak truly. But what can I do?"

"Nothing! continue to harden your soul, as those have done—your rank forces you to it—forget the obscure and humble friend whose eyes will follow you through the brilliant turmoil."

"Oh! do not think I have so soon become as heartless as you describe. You wrong me, you really wrong me!"

"Alas! then try to become so!" Darcy said bitterly, "In your rank you must grow heartless or broken-hearted. And perhaps the first is wisest."

"Don't say so! you are very cruel to me! Tell me what I should do, and I will do it. But you should not show me my fault, without teaching me how to mend it." It is remarkable how frivolity, keen sense, and a soft loving nature struggled each for the mastery in this young girl. "When a lost child stretches its hand towards you—you should not repel it."

And Lady Honora laid her white hand in Darcy's, with a charming, childlike confidence. He could not withstand the spell—he pressed her fingers to his lips and heart—and she replied to the pressure.

"Do not be angry with me," he exclaimed, in low hurried tones, while the music of the ball-room prevented his words from being heard within, and the gloom of the night, the excitement of the dance, prevented notice being taken of what passed without, "do not be angry with me—you know not all my mad-

ness—I dare not tell it you—but you may divine it! And in the presence of that God, who is speaking now out of the depths of nature, in the thunder of his clouds, and the whisper of the leaves—I cannot—cannot remain wholly silent. Tell me, have you learnt nothing from my silence? Do you not divine why I suffer when I see you receiving the homage of others? Why I am less cheerful in your company than others are? Behold! I—I—a man, am shedding tears upon this hand I hold—and I would not seek to conceal them. Oh! when I am by your side, I would desire to be good, great, famed, titled—oh! no, no, no! not that—but I would have the right to say to you, Angel, all my life is colored by your glance—from you it takes its hue of bright or dark—have you—have you never dreamed of this?"

"And what tells you I have not?" she replied very lowly, with drooping head.

"Good heavens! can it be—what *you*—can it be—angel!"

"Hush—hush, for heaven's sake," she exclaimed, half in terror, half in anger; then as though to expiate the tone and manner, she cast her other hand into Darcy's, and let herself glide against his breast.

"Honora!" he murmured, pressing her against his heart.

"*Henry!!*"

The curtain rustled against the casement. The earl's daughter started rapidly aside.

"Ah! there you are, child!" said the young Duchess of Cartoon, stepping on the threshhold, "I suspected as much, for some time."

Then she added with a smile half of mockery half of affability,

"I hope Mr. Darcy will now allow you to join the dance. The quadrilles are forming."

"The quadrilles!" exclaimed Lady Honora, with perfect unconcern and levity, contrasting strangely with the previous scene, "Oh! how delightful! I have engaged myself to your cousin Alfred. Where are my gloves?"

They lay on the ground—*Darcy never stooped to pick them up.*

In sweeping from the terrace, Lady Honora turned her head towards Darcy. He remained with folded arms, looking coldly after her.

Labor's Grievances.

I.—THE CURRIERS OF ARBROATH.

Week after week records some fresh struggle of capital and labor. And as surely as the battle is fought, as surely does it end in the victory of the former, and defeat of the latter. The working-classes are slow in recognising the remedy—continual defeat fails to inculcate this lesson—so long as you are deprived of political power, so long will you encounter defeat; and all strikes will end to your disadvantage and loss.

The Journeymen Curriers of Arbroath, dissatisfied with their system of labor—piece-work—made a demand upon their employers to change it to week-work. The employers refused. The men resorted to the foolish proceeding of striking. The masters immediately sought for other men. And scarcely has the strike been made known throughout the kingdom, until the "blacks," eager to thrive at the expense of the society-men, with vulture's speed, wing their way to Arbroath, accept work on the masters' terms, and the "unionists" are left to repent of their folly, to tramp the country in search of fresh employment, and in the interim leave their families to exist as best they may. Meanwhile the "blacks" invite their masters to a festival, "To do them honour for the kind and liberal treatment received at their hands, and for the spirited resistance and triumph over the unionist's society." They gratefully acknowledge the sophistry that falls from the lips of the rich man, their master, sing songs and are merry. A report of the entertainment is published in the "Arbroath Guide," Feb. 28. With your permission I will offer a few remarks on the speech delivered by one of the masters, Mr. J. Brown. In speaking of the disruption with the society, and having on two occasions signally defeated them, he remarks, "The numbers you now muster prove how easy it was to do so, and the wages you have earned prove the cause of it." Certainly the numbers he musters prove how easy it was to do so, and possibly may be a warning to the unionists not to rashly engage in another strike; but it is no proof of the justness of his position, it is more a proof of the lack of principle and duty in the men by which he is surrounded: the disregard of that bond of brotherhood and unity which ought to exist between workmen, and incite them to stand firmly by each other in all their struggles for emancipation. Nor is the higher wages a proof of it. In the system of piece-work, a man by working at an unreasonable pace, exerting for a given time the whole of his physical strength, may possibly earn double the wages asked for by the

unionists, but it will not be of any duration. Nature outraged will invariably avenge herself; the offender will rapidly decline, morally and physically, and lastly "win" an early grave. "Had we agreed to week's wages," says Mr. Brown, "few of them would have won more than their guinea, and many would have earned less; the diligent would have wrought for the idle, and we should have been the losers. Like the kine in Pharaoh's dream, the lean would eat up the fat."

This is the paltry excuse generally put forward for the change from a system which at least admits of some chance of fair play. On week-work the master knows it is unsafe to attempt any large reduction in the men's wages, but once on piece-work, he accomplishes it by small doses; he begins by reducing the wages on the various "lots" and "kinds" of goods, so infinitesimally at first that the men never think of objecting; thus the master continues his reductions until he has completed his object, and can reduce no further. The inequality which he complains of is untrue, as instance the large establishments in other trades, employing nine or ten times the number Mr. B. employs, and where no such inequality occurs. Mr. Brown makes an unhappy allusion to "Pharaoh's dream." The following quotation will show that he himself bears a very strong resemblance to the attenuated kine referred to. "Mr. Brown ridiculed the idea of being bound by an old rag of a 'bill' made by their grandfathers' in the year 1809; a bill, by the way, which no two curriers interpret in the same way. It was a slur on their trade to keep them standing fifty years back, and not apply the same principles of progressive improvement so universally applied to all other arts and sciences. By the 'Edinburgh bill' one man may be dressing a horse-hide 3lbs. weight, and another beside of him one three times the weight and both getting the same amount of money; to these absurdities, or the old-fashioned system of week-work, the unionists resolved to tie us. Need I refer you to the former similar absurdities of 'grease and privilege.' 'Grease' was a part of the master's property the currier claimed, and generally got gloriously drunk on the proceeds; privilege was giving 2s. 6d. more on every pound than was really earned. All must follow in the same wake, as the one dieth so dieth the other." If Mr. Brown's grandfather chose to wear knee-breeches, a long-powdered queue, and remunerate his men somewhat fairly for their labor, the present Mr. Brown is not bound to do likewise. Brown the ancient might follow the old-fashioned system of week-work; but Brown the modern is for progress, as universally applied to all arts and sciences, and the following is a specimen of the modern Brown's progress; by depriving the men—who amount to about fifty—of the "privilege," averaging their wages at a pound per week, Mr. Brown will be the gainer to the amount of £325! This is applying the principles of progressive improvement with a vengeance! But it does not end there—"As the one dieth so dieth the other." The "grease" amounting per man, to somewhere about 5 per cent. will bring him £130 per annum; this with the "privilege," amounts to £455 subtracted from the wages of the men. Truly the fat doth eat up the lean.

"Privilege" is not, as is asserted, the giving of money more than is really earned. On the construction of a "bill," the "privilege," is added by the master, and understood by the men as forming part of their wages; it may be considered the same as the per centage allowed to the commercial traveller—independent of his salary—on the goods he may dispose of. In some niggardly shops the "grease" is withheld from the men, and made to do double duty, that is, with a little alteration it is used twice over; but in all respectable establishments, the men have it; and consider it as part of their wages. The assertion that the men "generally get drunk on the proceeds," is a piece of gratuitous calumny, without he means it to be only applicable to such as surround him, the "blacks," even then it is scarcely a sufficient apology for depriving them of it. On the same principle, our neighbour, Mr. Tea-urn, the tee-totaller, might reduce his men's wages 5 per cent. because on one or two occasions they chose to get gloriously intoxicated. Mr. Brown does not seem to relish the appellation bestowed on deserters, "You are known by the name of 'blacks.' What are you black for? you act independently, like men; therefore, henceforward, you ought to be known by the name of INDEPENDENTS." Why are you black? Because you desert the union instituted by your brethren for the protection of their rights: because you are ever ready to aid the capitalist in reducing the wages of the honest workman below a remunerative standard. Degraded yourselves, you seek to degrade others to your level; and the ominous colour is a fit resemblance to your darkened understandings and evil tendencies.

J. H.

[Thus it is, that one set of working-men enable the employer to crush the other. Our correspondent truly sets out with the assumption, that political power only can save the cause of labor. It might, however, be supposed by some readers, that, if the "blacks" were to unite with the society-men, society-men and "blacks" together would by a simple union, dictate terms to the employer. This is

impossible—because the employer holds at his disposal the means of work. Therefore, society-men will be *forced* to become "blacks" (witness the Amalgamated Iron-trades) by the terrible compulsion of hunger, or the fear of its approach. *It is only by getting possession of the means of work*, that labor can conquer—and this it has been shown plainly enough for the last 100 years, can be done only by obtaining political power. Political power can be gained easily by political combination, for in that you bring your united strength to bear by direct means, *to alter the laws*. But in social combination you bow to the laws, try to use the laws to right you, and it is just the laws that put you in the wrong.—E. J.]

II.—THE PLYMOUTH TAILORS.

The influence of women in our trade is fast gaining ground. One tradesman keeps no men at all, but fourteen women. This man succumbs to the drapers who supply him with work, and for whom the work is done for less money. Another man keeps a considerable number of women, also four men, to whom he pays five shillings for a coat that eight shillings ought to be paid for; a dress coat for seven shillings, which if ten shillings were paid for it, would be but a bare living. Another who keeps eight women and four men, pays only four shillings and four shillings and sixpence for the same article for which the last pays five shillings; articles that averaged nine shillings now are paid for with six shillings, it is impossible to get more than nine or ten shillings a week on an average in many shops. Some are putting coats in the shops, of the 4s. 6d. class, and want them made for 2s. 6d. and they are done. Instead of the men sticking out for price, they took it and made contentedly. Such is the decline of our trade in Plymouth. I will write again when I have more time, saying something about reducing the hours of labor and the value of work done by tailors.

A. W. Blackler.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—A CAUTION TO ALL WHO LOVE THE CHARTER.

Messrs. Holyoake, Hunt, Le Blond, &c., refuse to resign,—they say "they represent the Chartists!"

Consequently, the resignation of Messrs. Shaw and Bezer holds good. In reference to this, the remaining members of the Executive (the "financial reform" members) say: "it is highly necessary that some understanding be come to upon the matter; *a Convention will be the proper party to appeal to, and the sooner it is called, the better.*"

Now, this sudden change of resolution is very ominous, and, Chartists!—we think it right to caution you.

The Executive now consists of Holyoake, Hunt, Le Blond, Linton, Arnott, and Grassby. (Mr. O'Connor being incapacitated by illness). The last one, Grassby, being the only *real* consistent Chartist upon the body—the only man in whose hands democracy would be safe, for a single moment. Now, why do these men suddenly change round, and demand a Convention? Because they see it would be called, whether they will or not, and some of them wish to have the calling of it, THAT THEY MAY TURN IT INTO A TRAP FOR CHARTISM.

They will endeavour, if this article does not prevent them, by unmasking their design!—to *call* it a Chartist conference, but throw it "open to all shades of political reformers,"—in order that "we may form a real people's party." The result of which dodge would be to swamp it with middle-class representation, as Messrs. Holyoake, Hunt and Co. would take good care to bring up a preponderance of Financial Reform Delegates, of middle-class men from their hole-and-corner Financial Reform Localities, all spouting Chartism by the pailful, but all voting for the measure of Sir Joshua Walmsley. Thus, under the name of a Chartist Convention, flinging the Chartist body over, and with them, the working-classes, into the hands of their direst foes, the money-monger-reformers try to *make* a cat's-paw of us, for the advancement of their selfish interests. Chartism being poor and disorganized, we could not reckon on a *very* numerous Convention,—but they have money—there would be no difficulty about their sending delegates—some of the seceders know very well where the money comes from—and thus we might be thrown into the pitfall, before our doubts were even awakened.

Do you see the trick, Chartists? Forewarned is fore-armed. The Convention must be a purely Chartist Convention. No delegates should be elected but such as are *bona fide* Chartists, representing *bona fide* Chartist localities. None others should be allowed to vote at the Conference,—even to speak without special permission. This ought to be a Chartist Conference, for Chartist purposes, to strengthen our own movement—irrespective of all others.

Perhaps Messrs. Hunt, Holyoake and Co. will object, that "we were the very men who

wanted to vote and speak at the Financial Reformers' Conference—and, therefore, this exclusiveness comes with a very bad grace from us."

Not so! The "Financial Reformers" invited the people, pretended to speak in the name of the people, said it was an open Conference, and then would not allow the people to speak, when they found they had not the people at their backs.

We are not so dishonest as those political tricksters. We say in the words of Miall, (who professed himself a Chartist at Halifax, but ate his Chartism by the side of Sir Joshua Walmsley, in St. Martin's Hall,) "If I thought this Conference were summoned, to at all call in question or unsettle the programmes of the association, I for one, would refuse to attend it as a delegate." Yes! the Chartist Convention must be called, not to unsettle the principles of Chartism, not to call in question its details or its name; we have outgrown all that folly, all that was settled sixteen years ago—but to see what is to be done with Chartism, as it is: not to alter its name, but to make that name wider known; not to vary its details, but to carry them out by concentrated action—not to join other franchise parties, but to make all other parties sink into the shade, before the expression of our democratic truth.

Chartists! you are warned of this cunning trap. It is possible, now that it is exposed, that it may be never attempted,—and that its designing authors may turn round and say —"this man raises bugbears in order to knock them down." Let them say so—there is no harm in it, at all events—and "prevention is better than cure." *We have had good reasons for what we have written above.*

But now, fellow countrymen! will you turn your backs on the Manchester Council, men of your own order, staunch champions of your own cause, to wait until a Convention is called on their own terms, and at their own time, by men like Holyoake, Hunt, and Arnott?

Forbid it, common sense and common honesty! Why, half the country would not attend a Convention so called! ALL will rally round that called by the Manchester Council, under the sanction of the vast majority of the Chartist body.

If you want union, rally round the only point that offers the means. If you want victory, rally around those who avow your principles, not around those who try to turn you into ridicule, and bring contempt upon your efforts.

II.—TO THE SOUTH LANCASHIRE DELEGATES.

Dear friends!—By an oversight in the arrangement of the copy, my answer to your kind invitation was omitted last week. I shall be truly gratified to place myself at your disposal at the first convenient opportunity—but I am now engaged in an attempt that occupies all my time, and imperatively demands my presence in London—that is, the endeavour to establish a real "PEOPLE'S PAPER," that shall not only *represent the People*, but half the profits of which shall go to the national fund of Chartist organisation. A lecture is a thing of one night—a paper is a companion of every week—the lecturer is there for the hour—the press is ever present, and everywhere present at the same time. It appears to me, therefore, that my most urgent and important duty is to complete the great work I have undertaken—that of giving democracy ITS OWN PRESS, as far as it is possible to effect it.

When the paper is started—and if the support already given be but followed up a short time longer in the same spirit, started it *will* be—then I am at your service. With a Joint-Editor, the presence of one can be alternately spared, and the platform and the press will co-operate to speak the SAME truth,—with a unity and harmony of thought and will. Help me, therefore, in the great and glorious task.

I believe you will think me right in considering this to be my most immediate and urgent duty. Meanwhile, I am not idle here, but am contributing my humble quota towards metropolitan organisation, and not without success, thanks to the resolute and enlightened body of colleagues, who are creating such a Chartist movement, gradually and steadily, but surely, as has long been unknown in London.

ERNEST JONES.

III.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

Sunday, March 14th, 1852.

Mr. Bligh in the chair. Thirteen delegates present. Minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed—Mr. E. Jones reported that he had written to Messrs. Reynolds, Duncombe, Sharman Crawford and P. O'Higgins.

Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds declined the office of Treasurer on private grounds—Mr. Duncombe declined because it would trespass too much on his time. Mr. Sharman Crawford expressed a desire to know more from Mr. E. Jones on the subject, before he gave a decisive answer.

Mr. P. O'Higgins in a letter praising Mr. O'Connor's generosity, and deploring his present position, stated he would accept and fulfil any office to which the Council might nominate him, and he would do his best to

further such a good cause. From Mr. Wakley no answer had been received.

Messrs Farrah and Butler moved the reception of the report: carried. In consequence of the delay which had unavoidably arisen by the postponement of definite answers from the parties nominated as Trustees and Treasurers, the voting for the same is postponed by the Council for a fortnight after the time specified —Tuesday March 23rd, *consequently all votes must be returned by Tuesday, April 6th.* No other nominations have been sent in to the Secretary, Mr. E. Jones.

Mr. E. Jones then read an address he had written to the Country. Messrs. Farrah and Butler moved that the address be *issued by the Council*: carried unanimously. The address is as follows:—

It will be remembered that the Metropolitan Delegate Council were the first in the field to take up the case of Mr. F. O'Connor. They waited long, but nobody else stepped forward in his aid—not even those who had been loudest in their professions—thereupon indignant that the worn-out leader of Chartism should be allowed to sink without one helping hand, without one soothing voice, they constituted themselves the Metropolitan Committee on his behalf, and appealed for the election of general officers and local committees, to the country.

Since then, attempts have been made to form another committee under other auspices. It is to be regretted that these new friends were so late in the field, and did not take the question up before it had already been taken up by others,—and that, when they did so, they did not lend their aid, support and co-operation to the committee already in existence. But, as they are forming a committee also, we trust it will not be looked on, or acted on, in the light of a counter-committee. We trust, on so sacred a subject, that all *party-feeling* and *rivalry* will be sunk to the lowest depths of oblivion. We invite the co-operation of all in this work of duty. We are ready to co-operate with all who mean well on their part also. Should the gentlemen alluded to refuse to co-operate with this committee of working-men, who now invite them—we wish them God speed, none the less, and hope that the division of funds in two isolated quarters will not neutralise the results of the subscriptions. The objects of the two committees, we presume are the same. Our committee consists of working-men, our appeal is to the horny hands but honest hearts of toil; our appeal is to the old guards who have so often rallied round their leader; our appeal is to the members of the land company, the unsuccessful as well as the successful, in attempting to save whom Mr. O'Connor destroyed himself; our appeal is to all among the ranks of labor, who, whatever may be their differences of opinion, on these or other subjects, have at least the honesty to be grateful, and the courage to be honest, towards the man who lived but for their order.

On such a subject, we implore you all, for the honor of democracy, to let us have no bickerings, no rivalry, no turning the matter into a party-handle, or a party-question. Here there can be no difference as to expediency or policy,—here is a simple duty on which all are agreed. With singleness of heart and determination of purpose we have set ourselves to the task—great will be the guilt of those who divide the Chartist strength in such a matter—unite—unite—*all of you unite*—in this great duty—and let us see what is the gratitude of the working-classes.

Mr. Evans moved, Mr. Washington seconded, "that Mr. P. O'Higgins be Trustee:" carried. Mr. Farrah moved, Mr. Ellis seconded, "that Mr. Jones wait on Mr. Wakley and likewise on Mr. Sharman Crawford. Mr. C. Lushington was then nominated to fill the office of Treasurer, in the event of the other gentlemen declining. Mr. Bezer then reported on behalf of the sub-committee. The committee had taken the Druids' Hall, Farringdon Street. Mr. Bezer had written to Messrs. G. Thompson, Hume, Walmsley, Le Blond, Holyoake, Hunt and Hubbersty, and read answers from Messrs. G. Thompson, Hume, Walmsley, Le Blond and Hunt; the three former declining to attend. Mr Holyoake having sent no answer, Messrs. Le Blond and Hunt accepted the invitation to discuss the question with them at their meeting as proposed. Mr. Farrah moved the adoption of Mr. Bezer's report, which being seconded, was carried. Mr. Leno and W. H. Cottle (being out of the Council) were appointed to audit the balance-sheet and accounts, to be produced by the Secretary on Sunday, 21st inst., when the functions of the present delegates will expire, the first quarter concluding on that day. The Council wish to notify that each delegate will have to bring fresh credentials, who attends the next quarter commencing Sunday 28th March. Messrs. Farrah and Knowles moved. "That the resolution relating to a Convention passed by the Council on February 15th, be rescinded; after *much discussion the motion for rescinding the resolution was lost, and the former vote of the Council confirmed.*"

J. WASHINGTON, *Secretary.*

IV.—DUDLEY.

We have not any organised political party or society in Dudley at present, but now we

see you are doing something in London, we intend to try to organise. We meet next Sunday afternoon to make a start.

JOHN WADELEY.

V.—NEWTOWN.

March 16, 1852.

At a special meeting of the members of this locality, held on Monday, March 15th, T. Lemm in the chair. The following resolutions were unanimously passed.

1.—"That we the members of this locality, are of opinion that the first and most indispensable requisite for conducting a good healthy agitation, is an organ that will represent the wants and wishes of the people, combine their scattered energies and direct them into a proper channel *for obtaining their political and social emancipation.* Therefore we pledge ourselves to use our most strenuous exertions for the purpose of assisting Mr. Ernest Jones in establishing the 'People's Paper.'"

2.—"That while agreeing with the Manchester Council and others as to the necessity of a Convention, we nevertheless urge upon them the necessity of postponing it until the requisite funds have been supplied to the above paper, for the following reasons 1stly,—Because by dividing the people's attention, and placing too much pecuniary weight upon their shoulders at once, it will materially cripple the subscriptions on behalf of the paper. 2ndly, Being very poor, our means of support are necessarily limited to a very small amount, which if devoted to one national object may tell with considerable effect, but if divided and frittered away in small amount will result in miserable failures. 3rdly, That lacking a united and powerful support from the entire Chartist body, the Convention will be a waste of time and money—will end in useless talk, and mar the success of both projects."

3.—"That when the subscriptions and loans shall have been paid up on the above paper, we pledge ourselves to render all the assistance in our power towards enabling a convention to organise an efficient agitation in favor of the people's charter whole and entire."

JOHN RICKARDS, Sub. Sec.

VI.—VICTORIA PARK.

Moved by W. Vickers, seconded by S. Ford, "That minutes of last meeting be confirmed." Carried.

Moved by W. Vickers, seconded by S. Ford, "That the report of delegates of Metropolitan Delegate Council be received." Carried.

Moved by S. Firdenando, seconded by L. H. Pelteret, "That this locality agree with the address of the Manchester Council, and will render its aid to carry out the same." Carried.

Moved by W. Vickers, seconded by S. Firdenando, "That a committee of five members be formed for three months, including treasurer and secretary. That an address be issued in the neighbourhood from this locality." Carried.

The following persons were duly elected, D. Snelling, W. Vickers, S. Firdenando; E. Stokes, Treasurer.

N.B.—The members of this locality meet on Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, for general business and invite members.

L. H. PELTERET, Sec.

No. 4, Type St., Green-st., Bethnal Green.

VII.—"THE SHIP," LONDON.

March 17, 1852.

The following resolution was carried unanimously, "That in the opinion of this locality the extraordinary ability displayed by Mr. William Newton, on every occasion, in the cause of our oppressed fellow-men, but more especially the dignified manner in which he has recently advocated the rights of men against the tyranny of those called masters, cannot be too highly appreciated by the industrious classes of this country; believing Mr. Newton is pre-eminently entitled to a nation's gratitude, we hereby recommend to our brother electors and non-electors, that gentleman as a fit and proper person to represent the borough of the Tower Hamlets in the next Parliament."

GEORGE SMITH, Sec.

VIII.—DUNDEE.

9th March, 1852.

"At a meeting of the friends and well-wishers of Mr. John M'Rae, held in his school-room, on the afternoon of Monday the 8th of March, it was unanimously agreed to,—"That seeing Mr. M'Rae has spent his health, strength, and the best years of his life in promoting the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty—by lectures, teaching, and preaching—and has never failed to espouse the cause of suffering humanity, through good and through bad report, and that having worn out his bodily powers in endeavours to elevate and inform his fellow-men, he is now left, when the winter of life is approaching, to suffer—what his fellow-patriots and philanthropists have suffered in all ages—the neglect of the very classes for whom he has toiled and exhausted himself. We, therefore, his friends and well-wishers, resolve to

exert ourselves, collectively and individually, to endeavour to raise a small fund, by subscription, to place Mr. M'Rae in some suitable business where he can live without the mental and bodily exertion of school-teaching, which his medical adviser declares he is now totally unfit for, and can only resume at the risk of his life,—that subscription books be sent to all friends, properly signed by the Chairman, to collect subscriptions,—also, to communicate with his friends in different towns, and urge upon them the duty and necessity of following our example,—that we may avoid the reproach and also the crime of allowing a good man, and a friend, to perish in our midst without stretching out the right-hand of fellowship for his rescue. Friends, the case is urgent; promptitude of action is therefore needed."

We, in the name of the Committee, beg leave to commend the case to your humane and benevolent consideration.

We are, gentlemen,
Your obedient Servants,
THOMAS WHITTON, Chairman.
ROBERT KIDD, Flesher, Castle-st., Sec.
MATTHEW MORRISON, Flesher, Treas.
Hawkhill.

IX.—RATCLIFF AND LIMEHOUSE.

Moved by Mr. Whitfield, seconded by Mr. Barlow.

"That we the members of the Limehouse and Ratcliff locality, having considered the conduct of Mr. G. J. Holyoake at the late Parliamentary Reform Conference—cannot recognise him as a leader of our movement, and we advise him to resign, thinking there will be less occasion to 'mourn over Chartism' when we are represented by real Chartists."

THOS. SHEPPARD, Sec.

X.—BRIGHTON.

National Land Company, March 16.

A special meeting of the above was held, Mr. G. Giles in the chair, and the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"That a committee be appointed from this meeting for the purpose of raising a subscription for employing an accountant to arrange the accounts of the Company on behalf of Mr. F. O'Connor."

A subscription was entered into, and ten shillings collected. The following persons were appointed a committee to carry out the above, Messrs. White, Moon, Halkham, Sinnock, Williams, and Slaughter; Henry Tulett, Treasurer.

GEORGE SINNOCK, Sec.

No. 16, Castle Street.

XI.—FINSBURY.

Sunday, March 14.

Mr. J. C. Jones in the chair. Messrs. Butler and Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council.

Messrs. Butler and Down were elected to represent the Finsbury locality upon the Delegate Council for the ensuing quarter.

Mr. Weedon moved "That the Secretary write to the friends residing in this district, for contributions for Mr. Jones's newspaper." Carried.

A general meeting to take place on Sunday next at six o'clock, to elect officers for the ensuing quarters.

E. J. LOOMES, Sec.

Continental Notes.

I.—LETTER OF OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

Although at a first glance it might appear that in the present moment Louis Napoleon, in France, sways with undisturbed omnipotence, and that, perhaps, the only power besides his own, is that of courtly intrigues that beset him on all sides, and plot against each other for the purpose of obtaining sole favor with, and influence over, the French autocrat; yet, in reality, things are quite different. The whole secret of Louis Napoleon's success is this, that by the traditions of his name he has been placed in a position to hold, for a moment, *the balance of the contending classes of French society.* For it is a fact that under the cloak of the state of siege by military despotism which now veils France, the struggle of the different classes of society is going on as fiercely as ever. That struggle, having been carried on for the last four years with powder and shot has only now taken a different form. In the same way as any protracted war will exhaust and fatigue the most powerful nation, so has the open, bloody war of the last year fatigued and momentarily exhausted the *military* strength of the different classes. But class-war is independent of actual warfare, and not always needs barricades and bayonets to

be carried on with ; class-war is inextinguishable as long as the various classes with their opposed and conflicting interests and social positions are in existence ; and we have not yet heard that since the blessed advent of the mock-Napoleon, France had ceased to count among her inhabitants large landed proprietors, and agricultural labourers, or *nettayers*, large money-lenders, and small mortgaged freeholders, capitalists, and working-men.

The position of the different classes in France is just this : the revolution of February had for ever upset the power of the large bankers and stock-jobbers ; after their downfal every other class of the populations of the towns had had their day. First, the working-men, during the days of the first revolutionary excitement,—then the petty republican shop-keepers under Ledru Rollin,—then the republican fraction of the bourgeoisie under Cavaignac,—lastly, the united royalist middle-classes, under the late National Assembly. None of these classes had been able to hold fast the power they for a moment possessed; and latterly, among the ever reappearing divisions of the legitimist royalists, or the landed interest, and the Orleans royalists, or the moneyed interest, it appeared inevitable that power would again slip from their hands, and return to those of the working-class, who themselves might be expected to have become fitter to turn it to account. But then there was another mighty class in France, mighty, not by the large individual properties of its members, but by its numbers and its very wants. That class—the small, mortgaged freeholders, making up at least three-fifths of the French nation, was slow to act, and slow to be acted upon, as all rural populations ; it stuck to its old traditions, distrusted the wisdom of the apostles of all parties from the towns, and remembering that it had been happy, free from debt, and comparatively rich in the time of the Emperor, laid by the means of universal suffrage, the Executive power in the hands of his nephew. The active agitation of the democratic socialist party, and more still the disappointment which Louis Napoleon's measures soon prepared for them, led part of this peasant-class into the ranks of the Red party ; but the mass of them stuck to their traditions, and said that if Louis Napoleon had not yet proved the Messiah he was expected to be, it was the fault of the National Assembly that gagged him. Besides the mass of the peasantry, Louis Napoleon, himself a species of lofty swell-mob's-man, and surrounded by the élite of the fashionable swell mob, found support in the most degraded and dissolute portion of the population of the towns. This element of strength he united into a paid body called the "Society of the 10th of December." Thus, relying upon the peasantry for the vote ; upon the mob for noisy demonstrations, upon the army, ever ready to upset a government of parliamentary talkers, pretending to speak the voice of the working-classes, he could quietly wait for the moment when the squabbles of the middle-class parliament would allow him to step in and assume a more or less absolute sway over those classes, none of which, after a four years' bloody struggle, had proved strong enough to seize upon a lasting supremacy. And this he did on the 2nd of December last.

Thus the reign of Louis Napoleon is not superseding the class-war. It merely suspends for a while the bloody outbreaks which mark from time to time the efforts of this or that class to gain or maintain political power. None of these classes were strong enough to venture at a new battle, with any chance of success. The very division of classes favored, for the time being, Napoleon's projects. He upset the middle-class parliament, and destroyed the political power of the middle-class ; might not the proletarians rejoice at this ? And certainly, the proletarians could not be expected to fight for an assembly that had been their most deadly enemy ! But at the same time Louis Napoleon's usurpation menaced the common fighting-ground of all classes, and the last vantage-grounds of the working-class—the Republic ; why, as soon as the working-men stood up for the defence of the Republic, the middle-class joined the very man that had just ousted them in order to defeat, in the working-class, the common enemy of society. Thus it was in Paris—thus in the provinces,—and the army won an easy victory over the contending and opposing classes ; and after the victory, the millions of the imperialist peasantry stepped in with their vote, and with the help of official falsifications, established the government of Louis Napoleon as that of the representative of almost unanimous France.

But even now, class struggles and class interests are at the bottom of every important act of Louis Napoleon's, as we shall see in our next.

II.—LEGALITY AND DEMAGOGUISM.

CHAPTER 1.—Hungarian and French Revolutions. Their cause and effect.

CHAPTER 2.—The French Revolution in its real bearings. The groundwork of Ger-

man Revolutionary movement, historically illustrated.

CHAPTERS 3 and 4.—A complete history of the Austrian Revolution, yet unknown to the British reader.

On the morning of the 6th, however, an attempt was made to remove the discontented soldiers by force, and convey them by railway to Hungary. This treatment roused the indignation of the Viennese, and a fierce battle, in which the people were victorious, was the result. Before there was the least sign how the conflict would end, the Diet had sent a deputation to the Emperor praying him to nominate a popular ministry to recall the Hungarian manifesto, and grant an amnesty.

The Emperor promised that he would appoint popular Ministers with whom he would consult on the interests of the empire. Vague and evasive as this reply was, the democratic members of the Diet were pleased with it, but the tone of the Court soon altered when it became known that Latour had been hanged on a lamp-post. On the 7th, at noon, Krauss, the Minister of France, entered the Diet, and produced a manifesto which the Emperor had sent to him to countersign. According to this document the Emperor was going to depart, in order to find means for a speedy delivery of Vienna from a band of rogues, and to revenge the death of Latour. It was provided that if Krauss should refuse his signature, Count Auersperg, the military commander of Vienna, who had thought proper to evacuate the town should be charged with the mission.

The mutiny of the soldiers, the consequent insurrection, and the victory of the revolting populace, struck the members of the Diet like a thunderbolt. To them the whole revolution of '48 resolved itself into whether the phrasemongers of the Left, or surly leaders of the Right, should be ministers. When the issue of the latter became obvious, the gentlemen of the Right fled, or concealed themselves, and those of the Left had it all to themselves. How did they use their powers? It was clear that without the assistance of could have Krauss neither the Court nor Latour bought arms for the Croats, or supported them with money. Krauss, therefore, was as great a traitor as Latour, yet on the 7th, when the fighting had scarcely ceased, when the people were once more triumphant—when Krauss refused what would have been madness to do, to countersign the Emperor's manifesto, the Left unanimously accepted him as a popular Minister, and voted the supplies, as if everything were peace and harmony. The work of treachery began as soon as fighting was suspended. About 10 o'clock, a.m., the arsenal had been taken by assault—500,000 fire-arms in good condition were found and distributed among the people. This terrified the assembly so much that about 2 o'clock, p.m., measures were taken to stop the working-men, who hastened to the relief of their brethren from the surrounding districts. At 4 o'clock, the walls of Vienna were covered with proclamations, issued by the Diet. The National Guards (the middle-class) were charged with keeping peace and order. Not one single word was said to encourage the people—not a sign of acknowledgment for what they had done. Auersperg, a faithful servant of the Camarilla, having collected the troops, encamped under the walls of Vienna. The victorious people were burning to attack him in this position. It was well known that very little reliance could be placed in the soldiers; a bold attack might have brought the majority over to the popular cause, but the Diet prevented it. Instead of organizing the popular force, and thereby giving confidence to the vacillating regiments to go with the people, the Diet entreated Auersperg to leave his position lest they should not be able to restrain the people from attacking him. Instead of inviting the support of the army, and dismissing the reactionary and refractory General, they—when Auersberg told the parliamentary deputation that he obeyed nobody but the Emperor, assured him that his Majesty would not be pleased with his conduct. Poor simpletons! Auersperg knew the will of the Court, and acted accordingly.

Jellachich, the chief of the wild hordes of Croatia, having been defeated by the Magyars had fled into Austria Proper, and was rapidly approaching Vienna. His movements were the more rapid, as 50,000 Magyars were closely pursuing him. When this was reported in the Diet, a deputation was sent to explain to him that his presence in Austria was unconstitutional, and that he had better alter his direction. But the Ban was not so easily persuaded. He maintained that he was in the service of the Emperor, an Austrian general, and that his mission was to defend the Constitution, to preserve peace, law, and order, and to protect life, property, and the Crown.

Not heeding the asseverations of the parliamentary heroes, he and his bandits arrived unmolested in the neighbourhood of Vienna on the 11th. On the morning of the 12th, Auersperg and his troops were gone. About 4 o'clock, a.m., he had abandoned his threat-

ening position, and a rumour circulated that he had resigned. Bad luck!—instead of resigning, he achieved his purpose. He had taken up a position at some distance from the town in the night of the 6th, to deprive the soldiers of the chance of going with the people. Finding the Diet irresolute, he kept his position for five days and six nights to draw the attention of the Viennese, and await the arrival of the Ban. No sooner had Jellachich come within reach, than Auersperg hastily left his encampment to join his colleague. The tools of despotism conscientiously served their cause, the representatives of the people's interests shamefully and in a dastardly manner betrayed their mission.

Vienna had, after the storming of the arsenal, from 80,000 to 100,000 men under arms ready to sacrifice their lives for the country's good. Auersperg's forces were not only much inferior in point of numbers they were dispirited, weakened by fatigue and discontented with their lot, and above all they had the knowledge that within the space of seven months the Viennese had twice defeated the army. The people, on the other hand, were highly pervaded by revolutionary enthusiasm. The consciousness of two former victories gave them courage. They were backed by a city strongly barricaded, a safe means of a last refuge and desperate defence, and in the provinces workmen, citizens, and peasants vied to support the great cause. The people had every chance of success. Had the Diet proceeded with energy, a few hours might have sufficed to dislodge Auersperg's troops, and disperse the instruments of absolutism ; 100,000 revolutionary Austrians in front, and 50,000 Magyars in the rear, could annihilate Jellachich with his 36,000 ruffians. But no! the simpletons in the Diet opposed the bayonets of despotism with phrases. But they did worse than that. On the evening of the 12th, Krauss was empowered to draw immediately 8,000,000fl. in silver from the Bank, of which he could dispose at pleasure,—no specific injunctions being made as to its use. This money went to support the troops who were collecting to execute the manifesto of the Emperor. The committee of public welfare probably found this too glaring, for the next day they advised to distribute 200,000fl. of it among the armed in Vienna as a sign of acknowledgment for their services

On the 13th, Prince Windischgrätz arrived in Olmütz, a few leagues from Vienna, followed by some veteran regiments by whose aid he had four months previously, bombarded and ransacked Prague, the capital of Bohemia.

While all these military movements were going on in favor of divine right and absolutism—besides the foolish proceedings towards Auerpserg and Jellachich, above mentioned—there were parliamentary deputations continually on foot to catch the itinerant Emperor, for the purpose of giving him—the idiot—a true picture of the state of Vienna, and to convince him by argument that peace and order had only for a moment been endangered ; that now nothing was wanted to complete the happiness of the Austrians but the presence of the Court in Vienna, the establishment of a popular Cabinet, and a few orders to stop the movements of the troops towards the capital. But, poor fellows! no interview was granted—they had to go as they came. The Court had no inclination to hear their "true statement." They knew enough. But the parliamentary mediators never for a moment considered that constitutional government, however moderate, is nothing better than "demagoguism," and ever a thorn in the eyes of the advocates of divine right. They had forgotten that no absolutist surrenders his power ; that two powerful nations have been compelled to kick off the throne, and exile their legitimate Kings, and establish constitutional monarchy, by calling a relative to the throne who had no other claim but the sanction of a parliament.

The Diet, in their whole proceedings played the part of the supplicant instead of the commander. Instead of making themselves masters of the situation—instead of defending their acquisitions, and making the Court feel that the existence of the Crown depended on the Diet, they apologized for the revolution, and prayed for mercy,—instead of dictating their own terms, and compelling the Crown to embrace them as a last resource, they petitioned an idiot to do what they had not the courage to do themselves ; and by invoking the Crown virtually to resign its prerogatives—to decree its own defeat—they made Constitutionalism dependent on the whim of its most inveterate foe—the Crown of "God's grace."

Unfortunately, the advocates of royal authority and divine right were better tacticians than the promulgators of civil freedom. On the 19th of October the Emperor published another manifesto with the same contents as that of the 7th, countersigned by Wessenberg as minister—a man who for some forty years had served in the Court. In this manifesto the Emperor pleaded the necessity of taking military measures to restore peace in his capital, at the same time he declared that those liberties which he had already sanctioned

should remain untouched*. The next day, however, came the real thing. The following manifesto was published on the 20th, and became known in Vienna on the 22nd:—

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF VIENNA!

"Commissioned by his Majesty the Emperor, and furnished with the necessary authority, without loss of time to put a stop to the now prevailing lawless state of things in Vienna, I reckon on the most sincere and vigorous assistance of all well-disposed inhabitants.

"Inhabitants of Vienna! your town has been polluted by cruelties which fill the breast of every honorable man with terror. It is still at this moment in the power of a small but daring faction, who do not hesitate to commit any hideous crime. Your lives, your properties, are at the mercy of a handful of criminals. Arouse! follow the cause of reason and duty! You will find in me the will and power to liberate you, and restore peace and order.

"To achieve this purpose, I hereby declare the town, the suburbs, and their environs, in a state of siege, place the civil magistrates under military authority, and proclaim martial law against the transgressors of my ordinances.

"All the well-disposed may feel secure. defend the safety of person and property will be my especial care†. But on the contrary the obstinate will be subjected to the full rigor of martial law.

"PRINCE OF WINDISHGRATZ,
"Field Marshal.

"Lundenburg, October 20th, 1848."

This manifesto, an abridged edition of the Duke of Brunswick's to the French in '92—was received with hisses. The Diet, with three dissentient voices, declared it to be illegal, not as a diabolical document of the camarilla, but because it was unconstitutional in form and substance, and all the means for an amicable arrangement had not yet been exhausted; as if Windishgratz's manifesto itself had not been the end of all amicable arrangements, had the court previously intended to come to any. Windishgratz neither cared for the scruples of the Diet, nor could he be daunted by their declaration. While the members of the Diet had busied themselves with addresses, deputations, and proclamations, the camarilla had secured all the important posts for operation, and Windishgratz, the executor of their design, had such powerful and striking arguments that he could dispense with all constitutional niceties and pretexts.

The preliminary arrangements for the siege of the capital being completed, Windishgratz, on the 23d, issued a proclamation containing, besides the usual provisions of a modern state of siege, a demand to give up the superintendents of the Academic Legion and twelve students. § 3 said, "several individuals to be appointed by me have to be given up." To comply with Windishgratz's requests, forty-eight hours were granted, at the expiration of which, in case of refusal, the fearful tragedy should begin.

The bourgeoisie of Vienna, in conjunction with the Diet, still trusted to mediation, and induced Windishgratz to postpone the combat, but his stipulations were irrevocable, and the constitution-mongers were unable to comply.

Probably the bourgeoisie would have surrendered when it was found that the resistance of the Court was serious, but the conquest of the arsenal deprived them of the chance. The will of the armed people had compelled the mediators to put Vienna in a state of defence; opposition against the popular power would have been worse than useless. On the 27th the deputation of divers corporations of Vienna declared that they were utterly unable to disarm the workingmen and the academic legion, but they would voluntarily open the gates of the town if Windishgratz should be willing to enter with his troops to perform the hazardous task. But he had no inclination for a street battle.

For some days engagements had taken place without serious results on either side. But on the morning of the 28th, the grand bombardment was opened. The people fought with great bravery from beginning to end, but they were betrayed from within and overpowered from without. On the 31st, at 6 p.m., Vienna was taken, and the acquisitions of six months' revolutionary movement eradicated Had Metternich himself picked out the men to inaugurate the counter-revolution, he could not have made a better selection for the purpose, than the liberals and radicals in the Diet.

* This promise was afterwards solved by the vindication of the old, and the succession of the boy (present), Emperor, who could be reminded of no promise whatever.

† The Croats know best about that.

The Song of the Low.

(*To a Popular Melody.*)

We're low—we're low—we're very very low,
As low as low can be;
The rich are high—for we make them so—
And a miserable lot are we!
And a miserable lot are we! are we!
A miserable lot are we!

We plough and sow—we're so very very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know—we're so very low,
'Tis down at the landlords' feet:
We're not too low—the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.
We're low, we're low, etc.

Down, down we go—we're so very very low,
To the hell of the deep sunk mines.
But we gather the proudest gems that glow,
When the crown of a despot shines;
And whenever he lacks—upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay,
We're far too low to vote the tax.
But not too low to pay.
We're low, we're low, etc.

We're low, we're low—mere rabble, we know,
But at our plastic power,
The mould at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower—
Then prostrate fall—in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door,
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.
We're low, we're low, etc.

We're low, we're low—we're very very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow—and the robes that glow,
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get—and what we give,
We know—and we know our share.
We're not too low the cloth to weave—
But too low the cloth to wear.
We're low, we're low, etc.

We're low, we're low—we're very very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king!
We're low, we're low—our place we know,
We're only the rank and file,
We're not too low—to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.
We're low, we're low, etc.

ERNEST JONES.

Current Notes.

I.—THE QUESTION OF THE DAY, AND THE DECISION FOR THE FUTURE.

The great question to be now solved is:—shall the coming franchise-movement be a middle-class movement for the benefit of the middle-class, or a working-class movement for the benefit of ALL?

For this purpose, it is absolutely necessary to bring all true reformers together, to hold a review of their numbers, strength and temper, and to take the opinion of their collective masses.

One would suppose that every one might see, at a glance, that this can be effected only by calling public meetings on the subject. The people require to hear the opinions of the several Reform Councils—the Reform Councils require to learn the opinion of the people. Without this, the latter cannot be formed, the former cannot know how to act. Again, this result could not be achieved by little hole-and-corner democracy, and pot-house politics, or by obscure committee-meetings. As we are to commence the struggle for the franchise in good earnest, we must organise and array our forces for the battle—and give courage and confidence to democracy, by allowing it to see its own numbers. The democratic mind is there—it wants more courage, confidence and union—to "unite" means to bring together, and then to make of one mind those that are brought together. The meeting brings them together—and a fair, calm exposition of principles on the platform, a fair discussion with those of different principles, is the mode for making those brought together be of one mind.

It is therefore desirable, that all other franchise reform parties should be invited to such meetings for the purposes of discussion,—in order that all ground for heart-burnings may be obviated, that none may say a principle was thrust forward in a hole-and-corner or a

one-sided way—in order that the public may not be *deceived*, but CONVINCED.

THE METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL, a body whose statesmanlike and untiring labors in Chartism have been unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, of late years, fully appreciated this, and after having, by its bold and manly policy, forced the Financial Reformers to throw off the mask; after having rescued and raised the cause of Chartism in London (and, indeed, the good effects of its policy are apparent throughout the country) determined on calling the first of a series of meetings in the Druids' Hall, Farringdon Street, for the purpose of combining, steadying and directing that vast amount of democratic mind and power, some of which mustered in St. Martin's Hall, and which needs but gathering together and organising, to make Chartism the ONLY reform movement in England, that shall fully occupy the area of politics and challenge the attention of the world. The material for this is there—it needs but the men and the will to direct it.

Perfectly understanding the nature of the great issue to be tried, the LONDON COUNCIL did not let themselves be led astray, as shallow politicians would have done, by the struggle between parties in parliament; they did not waste their time and energy in discussing the "Militia Bill," "Volunteer Corps," or "Military Training." They did not let themselves be seduced into any arguments about Protection or Free-trade. They did not enter into the squabble between a Derby or a Russell. *They looked beyond all these little questions*, which would naturally have attracted the impulsive and the superficial politician. These bubbles stirred in the great pool of corruption by the struggle of those bloated monopolies that have squatted and fattened in its waters, will burst and melt into thin air—and beyond, above them all, remains, unaffected by their issue, this great, portentous question: for whose benefit is the next great movement of the masses to be made? For the benefit of the middle-class, or for the benefit of all? And WHOSE IS THE MOVEMENT TO BE? *for on that depends the issue.*

That issue is to be tried now, before the jury of public meetings.

And mark! *if we don't call public meetings, the middle-class will.* If we go there to discuss, they won't give us a hearing, and we get abused as "mischief-makers" and "obstructives*," though our conduct at their meetings proves the very reverse.—If we call *no* meetings—we abdicate Chartism, and depose the working-class movement. Sir Joshua Walmsley, Hume and others, moreover threw out the pointed challenge—"if the working-classes are not with us, with whom are they? Where are they?"

We show them where they are. We began to show them in St. Martin's Hall, and in the Druids' Hall—we'll show them more presently.

Such being the objects of the first series of meetings called by the London Council on the subject, it is gratifying to notice how steadily, consistently and successfully that object was kept in view, and carried out. The meeting was, as usual, large and attentive. The Financial Reformers were invited. Walmsley, Thompson, &c., declined coming—Nicholls, Thornton Hunt and Le Blond attended, and respectively moved, seconded and supported an amendment. The first, basing his arguments on our not including women and minors; the second, advising *a recourse to arms* as the only means by which the people could obtain their rights. The meeting at once scouted the advice, which, if coming from any one else at a time like the present, after Earl Derby's declared determination to put down democracy, one would have construed into the old trick, to give government a handle against us in public estimation.

A letter was read from Mr. Julian Harney, accompanied by a note, specially requesting that it might be read to the meeting. Mr. Harney stated in reply to the invitation sent him by the hands of the Secretary, Mr. Bezer,

"I received your invitation to attend the meeting called for this evening, for which, *I presume*, I am indebted to your individual kindness and courtesy, as I understand my name was not included in the list of persons invited to that meeting by the managing committee†.

Mr. Harney gives his reasons for declining to be present at the meeting as follows:

"Firstly, because I cannot see that good can possibly be accomplished by tonight's meeting.

"I look upon such a meeting as a mere waste of time, talk, and means, which in the present state of political parties might be infinitely better employed.—If, instead of frittering away *the last energies* of Chartism in *fruitless discussion* and personal denunciation, those who assume to be only pure and able guides and teachers of the people were to earnestly

* See in the next article—"Glasgow Sentinel" and "State Adviser."

† Mr. Bezer, the Secretary to the committee, informed the meeting, that Mr. Harney *had* been invited by the committee, among the very first. The committee as elected by the London Council on March 7th, (see "Notes," No. 47. 924), consisted of Messrs. Wood, Nicholls, Bezer, F. Farrah, and Clarke.

devote themselves to the great work placed ready to their hands, in consequence of the *death-struggle between landlords and usurers*, —not merely approaching, but already raging, —then indeed public meetings convened in the name of Chartism, might be held with advantage to the general weal, and with credit to their promoters."

After disclaiming any intention to let the movement be played over into the hands of the middle-class, Mr. Harney concludes thus:

"I consider that I can be better engaged in defending and winning converts to true principles, than employing my pen and tongue in denunciatory vituperation and personal antagonism."

I am happy to state that not the slightest sign of either denunciatory vituperation or personal antagonism was evinced at the meeting, which was eminently successful. The vote was almost unanimous—only 4 voting in favor of Messrs. Nicholl's and Thornton Hunt's amendment for "Financial Reform." A large collection was made, leaving a handsome surplus after clearing expenses, and another meeting was announced to be held at the South London Hall on the ensuing Wednesday.

A fresh locality of the N.C.A. has been formed at Bermondsey. Its place of meeting is in a commodious Hall, formerly called the Paragon Chapel. The pot-house is rapidly falling in London. Another locality is in course of formation in a crowded part of town. Thus gallantly Chartism is progressing in the metropolis. E. J.

II.—TO KNOW OUR ENEMIES IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS BEATING THEM.

The *Glasgow Sentinel* of March 13th, contains the following Editorial article, signed, "CROMWELL." After describing the "Financial Reform Conference" in St. Martin's Hall, London, the writer proceeds:

"The Chartists, as they call themselves, were the most *mischief-loving* group in the place, and Mr. Ernest Jones was decidedly the man of his party fittest to take the lead in the intended mischief. This man has gained an unenviable notoriety for himself, in more ways than one; and it is full time that his right to disturb public meetings, by his noisy vanity, should be called in question; and the men fittest to undertake this task, are the sober and sensible men who abide by the Charter, because they believe it to be a document founded in justice, and who believe, at the same time, that a just cause must always suffer injury when advocated by *mendacious* and intemperate men. The first consideration with such men as Mr. Ernest Jones, is notoriety; they want to be seen on the platform, in the press, anywhere, everywhere; they whistle, or sing, or dance, or shout*, *or go to jail*, or do anything else under heaven, if people would but come to look at or listen to them; they do nothing quietly; they must have fuss, noise, and riot; they scoff at and refuse that which is immediately practicable, that they may harangue about that which is barely possible; they divide and dishearten true Reformers, disgust the general public, and, to a great extent, justify the reproaches of anti-reformers. They are, in fact, a common and most dangerous nuisance, and men who mean to work *must use them as the late Anti-Corn-Law League used them; that is, they must* TAKE THEM BY THE SHOULDERS, AND TURN THEM OUT OF ALL MEETINGS *where they come to obstruct by their disturbances.*"

"*Cromwell*" *is* MR. LLOYD JONES.

Excellent advice for the defeated of Padiham and Halifax to give: when you can't refute the truths of your opponent by argument, use physical force, resort to brute violence, don't answer him, because you *can't*—but "turn him out."

Perhaps Mr. Lloyd Jones, who in his letter stigmatizes the real reformers, the men who are *not* violent, but are too sensible to be duped by him, as "the most ignorant,"—thinks the mode he recommends as the one most fitted to show the enlightenment of his friends; or, perhaps he goes by the disgraceful precedent of violence and fighting exhibited at "Harmony," the failure of which is to be attributed to the part taken in it by him, and such as he.

It is a significant fact, that in the leader, by the side of the article above referred to, the *Glasgow Sentinel*, alluding to the meeting of a body entitled "The Glasgow Reform Committee" congratulates its readers that a majority of the committee on a division decided on supporting Sir Joshua Walmsley's deceptive and reactionary measures, "instead" says the *Glasgow Sentinel*, "of starting a new scheme, or attempting the revival of the old Chartist agitation."

It is also significant that Mr. Lloyd Jones, in his article, sounds the praise of the Manchester Anti-Corn-Law League.

The *Stoke Adviser*, a Chartist Paper, mark you! conducted by professing Chartists, has the following, in its principal Leader.

"The foremost partisans (of Chartism) have on several occasions thought fit to pursue a course of conduct discreditable to themselves as politicians and as men."

* Rather odd, then, that they don't whistle the trades'-union jig, or sing the co-operative *lullaby*.
Editor of the Notes.

"The hostility manifested by a few of these misguided men to the members of the National Reform Association at the late conference of that body held in London was truly deplorable and disheartening. Instead of discussing the questions brought forward like sensible beings—instead of striving to prove to the world that they were capable of using the weapons of argument*—instead of seeking to form an effective union with Reformers of all shades in order to aid the car of progress a little up the steep ascent—instead of doing this, they chose to play into the hands of tories and despots by creating the direst discord where harmonious action should have predominated.—Certain it is that the foes of Chartism to be most dreaded are those of its own household. That the principles of Chartism continue to spread, we believe, but little thanks are due to an Ernest Jones and a *Feargus O'Connor* for it."

Shame to you! About Ernest Jones you have a right to say what you please, he is both willing and *able* to answer you,—But shame to you! little scribe! for abusing and attacking a man, who, you know, is ruined in the cause, and whose mental misfortune, as you too well know, prevents the possibility of his defending himself.

The object of this onslaught, as of the preceding one, as also of those of Mr. G. J. Holyoake, is revealed in the next paragraph of the *Stoke Adviser's* Leader.

"That the Charter and *something more* will reign in England's future, we have not a shadow of doubt, but the consummation will be brought about rather by the quiet, moderate and SUBTLE tactics of *such leaders as Hume, Cobden, and Walmsley*, than by the vituperations, and irrational obstinacy of many we could name."

Curious enough, that we are abused so bitterly by all those men, who are trying to play the movement over into the hands of the Middle-class Financial Reformers.

Chartists! know your enemies. It is the first step towards beating them.

III.—TRADES-UNIONS.

Mr. Ludlow says in his recent lectures:—

"Twenty men working at £1 per week may be quite resolute today in refusing a reduction to 18s.—but tomorrow?—and the next day? if the master holds out and keeps the door shut. . . . . The young, the strong, the childless man, the bachelor, above all the provident man, who has a nest-egg at home, may persist; but what of the old, the weak, the husband, the father, the improvident? What was resolution yesterday, becomes heroism today, desperation tomorrow,—sheer madness the next day, for these; the unemployed from outside begin to clamour for the work at any price,—half a loaf is better than no bread,—the neediest go in, the barrier is broken, and a permanent reduction is effected."

True words! Would it be believed that the man who could write that, should be so blinded, as to assert that a trades'-union is the remedy for this?

A few words must, we should really suppose, —*must*, to every unprejudiced mind and clear head,—refute this fallacy:

In the above, Mr. Ludlow admits that poverty and surplus-labor drive the men to submission. THE POVERTY AND THE SURPLUS-LABOR ARE IN EXISTENCE. *Then the certain means for defeating the men are in existence, too.* It is not as though the question was, "are poverty and surplus-labor there or not?" or "shall we remove them, or not?" No! there they are—it is they that force you to submit, after a more or less protracted resistance,—and, unless you remove them, you can effect nothing.

Mr. Ludlow says, trades'-unions are to do this very thing, because those in work will support those out of work, and thus enable them to stand out against the master. What fallacy! In the first place: there is another agency to be considered, besides those in work, and those on strike—there is the general surplus-labor of all other trades, already in existence, which starvation, by Mr. Ludlow's own testimony, will force to supplant their brethren; and there is the increased surplus constantly being created by the land monopoly, machine power, and combination of the rich. On these the employers fall back—talk of gathering *them* into your union too!—the very poverty you have spoken of will counteract your efforts. So that all that your proceedings would have achieved would be, if anything, to have added to the surplus, or to have made a portion of your own trade a surplus, and to have allowed it to be supplanted by a portion of the external body, which was a surplus before.

In the second place, suppose you did embrace this competitive labor also, in your union—the question presents itself, *can the working-labor of the country support itself and the surplus-labor likewise?*—especially when

* That's just what they would not let us do—the quarrel was, because they would *not* allow us to "discuss," and "use the weapons of argument," at their conference,—but forbade all those to speak, who would not speak in their favor—and at their public meeting, when Sir Joshua Walmsley had told a barefaced falsehood, would not allow anybody to get up and answer him.

E. J.

the employers increase that surplus to the utmost possible extent, for the purpose of breaking down your resources.

Thirdly, how long can you do so?—Can you withhold your work longer than the employers can do without it? Who has the largest savings to fall back upon? Who have the markets and the raw material of the world, *(not of England alone)*, open to their gold?

Fourthly, how long will they ALLOW you to do so? Suppose they *forbid* those in work to subscribe for the support of those out of work; what will you do then? They have already done so with the iron-trades. Tell me, what will you do then? Resist: they turn you adrift. Obey: and your union is destroyed. Look beyond: and say, who has the legislative power, the executive power, and the military power?—And, once more, tell me what will you do?

Mr. Ludlow, you have learning, talent, and, I doubt not, honesty of intention—is it not astonishing that you should be so short-sighted? you can accurately see and describe the evil as affecting twenty men, or a few thousand men; but you cannot embrace a larger field of vision. Open your eyes wider. Embrace the area of the millions—and see the wholesale evil perpetrate the wholesale wrong, in the same way, only on a more gigantic scale, in which it is perpetrated in the narrow circle on which alone you gaze.

Answer this question. Why are you all silent? You do not attempt to say that you have refuted the arguments advanced against you. Your best supporters, even, do not say that—where are your lecturers? your debaters? and your writers? Where? but there are some who whisper "no more controversies!" "No more discussion!" "No more letters!" "Hush it up! hush it up! and work on in the dark!"—Now, if you have nothing to say in your defence—give up the fallacy, and you shall find a warm, eager, untiring, co-operator for the truth. But if you still have arguments to advance—out with them, in the name of honesty and common sense.

IV.—OUR GOVERNMENT, DESCRIBED BY THE TORIES.

D'Israeli:—"The noble lord (John Russell), desirous to recover office, would turn his *oligarchical* government into a more broad-bottomed one."

The Whigs are an oligarchy. What are the Tories? "An organized hypocrisy."

V.—OUR GOVERNMENT DESCRIBED BY THE WHIGS.

Bernal Osborne:—"An amalgamated society of chairmen of quarter sessions..... A bakers' dozen leagued together, to raise the price of bread."

Mr. Bright:—"The protectionists had boasted of having broken up *an organized hypocrisy*. The free-traders would try their strength in breaking up A CONFEDERATE IMPOSTURE."

Well done! be it among you!

VI.—THE GOVERNMENT THAT'S BREWING.

Russell bid for office in his celebrated letter on free-trade, overbidding Sir Robert Peel;—he tried to keep office by bringing forward a Reform Bill. So far, he could outbid his speedy rivals—the "country party." So far, it was a struggle merely between two family sections of the aristocracy for place, money and power—the Stanley family, and their connexions; and the Russell family, and their connexions.

But a third party became sufficiently strong to bid for power also: that was a body of large manufacturers, represented by Cobden and Bright. These men are determined, that NO ministry shall exist, *of which they do not form a part*. The time for their advent to power is come—and they ousted Russell. As a necessary consequence, no other party sufficiently organized being in the field, the Stanleys stalked into office, merely to keep the seats warm until some arrangement was made which would admit of Cobden on the Treasury bench.

All this Russell well understood. Accordingly, he organizes a new party in Chesham Place,—and feeling that the time of the manufacturers is at hand—knowing that his only chance of a return to office, is to return *with them*, he forms an alliance with his old enemies, Bright and Cobden—and the united phalanx of Russell, Cobden and Co., is marching onward to the struggle.

On the other hand, to get office and power for their class, the manufacturers have thrown overboard the question of the franchise.

It was in order to render a union possible, that Cobden disclaimed, in reviving the League, all admixture of political questions,—but, to intimidate Russell, threw out a hint, that they *might* perhaps, ultimately, raise the question of the people's political rights.

The plan has succeeded—the union is effected—and Russell, to cover the move in the eyes of the country, is to come forward with "a more liberal franchise measure"—which the silly and yet crafty Tories *choose* to call "democracy."

Meanwhile, there is another party bidding

for power—a very weak one—that party of Whigs which wishes to keep things just as they are. These look up to, and are led by, Sir James Graham—and when Derby falls, he will probably advise the queen to send for Graham, and a short Graham administration is within the scope of possibilities.

Such appears to us on very authentic data, the outline of "the coming moves."

De Brassier;

A DEMOCRATIC ROMANCE

COMPILED FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A DEMOCRAT,

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEMAGOGUE,

AND

THE MINUTES OF A SPY.

BOOK THE SECOND.*

VI.—THE FOUR L'S OF DE BRASSIER.

Love, Law, Leisure and Letters.

De Brassier suddenly disappeared from the scene. His mighty spirit, strong as it was, had been overwrought, and he determined on some relaxation. Indeed, he needed it, and he now had the means.

Bludore, astonished at his success, quite deceived in his calculations, found that De Brassier was still a rising man, and though his personal security had grown weaker by his parliamentary elevation, he saw that a fund pressing quality was still available in the triumphant demagogue, and he thought it advisable to conciliate him.

Accordingly he waited on his former client.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my dear friend?"

"Do you mean is there anything I can do for you? What do you wish to do for me?"

"Wish—no! I don't wish——! I merely came to wish you joy."

"Pooh! you want something, or you would not come to me."

"You've grown a very great man, now you're a member of parliament," said the usurer, half deferentially, half ironically.

"Great enough to be out of the clutches of scoundrels like you."

"He, he, he! oh dear! well!"

"Now, how much are you going to lend me?"

"Well! I'm very tight! he, he! I've none to spare. I heard you—I thought you could pay me something."

"You villain!" Come, I must have money, and if you won't give it me, I'll go to—"

"My dear sir! well! but you're in the House now—and who would think of trusting a member of parliament?"

"Except the people!" said De Brassier coldly.

"He, he, he! good, very good! well, well!"

"Come, I want £100—yes or no? I'm busy. What must I do for it?"

"Well, to be frank, he, he, he! there's a motion in the House coming on, on the "West London Puddle-collecting Fever Company." I hold considerable stock in it. They talk of abolishing the Company. It won't stand. I want to sell out. When the bill for dissolving it comes on, do you oppose it, and get up a great procession, meeting and petition, on the ground of its being an invasion of the health of the poor by parliament. The shares will go up, and I shall save my money."

"Very well; £100 of the savings."

"When the bill comes on."

"Today, or I get up an insurrection against the bill."

"He, he! you are so wicked; I can't today—in a week."

* The first book of "De Brassier," concluded in No. 25, p. 286

"In five minutes. You treated me rascally over the election—I want something to restore confidence. Hallo, John," and he rang the bell. "Call a cab—I'm off to Skinner Street."

A rival of Bludore's lived there.

"Here's the money! Here's the money! I shall have to borrow to make up for it. Never mind! my old friendship and admiration——"

"Go to the devil. Here's my note of hand. John, the cab, I say."

"Oh, you're a wonderful man! a wonderful man!"

But De Brassier was already at the street door, with £100 in his pocket, and ordering the cabman "to drive like fury!"

"So, you scoundrel! not a sixpence of this shall you see again—merely to punish you, you villain! and as to 'West London Puddle,' you vagabond! I'll have ten meetings to smash it up, you rascal! And if I come to power, you ruffian, I'll have you transported, you bloodsucker, for usury, you living ghost! for your whole life, you anatomy of devilry! Not a sixpence of it, but shall go for pleasure, you imp, wine and women, old leather-skin! you have sweated over it, you money grubber! It has cost you agony, you miserable miser! and I'll throw it away like dross, you libel on human nature! There's some pleasure in that! Hallo, you sir, where are you driving to? Stop, stop! that's the house!" And the cab drew up at a dingy-looking, amazingly respectable house, in a steady street, very dignified, before a dark green door, on which was a very small, modest-looking, but highly polished brass plate, whereon was engraven in little letters, "SQUEEZE, SQUEEZE & Co., *Solicitors.*"

"Well Squeeze! you and I know each other of old. You fought off the writs at the election-time, well. Had it been longer than the thirty-six hours, I should have been floored. Well! one good turn deserves another—and now I'll throw a mint of business in your way. But, remember! you must make the enemy pay you—and we share profits in everything."

"Understand, sir!"—said the staid, grave, respectable, religious-looking Mr. Squeeze.

"Well, Squeeze! I want money."

"Of course, sir!"

"We must make some."

"That's reasonable, sir."

"I got £100 from that rascal Bludore, this morning. I know you hate him—he trounced you once."

"Hem! that's poor human nature, sir!"

"I mean to spend that in amusing myself."

"That's laudable, sir."

"He shall never get a sixpence back."

"That's right, sir," And the lawyer seemed almost to smile with pleasure. Then he so far forgot his reserve, as to ask "why did he lend it you, sir?"

"He thinks I'm going to get up more rows for him, and smash the funds. But there's an end of that game now. I'm in the House, I've a position. That makes you constitutional, you know."

"To be sure, sir."

"Therefore, we must proceed by constitutional means, Squeeze."

"Exactly, sir!"

"Well, that's by legal means."

"Precisely so, sir!"

"And you're the man that must help me."

"Undoubtedly, sir!"

"Well then, the first thing is this. I'm going to Italy, or the Rhine, or somewhere, for a couple of months. While I'm gone, while my back's turned, that'll look well you know, get my election disputed by somebody in Spindles. I know two hot-headed Tory rascals—Backsnapper and Toescrape; you go to them—say you're my enemy—you're an agent of the central 'Toady Association of legitimate backsliders,' commissioned, if possible, to unseat democratic representatives. Get them to employ you. They've got some money. Tell them it shall cost them nothing. You'll bear the responsibility. But don't give it them in writing."

"Of course, wouldn't think of giving it in writing: never do give anything in writing, except a writ or demand for money."

"Let them think you, or your association will bear the expense—let the investigation begin—let expenses be run up (you know I pay you nothing)."

"Who would expect it?" Squeeze's mouth seemed almost to skim into a smile.

"Then, having collected all the evidence, and run up a heavy bill,—withdraw the evidence as insufficient—quash the proceedings—my seat will be safer than ever—then demand payment———"

"Payment"———said Squeeze, growing rather excited.

"They'll say, you were to run the risk—you'll say they were—bring an action—make them pay—they can—and ruin them—so you'll make a nice sum of money—I shall be revenged on two active rascals who nearly lost me the election—and"———

"Capital—bravo!—masterly! a noble conception"—said Squeeze, jumping up and suddenly throwing off all his reserve and gravity.

"And what do you get,—what are you to get by it?"

"I go snacks with you"—said De Brassier.

"And so you shall—to be sure—and so you ought. Small's the haul you shall have, my boy!"—added the lawyer aside.

"Not that I trust much to that," said De Brassier to himself—"but that's not half the plan, you fool! I'll make twice as much money by it as you.—Is it a bargain?"—he continued aloud.

"A bargain!"—rejoined Squeeze. "Truly, you're worthy to be a leader of the people!"

Lessons from History.

IV.—THE GLADIATORS OF ROME.

It is a painful but instructive spectacle to see how accumulating wealth is accompanied by increasing vice. It is said, and truly, that poverty is the mother of crime; then riches are its grandmother, when, as in ancient Rome and modern England, those riches are amassed by a few at the expense of the many.

Beneath this spreading plague-spot—the growth of wealth in a few hands—virtue, honor and liberty have perished in the noblest republics of all ages. The blame has been attached to the republican institution, but most incorrectly. The fault has been that the political power of republican institutions has not been brought to bear sufficiently on the social inequalities which they were allowed to foster instead of being directed to counteract.

The social ignorance of the many, allowed the few to grow disproportionately rich, by trade, usury or land-monopoly—a result easy of attainment in military nations holding conquered provinces, and farming out to its subjects the revenues of subjugated kingdoms. The riches thus obtained, enabled the possessors to take handfuls of starving men out of the masses at their feet, and set them up as hired soldiers to defend the spoil gathered by their employers. The ignorance engendered by poverty, enabled them to keep those men true to the interests of their masters, by keeping them blind to their own. And the constantly increasing distance between wealth and poverty has constantly increased the power of the rich and the impotence of the poor.

At length the latter are driven to desperation. A gleam of the truth begins to flash across their minds—and they try to right themselves by the sword. It is too late. The sword, thrice-sharpened, and thrice-tempered, is in the hands of the oppressor. The people have let the time go by. While they were being disarmed by law, emaciated by hunger, and disorganised by ignorance—their rulers had armed, drilled and disciplined a living machinery that should apply with mechanical hand the deadliest discoveries of science in defence of those whom science serves alone—the men who can pay for her.

Sometimes, indeed, the mad outbreak of brute rage is victorious through its fury and its numbers. But the triumph rarely lasts—because the revolution being a child of passion, goes the way of all the passions: it either exhausts itself, and the old wrong quietly marches over the field again; or it breaks into hostile impulses, it quarrels with itself, and the ever watchful foe, never disorganised, and never apathetic, falls in detail on its scattered forces.

Such has, too generally, been the result of insurrections, unless they spring more from intelligence, than from passion—more from a sense of right than from a pang of hunger.

And yet it is magnificent to behold the wild indignant outburst of trampled humanity rise like a thunder-storm over the summer-plains of easy and luxurious wealth. It is magnificent to mark it flash and roar, and note the terrible majesty with which it vindicates the laws of outraged nature.

Such a spectacle we are about to contemplate in the following pages.

The stern old virtues of republican Rome had sunk into a chaos of vice and sin that has few parallels. The nearer it verges to the gulf of imperialism, the more rotten, corrupt and base it grows in all its branches, till, overstepping that boundary, the spectacle almost surpasses belief.

We will present the reader with a picture of the wealth and luxury of Rome—and then with the profligacy and vices of its aristocracy.

The town-mansions of the latter were equal to the imperial palaces of nations—their country-seats resembled little towns—their marine villas were like splendid seaports, enlivened with fleets of fairy yachts. The latter were inlaid with precious metals—their sails were of purple and gold, their masts were gilt, their oars were frequently of silver; vast moles stretched out into the sea, before their terraces; while, far inland, canals were dug and lakes formed, containing sea-water, that the Roman noble might have the sea-fish swimming in his inland park! As a Roman author says, "They turned the sea into land and the land into sea!"

We read of galleys having their sterns covered with gold, in plates, their oars of solid silver, their sails of purple, the incense from their deck perfuming all the shores; beautiful boys, painted as Cupids, fanning the luxurious

owner, exquisite women dressed as Nereids and Oceanides, and a golden canopy covering the lascivious orgy.

The vast domains of these favored sons of fortune stretched for miles and miles along the magnificent highways formed by Roman art as military roads for further victory and rapine. The estates of private individuals were as large as the provinces of a kingdom—and after travelling for days through these magnificent approaches, when the mansion itself burst on the sight, all that fairy-land could promise, seemed realised in the palatial pile, all that art, science and industry could achieve, was congregated within its snow-white marble walls.

Some notion may be formed of their size and splendor by that of the celebrated "Golden House" of Nero, on finishing a part of which only, Otho spent £403,605 16s. 8d. The entrances had three porticos *each a mile long!* The grounds contained a pond like a sea—and a statue of Nero 126 feet high.

Countless slaves ministered to the luxury of the great aristocracy. An African widow of moderate rank, gave her son 400 slaves, and reserved a much larger number for herself.

In a later age, Athenæus says very many nobles kept 10,000, aye! and 20,000 slaves for ostentation! These slaves were the prisoners taken in the lawless and unceasing wars of the Romans: they displaced Roman labor and were a fruitful and unending source of misery and ruin to the people. Their value was often nominal. In the camp of Lucullus an ox sold for one drachma, a slave for only four, or about three shillings. When, however, highly educated, they would fetch several hundred pounds, and some Roman noblemen, like the celebrated Crassus, made immense fortunes by training slaves and then selling them.

So little value was set by their lives, that they were frequently immolated like sacrificial beasts, by hundreds. Four hundred were killed on a birthday, as an offering to a deceased parent. Some were chained, like house-dogs, during all their lives, at the doors of their masters' house—in the capacity of hall-porters—others were tortured, lashed, and martyred for the amusement of the noble and his guests. If a slave made a mistake in his office, if he spilt a dish at table, or committed any other offence equally trivial, instant death was frequently the penalty. Ladies had slaves flogged if they disposed a curl wrong. All this is independent of the gladiatorial system, to which we shall presently advert. It was once proposed, in the haughty arrogance of the senate, to give the slaves a distinctive dress. "What should we do if the slaves were to learn their strength, by seeing how many they are?" said a senator, and the motion was lost. The monied wealth and the reckless extravagance of the nobility of that age are commensurate with the extent of lands, palaces, and households above described. Crassus, who possessed £1,644,583 worth of land, possessed twice that sum in money, slaves and furniture. Seneca's property was £2,421,875. C. Cæcilius Claudius Isidorus, left by will, *though ruined in the civil wars*, 4116 slaves, 3600 yoke of oxen, 257,000 other cattle, and £484,375. Tiberius left £21,796,875 which Caligula spent in less than one year on personal extravagance! Augustus received in legacies alone the sum of £32,291,666. The panders to the great grew wealthy in proportion. Pallas, the freedman of Claudius, amassed £2,421,875. Cleander, freedman of Commodus, far more.

The rise of property was as sudden as it was enormous. Marius's house was bought by Cornelia for £2,421 17s. 6d. Soon after Lucullus bought it for £16,182 5s. 10d. At the beginning of the republic dowries were small. The senate gave Scipio's daughter a dowry of £35 10s. 5d.; and a certain Megullia was named *Dotata*, because she had £161 7s. 6d. At a later period the usual dowry of a senatorial lady was £8072 18s. 1d.—and afterwards rose to £161,458 6s. 8d.

The enormous wealth above described was squandered with commensurate recklessness. Domitius's house cost £48,487 10s. Clodius's £119,479. C. Herius's fishpond sold for £32,291 13s. 4d.—and the *fish* of Lucullus for the same sum. M. Scaurus's villa cost £807,291 13s. 4d. *It was burnt by his slaves.* Cæsar gave Servilia (Cato's sister) one pearl worth £48,417. Pliny tells us Lollia Paulina wore jewels worth £322,916. The "moral and abstemious" Cicero paid £9,000 for single table of citron-wood, and bought th house of Crassus for £28,740 13s. 4d. Horse and mules were shod with gold and silver.

The grossest and most inordinate glutton wasted these enormous treasures.

The ordinary expense of a supper for Lucullus in his "Hall of Apollo," was £1614.* A single dish at Æsop's table cost £850. Heliogabalus spent £24,218 on a supper. Caligula, £80,729. Apicius eat and drank

* A friend of Lucullus, wanting to see how Lucullus lived when he had no company, invited himself one day, when he met him in the street, to supper for the same evening, and would not allow Lucullus to go home—lest he should prepare more than his usual fare. "At least let me tell my slave in what room we will sup." The friend could not object to this. "In the hall of Apollo," said Lucullus. Each room had a fixed rate of expense—and by hearing the name of the room, the slave knew the price of the supper.

484,375 pounds worth of property, and poisoned himself when he had only £80,729 left. A physician of Amphissa saw Anthony's cook one evening roasting eight boars. "Your master must have a large company tonight." "Oh no! he's quite alone—but, as he likes one particular cut, and that done to a turn, and as it is uncertain how long he will sit talking and drinking, I am obliged to put one after another, that there may be sure to be one right when he calls for it." Vitellius used to breakfast, sup, and dine, with different friends on the same day. Each meal never cost less than £3,229 3s. 4d. In less than one year (being an emperor) he eat £7,265,625 of public money.

This waste and extravagance reached a sort of frenzy. One nobleman watered his trees with costly wine. It became customary to dissolve pearls and precious stones in drink. Clodius, Æsop's son, melted a pearl worth £8072 in a cup of wine. Cleopatra, feasting with Antony, drank a pearl dissolved in vinegar, worth £80,729. Nero's wife, Poppæa, bathed in asses' milk, and had 500 asses milked daily for the purpose.

As might be expected—even the colossal fortunes of such people were inadequate to their expenditure. They got recklessly into debt. The rich Milo's debts were £565,104. Cæsar, before he held any office, owed £251,975. After his prætorship, when setting out for Spain, he owed £2,018,229 more than his property. The provinces were to pay all this! Verres was convicted of plundering Sicily of £807,291 13s. 4d. Pompey carried all the corn out of Africa and Sicily, so that the inhabitants had to send to Rome to buy it back! On the ides of March, when Cæsar fell, Antony owed £322,915, which he paid before the calends of April, out of public plunder, and soon squandered £3,651,000 of the latter on personal extravagance. He gave his cook the immense estate of a Magnesian citizen for dressing one supper to his taste, and doubled the imposts to satisfy the cravings of his buffoons.

What political morality was, under such a state of society, may be gleaned from the following. At the beginning of the civil war, Cæsar bribed Curio with £484,375; and Lucius Paullus, the consul, with £279,500. Lentulus, accused of embezzlement, was acquitted by a majority of two, having bribed the judges—and openly regretted the money it had cost him. Lucius Opimius the consul took a bribe of Jugurtha; as did also Bestia Capurnias and M. Scaurus. Metellus Scipio, Pompey's second father-in-law, was guilty of corruption, and prosecuted; but the prosecution was dropped, when 360 judges were found to have been bribed. Cato embezzled money in Cyprus. The corruptions of the consul Silanus were notorious. Naieca was convicted of taking bribes from the enemies of Rome. The consul Paulus received £310,625 for changing sides.

Even Lutatius Catulus, the vaunted model of virtue, defended a noted case of forgery which was hushed up by a trick. Pompey bribed Vectius to accuse Lucullus of an attempt at assassinating him, and *publicly* paid the electors, in his gardens, for voting for his nominee. Voting-tables were openly paraded, at which votes were sold to the highest bidder. These are the most illustrious and celebrated names of Rome—when such was the conduct of its most vaunted sages and models,—the reader may imagine what that of the general mass of the wealthy was!

We now glance with a shudder, at the private morality of Roman aristocracy.

The effeminacy of the men was such, that they wore lighter rings for summer, than for winter,—and painted.

Cato committed incest (if Cæsar is to be believed), with his own sister Servilia—the wife of Lucullus. He divorced his own wife, though pregnant, that the orator Hortensius might marry her, and afterwards re-married her, when Hortensius had left her all his property. Cæsar was convicted of adultery with the same Servilia. The wife of the great Lepidus was convicted of adultery. Pompey's wife Marcia, sister to Metellus Celer and Metellus Nepos, committed adultery with Cæsar, yet Pompey afterwards married Cæsar's daughter, Julia. Lucullus's father was found guilty of embezzling the public money, and his mother Cæcilia of adultery. Clodia, the first wife of Lucullus, committed incest with *both* her brothers. He divorced her, and married the equally infamous sister of Cato. Sallust was convicted of an infamous intrigue with Fausta, the daughter of Sylla and wife of Milo, and publicly flogged. Prostitutes were the rulers of the people's destinies. Præcia, a courtezan, kept by Cethegus, was paid infamous court to by Lucullus, that the latter might be appointed a governor of Cilicia. Cato's wife, Attila, was known as a common adultress. Here again, we have a list of the most "illustrious" and "noble" names of Rome—the names of those that are handed down in history as great and inimitable characters.

This pile of corruption was surrounded by a sea of blood. The provinces were let to the highest bidder—and money raised from usurers to bribe consuls and senators for appointments, the security being the projected rapine of the province. In Gaul, Cæsar alone killed one million people. He fell on the Germans at a

time of peace, and massacred 300,000 in cold blood. The letter of the king Mithridates, and the petition of Catiline's insurgents complete the revolting picture, and points the terrible moral.

But not alone externally did the garments of Rome drip blood. In her own breast she raged with as sanguinary fierceness.

The pampered and yet blunted passions that exhausted themselves in the maddest luxury or sunk into the most wretched effeminacy, or dived into the most frantic and unnatural lust —committing crimes that these pages cannot name—and so excessive, that the most unnatural debauchee would be at a loss to conceive what the historical annals of aristocratic Rome present to our view,—these passions at last—for, strange to say—effeminacy is often twin-brother to ferocity—demanded the more horrible stimulants of sanguinary and atrocious spectacles. To satisfy the strange, fiendish, unnatural lust, men and wild beasts were set to fight each other in vast theatres—and, rising from banquets where slaves carved the viands to soft music, where beautiful girls half-naked, fanned the flies from their reclining masters, where soft showers of scented dew cooled the luxurious atmosphere, the nobles of Rome, and imitating them, the people they had depraved,—hurried to the ghastly sights of the arena. The gladiators (sworders), were captives taken in war, or volunteers, and were specially trained to fight each other, or with wild beasts in the arena.

There a very brave gladiator was sometimes spared for another fight by the audience, whose raised or lowered thumbs decreed his life or death. In order to supply Rome with wild beasts, the poor peasants of Africa were prohibited, under extreme penalties, from killing savage animals, lest the supply for the arena and circus should fall short in Rome.*—a prototype of the modern game-law, forbidding the farmer to kill the hare or fox.

Enormous theatres were built for the horrid exhibition, frequently but temporary. M. Æmilius Scaurus, when Ædile, built a circus of incredible magnificence, that would contain 80,000 persons. Curio made two of wood, that turned on hinges, standing back to back in the forenoon, for plays—then swinging round in the afternoon into a circus for gladiatorial shows.

The extent of the hideous massacres is almost incredible. Pompey, when consul, produced 500 lions and 18 elephants, which were all killed in five days—although the latter were only *borrowed*, and he had pledged his word for their safety. The gladiatorial games once lasted 123 days, and in five days of the time, 10,000 men and 11,000 beasts were killed!

The wounded, both men and beasts, were dragged out of the arena with hooks, and cast, like offal, into an offal-house to die promiscuously. The effeminate lustlings, men and women, whetted their blunted appetites by the unnatural sight.

Such was ancient Rome, after it had degenerated from a democracy to an aristocracy.

The proletarian reader has now before him, for the first time, an adequate picture of the gigantic corruption.

It is terrible, and yet refreshing to witness the sudden explosion of the human volcano, under this mass of moral putricity.

From the apparently most inadequate cause, from the merest and seemingly most trivial accident, arose a movement, that threatened in its extraordinary course, to utterly annihilate the Roman tyranny. Turn we now to the contemplation of this strange and eventful narrative.

(*To be continued.*)

* This law was not modified till Honorius, nor repealed till Justinian.

Labor's Grievances.

NEW DURHAM COLLIERY.

Among the under-agents at New Durham Colliery there is an individual whose duty it is to keep the pit time; that is, to see that the work is commenced at the proper time, and ceases at the end of twelve hours; but he generally neglects the latter part of his duty by allowing the pit to go above twelve hours, thus keeping the poor boys in some instances fifteen hours from home, having about two miles to travel to their work: by this the public may see what time there is for education, recreation and natural rest. Hoping you will find space for this I beg to subscribe myself, yours fraternally.

A Sufferer.

Continental Notes.

I.—LEGALITY AND DEMAGOGUISM.

III.—THE MOVEMENT IN PRUSSIA.

The very hour of Windishgratz's entry into the conquered capital of Austria, was the commencement of a conflict between the Amalgamators and the Crown in Prussia. The news of the bombardment of Vienna had roused the more democratic members of the Assembly from their slumbers. Conceiving the possibility of a similar fate at the hands of Frederick William, they bestirred themselves to ward off the blow by rendering assistance to Vienna. On the 31st of October, at 6 p.m., Waldeck (leader of the extreme Left) submitted the following proposition to the Assembly: "That the Government should be requested speedily to summon up all the means at the disposal of the State for protecting the endangered liberty of the people of Vienna." In the course of that memorable day several public meetings had been held in Berlin for the purpose of drawing up petitions to the Assembly in favor of the proposition. The whole people of Berlin were in a state of feverish excitement with regard to the issue of their endeavours, and when the meetings separated, the working-men went *en masse* to the doors of the Assembly to await the decision. After three hours' deliberation the names of the members were called over; 113 were for, 230 against. The Left and the Centre were for requesting His Majesty's government to enjoin the Central Executive (whose chief was an Austrian prince) to protect civil freedom and restore peace in Vienna.

When this decision became known outside, the people began to murmur and assume a threatening attitude. Rimpler, the commander of the National Guards, called out his forces, and gave orders to clear the place. The engineers, occupying as it were an intermediate position between citizens and workingmen, interposed to prevent hostilities. The National Guards ill-treated them for their good intentions: one was killed on the spot, and nine were severely wounded. In the morning of the 2nd of November, the streets of Berlin were decorated with placards, one of which was a lament of Rimpler regarding the treatment of the engineers, the other was issued by one of the ministers, telling the men that the government would have to call in the assistance of military force if the National Guards were insufficient to protect the capital. The same morning General Pfuel sent a message to the Assembly to announce his resignation as premier, and at the same time, General Count Brandenburg (a bastard brother of the king,) by another message, informed the President of the Assembly that he was commissioned to form a new cabinet. The Amalgamators were now fully convinced of what the court intended. In the afternoon, an address to the king, or rather a remonstrance against Brandenburg's commission, was almost unanimously carried, and a deputation appointed to present it at court. The sitting was declared permanent until the deputation should return from the king. On no former occasion had Frederick William been so thoroughly constitutional as he was when the arrival of the parliamentary deputation was announced. His tender and constitutional conscience would not permit him even to entertain the idea of receiving the deputation without the presence of some responsible minister. But the deputation could not be prevailed upon to return without fulfilling their mission. The king's abode being then in Potsdam, some miles from the capital, made it necessary to put the telegraph in motion in order to obtain advice from the ministers who were in Berlin. The ministers informed the king that he might receive the deputation, and that they would appear at Potsdam the following morning to consult with him. The king accordingly, but with a very ill-grace, permitted the deputation to appear before him, but no sooner was the address read and delivered to him than he crumpled the important document between his fingers and silently withdrew. The deputies were soon after informed that his majesty could not reply without the presence of the ministers.

On the 3rd of November, the king sent a message to the Assembly by which he informed the Amalgamators that he had the greatest confidence in Brandenburg, and that none but men like him could be entrusted with the helm of the state. The Assembly, irresolute what course to adopt, wasted five days with idle talk. Brandenburg succeeded in constituting a new cabinet, and appeared in the Assembly on the 9th. He commenced his ministerial career by adjourning the Assembly till the 27th of November, when the members should re-assemble for the completion of their work in a small provincial town called Brandenburg, the inhabitants of which are celebrated for their reactionary principles. The

royal message ordering the adjournment and removal of the Assembly being read, the president of the Assembly declared that such an order did not authorise him to close the sitting without a consenting resolution of the members. Brandenburg rose and declared all further deliberation illegal, protested in the name of the crown, and left the Assembly, followed by his colleagues and about seventy members. The president then took the sense of the representatives. The continuance of the session was carried by a large majority (252 for, 30 against.)

Another resolution was passed declaring that the Assembly found no reason for changing its place of deliberation, that the crown had no right to remove it against the will of the members, and that those who had advised such a step were guilty of a grave violation of their duty towards the Assembly, the country, and the crown.

When the new cabinet perceived that the majority of the representatives were determined to proceed without interruption, they sent an order to the commander-in-chief of the National Guards to prevent the meeting of the Assembly by force. Rimpler, however, had different notions of the duties of National Guards. He refused to obey the order of the minister, and informed the president of the Assembly of the intentions of the court. He also advised him to call the members together without delay in order to facilitate their protection. On Nov. 9th, at 4 o'clock a.m., the National Guards were called to arms, and an hour later an extraordinary sitting of the Assembly commenced under the immediate protection of the armed citizens. The deliberation was chiefly *pro forma*, and had only reference to current events.

It is necessary here to mention that, in in March, the military force had virtually been expelled from the capital, and the National Guards were entrusted with the safety of the town. The civil magistrates, however, were empowered to request military aid whenever they should find the National Guards insufficient to preserve peace and order. The king had consented that no regiment should enter Berlin except upon the requisition of the magistrate. The National Guards therefore were called to arms, not to oppose the soldiers who were in town, but those who were expected. It was no secret that for some time troops had been collecting as close around the town as decency would permit. The ordinance of Nov. 8 revealed the purpose. On the 10th of Nov., at 3 p.m., the news arrived in the Assembly that soldiers were marching into the town; 30,000 men and 200 cannons took possession of Berlin. The result of this in the Assembly was a very tame proclamation to the Prussians.

The commander-in-chief of the army, Wrangel, placed his troops opposite the National Guards, and declared that he would not leave the place till the representatives had left the building, and he would take care that none should re-enter. About 5 p.m. the representatives left in a body, proceeding to their respective party clubs: the National Guards and the soldiers left likewise. The farce of the 10th was over.

The following morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock, the soldiers took possession of the building which the Assembly had occupied since its first meeting. The parliamentary reports, drafts of bills, and other documents, were used by the gallant sons of Prussia as waste paper. At 9 o'clock the representatives marched in procession to their place of meeting. The president, in front, finding that the door was locked, demanded admission, and was informed through the key-hole, of what had happened. He protested and led his flock to the *Hotel de Prussie*, where a regular sitting was held. At six o'clock p.m., Rimpler received an order to deliver up all the arms of the National Guards. The Assembly on the other hand resolved, 1, That General Brandenburg was guilty of high treason; 2, That the National Guards should keep their arms, and in case of need repel force by force; 3, That every officer who should command the troops to fire on the citizens, should be prosecuted for treason to his country. But Rimpler was no Lafayette; he resigned his command; the citizens however showed no inclination to give up their arms. The court, as well as the Assembly, were proceeding step by step, the former in repressive, the latter in revolutionary measures. On the afternoon of the 12th, the state of siege for Berlin was declared amid the beating of the drums. The Assembly replied by ordering the prosecution of the ministers. On the 14th, Wrangel proclaimed martial law. On the 15th, the Assembly unanimously decreed the non-payment of taxes.

During this crisis addresses of adhesion were pouring in upon the Assembly from all parts of the country. Even the progressionists of the ill-famed little town of Brandenburg, publicly declared their approval. Everywhere the people were alive, everywhere the able-bodied prepared for the struggle. While they approved of the conduct of those representatives who remained at their post, they at the same time urged the Assembly on, to proceed without hesitation, and promised armed support against the court if required. The Landwehr—that portion of citizens who have completed their time of serving in the regular

army—the brothers and relatives of those in actual service—nearly in all parts of Prussia refused to obey the summons of the Brandenburg ministry, declaring that they would willingly march into the battle-field, if the Assembly should call for their assistance. The resolution of the 15th was the ultimatum of passive resistance. If the king did not revoke his measures, the Assembly, to continue the struggle, had no alternative, no other means of resistance but to summon the people, organise a parliamentary army, and try their fortune on the field of war. But the great constitution-mongers had no warlike disposition. Having neglected to secure the service of the army for the new state of things, when they were able to do it, they now were too cowardly to oppose it, when it was turned against them. When they saw that the court heeded their resolution of the 15th as little as all the former, when they perceived that the troops were proceeding from street to street, searching every house for the weapons which the inhabitants refused to deliver, they, the trustees, the guardians of the public welfare, took to their heels, they absconded, every one, the best way he could.

With the fall of Berlin the revolution of 1848 was defeated in the main. The partisans of the revolution in France proscribed, butchered and transported, under the direction of the Constituent Assembly, the national interest treated like a metaphysical question in the closet by the German parliament, the revolutionary element perverted and mutilated by the Austrian Diet, and shamefully neglected and abandoned by the Prussian Assembly, the movement anathematized by almost all the constituted powers of Europe, new and old, could it be expected that Old Nick, the arch-foe of all political agitations, would look quietly on while his next-door neighbour, the Habsburg dynasty, was in trouble? Did not the Hungarian struggle, by its proximity to Poland, jeopardise his possession of that province? Was it not understood by the Polish legions that, in case the war in Hungary should be successful for the Hungarians, Poland should be invaded? And had not the French Assembly on the 15th of May, and subsequently the different assemblies in Germany, virtually guaranteed the possession of Poland to her usurpers? The fate of European liberty did not depend on the success of the Hungarians; on the contrary, the success of the Hungarian war depended on the fate of European liberty; it depended on the success of the revolutionary party in Paris, Vienna and Berlin. The emperor of Russia and the House of Habsburg were not the aggressors; Lamartine, that highly applauded phrase-monger, committed the first acts of aggression upon European liberty by his doings in the Hotel de Ville, and, subsequently, by his circular to the European despots, and the betrayal of the Belgian expedition. The Assembly followed his path when, on the 15th of May, by its acts it revealed to the world that it would sanction but one kind of war—that against the proletarians at home, which broke out in June. The Hungarian struggle in 1849 instead of being the main-spring of a European combat was, as it were, that convulsive strife of the limbs which precedes the expiration of the body, when the circulation of the heart ceases. The Russian invasion in Hungary was no more and no less than the final execution of that sentence which the European parliaments and bourgeoisie had pronounced upon the revolution. The emperor of Russia must be registered in history as the executioner, the deputy-hangman of the western bourgeoisie. Not to *his* acts must the historian attribute the failure of the Hungarian and the continental revolution of '48. The faint-heartedness and incapacity, the wanton treachery and cruelty, of the parliamentary heroes, the imbecility and indecision of popular leaders, the milk-and-water, the go-between politicians produced the failure—on their heads must recoil all the innocent and useless blood which has been spilt.

Had the parliamentary heroes of '48, particularly in Germany and Naples, possessed more of the spirit of *Demagoguism* than *Legality*, Gladstone would have had no chance of lamenting the fate of Poerio and his fellow-prisoners in Naples, he would not now recommend king "Bomba" to study the history of Charles I. his writings would probably have quite a different tendency. We, too, recommend, not to the king of Naples, but to the working-classes of Europe, to study the history of modern revolutions and political movements; and to learn how bourgeoise-politicians have invariably betrayed them whenever they confided in their promises.

II.—FOREIGN POLICE IN ENGLAND.

The Prussian government has sent the Police Commissioner Greiff to London, to form a regular Prussian Police Office for the observation and control of the refugees. The celebrated spy, Ohm, from Berlin, and the Police Assessor Stieber, have received appointments in the London establishment.

Englishmen, what say you to this? The oligarchy raised an outcry and stirred the country from one end to the other, because the pope gave "territorial *titles*" in England. Here a foreign, perjured despot has established a regular police government in the heart of our metropolis. Will you tolerate this?

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book IV.—The Lady of Title.

In three parts,—*Girlhood, Marriage, Old Age.*

III.—THE KEY TO THE FUTURE.

The Duchess of Cartoon was on a visit to the Countess of St. Blaze, with her brother-in-law, Lord Parciment Cartoon.

This couple were seated in confidential converse together. Lord Parciment was a man of forty, cold-looking and *passé*, although handsome. He had been a distinguished *roué*, had shone on the turf in his early days, and run through a great part of his property. He had then made a wealthy match, which had re-erected his shattered fortune, and transferred his gambling propensities from the race-course to the senate. The latter was more exciting and more profitable. Lord Parciment was a liberal member—a distinguished liberal. Lord St. Blaze was a high whig. The liberal lord was seeking to rat—and to rat for something worth ratting for—and it was of the greatest consequence to him to strengthen his interest by an alliance with the powerful family of St. Blaze.

The earl, likewise, the influence of whose party was beginning to totter, sought to strengthen himself by the secret support of the popular leader of a powerful section of the liberal interest. Thus, selfish motives on both sides drew the two noblemen towards each other.

"She's brain-sick about that young fool, Darcy," said Lord Parciment.

"Nonsense! mere nonsense! I know she is. So I was for you—"

"Heart—heart-sick, you mean—sister!"

"No! mere fancy, I assure—my venerable brother. You know I'm but a giddy girl."

"Hem!"—Lord Parciment did not like to be thought old. "But you say, you surprised them making tender confession on the terrace."

"And what of that?—I have made a hundred in a season."

"Pretty well—pretty well! But I tell you Adela, dear! she's rather an *esprit fort*, and also a *cœur tendre*—and they're the deuce—you can't eradicate a folly out of such people very easily."

"Well—we must try. Above all, don't thwart her. Remember, she is not far from being of age—and she has an independent fortune of her own———"

"A large one!" interposed Lord Parciment, with evident and reverential unction.

"And she might, if her anger were roused," continued the duchess, "feel her power, and grow obstinate. Above all—no coercion—no paternal influence—no display of authority."

Paternal influence and filial duty, in those circles, are prejudices left for the low and vulgar. The high world is too enlightened for them.

"Right—right—but now, duchess, you must help me."

"I will—and what will you do for me in turn?"

"Ah! you trafficker."

"Why, you know it's the seventh match I've made, since I've married."

"I know you're a skilled hand—"

"Well, you know," laughingly said the Duchess, "I must have my reward."

"The consciousness of having done a good action. Ha! ha! ha!"

"We leave that for the herd."

"Well! I'll bet you a suite of diamonds that I win the lady."

"I'll bet you a brace of pistols that you don't."

"Done!" and the graceful bargain was struck between the confederated schemers.

It was agreed that the duchess should enter into the feelings of Lady Honora as her friend and confidant, and prepare the way for Lord Parciment, by giving him an exact account of

her sentiments; and in return, impress and persuade the wayward young girl with the excellence of the pretender, the faults of her lover, and the follies of her passion.

"One thing is against you—my dear Percival—your age." The duchess liked to vex him.

"Stuff! nonsense!"

"And then, they say, you killed your late wife."

"Pooh! nonsense! If I had'nt killed her, she'd have killed me."

"You naughty man! you were such a bad husband."

"Why the deuce was she so fond of me, then? It was quite a bore!—always jealous and prying into all one's little amusements—"

"Ha! ha! you Juan! But then, you've got a great girl——let me see—how old is she——? Ten, or twelve?"

"Bah! Eight—duchess! eight!"

"Well, eight. Beautiful young heiresses don't like to jump at once into step-mothers."

"Yes! that's true—it's a difficult game!" There was a long and thoughtful pause. "I've got it," he cried—as with a sudden impulse—"I've got it! Humour her feelings—while you deplore her folly. I'll speak with St. Blaze—you're right, no harshness! We must throw difficulties in the way—"

"Ah! make him appear a villain, and ungrateful."

"Folly!—women like villains—and love a man the more—the more ungrateful he is."

"Ah! you know woman's nature," said the duchess, with a tinge of melancholy in her tone.

"No! no! surfeit her with love—and then sharpen the sting of ridicule around her—set the public tongue at work—show the misery of happiness, ha! ha!—and then—then—"

"What then?"

"Leave that to me—I've got my plan. Now do you begin your task—I'll bet you a suite of diamonds—ha! ha! ha!"

The duchess flirted out of the room to direct the first attack upon their mutual victim. Lord Parciment remained to consolidate his plans—it remains to be seen how long—how far—how bravely—the better impulses of a warped, but not yet polluted nature, originally bright, pure, and noble, would struggle in the breast of the earl's daughter.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—THE METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

This body met as usual, in the Finsbury Literary Institution, on Sunday, March 21st, 1852. Nineteen delegates present. Mr Farrah in the chair. Messrs. Snuggs and Heather took their seats for the Bermondsey locality, which has been reconstituted. After the minutes were confirmed, Ernest Jones reported as Secretary to the O'Connor Committee, and read letters from Mr. Lushington (declining to act), and from Mr. Sharman Crawford—whose hearty co-operation was assured, could the Trusteeship be so managed, that his residence in town would be unnecessary.—Mr. Crawford had been applied to by parties forming a similar committee, but had declined to enter into any engagements with them. Mr. Jones then suggested, that an acting trustee, resident in London, should be nominated, whose duty it should be to see the moneys duly paid into the bank, and produce the vouchers for the same at each weekly meeting of the committee, for the satisfaction of the latter and of his co-trustees. The report was received, and on Mr. Jones's motion seconded by Mr. Knowles, Mr. W. Newton o the iron-trades was nominated resident Trustee.

Ernest Jones then moved, and Charles Furneaux seconded:

"That, with a view of deriving a practical result from the meetings about to be held in London, and for the purpose of consolidating the movement in the metropolis,

1st.—"The Secretary of the Metropolitan Delegate Council, or one or more of the delegates in his place, attend every Chartist meeting held in the metropolis, for the purpose of enrolling members, and that due announcement thereof be made at the beginning and close of each meeting."

2nd.—"That one or more members of the committee appointed for the formation of new localities also attend in furtherance of the object for which they were appointed."

3rd.—"That the chairman at each such meeting, announce, at the beginning of the meeting and again at its close, that such committee is in attendance, and invite those who are willing to assist in forming new localities in their respective districts, to notify the same to the committee-members present, that

they may receive the requisite information and assistance."

4th.—"That, with a view to carrying out the above plan, the Council issue cards of membership of the N.C.A. for the metropolis, worded as follows:

THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER.

Universal male adult suffrage. Vote by ballot. No property qualification for members of Parliament. Payment of members of Parliament. Equal Electoral Districts. Annual Parliaments.

CARD OF MEMBERSHIP

FOR ONE YEAR,

OF THE

NATIONAL CHARTER ASSOCIATION.

——— LOCALITY.

Place of meeting,
Time of meeting,

This is to certify that
was duly enrolled a member of the N.C.A. for the above locality, this day of 1852.

Metropolitan Secretary.

Card of membership, 2d.
Weekly levy, payable to the local Secretary, 1d.

On the back of the card the following recommendation to be printed:

"You are requested to assist in forming new localities of the N.C.A. in your neighbourhood, and in disseminating democratic tracts. Any information or assistance you may require in so doing will be rendered you, by the Metropolitan Delegate Council, which meets every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, at the Literary Institution, Leicester Place, Ray Street, Clerkenwell.

Mr. Farrah moved, and Mr. Knowles seconded an amendment negativing the proposition.

A very animated discussion ensued—it being urged that this was usurping the functions of the Executive, and that if cards were needed, each locality could issue them for their use.

On the other hand it was replied that the Executive had refused to issue cards, when applied to—that the movement was being allowed to languish in London, for the want of means of enrolment of members—that the remaining members of the Executive had shown themselves hostile to everything that could tend to rouse or re-organise Chartism; and that, because they would do nothing, was no reason why those who had the cause at heart should not do something.

The mover moreover drew attention to the fact, that the cards were to be signed by the secretary of the Delegate Council, as *Metropolitan* Secretary—that the members were to be enrolled as members of the *National* Association—thus obviating the possibility of any usurpation whatever. The object of the Executive, and of many others, was *to let Chartism die out.* Many had not the courage openly to denounce it as the Executive had done—as long as it *did* exist, many, for very shame, would not go over to the enemy—but they would do nothing to save it—they would be glad to see it die, for then they would be relieved of their scruple of honor, and be free to play the traitor with impunity.

The motion was carried by a majority of 12 to 6.

Mr. Jones then moved a motion to the effect that the Committee have immediate orders to carry out the intentions of the above. Mr. Farrah moved, Mr. Washington seconded, an amendment, "That no further steps be taken till the delegates had conferred with their localities." After some discussion, Mr. Jones withdrew his motion on the understanding that the delegates would take the opinion of their localities, and that the motion should stand first on the list for the next meeting. The amendment was also withdrawn.

The secretary produced the balance-sheet for the first quarter, duly signed and audited.

Up to Sunday, March 21st, the income had been £4 5s. 1d., and the expenditure £4 3s. 2½d., leaving in the treasurer's hands 1s. 10½d. Other moneys had come in that day, which would be accounted for in the next quarter's balance-sheet, as would the accounts of the last public meeting. The reception of the balance-sheet was carried unanimously.

JOHN WASHINGTON, Sec.

II.—HALIFAX.

March 23, 1852.

The Committee for the "People's Paper," met on Monday the 22nd, at Nicholls' Temperance Hotel, when the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

1st, "That the following persons take out books to receive subscriptions for the 'People's Paper;' Benjamin Wilson, Joseph Cockroft, William Cockroft, Reuben Gough, Joseph Binns, Peter Taylor, Isaac Clissett, James Hartley."

2nd, "That when the treasurer shall have received the amount of £5, he shall deposit it in the Savings' Bank."

3rd, "That a list of the names who have taken up the additional loans, be sent to the

'Notes' for insertion, Thomas Wemersley, 10s., William Flinn, 5s., Uriah Hinchcliffe, 10s., George Burrows, 10s., Edward Crossland, 10s., Thomas Smith, 5s., Reuben Greenwood, 5s., John Hanson, 10s., John Stocks, 5s., Isaac Abbott, 10s., Dennis Howarth, 5s., Joseph Longbottom, 5s."

The committee meet at Nicholls' Temperance Hotel every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, to receive loans and donations.

JOSEPH BINNS, Assistant-Sec.

III.—MERTHYR TYDVIL.

March 22, 1852.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Chartists of Merthyr, held March 22, at the "Carpenters' Arms," the following resolution was unanimously passed.

"That we highly approve of the resolution of the Manchester Council in calling a Convention as soon as possible, to meet in Manchester. We very sincerely regret that we are at present unable to send a delegate to the Convention, but will support it by every means in our power."

JOHN OWEN, Sec.

IV.—LLANIDLOES.

The Chartists of Llanidloes have forwarded a resolution to the Manchester Council, in favor of the Convention to be held in that town, at the earliest opportunity.

JOHN LEWIS.

V.—EDINBURGH.

A correspondent from Edinburgh writes: "we are of opinion that a Convention would be of the utmost importance, as we think it might be the means of getting those who stand in the road of progress set aside."

VI.—TORQUAY.

This locality have resolved, conjointly with Bridgewater and Exeter, on sending a delegate to the Convention about to be holden at Manchester.

VII.—POTTERIES.

Six pounds have been received on account of the projected raffle for Mr. O'Connor, which, after deducting for printing, &c., leaves a balance of £5 5s., which will be remitted very shortly, and other arrangements will be made for continuing a subscription in his behalf.

JAMES CAPEWELL.

VIII.—ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

48, Old Street, March 22, 1852.

The plan respecting the "People's Paper," at two-pence, was laid before the council, who much approved of it, because any newspaper which represents Chartism, must be a cheap one to be useful, or it will fail to obtain the requisite support for its success. The Council beg to inform you, however, that they find it impossible to raise the required amount, namely £1. We are at present struggling to free ourselves from local debt, which bears us down. We have likewise a subscription on for Mr. O'Connor. Several of our members have promised to contribute as soon as they have recovered a little. We likewise promise to form an active committee to obtain a circulation for the same if the paper is started. I remain, yours in the cause.

JOHN TAYLOR, Sec.

IX.—FINSBURY.

Sunday, March 22, 1852.

Mr. French in the chair. Messrs. Butler and Weedon reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council. Mr. Livesay moved, "That this locality highly approve of the issue of cards of membership as proposed by the Delegate Council," seconded by Mr. Down.

Mr. Weedon moved, "This locality seeing the propriety of the Metropolitan Delegate Council electing a really useful secretary, they recommend to their notice Mr. T. M. Wheeler, as that gentleman has been connected with the movement many years." Seconded by Mr. Grant.

The following persons were elected officers for the next quarter: Secretary, E. J. Loomes; Treasurer, Mr. Weedon; Council, Messrs. Livesay, Grant, Down, Butler, Jones, and Fennel, together with the treasurer and secretary.

E. J. LOOMES, Sec.

X.—GORGIE MILLS.

March 22, 1852.

At a meeting of land-members and Chartists

held here, Mr. Peter M'Neil in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

"That this meeting sympathise with the unfortunate position of our much esteemed patriotic friend, Mr. O'Connor, and being satisfied with the plan set forth in the address to the country by the select committee, to raise pecuniary means to alleviate the condition of that gentleman, that an immediate subscription be got up to assist them in carrying out the desirable object."

"That, having no confidence in the present Executive for efficiently conducting the Chartist movement, we deem it imperatively necessary that a Chartist Convention should be summoned at as early a day as possible, in London, to reorganise the Chartist movement, to support which we pledge ourselves to use all the means at our disposal.

WILLIAM MECHAN, Sec.

XI.—NORTH LONDON.

The usual weekly meeting was held, March 17th, but in consequence of few persons being in attendance the discussion was postponed till the 24th, and an adjournment then took place till Friday 19th.

At the adjourned meeting the minutes were confirmed, the delegate then reported from the Delegate Council, and stated that 2s. had been sent from this locality for the aggregate meeting. Mr. Charlton, who had subscribed 6d. of that sum, expressed his regret that the lowness of the funds prevented a greater amount being voted. Messrs. Ernest Jones and Athol Wood, were then elected to represent this locality upon the Metropolitan Delegate Council for the ensuing three months. Mr. Tuckley was called to the chair.

Mr. J. Parker moved, Mr. Thomas Chandler seconded, the following resolution: "That we concur with the address of the Manchester Council, and that, although unable to send a delegate thereto we will aid as far as possible in furthering the objects of the forthcoming Convention. Mr. Athol Wood proposed, Mr. F. Charlton seconded: "That the North London Chartists utterly repudiate the physical force language used by Mr. Thornton Hunt at the Druids' Hall, believing it to be another trick of the Financialists to bring discredit upon Chartism by inducing the meeting to commit themselves to his words, and thereby give the government, and our opponents, an opportunity for raising the cry of anarchists against us on the strength of such a speech coming from one of the Executive; notwithstanding that that gentleman has *not* been elected as such. We likewise admire the conduct of the meeting in refusing to listen to such language."

Mr. Charlton then moved, Mr. Chandler seconded: "That we approve of the policy adopted by our delegate, Ernest Jones, in proposing, and Mr. Athol Wood, in supporting a motion to the effect that cards of the movement for the metropolis be issued by the Metropolitan Delegate Council, as the Executive have expressed their determination not to do so until the debt is paid, which is evidently a specious scheme of the Financials thereon to prevent the organization of Chartism. Moreover, that as Messrs. Bezer and Shaw have virtually resigned, we think the most consistent course for Mr. Grassby, would be to follow their example, as such an honest uncompromising democrat as we *know* him to be, ought not to sit upon a Council with men whom the majority of the Chartist body have expressed their want of confidence in, and to whom we henceforth deny our right to give any further allegiance. 1s. was next voted for the Delegate Council, and Messrs. Tuckley and Harman requested to audit the balance-sheet of [the Islington locality, now incorporated with that of North London.

The Secretary having been requested to propose an address for North London, expressed his willingness to do so.

A balance-sheet of the Islington locality from May 14th, to February 25th, was next produced, audited and signed by the auditors, wherein the sums received from members were shown to be £1 7s. 0d., and the expenditure £1 6s. 2d., of which sum 12s. 3d. had been paid to the Executive, 3s. 6d. to the Delegate Council—printing 7s. and the remainder to local expenses.

Mr. Harman proposed, Mr. Athol Wood seconded: "That the Metropolitan Delegate Council be earnestly entreated to exhort the Manchester Council to their work by issuing the necessary directions for such purpose, "seeing that delay will be tantamount to signing the death-warrant of Chartism."

The whole of the above resolutions were carried unanimously.

ATHOL WOOD, *Sec.*

XII.—PUBLIC DINNER AND SOIREE.

A numerously attended dinner and *soiree* was held on Tuesday, March 23rd, at the Literary Institution, Leicester Place, Finsbury. Ernest Jones presided. The entertainment was given in honor of this successful and

excellent Institution. The Hall, which has been recently re-decorated, was enlivened by a number of splendid banners. A band played during dinner, and during the evening. A number of appropriate toasts were given, and responded to by James Fialen, Bronterre O'Brien, T. M. Wheeler, and I. Bezer.

This Institution shows what may be achieved by those *who will*. It is in a most flourishing condition, has a reading-room well supplied with papers and periodicals, it is forming a library, and is well attended—proving that the people need only to have a wholesome counter-attraction, speedily to leave the pot-house and its degrading associations.

May such places prosper, and may they multiply.

XIII.—THE LATE "NORTHERN STAR."

The "Northern Star" has been changed to the "Star." The reason assigned in its leading article is: "The 'Northern Star' has been *identified with a class*, and confined to a class." To further their "principles," the new proprietors say "we alter the title, so that that which has hitherto been only a *class-newspaper* may be accepted by all parties."

The "Northern Star," has been identified with a class—the working-class. It shall be "identified" no longer. It *has been* the organ of Chartism. It shall be a *class-newspaper* no longer. Here is an official "repeal of the union." Surely—those will "spread the principle," who tremble to avow it, and fear to "identify" themselves with those who own it.

XIV.—THE GREAT WINDMILL STREET COMMITTEE.

The funds proposed to be raised by this committee, are to be placed in the bank IN THE JOINT NAMES OF Messrs. MACGOWAN, FLEMING and JOHN SHAW.

The Great Windmill Street Committee consists of Messrs. MacGowan, Fleming, Danford, Mathias, Milne, Shaw, Dicks, and John Arnott. Mr. Bezer says, his name was inserted without his previous sanction.

The funds proposed to be raised by the Metropolitan Delegate Council, in conjunction with local committees throughout the united kingdom, are to be invested in the bank, under the trusteeship of Sharman Crawford, M.P., Thomas Wakley, M.P., Patrick O'Higgins, and

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Living Poets of America.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SCIENCE.

"Science, true daughter of Old Time thou art:
Who alterest all things with the piercing eyes,
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise
Who would'st not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood,
To seek a shelter in some happier state?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?"

Democratic Songs

TO POPULAR AIRS.

III.—THE SONG OF THE POOR.

(*Air*: "*A Life on the Ocean Wave!*")

A vote in the Laws they make!
A home in the land I till!
Where the hearts of the many break,
The cup of the few to fill.
By the right of their laws I pine:
But what are their laws to me?
For I live by right divine,
And that's the right to be free.
A home in my native isle!
A share in the wealth I heap!
Where the rich in their revels smile,
And the poor in their anger weep.
We weep, we weep, we weep, in want and thrall!
They laugh, they laugh, they laugh, in tower and hall!

The strength that in numbers lies,
Each hour is making known!
Pioneers of the truth! arise!
And you shall not be left alone!
We'll scatter their knavish rule
Like a prisoned storm set free,
Till tyrant, and tyrant's tool,
Have vanished from sea to sea!
A home in my native isle!
A share in the wealth I heap!
Where the rich in their revels smile,
And the poor in their anger weep!
We know, we know, we know, the time has come!
They fear—they fear—they fear—approaching doom!

At the word of the cruel few,
The clouds of the battle frown.
But, long as the many are true,
We'll say let the storm come down!
And on as the masses sweep,
Our cry shall meet them still:
"A share in the wealth we heap!
A home in the land we till!"
A home in my native isle,
A share in the wealth I heap,
Then the rich, if they like, may smile,
But the poor shall cease to weep.
Awake! awake! awake! each slumbering slave!
Unite! unite! unite! ye ready brave.

Letter to the Chartists.

Brother Chartists,—The principles and party of Chartism have been making way steadily for many years, under adverse and under favorable circumstances alike; in storm and calm, under apparent defeat and apathy, and in times of popular excitement and of danger.

Convention after Convention has met—and each has chronicled one step of progress for the cause. At times some, shortsightedly, have been at a loss to conceive what good a Convention could effect—"because," say they, "there is no excitement to work upon, only a few localities that still are living," and therefore "the Convention must be powerless for good."

It is just then that the wily foe takes the field, and tries to destroy the movement, by preventing it from re-uniting its broken links—and by taking away its heart and courage, through saying: "Chartism is dead—it is a mere old drybones,—it is of no use to attempt to regenerate it—let the dead bury their dead—we must have something new."

It is just then that a Convention becomes the salvation of the movement, for it keeps the few localities, which still hold together, being split asunder by such trickery, and saves the nucleus of a great movement from being destroyed in detail for want of a closer union and a mutual encouragement. If the greatest enemy devised a means for paralysing a movement, the very step he would take would be the using language, and giving advice such as I have quoted. Destroy a movement's confidence in itself — and its

chance is over. Such language is the language of an enemy, secret or open, no matter from whose tongue it comes — or however honest the speaker may be.

But, while these dispiriting *assertions* fall from the lips of some, who once spoke in very different strain, we appeal to *facts* to prove that Chartism is steadily gaining strength with encouraging rapidity. Look through the reports in these "Notes," and ask the metropolis whether Chartism is dead or not. A little while ago those sidling friends who come on us with genteel new faces, wanted us to drop the *name*, and give up the organisation. Now they are constrained to admit that, for the first time, the Charter is being welcomed, under its own right name too, in Ireland,—one of the greatest victories its truth has yet achieved.

We are told "the Chartist movement must be dead—because members of parliament don't talk of it in the House of Commons." A precious reason, forsooth. If these gentlemen, become genteel suddenly, would look a little less at M.P.'s, and literary flunkeyism, and mix a little more among the meetings of the people, they would understand that the silence of oligarchy is no proof of the death of democracy. If it was dead they'd abuse it; it is strong and living, and they try, but vainly, to hush it up. But, if the writer thinks it ominous that M.P.'s don't talk of Chartism in St. Stephen's, what does he say to M.P.'s talking of it in St. Martin's Hall, and professing themselves Chartists, too, and being beaten by the Chartists notwithstanding, who refused to be humbugged by their broad-cloth rhetoric?

Good heavens! at such a time it would be the duty of a real friend to *encourage*, to stimulate to renewed exertion—not to tell us, we are powerless, dying, dead, dry bones, that are useless and worn-out.

Chartists! I have never shunned speaking the truth, I joined the movement at a time when it was at its very lowest ebb, I have weathered some storms in it, and I have remained true to my colors—I mention this to show that I must have some little experience in the movement, and I tell you, at the risk of being accused of "vaunting, raving, threatening, and assuming ridiculous airs of dictatorship," that never were the elements of its regeneration more plentiful, never was a more favoring conjunction of circumstances at hand, than is, with every moral certainty, approaching now—and all that is needed, is for "the few localities which still hold together," to hold together more closely than ever, until the remainder have recovered their senses, faith, and energy, and until the shams, turncoats, and new "respectables" have been exposed.

I feel it my duty to offer you, brother Chartists, while on this point, a few observations for your consideration. A pertinacious attempt is being made (and in some quarters where I really would not have expected it!) to prevent the re-construction of the Chartist movement, and to raise instead some shoyhoy nondescript omnium gatherum "democratic" thing.

A little time ago I unveiled the intention of certain parties, to call an OPEN Chartist conference, and swamp it with financial reformers, and thus hand over the Chartist movement *in the name, and with the seeming sanction* of the Chartists, to the enemies of the Charter.

I exposed the trick. Before I did so, the "Executive" were beginning to talk of the speedy assembly of a Convention. The trick exposed, its chance of success was gone, and now there is, accordingly, no more talk of a Convention in that quarter.

But, all of a sudden, another scheme is put forth, very grand and plausible in appearance, but, however well-meaning its proposer may be, it is a scheme which, if carried out, would be equally fatal to the Chartist movement; namely, that in democratic constituencies, democratic candidates should be put forward at the next general election, elected by show of hands, and that these should then constitute the delegates to the proposed Convention.*

I warn the Chartist body against any such proceeding. Who would be the "democratic candidates?" *You'd have a swarm of Financial Reformers all come spouting Chartism by the ell, all elected by show of hands, and* INVETERATE ENEMIES OF CHARTISM, *going to legislate over the life or death of the Chartist body in a pretended Chartist Convention.*

Chartists! Do you see through that? I don't care how honest or dishonest the writer of a thing may be—I merely look to the working of the plan he proposes—I ask you to look to it also,—and to scout it as it deserves.

That a Convention is needed, those who have been averse to it, now see. Bezer and Shaw, who opposed it, now at last see the necessity for it—all who wish for the regeneration of Chartism admit it—and but three localities in Great Britain, have spoken against it, and that but conditionally. That Convention should not be made dependent on a

* This is intermixed with half a column about a "magnificent act," of the people electing their candidates by universal suffrage, polling their own votes, and going to claim their seats to the House of Commons, where the writer tells us, they would be sent to Newgate at the point of the bayonet. The writer concludes by telling us this "magnificent act" is impossible.—E. J.

general election—but the doings at the general election should be organized first at a Convention. First lay down your plan—form your arrangements—and then, what a glorious arena the excitement of the election affords for developing your organization! It brings the masses together, and makes them attentive to and interested in, political matters. If you have arranged your plan of action beforehand you can make that election tell to your advantage. If you go unprepared into the turmoil, if you begin a mere desultory action, you will only waste your time and lose your trouble. And how can you lay down a preconcerted plan of action, well reflected, reasoned and matured, unless you have first deliberated over it, and adopted it in a Convention? And how can you get the Chartist body uniformly to adopt it, in a time, too, when opinions are so divided, and such treachery and vacillation exist in the movement, unless it emanates from some paramount authority, like that of a Convention?

To hold a Convention then, without loss of time, is the first, best, nearest duty of the Chartist body.

One word more. I have ventured to warn you (a warning I am convinced the good sense of the majority would render unnecessary), against raising any cry, such as that for "volunteer corps," and "universal military training." And when Mr. Thornton Hunt at the meeting in the Druids' Hall, advised "the working-classes to take their rights by physical force, by fighting for them"—(these were his very words),—I repudiated the sentiment. And why? Because it is language such as this which would just give the oligarchical government the handle they require, and damage the Chartist movement in the public eye.

I am but an humble individual, but I, for one, as far as in me lies, won't let the "movement be misrepresented by mouthing, rant, inflation and exaggeration," (which is most inapplicably applied by the writer). I for one won't let physical force language, and talk of war and battle, damage our cause. Why, it is this very talk, in a time of apathy and quiet, which would do more than anything to prevent the very demonstrations it pretends to advocate. There is a time for all things—and without at present giving a further opinion on the subject than this, that in some cases a people is foolish and criminal if it does not resort to arms, and that in others it is foolish, to say the least of it, if it does—and that it is both foolish and criminal if it *talks* of them without being prepared to use them—without I say, further entering into those questions, *which ought never to be discussed*, I will say this, that every true Chartist is bound to prevent the movement and himself from being injured, by adding points about "arming and training," to the Charter, or sanctioning military language by most unmilitary gentlemen in their public meetings.

I have never shrunk from any principles I once avowed, or from any act I have ever done in my political career. No man can trace during the seven years I have been in the movement, varying or swerving of one hairs-breadth in my conduct, words or writings—and I do say that the paragraph applied to me, (for TO ME it is applied, *not that the cap fits*, but that the hand holding it is revealed), is as uncalled-for as it is untrue. "Of all exhibitions of CANT and IMPOSTURE, the denunciation of physical force, *by some men* [the Italics are the writer's], is the choicest, rather let me say the saddest sight under the sun." I beg to add, I neither denounce physical force nor recommend it—(although I did not fear to *practise* it in prison, when their satellites insulted me, but I *did* and *do*, and *shall* denounce *the talk of it*. And let me also add that the words come badly from "some men," who skulked out at a back door in 1848, when the Convention was closed, when the danger had began, and when the Assembly was to face the storm.

I have watched with mingled sorrow and surprise, the course pursued during the last few months by the writer of the article above quoted, an article to which I have been compelled thus to allude in self-defence—I have not mentioned the name of the writer, from the hope that these remarks may tend to recall him to that policy from which he has of late so widely swerved. But I beg to assure him, in all sincerity, that no feeling of private regard shall prevent me from exposing all waverers, or from warning my brother Chartists against all propositions which I consider ruinous to the best interests of democracy, from whatever quarter they may come, or whatever motives may dictate them.

ERNEST JONES.

Current Notes.

I.—THE IRON-TRADES.

Day by day this unfortunate union is drawing nearer to its ruin, owing to the reckless obstinacy and short-sightedness of its leaders—and the prejudice of the men that would not grant a partial and patient hearing to those who were prepared in a friendly spirit to submit to them the arguments in favor of a different line of policy.

By the last return, signed by the very Sidney Smith who, we were told, had been dismissed from Bucklersbury as a peace-offering of the intimidated masters, we are informed that up to the 22nd ult., 10,217 men had signed the masters' declaration and gone to work. The last previous return was 9,034,—so that the increase since the 15th ult., was 1,183.

Mr. Newton tries to reason away the figures, or to diminish their importance—but the *fact* is proven by the open shops and unabated confidence of the employers.

And supposing that some,—ay! supposing that many of the men, comprised in the above numbers, are not society-men, *so much the worse for the Society*—for it proves that the masters can find men sufficiently skilled, independent of the society,—and that the working monopoly of the "society" is at an end.

The monopolies of these "societies," and "unions," with their dictatorial trade-regulations towards their poorer fellow-workmen, have been some of the most oppressive, unjust, and tyrannical on record. They have estranged the feelings of the many, who were unable, or not permitted, to enter their privileged and aristocratic circle; they have been the fruitful seminary of that worst of all aristocracies, the aristocracy of labor, they were hated by those beyond their pale—and it is owing to this, as well as to the fearful labor-surplus, that the master-class find plenty of men eager and willing to supersede those haughty "brothers," who looked down on them so imperiously, as pariahs beneath a privileged caste. These are hard words—*but they are true.* And why do we urge them now? Are not the iron-trades falling fast enough, without our helping them? We regret their fall, we deplore the fallacies of their leaders, we deplore the fact that so many should have succumbed—but, we say, bitter as is the experience, good will, we trust, accrue out of the evil. It will teach other trades in future, how foolish and how vain are all unionistic attempts—how useless are co-operative efforts—under the present governmental system of our nation. It will drive home the wedge we inserted long ago, driven farther in by Mr. Duncombe, whose resignation was just in time to save him from the political disrepute of being at the head of a falling cause. We should have preferred Mr. Duncombe's having obtained this late wisdom, before his association was at the point of expiring.

We urge this subject now, because we are desirous of bringing the lesson home to the heart of every working-man. It is not always that people glean wisdom from experience. They too often shut their eyes to the lesson. They too often fall again into the same mistake. We wish to prevent this; because we see a grand movement and a great future before the working-classes of this country—and because we desire to see their prospects NOT marred.

We therefore say at this, the critical time:

All trades'-unions are lamentable fallacies, whether they embrace 1000 men, or 1,000,000.

All co-operative efforts are waste, misdirection of time, means, and energy, under our present governmental system. Even when they flourish locally, it is only for a time, and to supplant old evils by new ones.

We therefore say: look at the iron-trades—one of the richest, greatest, strongest, and best organised. There they lie—prostrate. Their aristocracy is broken—their power is gone—their strength is ruined—their monopoly being ended, labor-surplus created in their trade,—there is an end of their high wages! Shilling by shilling they will be brought down.

And all because they adopted the wrong means to the end. All because they refused to listen to their friends—and let themselves be led away by clap-trap, prejudice, and thoughtless or interested leaders.

Take warning, working-men! The great movement of the age is about to go on afresh. Let yourselves not be led astray from it once more. The Gospel shall be preached. May the congregation gather—listen—and then follow.

II.—HOUSE-RENTS.

While the profits and extortions of coal-kings, factory-lords and acre-lords—are much and justly dwelt on, those of house-proprietors and sub-proprietors are greatly overlooked—yet they are among the most extortionate.

The sums paid by the poor for rent, would, well-applied, under government support, go far towards surrounding them with comfort. We direct attention to the following facts.

In the parishes of St. John and St. Margaret, Westminster, 5,366 families of the working-classes are resident in 5,294 "dwellings." (See the Journal of the Statistical Society.) 26,830 individuals—man, woman, and child, huddled together, without regard to sex or age. These families pay an annual rent of £40,000.

In St. George's, Hanover Square, the stronghold of the aristocracy, the same authority tells us, that 1,465 families of the working-classes reside, numbering above 6,000 persons —and that more than two-thirds of the number have only one room for each family.

Near Drury Lane, Charles, King, and Parker Streets, are distinguished for their dirty unhealthy dilapidation. The rents here are comparatively enormous. Two cellars, 3s., a parlor, 4s., a first-floor over, 4s. 6d., a second pair, 4s., a garret, 3s., per week. So that the inhabitants of Charles Street alone pay £2,000 per annum in rent!

In a part of Bethnal Green, 2,795 families, occupy 1,400 "dwellings." They comprise a population of 12,000 souls—and the houses cover an area of only 400 yards square!

The aggregate of ground-rent and house-rent from this small spot is enormous.

Is it not time that something were done to break through this reckless extortion from the poor, for permission to enjoy the right of shelter from the inclemencies of wind and weather?

III.—THE "TIMES" ON CLASS-GOVERNMENT.

"The propositions of Mr. Slaney have met with little favor from that class of politicians who would define the art of government to be, the enabling a class to live at the expense of its neighbours, doing as little as possible for itself."—*Times*, *Leader*, March 29.

Just so. The "Times" applies this, on behalf of the Anti-Corn-Law League, to the Protectionists.

It applies to them, and to the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers too—and to all who live at the expense of the working-classes, doing as little as possible for themselves.

Continental Notes.

1.—OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER.

We repeat: Louis Napoleon came to power because the open war carried on during the last four years between the different classes of French society have worn them out, had shattered their respective fighting armies, and because under such circumstances, for a time at least, the struggle of these classes can only be carried on in a peaceful and legal way, by competition, by trades' organizations, and by all the different means of pacific struggle by which the opposition of class against class has now been carried on in England for above a century. Under these circumstances it is in a manner of speaking in the interest of all contending classes that a so-called *strong government* should exist which might repress and keep down all those minor, local and scattered outbreaks of open hostility, which without leading to any result, trouble the development of the struggle in its new shape by retarding the recovery of strength for a new pitched battle. This circumstance may in some way explain the undeniable general acquiescence of the French in the present government. How long it may be ere both the working and the capitalist-classes may have regained strength and self-reliance enough to come out and openly claim, each for themselves, the dictatorship of France, of course nobody can tell; but at the rate events are going now-a-days, either of these classes will most likely be brought into the field unexpectedly, and thus the fight of class against class in the streets may be renewed long before, from the relative or absolute strength of the parties, such an occurrence might seem probable. For, if the French revolutionary, that is the working-class party, have to wait till it is again in the same conditions of strength as in February 1848, it might resign itself to submissive passivness of some ten years, which it certainly will not do; and at the same time, a government like that of Louis Napoleon is placed in the necessity, as we shall see by-and by, to entangle itself and France into such difficulties as ultimately must be solved by a great revolutionary blow. We will not speak of the chances of war, nor of other occurrences which may, or may not come to pass; we will only mention one event which is as sure to come as the sun is sure to rise to-morrow morning, and that is a general commercial and industrial revulsion. The bad trade and bad harvests of 1846 and 1847, made the revolu-

tion of 1848; and there are ten chances to one, that in 1853 trade, all over the world, will be far deeper uprooted and far more lastingly upset than ever it was before. And who is there who thinks the ship Louis Napoleon sails in, sea-worthy enough to stand the gales that then must of necessity spring up?

But let us look at the position in which the bastard-eagle found himself on the evening of his victory. He had for supporters the army, the clergy, and the peasantry. He had been opposed in his attempt by the middle-class (comprising the large landed proprietors), and the Socialists or revolutionary working-men. Once at the head of the government, he had not only to retain those parties that brought him there, but also to gain over, or at least to conciliate to the new state of things, as many as possible of those that had opposed him hitherto. As to the army, the clergy, the government officials and the members of that conspiracy of place-hunters by which he had long since surrounded himself, direct bribes, ready money, open plunder of the public resources, was the only thing required; and we have seen how quick Louis Napoleon has been at coming down with the cash, or at finding out berths for his friends which gave them glorious opportunities for enriching themselves at once. Look at DeMorny, who went into office a beggar, crushed by a load of debts, and who, four weeks afterwards, walked out again with debts paid and what even in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square would be called a handsome independence besides! But to deal with the peasantry, with the large landed proprietors, with the funds, monied, manufacturing, shipping, trading and shop-keeping interests, and lastly with that most formidable question of the century, the labor-question—that was quite another thing. For all the silencing measures of the government notwithstanding, the interests of these different classes remained as opposed as ever, although there was no longer a press, a parliament, a meeting-platform to proclaim this unpleasant fact; and thus, whatever the government might try to do for one class, was sure to hurt the interest of another. Whatever Louis Napoleon might attempt, he was to be met everywhere by the question, "who pays the piper?"—a question which has upset more governments than all other questions, Militia questions, Reform questions, &c., together. And although Louis Napoleon has already made his predecessor Louis Philippe contribute a good share to pay the piper, yet the piper requires a good deal more.

We shall begin, in our next, to trace the position of the different classes of society in France, and to inquire how far there were any means at the disposal of the present government to improve that position. We shall at the same time review what that government has attempted and will most likely attempt later on for this purpose, and thus we shall collect materials from which to draw a correct conclusion as to the position and future chances of the man who is now doing his best to bring into disrepute the name of Napoleon.

II.—FREILIGRATH'S NEW POEM.

The poem, of which the following is a translation, is addressed by the great exiled poet of Germany, to M. Weydemeyer, the editor of "The Revolution," a New York newspaper.

The allusions will be patent, even to the English reader.

As English democracy, so German democracy, is pestered with a set of literary, middle-class, shuffling politicians, phrase-democrats, who destroy the movement on which they live.

Some of these men are now "cadging" in America, in the name of "The German Republic," and getting large sums of money—under pretence of buying arms for the "German Revolution." They have raised as much as 37,000 dollars! The reader may guess the rest. Poor Jonathan wont have helped "the *German Revolution*." Such men disgrace the cause of freedom by degrading her, in appearance, to a sort of begging impostor. Nobly has the great democratic poet denounced the humbug. These men do not scruple to beg of the negro slaves, and then in other places uphold negro-slavery.

It is interesting and encouraging to find how, everywhere, the false gods are being exposed, and falling. The Kossuth mania is at an end, and brother Jonathan is rapidly beginning to see through the whole scheme.

And at last, even Louis Blanc and his colleagues, have been obliged, in their recent manifestoes and proclamations, openly to denounce and attack the middle-class politician, Mazzini.

1.

You say, the muse must spur for rapid flights,
Her Pegasus—nor longer tarry idling,
Till, at your door the winged steed alights,
The truant, as I own, has long stood sidling.
Alas! "Dear friend and editor!" as writes
Ruge to *Heinz*, for saddling and for bridling!
Altho' unconquered yet the way-worn horse is,
Sad times these latter are for gallant courses.

2.

Plainly to speak—the deeds have reached your ears,
When nightmare-Bonaparte on Paris pressed,

The worthy now counts emperors his peers;
And the messiah of the waiting west,
The crimson May, his mercenary spears
Have murdered in its mother's panting breast.
Expect no song from me at such a time—
Deeds, and not words, avenge unpunished crime.

3.

At least, no song of bold prophetic strain,
Such as I raised, foreboding forty-eight,
Ay! e'en in forty-six—ere once again
Red-handed war plucked down despotic state.
Nor such as I commenced with warning vain,
When conquering peoples stood with joy elate,
Timing their march to epic cold and stern,
Foretelling the reaction's sure return.

4.

Albeit, as then, so now, before my eyes,
When seated silent in my study late,
Full many visions of the future rise
As the dull smoke mounts circling from the grate,
The household sprite peers thro' with curious eyes,
And whispers fitful words of coming fate.
But think not that on these my lines shall halt,
In times so strange e'en bards may be at fault.

5.

And, I confess it, therein I am vain,
I should not like to prophecy awrong,
Or strip the prophet's laurel-crown of pain
From off my brows, by erring in my song.
I'm not like those, who cross the western main,
With sword, and begging-box, and parley long,
E'en at the negroes' huts their cents to win,
And say, "tomorrow, brothers, we begin.

6.

"We will—we can—ay! February's dawn,
(Why wait till May?) may see our host appear,
Once more renewing that immortal morn,
Of France, in this commemorative year.
But——the war's sinews are as yet unborn.
Yes, citizens, friends, brothers, one thing's clear:
Dollars alone the revolution make!
How many German notes d'ye please to take?

7.

"Well guaranteed—tho' by no public powers
Our nation gave us right these loans to raise, sir,
But the good soul must needs, in coming hours,
Accede to all we do, without delays, sir!
For our's will be the revolution—our's!
Made for our special benefit and praise, sir!
Because, you know, as nobody denies,
We led the last so boldly, and so wise!

8.

"Each post, and place, and pension is allotted,
Fraternally, among us. Take our word!
Nought lacks, except for you to ope you r pocket,
The man who gives his dollar, draws his sword,
It's just as good as if a legion stirred,
It makes us feel like warriors when we've got it,
The giver too becomes a saint and hero,
And even his old sins shall sink to zero."

9.

Oh! Tetzel, Tetzel*! think not to upset
The foes of freedom with your paper flags.
No throne by begging has been shattered yet,
No revolution dressed in money-bags.
Proud freedom scorns the mean rapacious set
Who'd clothe her in the leman's venal rags,
From door to door you'd make her walk and wait,
Still in her hand the accustomed begging plate!

10.

Such is the goddess not, whom we adore:
She lies, bound victim! in the blood-stained dust;
She writhes upon the galley's rotting floor;
She gnaws, from cankering chains, corroding rust;
Upon her limbs she bears the galling sore;
Upon her breast the gash, and stab and thrust;
And she can tell you—calmly too, believe!
How burns thy sun, Cayenne and Nukahive†!

11.

She roams an exile—wrathful, mute, and lorn;
Nor praise she panders to, nor censure fears;
And from her brow she takes not thorn by thorn,
To coin them into dollars, cents and cheers.
Her griefs are not a streamlet, meadow-born,
By which she stands Narcissus-like and peers,
Her toilet varying, as the case requires,
To suit peers, peasants, shopkeepers or squires.

12.

You never hear her, with melodious whine,
Wail over the "republic's" mossy urn;
But quietly she waits the fated time,
Then lion-like she rises, dread and stern,
And dashing through the tyrant's chartered crime,
That, which he took from her, retakes in turn,
And on she speeds, with wounded, bleeding feet,
Nor strong through flattery, nor for dollars fleet.

* The famous trafficker in indulgences, in the time of Luther. Indulgences were little bits of paper which the pope's emissary sold for the remission of sins. St. Peter's was built out of the proceeds.

† The two principal penal settlements to which the French democracy has been transported by the Assembly, and by Louis Napoleon

Lessons from History.

IV.—THE GLADIATORS OF ROME.

(*Continued from No. 50, p. 960.*)

In the city of Capua, in southern Italy, celebrated for its riches, magnificence, and luxury, second only to Rome itself, a city that had enervated the warlike legions of Hannibal, and conquered those by pleasure whom the capital could not conquer by arms, one Lentulus Batiatus kept a large number of gladiators for the shows and combats of the circus. It was customary for men to traffic in gladiators, to train them, sell them, or make fortunes out of the exhibition of their prowess and their brutality.

This Batiatus was celebrated for the number and the courage of the gladiators he possessed. The victims he thus predestined to be slaughtered for the amusement of the Romans, were mostly Gauls and Thracians,—men who had been reduced to this fatal employment, not for any crimes, but by the cruelty and injustice of their masters, whose slaves they became when seized in the Roman campaigns, and who thought thus to make a more profitable speculation out of them, than by training them as mere household servants. The description given in the preceding chapter shows how rife was the example and how plentiful the supply. The desire seized about 200 out of their number of trying to effect their escape, and they conspired for the purpose. Their design was discovered, and so far frustrated, that only seventy-eight out of the number succeeded in escaping. They rushed into the streets of the city—unarmed and almost naked as they were—and undecided what to do, except to fight for their liberty and their lives, unknowing where to go to save either, or how to defend them, their eyes fell on a cook's-shop, which supplied in its spits and knives the first and readiest weapons to their hands. Seizing these, they rushed onward through the streets, and clear of the city before they could be opposed, so rapid was their flight, and so unexpected their outbreak by the authorities of the town.

They breathed freer as the rich country opened around them, and the glittering palaces of Capua sunk down behind. They sat down, worn, weary, panting, and hungry, by the road-side, beneath the burning sun, to rest. No dust or sound from the rear told of any pursuit from the city,—all was still amid the burning summer's heat.

But there they were—alone and defenceless in the very heart of Italy—seventy-eight men in arms against an empire that had then already conquered with its invincible legions almost the whole of the civilized world.

While they were pondering their desperate fortunes, they saw a waggon coming up the road, from the direction opposite to Capua. It was heavily laden, and would probably, at least, contain something which would either feed, clothe, or arm their scanty number. It proved to be conveying a mass of gladiators' arms—a welcome booty. These they seized, and cast aside the degrading substitutes they had. Then, at the bidding of one of their number, they retired to a strong-hold, and chose the principle planners of their escape, and directors of their movements, SPARTACUS, CRYSAUS, and ŒNOMAUS, as their leaders. This occurred 71 before Christ—680 after the building of Rome.

Spartacus was a Thracian—he had been seized and brought to Rome with his wife—and the legend runs—that, when first brought to the imperial city, a serpent twined round his face as he slept—an omen which his wife construed into a sign of future greatness and happiness.

The precaution of the leaders in taking a defensible position was soon proven of advantage—for an armed party was sent after them from Padua. Had it followed sooner, probably all the terrible disasters that ensued would have been prevented—but delay had allowed them to seize the gladiatorial arms, which, inferior as they were, enabled them, to some extent, to cope with the Roman soldiers, and to attain a strong position, which somewhat atoned for the great inferiority of their numbers.

It was probably owing to these facts that they defeated and slaughtered the pursuing force; whereon, joyfully throwing their gladiators' arms away, they assumed those of the soldiers they had slain.

Rome, with her vast mass of discontented and servile population, was particularly vigilant—crushing the first germs of insurrection, before they could gain head. She always rather over-rated than under-valued the danger, and therefore, ignorant of what accession of force the little band of gladiators might be receiving from hour to hour, sent the prætor, Clodius Glaber, with 3000 men to assail them. He found the gladiators posted on a rock, inaccessible on all parts but one, where a narrow, dangerous path led zigzag up the wall of precipice.

This point the prætor guarded—knowing that a position, such as the one chosen by the gladiators, could be successfully defended by a

handful of men against an army. He, therefore, determined to starve them into submission—and the fate of the gladiators appeared sealed—since it was equally impossible for them, few as they were, to force their way down the craggy eminence through the strongly posted cohorts of the Romans.

Time passed—famine set in—despair was in every heart—when Spartacus, pointing to the fact that the precipices were overgrown from top to bottom with wild vines, directed his companions to tear off the boughs, tie them into ladders, and, in the dead of night descend the side of the rock opposite to the Roman entrenchment. By these ladders, and the parasitic vines clinging to the surface, they descended in silence and darkness, all but one man, who remained to let down their arms after them, and then descended in turn. The precipice was so high and so overhanging, that the prætor never for a moment imagined the practicability of a descent being thus effected.

After all had reached the bottom, Spartacus desired the little troop to resume their arms, —and dividing them into three detachments, directed them with all possible secrecy and silence to fetch the compass of the rock, and fall, unawares and simultaneously, on the Roman force.

These, sunk in security and slumber, expecting nothing less than an attack, were assailed before they could stand to their arms, or form their ranks. Terror and confusion prevailed. They imagined that some new force had fallen on their rear, fear magnified the number of their foes, panic paralysed their power of resistance, and a headlong flight and wholesale massacre assured the safety and liberty of Spartacus and his little band of heroes.

This second victory sounded the note of insurrection throughout the district. Then it was seen what a fearful mass of discontent brooded under the glittering crust of Roman wealth and splendor, and that the despotism of its imperial oligarchy rested on the allegiance of its soldiers and the fortunes of its generals. The working-classes of the neighbourhood began to flock to the banner of Spartacus, who clad some of them in heavy armour and trained others as light-armed infantry. It needed but the signal of one success, to stir the whole stagnant mass of misery.—Numbers now rallied around valor, and from far and near the gladiators hastened to the aid of their brethren: the plaything of Romean cruelty was turning against the hand that tortured it—and the tremendous, eventful drama began.

Lines

By DAVID GARDINER, DUNDEE.

O Scotland thou home of my fathers,
How bright are thy hills and thy vales!
How enchanting in youth, in thy green woods to wander,
Or bask in thy sun-gladdened gales!

Yet, thou land of my fathers! though sweet be thy smile,
Though towering thy mountains and verdant thy fields,
The sons of thy bosom in blindness are spinning,
The keen lash of torture, which tyranny wields.

Mid the black air of mills they are hourly expiring,
They pine, in the coldness of heartsick despair,
For them the gay smile of thy summer can thaw not
Keen poverty's frosts, or the law's icy snare.

But, sons of our mountain land! brothers, the season,
By nature's own order, is nearing us fast,
When error's sere serfdom shall fall before reason,
And truth dispel folly's dark clouds at a blast.

Labor's Grievances.

KETTERING.

Messrs. Walters, of Wood Street, London, have offered their silk-weavers in Kettering, a reduction of 2s. 6d. in the pound. The weavers have struck against the reduction. There is no cause to urge the reduction. It is not six months since there was a reduction throughout the trade of 12 per cent., without the slightest opposition.

If you don't resist, it spurs the employers on to additional encroachments. If you do resist, it urges them to a greater concentration of their power, development of machinery and forcing of surplus labor. There is no help or refuge, except in subverting the whole system of capital and labor.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book IV.—The Lady of Title.

In three parts,—*Girlhood, Marriage, Old Age.*

IV.—THE STEPS OF TRIAL.

1.—*The Women.*

Before proceeding to the great and lamentable scenes arising out of the conflict between heartlessness and heart, we must unveil the machinery by which these events were wrought,—and, we premise, the chapter now presented to the reader is a sketch from life.

Lady Honora was at her toilet, or rather, she was reclining in the midst of the unfatiguing labor. She lay at full length on a luxurious sofa in her dressing-room, enveloped in a *peignoir* of white cachemiere. Her long ringlets strayed carelessly over the silken pillow—her hand unconsciously deflowered the precious bloom of an orange tree, that grew in full blossom, out of an alabaster vase—and one of her feet, naked and white as snow, played mechanically with the Persian cat that gambolled at her feet. She looked eminently beautiful—but there was a careless, reckless, dreamy lassitude in her manner. It was the morning after the ball—she was evidently lying in a half-forced obliviousness of some exciting theme, that had exhausted for the time her mental energies.

"Ha! ha!" said the Duchess of Cartoon, who had suddenly, but silently, entered the room. "A most *recherché* sort of idling this—quite a step from our schooldays, ha! ha! ha!"

"Ah! but you were my senior by five years."

The duchess showed consummate tact in opening the conversation by reminding her intended victim of their disparity in years—thus surrounding her coming admonitions with the weight and sanction of experience and comparative age.

"And married too! Honora! But you are really a shocking stay-a-bed."

"The ball of last night has tired me."

"Nevertheless, you conversed more than you danced."

Lady Honora cast her eyes down and blushed.

"Never mind, child! I don't say it by way of reproach. Indeed, your cavalier of last night was not so much amiss."

"Oh! you speak of Mr. Darcy!" said the young lady, with an affectation of nonchalance.

"To be sure I do! Now just pretend you know nothing of him."

"I don't say anything of the kind, he's a noble-minded, high-spirited young man," said Honora, with an attempt at boldness and decision.

"And most entertaining, too!" chimed in the duchess.

"Isn't he?"

"Only a little eccentric."

"Ah! he has been so unfortunate."

"Oh, yes! I know! They're all so. All handsome young men without fortune are always broken-hearted, victims of tremendous miseries. To hear them, one would suppose the world a pesthouse, every man a malefactor harboring a terrible design against us, and their own hearts a sarcophagus, where they have buried all the joys and hopes of life."

The duchess was displaying wonderful tact. She was turning the high qualities of Darcy, the very points that chiefly enlisted the affections of Honora, into ridicule.

"You jest! Athalia! But he speaks truly—I assure you."

"No doubt—for you must know." There was an almost imperceptible irony in the tone. "And, without joking, Darcy is a nice looking man. But, dear! let me give you a piece of advice: you let him take too great liberties. One is obliged to be prudent you know, in your situation. *After marriage, you know,*

you can do as you like. One is above all those trifles then. But, as it is, people will begin to remark the attentions of Mr. Darcy. They were even talking about it yesterday evening. it might act very prejudicially with regard to your marriage."

"But, love! I've no idea of being married."

"Even so—but still precautions are necessary. An advantageous offer might be on its way."

"My greatest happiness will be if no one thinks of me!"

"And why so, my dear friend?" asked the duchess, fixing a serious look on Honora.

"Why?" murmured the latter, turning her head aside, with a sense of—almost shame! "Why? . . . . because . . . . . I hate the idea of marriage."

"So you really think seriously of Mr. Darcy?"

The young girl made no answer, but her distress and her blushes spoke for her.

The duchess gave way to a loud, long fit of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Lady Honora, well-nigh offended.

"Now don't be angry,—but really I can't help—ha! ha! ha! Now give me your hand, and let us be friends. Dear Honora! But whence could the child have got so funny a notion? What! you marry your father's secretary?"

"I never said so. But, suppose it was so—what is there so funny in that? Is it because he is not nobly born?"

"That would be something, dear. But I have none of those prejudices," said the crafty duchess, knowing that love laughs at rank, and that the best way to confirm one of nature's passions, is to place convention's tyranny in its path. "I could forgive his being the son of a country clergyman—but he has no position in society. Think of that, dear!"

"But he is a man—what would you more?"

Lady Honora was democratic without knowing it. The duchess laughed again.

"And a man is so attractive, is he not?" she observed, putting a wrong interpretation on the words. "Besides, dear! he has no fortune."

"I have more than enough."

Ay! there was the rub! Lady Honora would have been a miserable slave, if she had not possessed a fortune in her own right. Then they would have coerced her—now they were obliged to cajole.

"You have, dear Honora! But that, added to your rank, is just the reason why you should make a doubly great match. Besides—do you suppose your father would ever consent? No! my love! I speak as your friend — don't think of it! We all have these little passions —they're quite delightful! I have too! One thinks they'll last for ever. One breaks one's heart two or three times—I cried for three days and three nights till I looked a perfect fright—but, somehow, one soon gets over it. I plunged into a lot of balls with a mad desperation—I was ready to die—but it all went, dear! you don't know how—but, after all, its the nicest excitement in the world. Oh! I know it! I know it! You'll cry your eyes out, dear!—but you'll soon get over it. No! don't marry him! Discard him—forget him—!"

"I can't! I can't! I can't. I confess it! I love him!" sobbed Lady Honora, throwing herself on the duchess's breast, and bursting into a flood of tears.

The duchess let her cry her fill—then, when she had expended the fulness of her grief, when she began to lull and subside—the wily diplomatist knew the time had come for the next stage in her tactics.

"Tell me, dear! Darcy is a clever, romantic young man—is he not? Yes! I know it! Alas! I know it to my cost! I once loved such a one too! As I was observing, I thought him all fervor, candor, and disinterested love. But I did not know the world. The needy schemer was trying to entrap the heart of the peer's daughter, and make his fortune. And he did it so well! He affected such a reserve and pride. You would really have thought he was doing me some vast honor, and that his feelings were so sensitive, that, knowing the inferiority of his station, he surrounded himself with a double hedge of pride and coldness. I was perfectly enchanted! I did so admir his manly independence and noble spirit! So well did he act his part, that, for fear of wounding his exalted feelings, I actually demeaned myself before him! My blood boils when I think of it, that the plebeian schemer should so completely dupe and play with a St. Blaze!——"

"Duchess! you don't apply that to Mr. Darcy!" said Honora, with a flushed brow.

"No, no, no! not in the least; but I merely, as a friend, in performance of a solemn duty, without casting any aspersion on him, feel bound to warn you, that such things are. Think of it! Be cautious. He is the penniless and low-born. You are the rich heiress—and the earl's daughter! Of course he would play the proud, touchy, ingenuous and high-spirited. I don't say he does—I merely say—be cautious. I should be indignant to let any needy adventurer play and trifle with my woman's heart, and boast how he had made a good speculation of the earl's poor, weak, pliant daughter. Forgive me, dear Honora! I don't apply this to you—I know you have too much sense to permit it; but I was thinking of my

own case—and I could not control the bitter recollection."

Lady Honora was silent, and in deep thought. The poison was engrafted.

After having given it time to work, the duchess resumed:

"If I were you—I would observe him and watch him narrowly. Be more reserved for a time—see how he acts—put his love to the test—I'll give you opportunities."

"And if it stands the test—as I know it will?"

"Then love him."

"Why, you just told me it would be impossible for me to marry him—*not that I ever thought of it.*" A great change had been wrought. Lady Honora had grown half ashamed of what she had, before, chivalrously avowed!

"Of course not; ha, ha, ha! But, you know, you can flirt with him—and if you marry, a proper match, I mean, then you may find him a delightful companion, he, he!"

Lady Honora felt shocked—but she said nothing—it was the philosophy of her class to which she listened. The duchess rose to go.

"By-the-bye! *ma chere*, it will be necessary that you allow of no intimacy this evening. People were speaking of it last night—I forgot to mention it to you—and, if it was to become the talk, your father would be placed in a very disagreeable position, so nicely as political parties are balanced now—Lord Blare and his tail would use it as a means of humiliating him and casting ridicule on him! You his only child, too! For heaven's sake be cautious! you must really not allow him to come near you tonight. It will be talked of. You promise."

"Yes, yes! I do!" murmured Lady Honora, half frightened.

"I've done wonders, Parciment!" said the duchess, as she re-entered her room. I've made her pride take the alarm. I've made her consent to try his sincerity, and promise to avoid him tonight."

"Duchess Machiavel!"

"Ah! you may well say so! I know his nature so well—he is as sincere as truth itself, the fool!—that his pride will take fire, and the game is in our hands. Meantime, be you of the party tonight, he hates you instinctively—I'll take care she is all smiles to you—but, I tell you, Parciment, it is a real passion which the silly thing has conceived."

"Hem!" said Parciment, "that's nonsense. Why not send Darcy away?"

"The worst thing in the world! That would look like persecution. You'd make her love eternal. No! *make him go of his own accord.*"

And so paltry chicanery and intrigue were paving the way to great and terrible events.

2.—*The Men.*

Lord Parciment Cartoon and the Earl of St. Blaze were the leaders of two opposite political factions. Lord Parciment being the "Liberal," Lord St. Blaze the "Conservative."

The former was bargaining with government to lead his party over into the ministerial camp. The reward was to be commensurate; and, as a bond of union, the rich daughter of the earl was to give her wealth in exchange for the political power of a bastard liberalism, which was to bolster up a falling and fated cabinet. Lord Parciment was then to be made a peer, and a financial transaction was to complete the mutual benefit.

The first public act of their new union was to be thus cautiously introduced, as taken from a conversation with an intimate friend:

"I shall support the ministerial measure when it comes forward—that will be a guarantee of my loyalty to the cabinet."

The deuce you will, Parciment! You were engaged to have spoken against it. What will the public say?"

"Bah! my dear friend! My liberalism is sufficiently established, to permit of my making an escapade like that now and then. Indeed, it makes me look honest, impartial and independent. And then, you know, on the next question I'll speak against it, very violently indeed, and be accidentally out of the House with all my friends, when the division-bell rings."

"Capital. But will your party follow you?"

"My dear Eusnake! *Are they not all like me?*"

There is nothing more truculent than your "independent" member. Professing to belong to no party, he claims the privilege of betraying them all. *As nature abhors a vacuum, so does morality abhor a neuter.*

The earl had completely fathomed the plan of the House of Cartoon—and Lord Parciment knew it. The duke was the intermediary with the earl. They acted with diplomatic tact towards each other, but concealment was neither necessary nor attempted. Each was perfectly aware that neither would consent to any measure that was not for his own individual interest. These two men of the world, in the fullest sense of the term—had tested each other's powers, and they had resolved on acting frankly towards each other, from the mutually recognised impossibility of practising deceit successfully.

The first fruit of Lord Parciment's parliamentary conduct was now to be gathered.

Lord Parciment contracted for the purchase of some extensive iron-stone mines. The iron-trade was very dull at the time. Shortly after, a letter appeared in the "Times," from a high military authority, calling for a complete remodelling of the bayonets of the troops. A subordinate member of the House brought in a bill on the subject—government supported it—the bill was carried—and a contract was entered into for the supply of the metal from the foundries of Lord Parciment! Shortly after, two more measures, hostile to public liberty, passed the Commons, through the neutrality of the same Lord Parciment, who commanded the balance of power.

If any one had accused the leader of the liberals of taking a bribe, he would have been laughed at. It was all a fair commercial transaction—nothing more!

The marriage of Lady Honora was fully decided on from that hour.

3.—*Relations.*

Meanwhile, the young duchess hardly ever left the side of Honora, and drew her from one round of gaiety into another—surrounding her with the most voluptuous images, and the most sinister temptations. well knowing, as she said, that "as the *senses* are inflamed, the *feelings* cool."

Such is social education in the world of fashion!

Lady Honora had acted up to the advice of the duchess—she had treated Darcy with a rather haughty reserve—and did not allow him to approach her in society. The young man was indignant. Whenever, which was rare, they were more alone—and the lady tried to atone by her manner for her previous coldness, the pride of the young man induced him to retaliate, for he, too, on his side, scorned to be made, as he thought, the plaything of one who was too proud to acknowledge his society in public.

The duchess, too, played Lord Parciment across her path, and had the tact to make it appear as though her fair young relative was accepting, or at least favoring, his addresses. All the while, too, she humoured Honora's passion—affected to sympathise with her—but treated of her union with the young secretary as an utter and well understood impossibility.

The heart soon weans itself from the hope of a happiness, as soon as it has fully recognized that it can never be attained.

"*Then I will never marry!*"—said Honora.

The duchess smiled slightly, and shook her head.

During these trials, a bitter struggle had been fought in the heart of Darcy. Many times he was on the point of throwing up his situation, but the truthfulness of his affection baffled the calculations of the duchess. If he went, who then could recall Honora from the course of misery and ruin on which she was being hurried? He resolved on resting by her side. Thus the duchess and Darcy, like the evil angel and the guardian genius, battled for the heart and soul of that young girl. But alas! the former had all the power and advantage; the latter, nothing but good intention and perseverance.

Seeing that they could not remove Darcy by other means, the duchess advised Lord St. Blaze to send him on "secret and important" political missions to London. Darcy was driven to despair by the news. He saw through the whole plot. But what could he do? If he refused, his connexion with the Earl would be at an end, and, with it his chance of being near Honora. He was obliged to obey, but, before leaving, wrote a long, earnest, impassioned letter of warning and advice to the youthful heiress.

A round of gaiety followed, and, in the midst of it—just as Honora seemed taking some renewed interest in the amusements of the season, Lord St. Blaze entered her room, one morning, and announced to her the fact that her marriage with Lord Parciment had been decided on.

As the duchess told him, "all must now be carried by sudden strokes, she must be stunned into acquiescence, since she can be neither persuaded nor coaxed into it."

Honora tottered beneath the words, and sunk into a chair.

"What ails you, child—are you not well?"—said the earl.

"My father! My father ....." sobbed the young girl. Her hands were folded and raised in supplication, her entire body trembled—her grief choked utterance ..... she was speechless.

The earl pretended not to understand or know the reason of her emotion.

"Compose yourself, my child! It is quite natural you should be unnerved. It's an excellent match, and may lead to the very highest position."

At this moment, and before she could answer, Lord Parciment entered, according to a previous arrangement.

"Come, my dear friend," said the earl—"I have told Honora—she consents to be yours."

Lord Parciment advanced with a chivalric grace—took her hand, and pressed it to his lips. Honora was powerless from astonishment.

"And may I indeed dream that my ardent hopes are not doomed to disappointment?"—he murmured.

"Who could doubt it?"—interposed the earl, before his daughter could speak—"you are so suited to each other!"

Lord Parciment had too much tact to wait for more.

"Come,"—said the earl, "we'll leave her now,—she needs some time to calm herself. We have excited her."

And the twain left their victim alone.

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears—her father, when they met, affected not to notice the paleness of her countenance, or the redness of her eyes. One day, however, Honora resolved on confessing all to her father, and rejecting the proffered suit. She threw herself sobbing into his arms. He repulsed her gently—unwound her embrace and, before she could fully explain, kissing her on the forehead, said:

"Compose yourself, child!—you are infatuated, dear! just now"—and left the room.

A month passed thus. Honora felt it was necessary to come at length, to a decision. She therefore mustered all her courage, and resolved on making one last, great effort—and in a quarter wholly unexpected by all.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

This body met as usual in the Hall of the Finsbury Literary Institution on Sunday 28th March, 1852. Nineteen delegates present, Mr. Snelling in the chair. The following delegates presented credentials and took their seats: Messrs. E. L. Clarke and Harris for Westminster, Athol Wood, and Ernest Jones, for North London, T. M. Wheeler and Stratton for the Ship, Whitechapel, Butler and Down for Finsbury, R. Mills, and J. Tilling for Chelsea, F. Farrah and J. Washington from the City, and G. Farrah from Hoxton. Mr. E. Jones then moved, and Mr. E. L. Clarke seconded, that Mr. F. Farrah be Treasurer for the ensuing quarter. Carried unanimously. Mr. Athol Wood moved, and Mr. Washington seconded, "That Mr. E. L. Clarke be Secretary for the next quarter. Carried unanimously Mr. E. Jones, the secretary of the O'Connor committee, then reported on behalf of the above committee, and then read letters from Mr. William Newton, in which he declined to act, and the following from Mr. Sharman Crawford:

London, March 23rd, 1852.

Sir,—I have received your letter. I have seen Mr. Duncombe since I last met you:—He has, as you told me, connected himself with the other subscription:—

Those two projects going on at the same time, are likely to defeat each other. Under these circumstances I must decline, at present, connecting myself with either parties. I shall aid the object by a subscription for Mr. O'Connor, when I know which of the two parties are to go on—(for I consider the two cannot go on)—at the same time I feel that I could not undertake the duty of a trustee, for either parties: I could not (residing in Ireland) give the necessary attention, and it has always been my opinion that no man ought to give his name to discharge any duty which he does not efficiently perform.

Yours obediently,

W. Sharman Crawford.

Mr. Ernest Jones.

He had also had an interview with Mr. Wakley, who promised to support the committee, but was still undecided about acting as trustee.

Mr. Jones stated he had received several letters promising large sums of money as soon as the committee had completed its arrangements.

The report was then received:

Messrs. Drake, Bird, and Ruffy Ridley, were then nominated as Treasurers and Trustees. A report from the Observation Committee was then received, after which Mr. Bezer reported on behalf of the Public Meeting Committee, announcing a considerable surplus. Report received. Mr. Wheeler moved, Mr. F. Farrah seconded: "That the Observation Committee consist of seven members, and they meet once a week for the dispatch of business. Carried unanimously. Messrs. Ernest Jones, J. Bezer, T. M. Wheeler, Athol Wood, Bligh, Harris and Stratton where then elected. Mr. E. Jones then moved, and Mr. Athol Wood seconded: "That the motion moved by, and seconded by them relative to the printing of cards of membership for the N.C.A. be taken into consideration." Mr. F. Farrah moved, and Mr. Stratton seconded, as an amendment: "That this Council shall not issue cards of membership." A spirited discussion then took place in which Messrs. E. Jones, A. Wood, Bezer, Wheeler, Clarke and Snaggs, supported

the original motion, and Messrs. F. Farrah and Stratton supported the amendment. The motion was carried, fourteen for the motion, and four for the amendment. It was then resolved, "That five hundred cards of membership be printed*."

On the motion of Mr. Bezer, it was agreed that five shillings be expended in advertising the aggregate meeting of the Chartists to take place at the Finsbury Institution on Sunday, April 4th, 1852. The Council then adjourned.

EDMUND L. CLARKE, *Sec.*

* Slight alterations were made in the wording of the card, a fac-simile of which will be given in the "Notes," next week. ED. *Notes.*

II.—WEST RIDING DELEGATE MEETING.

A West Riding Delegate Meeting was held at Bradford on Sunday the 28th. Delegates were present from Huddersfield, Bradford and Halifax. After a long discussion, the following resolutions were agreed to:—

1.—That immediate steps be taken to raise a general subscription through the Riding, for the purpose of meeting the case of Mr. O'Connor, and that the committee, for that object, act in conjunction with the Metropolitan Delegate Council.

2.—That the committee consist of seven persons, three from Halifax and three from Bradford, and one from Queen'shead.

3.—That C. Shackleton be Secretary, and John Moore, of Bradford be Treasurer.

4.—That the Manchester Council be requested to call a Convention as soon as a majority of the organised localities are in favor of such a step.

5.—That the localities in the West Riding be requested to use their utmost endeavours to liquidate the debt of the Executive Committee.

6.—That we unite with South Lancashire in engaging Mr. Ernest Jones, to lecture in the two counties for a short time, and that, in order to meet the expense, a levy of sixpence per member be laid, on those localities who require his services.

7.—That in the forthcoming election the Chartist body make the Suffrage their rallying cry—it being the opinions of the delegates present, that any measure of reform short of the People's Charter, will fail to politically emancipate the people of this country.

The accounts having been audited and found correct, Christopher Shackleton was again elected W. R. Secretary for twelve months.

C. SHACKLETON,
W. R. Secretary.

III.—HALIFAX.

LOCALITY REPORT.—The weekly meeting of the Chartists of this locality was held on Sunday the 21st, in the Chartist Room, adjoining Nicholl's Hotel, when the following persons were elected as a Council for the next three months; John Watson; Isaac Crowther; Isaac Clissett; William Cockroft; David Rawcliffe, President; Harrison Holt, Treasurer; Thomas Wood, Secretary.

William Cockroft and Isaac Clissett were elected delegates to the West Riding Meeting, to be held at Bradford on Sunday next.

THOMAS WOOD, Secretary.
March 24th, 1852.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

The committee for the "People's Paper," meet every Monday night, at eight o'clock, at Nicholl's Hotel, Broad Street, to receive loans and donations and transact other necessary business, and earnestly call for the assistance and co-operation of all true democrats, to help them in establishing an organ that shall be a just reflex of the democratic mind of this country. Since their last report they have received an addition of £6. At their last meeting a resolution was passed to deposit the money in the saving's bank until such time as there is a sufficient sum to carry out the project. They earnestly desire other localities to use their utmost endeavours to assist in the good work, if it is a little, it strengthens and gives confidence.

JOSEPH BINNS,
Secretary to the Committee.

IV.—POTTERIES.

The Chartists of the Potteries have forwarded an answer of approval and support to the Manchester Council, relative to the conference to be called by that body.

V.—SOUTH LONDON HALL.

The second of the public meetings convened by the Metropolitan Delegate Council was held at the above hall, to review the policy adopted by the Financial and Parliamentary Reformers at their late conference, and to reorganise Chartism in London; Mr. Blygh, delegate from Greenwich; in the chair.

The secretary having read letters of apology from Sir William Molesworth, Alderman Humphery, C. T. D'Eyncourt, W. Williams, M.P's for the boroughs of Lambeth and Southwark; Messrs. Le Blond and Nicholls,

J. M. Bryson moved the following resolution:

"That the individuals composing this

meeting, pledge themselves to use their utmost endeavours to expose the *unjust*, *false*, and *dangerous* doctrines put forth by the Parliamentary and Financial Reformers, who, under the pretext of advocating for the political rights and social interests of the people, are merely soliciting their aid, to enable the manufacturing and profit-mongering interests still further to absorb a portion of the wealth and influence remaining in the hands of the landed proprietors; whereby they will possess additional facilities for robbing industry of her due reward and with greater security grind down the working-classes of this country. It is therefore the duty of all honest reformers, to obtain for the people, as speedily as possible, the full political power appertaining to Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, No Property Qualification, Payment of Members, and Equal Electoral Districts, as the surest bulwark for the production of the 'rights of labor' against the invasion of capital."

Mr. Henry Nicholls moved the following amendment: "That this meeting, while it adheres to the principles of the Charter, consider that it is the duty of every man to aid all persons in advocating an extension of the suffrage."

The resolution was carried, with only eight dissentients.

A vote of thanks to the chairman, and the meeting adjourned at a few minutes after eleven o'clock.

J. M. Bryson.

[This Report did not come to hand till Friday—and contained the speeches made on the occasion, which were truly excellent and argumentative. It was stated, when the *Notes* were first opened to Chartist Reports, that all communications for insertion in the current number must come to hand by Thursday morning at latest, and the want of space would preclude the insertion of speeches.]

Editor of *Notes*.

VI.—GREENWICH AND DEPTFORD.

March 29, 1852.

The members of the above locality met on Sunday evening, at the Walter's Arms, Church Street, Deptford when it was agreed that our future meetings be held at the house of Mr. Floyd, Baker, Church Street, Deptford, every Thursday evening: we regret that our present organisation and financial position will not admit sending a delegate to the conference, but we will do all in our power to assist the said convention about to be held in Manchester.

Joseph Morgan.

VII—TOWER HAMLETS TOTAL ABSTINENCE LOCALITY.

March 29, 1852.

The members highly agree with the proposition passed by the Metropolitan Delegate Council, on Sunday March 28th, 1852, for the issuing of cards. Mr. Bligh moved, and Mr. John Miller seconded, that a public meeting be held in the Temperance Hall, 86, Royal Mint Street, Tower Hill, on Wednesday, April 7th, at eight o'clock.

John Simpson,
Secretary.

VIII.—PUDSEY.

The Chartists of Pudsey have taken up the cause of Mr. O'Connor, in good earnest, and we have had a good many meetings since I received your letter.

W. Mitchell.

IX.—VICTORIA PARK.

Sunday, March 28, 1852.

S. Ford in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and comfirmed: moved by L. H. Pelteret: seconded by S. Firdenando. "That W. Vickers be empowered to get the address printed, at 8s. per thousand." Carried.

S. Ford brought forward an adjourned motion, relative to the Engineers' strike: moved as an amendment by R. Stokes: seconded by E. Stokes, "That their locality will guarantee the use of the Institution to the Engineers for a public meeting." Carried.

Moved by R. Stokes: seconded by E. Stokes, "That the report of the delegates of the Metropolitan Delegate Council be received." Carried.

Moved by E. Stokes: seconded by L. H. Pelteret, "That it is the opinion of this locality that the Metropolitan Delegate Council do issue out Cards of Membership, and that the profits for the same be given to pay the debts of the Chartist Executive." Carried.

Moved by E. Stokes: seconded by L. H. Pelteret, "That it is the opinion of this locality, that all persons taking out Cards of Membership should sit on the Metropolitan Delegate Council, if duly elected." Carried.

L. H. Pelteret, Sec.
4, Type Street, Green Street, Bethnal Green.

P.S.—A members' meeting takes place every Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, and every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Attend! attend!

X.—STALEYBRIDGE.

March 30, 1852.

A Tea Party and Ball were held, in the Chartist Meeting-room, last Saturday evening. The room was well filled, and the amusements of the evening were carried on until a late hour, when the party broke up highly delighted with the evening's amusement.

On Sunday evening, March 28th, a public meeting was held in the same room, (announced by placard), for the purpose of considering the position of Mr. O'Connor; Mr. S. Hodson presided; the meeting was addressed by Mr. Hill and Mr. J. McCartney, of Manchester. At the close of the meeting a subscription was entered into, and persons appointed to canvass the town for that purpose.

W. Hill, Sec.

8, Winterbottom's-houses,
Crossleech Street, Staleybridge.

XI.—FINSBURY.

Mr. Clevedon in the chair. Messrs. Butler and Down reported from the Metropolitan Delegate Council.

Mr. Down moved, "That five hundred tracts be purchased for distribution among the working-classes," seconded by Mr. E. Jones. Mr. Fennel moved, "That a festival be held in the large Hall of the Finsbury Literary Institution on Easter Sunday, in commemoration of the birthday of incorruptible, Maximilian Robespierre," seconded by Mr. Butler. Mr. Butler moved, "That the tea take place at four o'clock, and the tickets be sixpence each," seconded by Mr. Grant.

The locality now meet at six, instead of nine as formerly.

E. J. Loomes.
Secretary.

XII.—NEW RADFORD.

At a meeting of Chartists and non-members Mr. Floyd moved, Mr. Foster seconded, "That we consider the recent conduct of Mr. J. J. Holyoake at the late Reform Conference to be detrimental to the best interests of Chartism, which was carried with one dissentient.

S. Saunders,
Secretary.

Mirabeau.

The early life of Mirabeau pointed him out as a person likely to become a singular, if not a great character. At the period of his coming into the world, the immense size of the child's head placed the mother in extreme danger. He was born with one foot twisted, and his tongue tied down by the frenum or cord. His size and strength were extraordinary, and already were two teeth formed in his jaw. Shortly after, his father says of him: "I have nothing to say about my enormous son, only that he beats his nurse, who does not fail to return it, and they try which shall strike the hardest. They are good heads together." When three years old, he had the confluent small-pox, of a very malignant type. This disease, from gross ill-treatment, left hideous scars upon his face. The father, writing of him to the uncle, afterwards, said: "Your nephew is as ugly as the nephew of Satan."

The extraordinary mental faculties of the child were soon apparent. He was curious, inquisitive, and extraordinarily fond of reading—and this as early as four years old. His father, the marquis, speaks of him, at this age, as one who would "make that race of pigmies tremble before him, who play the great men at court." The child became an indefatigable scribbler, and wrote many things greatly beyond his years. At the age of seven, he was confirmed at Brignon, by a cardinal. At the grand supper which followed the ceremony, it was explained to the child that God could not make contradictions, as, for instance, a stick that had but one end. "Is not a miracle a stick which has but one end?" asked the young sceptic! About this time his father writes: "My son, whose body grows, whose talkativeness increases, and whose countenance becomes wonderfully ugly, is also as ugly in his inquiries and predilections, and a troublesome talker to boot." His mother once reproached him with talking too much, and seeking to be thought clever. "Mamma!" said he, "I think the mind is like the hand; be it handsome or ugly, it is made for use, and not for show." When the boy was eleven years old, he gained a prize of a hat at running; when, turning to an old man who wore a cap, and putting upon the old man's head his own hat which was still good,—"Here," said he, "take this; I have not two heads." At twelve years, his father says of him: "He has an elevated mind under the frock of a babe. He is an embryo of a bloated bully, who will eat every man alive, before he is twelve years old." Again, he says: "He is a type deeply stamped in meanness, and absolute baseness, and of that rough and dirty quality of the caterpillar, which cannot

be rubbed off." "He is a nothing set off with trifles, which will excite the admiration of silly gossips, but will never be anything but the fourth part of a man, if perchance he becomes anything." That a father should thus talk of his own child of twelve years of age, is exceedingly gross and barbarous, to say the least of it.

His father, after this period, began to treat the boy with great harshness and cruelty; notwithstanding which he grew rapidly in knowledge, spirit, and strength. He placed him under a new master, whom he selected for his sternness, and the severity of his punishments, of which the marquis told him "not to be sparing." He was also entered to his new master under a name not his own, which the boy felt as a humiliation and disgrace. Yet the boy studied on at a great rate—mastering the dead languages, together with English, German, Spanish, and Italian. He applied himself passionately to mathematics, drawing, music, dancing, and all youthful exercises, in which he greatly excelled.

The hatred of the father towards the boy nevertheless went on steadily increasing, until at length he seemed to hate him with a perfect hatred. The fearlessness of the boy's nature nevertheless manifested itself on every occasion. Once, it is said, the Prince of Conti, surprised at the bold expression of the child's countenonce, said to him—"What would you do if I were to box your ears?" when Mirabeau is reported to have answered—"The question would have puzzled me before the invention of double-barrelled pistols!" At sixteen, he was sent into the army by his father, under a commanding officer celebrated for his harsh and cruel discipline. The father wanted to break the young man's spirit. On every slight occasion, his father acted the part of the tyrant towards him. He got him cast into prison, because of his having fallen in love with a girl and promised marriage to her. The father calls him a "wretch," and proposes to transport him to the Dutch colonies. He is denounced as a "rascal who possesses Satan's power of intrigue, and has the wit of a demon;" again—"The wretch would foil the devil, and has a score in his body." At length the young man was liberated from jail, and served for a short time with the army in the isle of Corsica. When he returned, at the age of twenty-one, he commenced to write a history of that country, which his cruel father even characterises as a "bold and spirited work." About this time he called upon his uncle, who says—"Though ugly, I found he had not a bad countenance; for behind the ravages made by the small-pox, he has something intellectual, graceful, and noble. If he be not worse than Nero, he is sure to be bettter than Marcus Aurelius." The father, in corresponding with the uncle, calls him "that back-bone of a wolf:" the uncle responding, addresses him as "Count Whirlwind!"

At twenty-two, he was introduced at the French Court. The Princess Elizabeth inquired of him "if he had been inoculated? The court laughed. No! he had not been inoculated! he carried within him a virus which somewhat later inoculated a whole people.

At twenty-three Mirabeau got married; but soon after his father commenced the same cruel system of treatment with him as before. He got him thrown into a dungeon in the castle of If. Here he fell in love with the wife of the Marquis de Mounier, and, after long strugglings, and the neglect of his own wife, he eloped with her. The fugitives were pursued through Switzerland, Savoy, and afterwards reached Holland, where Mirabeau supported himself by literary labor. At length their retreat was discovered by the inexorable Marquis; and by means of a lettre de cachet, Mirabeau was arrested and carried back to a dungeon in France—the donjon of Vicennes. There he lay for a long while; and during that time the correspondence occured, with which we introduced the subject of this paper.

"At the age of three years," says Mirabeau himself, "I preached; at six, I was a prodigy; at twelve, an object of great hope; at twenty, a fireship; at thirty, a political theorist; and at forty, I am no more than a good man." At forty, Mirabeau was a great man. He was the leading man of the Revolution. It was he who, silent till then, cried aloud on the 23rd of June, 1789, to M. de Brèze—"Go tell your master"—"your master!" It was the King of France who was thus declared a stranger in his own kingdom! Here was the line drawn between the throne and the people. It was Revolution which spoke in this cry. No one dared to have done it save Mirabeau. It belongs only to great men to utter decisive words at great crises.

Mirabeau lived in an epoch of great events—when society was heaving with the throes of the coming earthquake. He was himself a type of the time in which he lived—physically ugly and deformed—with great mental powers strung into activity by reproach, contumely, and oppression,—such was Mirabeau, and such was the nation of which he was the idol and the deity, in 1791.

During his entire life, no man was more completely disowned and rejected of men than this same Mirabeau. When he arrived in

Paris as a deputy from Aix, to the States-General, he excited no one's jealousy. Obscure and of bad character, men of honor and reputation took no notice of him: ugly and ill-formed, gentlemen of good exterior and respectable mien pitied the poor wretch." His nobility was hid under his black garb; his countenance was concealed by the ugly blurs and pits of the small pox. Who would ever have dreamt of being jealous of this low adventurer, this loosed jail-bird, deformed in person and countenance, besides being utterly exhausted in resources—whom the little people of Aix had send as their deputy to the States-General in a moment of enthusiasm, and of course without at all knowing why? This man, in truth, was reckoned as nothing. He was indeed a cypher who was taken into no one's calculations.

By degrees, however, as the twilight of all old things came on, and the shadows began to darken around the monarch and the constitution of France, the great men of the Revolution became visible to the eye, and Mirabeau soon shone out as one of the most conspicuous and brilliant among them.

But envy at once set to work to obscure the rising star of Mirabeau. Mirabeau spoke, and the world applauded, and called him an orator. "An orator indeed!" exclaimed the envious around him. "An orator must be irreproachable in character—M. Mirabeau's whole character is a blot! An orator must be good-looking—M. Mirabeau is as ugly as sin! An orator must have an agreeable voice—M. Mirabeau has a harsh, dry, screeching voice, speaking a great deal and saying nothing! An must have the good-will of his audience—M. Mirabeau is hated by the whole Assembly!" And so, a crowd of little people, greatly contented with themselves, comfortably concluded "M. Mirabeau is certainly no orator!"

And truly enough, he was "no orator" according to ordinary rules; he did not follow the customs of the schools, or the examples of the formalists. But he was an orator for all that—aye, and a great orator too. He was an orator by nature and organization, and he was made so by the events of his soul-harrowing life. He was an orator because he was hated, as Cicero had been because he was loved. He was an orator because he was ugly, as Hortensius because he was beautiful. He was an orator because he had suffered—because he had failed—because, at the age when the heart expands and seeks sympathy and intercourse with others, he had been repulsed, mocked, humiliated, despised, defamed, hunted, plundered, outlawed, exiled, imprisoned, condemned—because, like the people of 1789, of whom he was a type and symbol, he had been held in minority and tutelage long beyond the age of manhood—because paternity had been as cruel to him as royal fatherhood had been to the people—because, like that people, he had been ill brought up—because, like that people, a bad education had caused a vice to grow up from the root of every virtue. He was an orator, because he was enabled to pour out upon society the boiling thoughts and feelings which had so long been pent up within his own seething brain, or expended on the members of his own family, who had given to them a being and an impulse.

Mirabeau was no chamber orator—he was not a man to please courts—silken phrases were not for him. He had a coarse, harsh, indignant voice: but the times of mild speaking had passed. He almost shrieked; so did the people of France. He was the embodiment of indignant passion, vituperation, and reproach—a feeling alike common to himself and the multitude without. Before and after and during his speeches in the Assembly, the loud applause was mixed up and confused with hootings, and laughter, and groanings. He was always met by a tempest. He had to struggle against the foaming surges that he raised. Mirabeau had no rule in his speech: he was a man of sudden impulse, of sudden illumination, of bold propositions, of original and new forms of thought and expression. Fiery, impetuous, and hasty, his whole nature seemed in tumultuous conflict while he spoke. He tore along, overthrowing, wounding, slaying, and destroying, ill heard by the Assembly he addressed, but spurred on by the gratification of his own passions, and the applause of the people who crowded the tribunes. The Assembly might hiss and whistle; but they might as well have whistled to the winds—Mirabeau still thundered on: and that his blows at length told, the proofs are to be found in the monarchy which fell, and the republic which subsequently arose upon its ruins!

During the whole time that Mirabeau appeared before the public, was he reviled, insulted, and abused. Just as in his youth his father had reproached him, as one who "presuming on his own resources, had no more nerve than a slug, and no more energy of mind than a bill-sticker;" so did almost all the public men of the time of Mirabeau combine to set him down as only a vulgar-minded spouter, unworthy of being listened to by learned and polite men. They compared him with Barnave, to his infinite detraction. Once, while Mirabeau was speaking, M. de Guillermy called out—"M. Mirabeau is a villain—an assassin." Another time, a member cried

"This Mirabeau is only a big beggarman!" (An old word revived now-adays, it would seem!) And when hate could say no more, spite spoke—"Little Mirabeau," cried a member from the right. "Extravagant" ejaculated M. Lapoule from the left. "Worthless thing," muttered Rosbespierre from between his teeth.

The press also attempted to tear him to pieces with a strange kind of fury. A whole whirlwind of pamphlets was directed against the man. The extreme of both parties in the state put him in the same pillory. One writer said, "This Mirabeau has got the small-pox in his soul." M. de Lambese proposed to send him to the galleys. Marat wrote thus: "Erect eight hundred gallows: hang thereon all traitors, and at their head the infamous Riquetti de Mirabeau!" Mirabeau said of this: "It is only the paragraph of a drunken man!" And yet, this same Mirabeau, who was characterised as a "big beggarman," a "villain," an "assassin;" who was hooted, groaned, and laughed at; who was deemed fit only for the galleys and the scaffold, was shortly afterwards deemed the greatest man in his country; his death was looked upon as a great national calamity, and the Panthcon was founded for the interment of his ashes!

The result of all which is, that Mirabeau, when he spoke, did not speak to the Chamber of Deputies, but to the people. His was their voice—their echo. Mirabeau was the mirror in which the people saw themselves; he reflected and gave back the thoughts and feelings which agitated society from its surface to its centre. A people, even though it do not think, has always powerful instincts. It is quick to perceive the character of a man. In this respect, its visual ray is always straight. It was only because of Mirabeau's influence among the people, that he possessed any influence whatever over the Assembly. His words were taken up, and echoed without, throughout the length and breadth of the land. What mattered to him the laughter and whistling and interruption of the "illustrious" men around him? "When this sovereign orator," says Victor Hugo, "seized by a sudden thought, mounted the tribune—when this man found himself face to face with his people—when he was there standing and marching over the envious assembly like the man-God upon the sea, without being swallowed up by it—when his beaming yet sardonic gaze was fixed from the summit of the tribune upon the men and the ideas of his time, he had the air of a man measuring the littleness of others by the greatness of his own ideas; then there was neither calumny, nor hooting, nor abuse; no matter what his enemies had said or done or laid to his charge, the first breath from his mouth hushed the elements beneath him; his figure became as if inspired, and everything else seemed to disappear before the splendor of his genius."

Mirabeau was a man full of power and energy. On the tribune he seemed to have quite a colossal appearance. His voice, even when he uttered a word from his seat, had a formidable sound in it, which echoed through the Assembly like the roaring of the lion in a menagerie. His hair, when he bent his head, was like a horse's mane. His hands sometimes seemed as if to knead the marble of the tribune. His visage, his attitude, his whole person became inflated, and he then seemed the very impersonation of nobility and grandeur.

But Mirabeau was not only great in the tribune; he was also great upon his own bench. The interrupter equalled the orator. He often expressed a whole question in a word as in a discourse. "Lafayette has an army," said he once to M. de Suleau, "but I have my head." He once interrupted Robespierre with the remark: "This man will go far, for he believes all he says." At another time he said, "The Court starves the people. Treason! The people will sell it, the constitution, for bread!" Dreadful revolution lies in the words. He once defined the Abbé Sieyes as "A metaphysician travelling over a map of the world!" On one occasion, the National Assembly wished to commence an address to the king by this phrase. "The Assembly carries to the feet of your majesty an offering," &c. "Majesty has no feet," coldly answered Mirabeau. At another time the Assembly went a little farther, and said, in an address, "That it was intoxicated with the glory of their sovereign." "Think you," asked Mirabeau, "that the men who make the laws are intoxicated?"

(To be continued.)

Democratic Songs

TO POPULAR AIRS.

IV.—THE SONG OF THE FUTURE.

(*Air*: "*The Four-leaved Shamrock.*")*

1.

The land it is the landlords';
The traders' is the sea;
The ore the usurer's coffer fills,
But what remains for me?
The engine whirls for masters' craft,
The steel shines to defend,
With labor's arms, what labor raised,
For labors' foe to spend.
The camp, the pulpit, and the law
For rich men's sons are free;
Their's, their's is learning, art and arms;
But what remains for me?
The coming hope, the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow,
And but a little courage, man!
To make that future—NOW!

2.

I pay for all their learning,
I toil for all their ease;
They render back in coin for coin,
Want, ignorance, disease.
Toil—toil—and then a cheerless home,
Where hungry passions cross.
Eternal gain to them that give
To me eternal loss!
The hour of leisure happiness
The rich alone may see;
The playful child, the smiling wife—
But what remains for me?
The coming hope, the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow.
And but a little courage, man!
To make that future—NOW!

3.

They render back, those rich men,
A pauper's niggard fee,
Mayhap a prison, then a grave,
And think they're quits with me.
But not a fond wife's heart that breaks,
A poor man's child that dies;
We score not on our hollow cheeks,
And in our sunken eyes.
We read it there, whene'er we meet,
And, as the sum we see,
Each asks: "the rich have got the earth,
And what remains for me?"
The coming hope, the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow,
And but a little courage, man!
To make that future—NOW!

4.

We bear the wrong in silence,
We store it in our brain;
They think us dull—they think us dead:
But we shall rise again:
A trumpet thro' the lands will ring;
A heaving thro' the mass;
A trampling thro' their palaces,
Until they break like glass.
We'll cease to weep by cherished graves,
From lonely homes will flee,
And still as rolls our million-march
Its watchword brave shall be:
The coming hope—the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow,
And but a little courage, man!
To make that future—NOW!

* In the "Four-leaved Shamrock" there are *three* verses in each stanza. I have written four—the third being a repetition of the melody of the second. Of course, this can occasion no difficulty in the singing. E. J.

The People's Paper.

RESPECTED FRIENDS!

I am happy to inform you that on Saturday, the 3rd instant, I entered the names of the four sureties and eight referees required when a newspaper is to be started, at Somerset House.

They are all gentlemen of considerable property—so that I can anticipate no difficulty relative to their being accepted—and I am in hopes of being able to issue the first number of "THE PEOPLE'S PAPER," early in the month of May.

You will see that the subscriptions have already *exceeded* the sum of £59, a noble and encouraging response to those who say that Chartism is dead, or that calumny shall beat down honesty of purpose. I thank you in the name of the great cause dear to us all, and in my own.

At the same time let me point your attention to the fact that at least £15 are deficient on the Preliminary Fund, without which it is really impossible to start the paper—and, even if permitted to devote the £9 surplus to preliminary expenditure, a considerable deficiency would still remain—and less than the £50 will not enable me to meet the exigencies of giving the paper its first start.

Moreover, let me beg of you to continue your loans and subscriptions, since your noble response to my appeal proves to me that you honor me with a confidence unshaken by the calumnies, of not MY foes merely, but the FOES OF THE CHARTER, and the tools of the middle-class; and since it is according to the amount of money in hand to start that with, the size advantages offered you by the paper will be regulated, as also its prospect of success.

Above all, I must have money for the Preliminary Expenditure. If I am to issue the paper early in May, I must announce it by posters, placards, advertisements, hand-bills, &c. The very least that I can do this for, is £20. I have but received five, of which upwards of four are already expended in circulars, collecting-sheets, prospectuses, and postage, as my vouchers will show. To issue the paper without due announcement and publicity, would be suicidal,—to use part of the £50 for it, would leave me with not enough to start the paper—therefore, with you it rests to ensure success by one more spirited effort.

I may here add, that it has been stated as an impossibility that I could start a stamped Newspaper for Two PENCE, at the size proposed, and make it pay. In answer to this, I beg to state—that my contract with the printer is made, the same with the machinist, the same with the paper-merchant, and that without even reckoning advertisements or direct sale, *a circulation of nine thousand will cover the outlay.* And I do say, it is not too much, in exciting times like those approaching, to expect a sale of 9000 for a newspaper of fair size, at so unprecedentedly low price as Twopence! The probability is, the circulation would, ere long, attain twice that amount, which, with the addition of advertisements, (certain with such a circulation), would leave a large surplus to be divided as proposed.

ERNEST JONES.

Letter to the Chartists.

DEMOCRATS! CHARTISTS!

I beg of every man among you, who has forethought in his brain, and honesty in his heart—to take these lines and read them to his brethren.

Week by week! day by day! hour by hour! we are forced to face a new danger. From within and from without, it assails us—but with God's help and their own, the people shall pilot themselves through all the craft and force and temptations of their foes.

As one engaged in this holy work, I ask you, I implore you, read these lines everywhere, whenever and wherever you behold the danger a gainst which I warn you.

In the same way in which the middle-class have been putting Mr. Thompson forward as their battle-horse, whenever they were in a difficult situation, making a cat's-paw of his popularity, so now, finding themselves foiled there, they are making use of Mr. Duncombe. He is a complete God-send to them.

Without saying a word in disparagement of Mr. Duncombe, or in the least underrating his past services, I do say this, that it is not by Mr. Duncombe, nor by men of his class, antecedents, or views, that the tocsin of our emancipation is to be sounded, and I warn you that the proposition he has just put forth is alike one of the most absurd, and one of the most injurious to the cause of progress.

Let me remind you, before enlarging on the reasons for this, that when Mr. O'Connor, misled by dupes, owing to his mental health giving way, was tendering advice to the working-classes, such as he formerly would not have given, nor would again, were his mental vigor restored,—it became the duty of all to oppose the policy he advocated when so afflicted, and before his affliction had become apparent to the public;—but few had the courage to do so—few had the honesty to stand forward to avert the mischief. Some who did so, attacked him, instead of trying to convince him and the public, that he had made a mistake, as the best and greatest may do. So I now tell you, that, weakened and worn out with failing health, no matter how honest his intentions or sincere his belief, Mr. Duncombe is merely a plaything in the hands of

others, who use him to do that for the destruction of real democracy, which they have neither the influence nor the ability to do themselves.

Let us not forget the services Mr. Duncombe has rendered—let us not offend him, or insult him—but for God's sake! let us not permit a man to make fools of us, to drive us about like a flock of sheep, to hurry us to ruin, merely because he once has done something for us, and may mean honestly by us still.

I tell you, neither he nor any of his school of politicians are fit for one moment to be the leaders of the people in the great coming time. They have no more notion of what is needed for such a party, than the child unborn.

Instead of going onward—instead of having learned something, age and infirmity, faintness of spirit and subsiding of intellect, make them unlearn much of the little they once had imbibed in the school of democracy.

Instead of going onward from the rude outlines of political organisation to the rich fields of social right, these politicians of the past century, these ushers in the school beyond whose forms the working-classes have long grown, actually dwindle down to something smaller, and dare to put forth their puny feelers into the great future, thinking that they can grasp a people's party fit for the ripe seasons of 1852 to 1860.

These constructors of a new "people's party," actually offer to construct something less than is constructed already—and call that "going onward!" When we are expecting them to go beyond the Charter, to point the goal to which the Charter is but the starting post, they actually propose something less than the Charter itself!

Working-men! Democrats! Men who would build a FUTURE on the PRESENT, not a *Past* upon the *Future*, to you I appeal, not to be led aside by this new attempt, and to prevent others from being ensnared around you!

I for one, mean a social as well as a political revolution, however "peaceful" or "constitutional" it may be. I, for one, mean the victory of the working-classes at last—the triumph of labor over wealth, of the EMPLOYED over the EMPLOYER!—the possession of the earth by the earth's great primogeniture of all mankind, and not a miserable polity of class-government by an untenable compromise, that no man with two grains of common-sense or common-honesty ought to countenance for a single moment.

Class-government is on the point of falling to pieces—and these new moves and compromise-theories, instead of being an advance towards liberty, are merely a patching up of the old house, enabling it to keep together for a few generations longer, and that's the only reason why they are offered for your acceptance

I am sorry for Mr. Duncombe, I really PITY him,—that a man who has done much, and who has such a glorious opportunity now, should throw it all away, and fall back to the reaction and the rear!

But I believe it is his misfortune, not his fault. Men get worn out at last—and heaven knows! it's no wonder. They are unable any longer to grapple with the great question, and willing still to work and die in harness, they try to drag down the movement—the companion of their early strength,—to the standard of their later weakness!

But, however honest or deserving they may be, a people's cause is not to be dwarfed down because a leader who once strode erect, afterwards politically stoops with age.

Now friends! what are you asked to adopt by Mr. Duncombe? A hybrid sort of suffrage, with a one year's residence—The Charter says three months. Now the one year's residence will disfranchise the whole floating population—the whole surplus labor—that monopoly increases every year, and hurtles to and fro from mill to mill, from parish to parish, preventing it from having the residential right of voting. Now, the object of the residential test is merely this—to prevent the same man voting at two different elections, which may take place for neighboring boroughs in the same week, and perhaps on the same day. Beyond this there can be no object in the residential test, for the wandering worker will do more for society than the stationary idler, and then three months' test is sufficient to exclude the *willing* idler among the ranks of labor, or the *voluntary* beggar.

Universal suffrage may in itself be a mere sham—I have repeatedly shown that universal suffrage don't necessarily imply the sovereignty of the people. Look at France. Without the requisite details, as embodied in the Charter, universal suffrage may still be the class-government of the rich—and here is a man, setting up as a leader of the people, who, not content with stripping universal suffrage of all those adjuncts which can alone make it popular sovereignty, actually tells us to go for something less than universal suffrage itself! and this from him!

Oh shame! where is thy blush?

Again—the middle-class find triennial parliaments scouted by the people—and have concocted with Mr. Duncombe, (whom I am willing to believe they dupe), a plan to thrust triennial parliaments down our throats by means of a juggle. One third of the house is to retire every year. And to smooth the

proposition down, the old stale humbug of "members not being able to get into the business habits of the house in one year," is paraded beforé us. The qualification for members is honesty and common-sense—if they possess that, they possess everything needed—if they don't possess it, the sooner, not *one* third, but *three* thirds are turned out of the house, the better.

No! no! sir, that old stale piece of twaddle, taken from the enemy's camp, won't catch us at this time of the day.

But, his third and last proposition is the choicest of all: the ballot is NOT to be established, but, in individual instances, when demanded, it may be granted. In those cases, in which a man fears persecution, he may demand to vote secretly—but, where he is bold, or where he is NOT threatened with persecution —he shall vote openly.

Mr. Duncombe's intellect must be far gone indeed, to put forward such a proposition. As though any man would proclaim himself a coward. As though any man, who was under the lash of persecution, would say in presence of the master whose persecution he feared—"I wan't to vote secretly—for I'm afraid you'll persecute me for my vote, if I don't."

It would just be telling the master, "I *mean to vote against you*," for, if the man did not, why should he fear persecution, or need the ballot?

Did you ever hear or read a more childish proposition than that put forward for your acceptance by Mr. Duncombe! Let us respect the man for whatever he has done—but let him also respect himself by not revealing to the world in such puerile programmes the prostration of his intellect, and the extinction of his principles.

Ask yourselves, brother Chartists! would his measure send in the House any others than those who fatten on the energies of the working-classes? A restricted franchise—triennial Parliaments — open voting —no payment of members—no really and plainly defined equality of constitution—no ballot—(for the sham proposed is *much worse* than its utter absence) —you would have the same set of men—the same crushing tyrants, the same destroyers of labor reseated to destroy you.

Do you think, in such a House you would hear a single whisper of your social rights? No! you'd have galvanised a political DRY-BONES to play the hangman to your social happiness.

Ask yourselves this question also: Would not the organisation, time, and money needed to carry the middle-class abortion which Mr. Duncombe has been cajoled into fathering, would it not, I say, carry the full-grown charter into life? The same power would do either, for mark! it must be the working-classes who do it, and if they can do one thing, they can do the other.

I am happy to inform you, that yesterday, at an aggregate meeting of Chartists in the Chartist Literary Institution in Finsbury, a resolution utterly repudiating the proposition fathered by Mr. Duncombe, was unanimously passed, and Mr. Chinnock, an elector, stated that he, and many other electors would withhold all support from a man who allowed himself thus to be led into a treason against the cause of democracy and truth.

Such, we believe, is the unanimous feeling of the working-classes — notwithstanding the attempt of a miserable paper to back up this act of tergiversation, and to cover the clumsily constructed trap. That paper has seized everything in turn that it thought would help its circulation: Financial Reform, till it found the people were against it; co-operation, till it found the co-operators did not buy a single copy; trades-union, till it found the trades-union did not raise its sale; then it came back to Chartism, but Chartism refused to trust the fourfold renegade. Now it tries a last effort to crush the Charter and increase its profits, by climbing on the shoulders of a once popular man, the last card our enemies are playing off against us. But they will fail again.

It is sincerely to be regretted that Mr. Duncombe should thus at last have clouded all his past career. I would not have expected it at his hands—but after the attacks made on the Charter, the dastardly stabs, the backsliding conduct of some of the *professedly* best democrats in our ranks, within the last few months, one need not be surprised at anything.

How difficult it is to beat down trickery!—destroy it in one shape—it starts up in another. But there is something talismanic in truth, in honestly standing by a real principle: you can look down on all the snake-like turns and twistings of the parasitic hypocrites that hang upon democracy— and see them curl and writhe themselves into nothingness.

Brothers! we shall defeat them all; stand together yet a little while longer—the times are ripening fast—our day is approaching by as certain, as sure a conjunction of events, as ever an unerring political mathematician was privileged to calculate.

ERNEST JONES.

Current Notes.

I.—THE IRON-TRADES AND THE CHARTER.

The fall of this unfortunate body is proceeding with greater speed every week. What a great pity—what a very great pity, that all this energy, and time, and money should be wasted—utterly wasted, through the folly of listening to leaders, who, though possessed of a certain amount of speaking and writing talent, are utterly ignorant of the social economy they have to deal with—utterly incapable of doing anything more than get up an excitement, and talk about a great question, without knowing how it can be guided to a successful issue! without being competent to suggest or take one solitary step that would assure a prosperous end; and at whose doors lies the grave charge of refusing to hear advice when offered to them, at the first starting of their ruinous and mistaken movement! That refusal was the work of the *leaders*, not of the *men*, the latter only acting to the signals given them.

We were told, when we tried to forewarn these deluded and sacrificed men, "Why don't you wait till they find out their mistake?" A pretty physician that, who lets the patient be ill past remedy, before he tells him what medicine he ought to take! But there is one other irreparable injury inflicted by letting those quack doctors deceive and destroy bodies of the working-classes. It is this, that, having been deceived by the false physician, they lose confidence in the true. Having tasted the poisonous medicine, they become prejudiced against *all* medicines, and refuse to take the real restorative.

But a last effort must now be made to gather up and reanimate these distracted and scattered elements of proletarian resistance and reconstruct them on a sound and healthy basis.

The iron-trades have sounded one more note of distress—they have offered terms to their employers—terms which, indeed, comprise a cession of the whole matter disputed, piece-work and over-time—and the haughty aristocracy of gold have contemptuously and imperiously refused all terms, save and except, utter, complete, prostrate, helpless submission, and the entire struggle with all its waste, agony, loss, and wreck, will result only in an attempt to seat one mistaken leader, the mainspring of their ruin, in the House of Commons.

This must be prevented—but there is only one way: rally the defeated masses in a political organisation—bring them to bear on the electoral struggle, not by tagging them to the opinions of one man, but by ranging them under the banner of a great cause. Have we yet to learn that the battle is *not* to be fought by *using the present constituency*, by attempting here and there to seat a democrat in the House—but by creating a new constituency altogether, which cannot be done by votes IN the House, but by opinion OUTSIDE of it? Reform is to be carried by the NON-electors, for the electors never will. Have we yet to learn that this is not to be achieved by making new votes under the existing system of representation, for we can no more make new votes under that and the present social system, than we can keep up wages by strikes, or beat down millocrats by co-operation. Here and there, perhaps, through some lucky contingencies, a stray democrat may be seated in the House—but for one advantage so gained, a hundred counter-advantages will be wrested from us by the privileged classes. If we gain a member one year, we lose two the next. Talk of getting the Charter by such means! Why, not even Household Suffrage or the Ballot alone can be achieved in that way. Look at the division list on both—where the amount of support grows SMALLER every parliament! rising a little when the parliament draws near a close, to fall back, lower than ever, when the new one has assembled.

Talk of taking things by instalments! let them show us the instalment we can get! It is evident it takes just as much power to carry Household Suffrage, or the Ballot, as to get the Charter itself!

Not one of them will be got, until the people have learned this lesson:—

TO LOOK LESS TO PARLIAMENT AND MORE TO THEMSELVES.

It is, certainly, useful, to seat a Chartist in the House, whenever and wherever it can be done—because it gives a certain amount of influence, prestige and power—and it commands to some extent the publicity of the press for our principles—*it is an opportunity that should never be lost*, but to think by such means only to get the Charter, is one of the greatest political absurdities that can be committed.

We must, therefore, look to the great masses for the motive power. What the people want done, they must do themselves. A great portion of the working-classes are Chartists—

(will again *show* themselves as such too, as soon as the temporary apathy is past, as soon as shamming and trickery are fully exposed) —what we now need is to complete the circle of Chartism through the various links of the industrial body. The agricultural laborer and the trades still fail. Unite them to the mass already enlightened—and organise them all when united—and THEN WE GET THE CHARTER.

The motive for that union is now no longer wanting, especially as regards the trades. The failure of the engineers must have taught them a lesson. The contemptuous treatment of Mr. Slaney's measure in the House of Commons must have shown them that a NEW HOUSE is absolutely requisite for labor's rights—and the experience of the past fifty years, down to the hour in which we write, must convince them that our working-class organisation can alone lead to any tangible result for good.

The political element, therefore, is getting into the mind of the trades. Chartists! we must make use of the opportunity.

Everywhere—wherever there is an excitement, any stir of the trades, relative to the recent and still pending struggle, call meetings —advance the argument we have so often urged—add those which your superior judgment or experience may suggest—head your bills with such an appeal as shall attract the trades,—bring forward in the heading the salient points of their grievances and hopes—explain your views to them from the platform, in a calm, dispassionate and conciliating spirit—and, depend upon it, the great union of labor's isolated children will be effected.

But a few men can not do everything.

It is not enough to talk of this or write of this—WHO WILL DO IT?

Whoever has the heart, the energy, the spirit, hasten to the duty. Subscribe for meetings—summon them—hold them—and leave the rest to that invincible guarantee of victory: seizing the right idea at the right moment.

II.—THE "STAR" CONVICTED BY ITSELF.

The 1st leader of the *Star*, of the 3rd inst. has the following:—

"The *Whigs* are *Whigs*, nothing more——. If the liberal party *are really liberal, they will effect no compromise with them*, either at the hustings or in parliament. *Let every tub stand on its own bottom!* and as they can hope for no real, substantial help from the *Whigs* to carry a genuine measure of Reform, let all *honest parliamentary reformers* abstain from assisting the *Whigs* in any way."

Now, if this holds good with regard to "Whigs" and "Parliamentary Reformers," it holds just exactly as good with Democrats and Middle-class Reformers. We need only alter the names in the above paragraph. Thus the *Middle-class Reformers* are *Middle-class Reformers* and nothing more.—If the Chartists are really *Chartists*, they will effect no compromise with them. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. And as they can hope for no real substantial help from the *middle-classes* to carry a genuine measure of reform, let all honest Parliamentary Reformers abstain from assisting the *middle-classes in any way*.

III.—THE CO-OPERATIVE PRESS.

Mr. Lloyd Jones, at Halifax, while discussing co-operation, taunted the Chartists with having no organ, and not supporting a press. The organ of the co-operative movement, the "Christian Socialist," is long since dead, and now its successor, "The Journal of Association" has announced its death in two weeks.

IV.—THE TENDER ARISTOCRACY.

In the windows of the most fashionable music-sellers in Regent Street, Bond Street, &c., figures a new song, set to music, and adorned with an illuminated title-page representing a battle between the French and English fleets, in the channel, before Dover.

The chief feature in the picture, is the blowing up a French man-of-war in the foreground and the greater part of the large page is covered by the most ghastly representation of heads, legs, arms, trunks, and scattered fragments of human bodies, in French uniforms, with every contortion of grotesque agony in their mangled faces.

A nice little picture to put before the tender daughters of our "old nobility." A type of the class. The descendants of those who delighted in inflicting every torture and corporel anguish on the victim in their feudal donjons, still like to *look* on the picture of what they dare not *do*.

V.—THE EXECUTIVE.

It will be seen, as we predicted, that although the Executive debt is now reduced below ten pounds, there is no talk of a Convention to which the "Executive" at one time pledged themselves, as soon as "the debt was paid."

The reason is obvious: since the exposure in the "Notes" of the trick of "an OPEN Convention," they have no motive for calling one—on the contrary, their object is to "let the movement die out of itself."

But they mistake. *They will die out of the movement.*

The Executive now in reality consists of Mr. G. J. Holyoake, Mr. John Arnott, and *the honest* John Grassby. Mr. Linton, being in Cumberland, and Hunt seeing, apparently, that his policy stands a bad chance.

Mr. Le Blond has never taken any part in the present Executive—at the Reform Conference he never said anything slighting of the Charter or the Chartists, and has voluntarily made a gift of the sum of five pounds, due to him for an advance made by him in the capacity of Treasurer.

We mention this, and record our belief, that there is not a more honest or well-meaning politician in the whole ranks of the monied-classes than Mr. Le Blond, indeed, that it would be well if, in those ranks there were some others like him, because, while repudiating his policy, and disagreeing with his recommendations, we feel bound to render even the greatest opponent justice and fair play—and because in a recent paragraph in the "Notes" we brought a pointed and deserved inculpation against the Executive from which we excepted Mr. Grassby—and making that exception in favor of the working-man, it would be unjust not to make it also in favor of the middle-class-man where it is so fully deserved.

There is also another reason which prompt us to this explanation: it is said "Mr. Le Blond is honest, sincere, and talented. *Therefore* we ought not to repudiate his advice."

We fully admit that Mr. Le Blond is all that you say—but that is no reason why we should let him lead us over a precipice. A man may be ruined by a well-meaning and ill-judging friend, as completely as by the most inveterate foe. If I am to be ruined, it makes small odds to me whether I am ruined by the mistaken friend, or the craft of a foe. Indeed, the friend is most dangerous—for, the more honest he is, and the more confidence you therefore have in him, the more prone you are to give way to his councils, and the more likely to be undone.

We have to resist the honest but mistaken friend as stoutly as the crafty and inveterate foe—and the former is by far the harder struggle.

Labor's Grievances.

I.—KETTERING.

The principal means of employment in this town and neighbourhood are shoe-making and silk plush weaving; but as I am not a son of Crispin, and consequently not so able as they are to dilate upon the wrongs and insults they endure, I will confine myself to an exposure of the conduct practised by the masters towards the men engaged in the latter branch of industry, and I commence with stating that there are employed in Kettering, Rothwell and Desboro', by the firms of Riley, Walters and Thipley about 350 weavers, besides winders, warpers, dressers and pickers, and I also assert, without fear of contradiction, that their average earnings do not exceed ten shillngs per week, including shop expenses which beside finding our own tools, amounts to winding, per week, 6d., shop rent, ditto, 4d., candles and fire in winter only, 4d. Now, sir, it is notorious that since 1842 the wages of these poor men have sunk one-third, and the work is made far superior for this paltry pittance even than formerly. Nor does the purchaser receive the benefit, or have the least idea of the system of plunder which exists in the manufacture of the silk hat; but this may not be the case any longer, for the columns of the press being open to us, we shall embrace the opportunity and publish to the world at large all further innovations upon our rights as workmen, thus adding one more to the catalogue of trades that have protested against the tyranny to which they appear compelled to yield under the present system of political inequality.

It is less than nine months since we had a reduction of two shillings in the pound; but it appears some are not yet satisfied, for Mr. Walters of Wilson Street, Finsbury, came out boldly on the 18th of March, with a declaration that he should, in future, pay for colored plushes, 19s. instead of £1 1s. 6d., the other masters protesting that it was quite low enough already. Hence, the present dispute. And it was not until he had lost four good hands, and found that the men were united and determined to resist that Mr. Walters came to Kettering, and sent for a deputation from the men, assuring them that he was in error, and that he would pay the same as other masters. Thus far this affair is settled, and we are not to be further robbed at present. Why, sir, the history of this firm for the last twelve years has been a continued system of reduction, and this sometimes even when trade was good. Nor could we ever get a single shilling advance from them. All kinds of have means been used to bring us down to where we are; which every one at all acquainted with the trade would pronounce to be (with a few exceptions) a miserable existence rather than a living. It is acknowledged that the men are eminently skilful and gene-

rally industrious; it is also past a doubt that they are most shamefully requited for their toil. Your political economists assert that wages rise when there is a demand for labor; but here has often been a demand, and none of the employers have done so generally; but we have lately had one shilling on a particular sort of work. The masters have been known to counsel poor men to be frugal and provident to provide for themselves when the season of sickness comes by paying into clubs, they are also expected to appear respectable on a Sunday, and to educate their children. Now, all these good things cost money, and without wages they cannot do so however willing they may be, and there is no help but in yourself, working-man, for if you go the magistrate he says it would be extremely improper for the bench to interfere between the employers and the employed—their business is to preserve the peace, and the parson says, be content, for the more you suffer here the greater your bliss hereafter; and the middle-class says they cannot help you, lest they should lose the custom of the rich.

A MIDLANDER.

PUDSEY—THE WEAVERS.

Sir,—Every day's experience proves that the employed are at the mercy of the empoyers—a class which cares not if poor humanity suffers, if they but attain the great object of their lives—wealth: and who sees but this single object before them in their march through life, and tread down, without remorse, whatever comes between them and that object; whose humanity is selfishness, and whose religion is the worship of gold: the whole philosophy of this school is contained in the reply of an employer on his being expostulated with, by one of his men, on his attempt to reduce their wages, "But, sir," said the man, "we cannot live at the wages we get, let alone the reduction," and the cold-blooded reply was, "It don't matter to me if I can get it done."

It has often been said that "The interests of the employed and employer are one," but surely with the lights of common sense and experience burning in their eyes, the working classes will see that the reverse is really the case: experience teaches us that the aim of the employer is to amass a fortune as quick as possible, no matter if in achieving this, they crush the employed out of existence; but they are only the instruments upon which the "system" of society plays the tune of selfishness.

I will attempt to show a little of the workings of the present system, by what is passing around me.

Pudsey is a large rambling place, with between twelve and fourteen thousand inhabitants. The business, chiefly carried on is the making of woollen-cloths, the spinners and weavers of which have, to an extensive degree, to take their wages in the shape of coals and groceries for their family use, and cloth of which they have to dispose again to a great disadvantage to themselves; the practice is so common, that it is looked upon as a matter of course.

Within its boundaries there are likewise three large worsted-manufactories (Hough-side, Bank-house and Staningley and which of late have reduced the work-people more than once, especially the last, which reduced them four several times very lately, the last time was last week, as follows:—weavers four pence per piece, combers a farthing per pound, and the dressers a farthing per cwt.). Pudsey also contributes pretty largely with hands for the mills at Laisterdyke, a place about three miles off, and here we have had a strike of weavers and wool-combers, of the whole place: three weeks before they had reduced the wages of weavers, spinners and combers, and nothing was done in the shape of resistance, although this was not the first time of late, but when they reduced again, the resistance became general: Lupton's firm commenced by reducing the weavers—when they struck work: a week passed, when the rest of the firms reduced likewise. A General Meeting took place, when the three firms amalgamated, and operations were commenced in earnest to carry on the strike: an appeal was made to the public, and the public responded to the appeal. Thus, for three weeks were they supported, when 'blacks' began to creep in, but mostly from other places; great numbers of people assembled to hoot these 'blacks' when closing-time of an evening came, a body of police was brought to guard them from personal injury. Friday evening, the 19th of March came, the populace had met, as usual, to hoot the 'blacks,' when by some means or other a row ensued, stones were thrown, sticks were used, and the police had to seek safety in flight: in the brawl a few heads and windows were broken; but this was all on the side of the masters' interest: four persons were brought before the magistrates, as being most conspicuous in the riot; but the magistrates were masters too; and they knew perfectly well how to deal with the prisoners, £5 each, or two months to Wakefield Gaol, was a trifling matter for them to inflict, but at all events this was the penalty; but I must get on: Tuesday the 23rd came, and Lupton's hands came to a settlement for a part only to be reduced; Kershaw and weavers came to a settlement, for half to be reduced instead of all, but he, like a brave honorable gentleman and

minister as he is, gave it only to a few, and paid the rest at the reduction when the pay day came.

The other would promise nothing and therefore gave nothing, and this is the fruits of our misspent energies, with between twenty or thirty victims of the masters, sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon, to the rage of their employers, cast abroad without work while the trade is in a wretched bad condition.

W. Mitchell.

[There we have the old game; the surplus beating down the turn-outs—and still more linked to the masters by the ill-judged animosity fomented between the two bodies of working-men. When will working-men see the true means to their social emancipation?]

E. J.

Lessons from History.

IV.—THE GLADIATORS OF ROME.

(*Concluded from No.* 50, *p.* 981.)

Rome was astonished at the defeat—and sent Publius Varenus with an imposing force against the insurgents. Spartacus, who had now, by common consent, the chief command, beheld the Roman army advancing in isolated detachments. He suddenly, by a forced march, fell on one of those under Varenus' lieutenant, Furius, and utterly routed it. Hearing of the disaster, Varenus sent another general, Cossinius, to the support of the fugitives—but Spartacus, with the astonishing celerity for which he was noted in all his operations, hurried to engage him while unprepared. He nearly caught Cossinius while in the baths, at Salenæ, seized his baggage, stormed his camp, and killed his troops, the general himself falling in the engagement. He then fell on Varenus and the main army, beat it in several battles, and captured the lictors and the very horse of the general.

Spartacus now marched his army towards the Alps, his design being to lead them back to Thrace, and restore them there to their native land and their original liberty. A wise and a noble resolve, for he well knew that in the long run, his gladiators and insurgent peasants could not successfully resist the power of the Roman empire, as soon as it began to concentrate. His resolve was equally magnanimous and wise—for among the free barbarians, he would be but a simple citizen, no greater than the rest. In Italy he might rise to the power of a prince.

But this did not suit the views of the other leaders. They represented to the elated gladiators that they might conquer Rome, and avenge in her streets the wrongs she had inflicted upon Thrace and Gaul. They probably thought in their short-sighted exultation, that, as they had conquered great armies, so they might continue to conquer, and, ignorant as they were, might not be able to appreciate the vast resources of the Roman empire.

Moreover, they were jealous of Spartacus' popularity and power—if they thwarted his plans, they would obtain the leadership—they preferred the luxury of Italy to the cold severity of Thrace, and a selfish culpable ambition caused them to oppose the plan of their great leader. They had the passions of the army with them. They flattered its prejudices, they represented that it was cowardly to fly from the battle in the moment of victory, that Rome was at their feet—that the vengeance of centuries was ready for their grasp—and they hinted, not obscurely, that Spartacus had been bribed by Roman gold to conduct the storm harmlessly past the walls of the great and helpless metropolis of the world.

Vast numbers rallied around the seditious leaders—but a portion remained true to Spartacus—and with these he still held onward towards the Alps—whose glassy pinnacles rose far north, portals of liberty and home. As he drew nearer towards the long desired goal, Spartacus was known to pace the camp of evenings, seeing the rosy sunlight tinge the distant glaciers, and breathing with wild delight the pure air of Germany coming down from those glittering crystals through the hot atmosphere that brooded over the wide plains of tyrant-trodden Italy. But the numbers of Spartacus grew more few, the further north he reached—as the thousand allurements on the road, and the persuasions of the false advisers, kept thinning his ranks. Meanwhile the seceders, who now formed the large majority, threatened the imperial city, laid waste the country, and spread dismay and desolation on all hands.

Rome now fought for life! Enormous as were her armies, invincible as were her legions, her very existence seemed in danger from a war, commenced by seventy-five unarmed men in the very stronghold of her wealth and splendour. Enormous forces and great generals she possessed—but Pompey was in Spain with his legions, Lucullus was in Thrace. All the villas and palaces of her nobles throughout Italy were at the mercy of a remorseless avenger—all her provincial cities in the penin-

sula, might be laid in ashes—wealth trembled for the spoil of centuries, and though the capital would stand a siege—though ere the walls could be stormed, Pompey and Lucullus might appear before them with their recalled armies, the enervated nobles trembled at what the chances of war might subject them to, and at what the astonishing valor of the insurgents might achieve if once brought before the walls of the metropolis, and within sight of the grandest prize that ever yet had wooed a conqueror.

The Senate, therefore, thought the danger great enough to send forth a consular army, and accordingly, a vast force, under the consuls Gellius and Lentulus in person, were launched against the gladiators.

In vain Spartacus warned his rivals of the impending danger—in vain he implored a union of all their forces, the headstrong party of Germans who had separated, seconded the ambition of their leader, who aspired to beat the consuls without having to share the laurels with another. The consequence was that they were attacked and utterly destroyed by Gellius. This was a heavy blow to the insurgents; the first defeat took from them moral courage, and the loss in numbers was crippling to their enterprise.

The other consul, Lentulus, now swept down with enormous forces, and tried to envelope Spartacus; but he was completely beaten by the heroic Thracian, and escaped with difficulty.

This defeat by Gellius had brought the survivors to reason—this victory over Lentulus renewed their confidence in Spartacus, and they consented to accompany the latter towards the Alps. On his way he was intercepted by Cassius, who commanded on the Po with 10,000 men. But Cassius was completely routed, and, himself, escaped with difficulty.

The Senate now superseded the consuls, and gave the command to the celebrated Crassus, the richest man in Rome. The majority of the nobility flocked to his camp, to fight under his banner. It had become a war between the rich and poor.

Crassus took post in the Picene to intercept Spartacus, and sent his lieutenant, Mummius, to harass the gladiator's march, but on no account to risk a pitched battle. The object of Spartacus was to lure Mummius into action. He, therefore, presented an apparently careless flank to the view of the Roman general, who fell into the snare, and ranged his troops for battle.

The fate of the insurgents depended, for the time, on the result. A terrible engagement ensued—but Mummius was so completely beaten, that his troops threw down their arms, after an immense slaughter, and fled for life. The indignant Crassus decimated the fugitive soldiers, and bore down to meet the gladiators.

The loss of the latter had been so great in the action, the power of Crassus was so large, and the armies of Lucullus were on their way into northern Italy from France, those of Pompey from Spain, that Spartacus at once felt convinced the plan of penetrating to the Alps had passed. The delay occasioned by the secession of the other leaders with their bands, had given Rome the time to concentrate her force. Spartacus, therefore, turned back through Lucania towards the sea—having conceived another plan, so masterly, that, had he been enabled to carry out his intentions, he might have changed the face of the ancient world.

The slaves in Sicily had revolted under one of their order, Eunus, and the servile war thus kindled had been smothered only nineteen years before. Spartacus thought, if he could reach the island with the 2,000 men, the only remnants of his gallant host that war, victory, and desertion, had left around his banner, he might relight the smouldering embers of the struggle, and, probably, among the mountain-holds of the volcanic island, make such a stand, as would sound the tocsin of liberation to the world that Rome had enslaved, and shake the imperial despotism to its base.

The immediate execution of his plan seemed the more feasible, because there were great numbers of Cilician pirate vessels at that time in the harbour. With these he contracted to take him and his companions into Sicily, paying them a large sum of money for the purpose. But, no sooner had the pirates received the stipulated price, than they sailed away, leaving the deceived insurgents disappointed and indignant on the beach.

The gladiators now kept retiring southward fighting their way through the straggling parties of the enemy, and avoiding an engagement with the vast pursuing masses under the command of Crassus. His object still was to get as near to Sicily as possible, trusting to some means arising for conveyance to the neighbouring island.

In this way he reached Rhegium, one of the southernmost peninsulas of Italy. Here he entrenched himself, determined to resist to the last. Soon he beheld the imposing masses of Crassus coming on from the north, and deploying like a living barrier across the isthmus from shore to shore. To make the fate of the little band more sure, the Roman noble, not content with his enormous preponderance of power, dug a ditch across the peninsula, 300 furlongs in extent, 15 feet wide, and 15 deep, and above it, from sea to sea, a wall very

strong and high, garnished by his chosen soldiery.

The food in the little peninsula of Rhegium was soon exhausted—scarce a boat was in possession of the gladiators—not a friendly ship was seen upon the ocean.

The isthmus was a prison, barricaded by stone, and steel, and fire, and imperial Rome came rolling against the gate. Crassus could not conceal his exultation. The gladiators were reduced to almost the last extremity of starvation. Their numbers had been largely recruited on their southward march, but that very fact served to increase their weakness, for it accelerated the ravages and hopelessness of hunger.

Despair was in every heart. None spoke of submission, for all knew no mercy was to be expected at the hands of Rome, sure of their destruction without compromise or treason.

The genius of Spartacus now hewed out the pathway of deliverance.

It was a snowy and stormy night of winter (unusually inclement and severe for southern Italy,) the waves rolled in hoarse thunder against the promontories, and the wind whistled over the rocks, drowning the sounds of either camp, while intense darkness brooded over the scene. Spartacus suddenly called his men silently and secretly to arms, told the front ranks to load themselves with wood and earth, and to march against the trench. They came unperceived—in a short space of time a part of the trench was filled, and, unperceived, Spartacus had actually threaded the Roman lines and gained the open country, before Crassus had the slightest intimation of his movement.

Crassus was panic-stricken. Despite his immense numerical superiority and his skilfully constructed lines, *the road to Rome lay open!* And Rome was almost utterly defenceless—for all her disposable force was either in the provinces, or had been hurled under Crassus against Rhegium. Pompey and Lucullus were on their way—but ere they could reach the capital, Spartacus might be camping in its centre; Crassus might follow, but before he could overtake the light-armed gladiators, the Capitol might be in ashes, and the conqueror, with the archives, the treasures, and the Senate as his spoil and his prisoners, might dictate honorable terms to the surrounding forces. That Rome might this time fall suddenly, was feasible to suppose, because an enemy's presence before it was utterly unexpected, and it would probably be surprised before placed in a position of defence.

Spartacus, therefore, urged forced marches upon Rome. But once more dissension arose among the gladiators. They desired to compensate themselves in the rich country for their privations in the peninsula—they shunned the long march, they looked on the attempt as hopeless—as too bold, (though in its boldness rested its only chance of success),—and preferred a desultory warfare in the south, with a fresh attempt to raise the plundered peasantry. A large body accordingly once more seceded from Spartacus, and encamped on the Lucanian lake. Crassus exulted. He saw at a glance that the gladiators had lost their opportunity, fell on the seceders with all his force, and would have destroyed them, had not Spartacus with noble-minded, self-sacrificing generosity, turned back and came up to their rescue. Crassus was driven off, despite his numbers.

The force of Spartacus kept once more rapidly increasing—and again he strove to hurl it as rapidly on Rome. But Crassus, who had received tidings that the advent of Pompey and Lucullus was to be expected soon, jealous of these generals, resolved on finishing the war before they could come to share in the glory. He therefore determined to attack the fool-hardy band who had revolted first, under their two leaders Castus and Cannicus. He sent 6000 men to seize a hill secretly, that commanded their position. They marched in the night, and covered their helmets and arms with dark cloth, to prevent their glimmering in the moonlight. But two women were sacrificing before the tent of Spartacus, who kept with the force that had remained true to him at no great distance in order to save the mutineers, if possible, from the effects of their own folly. These women, whose senses were sharpened by anxiety, discovered the approach of the enemy and gave the alarm. The troops of Spartacus were soon under arms, and not one of the assailants would have escaped alive, had not Crassus come up with his entire army. A terrible battle ensued—the insurgents were defeated—12,300 of them were killed, and only two were wounded in the back! The folly of the revolters had forced Spartacus into this action and defeat.

Spartacus now retired to the mountain of Petelia, to rest his shattered force. Quintus, Crassus's officer, and Scropha, the questor, pursued him. Spartacus suddenly faced about, and routed the Romans, who fled in a dastardly manner, being scarcely able to carry off their questor, who was wounded.

This success ruined Spartacus; for again his troops were so elated, that they would no longer obey the wisdom of their leader, but surrounded him sword in hand, and forced him to lead them back into Lucania to face Crassus. This was just what the latter

wanted, for Pompey, was coming up fast to rob him of his laurels.

The sole effort of Spartacus was now to avoid a general action, which, with troops as irregular, intemperate and undisciplined as his present levies, would, he was aware, prove fatal. His intention was to prolong the war, and thus spread the insurrection, trusting to the inspirations of his genius to surmount the difficulties of his situation.

But one day Crassus had ordered his soldiers to dig a trench. A party of gladiators attacked them contrary to orders, while at work. In vain Spartacus tried to stop them. Numbers kept coming up continually from both sides—until Spartacus, seeing no way of longer avoiding the battle, brought out his whole army.

When his friends brought him his favorite horse, he drew his sword and killed it, saying "If I prove victorious this day, I shall have horses at command. If I am defeated, I shall have no need of this."

His aim throughout the fight was to find Crassus, and he forced his way through showers of darts and heaps of the slain in search of his great enemy. But the rich slave-trainer*, was too well guarded by his satellites. Spartacus, with his own hand killed two centurions who ventured to engage him, but he could not reach his object.

At last, looking back—he found himself alone. All those that seconded him, had fled. But, alone, he still stood his ground, and died like a hero, fighting to the last.

Crassus, also, exposed his person bravely—and Pompey, coming up with his army, just as the battle was closing, killed all the fugitives, and won the laurels of the victory, to the great disgust and anger of his rival.

Thus ended the gladiators' war—in which seventy-five men, led by one master-mind, set a power in motion that nearly subverted Rome, and might have done so, had not mean, small, jealous hearts crippled the energies, and frustrated the genius of the great presiding spirit,—a lesson for the people.

* Crassus had made his fortune by training slaves and selling them.

Mirabeau.

If we would summarily sketch the character of Mirabeau, we would say that he was a pure revolutionist, — a man expressly formed for revolutionary times. He was adapted to take the lead in the great social outbreak of his day; he was just such a man as was fitted for the state of France at the end of the last century. He would have been of little use before his time; he would have been of none after it. His father, who never could comprehend him, though he gave him birth, once said of him, "This man is neither the end nor the beginning of a man." And for a good reason: "this man" was the end of one era of society and the commencement of another. He was no builder, no reformer; but purely a destroyer. His aim was at the entire structure of society: it was not to found a republic, but to effect a revolution. He consummated the work which Voltaire and others had commenced. The labors of these men were directed to the same end—to destroy old things and prepare the way for new. The one labored for nearly half a century; the other appeared on the scene only for a few years. Voltaire wrote almost during as many years as Mirabeau spoke days. Yet Mirabeau was no less effective as a destroyer than Voltaire. Each attacked society after his own manner. Voltaire decomposed; Mirabeau crushed. After Voltaire, society seemed in a state of solution; after Mirabeau, ground to powder. Voltaire operated like an acid; Mirabeau like a giant's club.

Yet it is not improbable that Mirabeau was in a great measure ignorant of the revolution which he was unchaining, and of the powers, for good or for evil, which he was letting loose. Nay, it is even said that Mirabeau was prepared to sell the people over to the crown, and that documents were found in his house, after his death, to this effect. It matters not whether that be true or not. Certain it is that he did more to raise the storm, at the same time that he held it in check, than any other man of the time. He held compressed under his own feet all the diverging forces which he had reserved to work out the ruin he had commenced. No sooner was he dead, than all the pent-up powers of anarchy broke loose. But even had he lived, sooner or later the revolutionary explosion would have taken place, and cast afar off even Mirabeau himself, giant though he was.

It is observed by Victor Hugo, in the course of his splendid "Essay on the Character of Mirabeau," that "the party of the future may always be divided into two classes: the men of revolution and the men of progress. They are the men of revolution who tear up the old political soil, dig the furrows and sow the seed; but *their* time is short. To the

men of progress belongs the slow and laborious cultivation of principles, the study of the seasons propitious for engrafting such and such ideas, the patient labor from day to day, the rearing of the young plant, the manure of the soil, the harvest for all. These must labor alike under sunshine and under rain, in the public field, clearing away the rubbish from the ruinous places, digging up the stumps of former growth, and uprooting the dead fibres of the old regimes, weeding out abuses, those vile herbs which so readily and so quickly project themselves into all the crevices of the soil. Theirs must be the sharp eye, the sure foot, and the steady hand." We now need the aid of the men of progress. Mirabeau was a great man of revolution: we must have another as great or greater than he, in the new field opening up before us. We shall soon see whether he appear or not. Surely, Providence will not refuse to us the great man of moral and social progress just as it has not refused the great man of revolution. The French Revolution begun in 1793 is still proceeding. It has opened up to all social reforms an immense book, a kind of great testament. Many have been the hands that have held the pen and inscribed their names therein. It is still open, and the writing is going on at this moment. Napoleon, Charles the Tenth, Louis Philippe, have attempted to graft monarchy in some of its shapes on the vigorous trunk of the Revolution, and have each signally failed. At the present moment a dictatorship rules in Paris with trembling heart, but outward boldness, the momentarily defeated but not conquered myriads who hold fast the faith in a better political and social future. The consummation may be distant, but it is not doubtful. What the uncle could not do, the nephew will fail to accomplish. France is governed not by men but ideas.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—NOTTINGHAM.

Our readers will recollect that some time since the wretched state of democracy in Nottingham was alluded to in the "Notes."

The condition of this town deserves special mention as a warning to others, and as an illustration of what the running after half-measures and middle-class reform reduces a place to.

When the Financial Reformers were in Nottingham, so complete was the dis-organisation and apathy caused by the advice of "taking instalments," "steps in the right direction," &c., that when Mr. James Sweet, the gallant and well-known leader of many a brave campaign in Nottingham in the "good old times," moved an amendment in favor of the Charter, not one of the *professing* Chartists of this corrupt and fallen place would second it.

Many of the Nottingham "Chartists," (what an abuse of the name!) have at least been consistent enough since, to praise, vindicate, and applaud Lord John Russell's measure as "a step in the right direction." Of course they would! Those who support Walmsley as a stepper in the right direction, to be consistent must support Lord John Russell, too. And those who support Russell and Walmsley, to be consistent, must support Walpole with his militia suffrage too! That's what expediency and swerving from principle leads to.

The result of this dereliction of common sense and political honesty is apparent in these localities, which hardly ever meet—and have but a nominal existence, with secretaries who do not write, and members who neither pay nor meet.

But Chartism has been superseded by religion, and the working-classes are engrossed in disputes on theological matters! Was there ever a more pitiable spectacle, than to find working-men, starving and suffering as these are, wasting the time and energy they might employ in raising themselves and gladdening their families, in abstruse theories about spiritualism and materialism. Why, one grain of Chartism would do them more good than all the "spiritualism" and "materialism" of all the schools the world has ever seen.

But worse than this is at work in Nottingham. There is a system of profit-mongering raging among the men, which is as bad, if not worse, than all the legalised robberies imaginable. *Money-clubs* are held at *ale-houses* in all quarters. Thus, a thirty-shilling club is started by thirty members. They "sell out"—the highest bidder being the purchaser, perhaps for thirty-shillings. The man has to pay five shillings, besides "fines" for neglect of payment, and three pence every club-(week)-night for all. Here again, we see the poorest, the most needy, charged by a lot of money-grubbers for his poverty.

Such is the state to which Nottingham has fallen. "*Theology*," *gambling* and *pot-houses*! It has seldom been our task to record a more degrading instance of a fall for a once high and spirited democratic town.

There are still, doubtlessly, many good and true men in Nottingham. May these remarks spur them on to take the cause in their hands, and save the honor of the town. Will not James Sweet take the field once more?

II.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

The Council met as usual at the Finsbury Institution, Ray Street, Clerkenwell, on Sunday, April 4th 1852. Mr. Farrah in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, Mr. E. Jones reported on behalf of the O'Connor committee, he had seen Mr. Ruffey who refused to accept any office; he then read letters from Messrs. Drake and Sewell expressing their willingness to accept the offices of Trustee and Treasurer; likewise he recommended, as one Trustee was resident in Dublin, that Mr. Stright be added to the number, and stated that Mr. Stright, on his personal application, had consented. On the motion of Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Stright was nominated as an additional Trustee, and Mr. E. Jones then moved the following as the Address and Financial rules for the committee:

Fellow Countrymen!—We are happy to inform you that the following gentlemen, nominated by the unanimous vote of this Council, have consented to act as Trustees, Treausurer, and general Secretary.

Trustees:—Patrick O'Higgins, Dublin, Simon Stright, 20, Lisson Street, New Road, London; William Drake, 257, Whitechapel Road, London.

Treasurer:—John Sewell, 9, Penton Place, Surrey Zoological Gardens, London.

Gen. Secretary:—T. M. Wheeler, 4, West Street, Soho.

The only nominations made by the country, were the same as those originally made by this Council, Messrs. Patrick O'Higgins, Duncombe and Wakley. As the two latter have declined acting, their nomination falls to the ground—and Messrs. O'Higgins, Stright and Drake as Trustees, Mr. John Sewell as Treasurer, and Mr. T. M. Wheeler as general Secretary, are submitted for your approval. As one of the Trustees is resident in Dublin, it has been deemed advisable to increase the number of these officers to three as above.

All the gentlemen named are long and well known in the democratic cause, and the Trustees and Treasurer are all men of large property, from which they have not scrupled to devote a considerable share in furtherance of democracy and truth.

All those who are really friends of Mr. O'Connor, are now requested to forward their subscriptions without loss of time to the general Secretary, Mr. Wheeler, if in Post Office orders, payable to Mr. Sewell, at the chief office, London.

As soon as sufficient funds are in hand, collecting-sheets and programmes will be issued to all who may express a desire to aid in this good cause, by communicating with the general Secretary, Mr. Wheeler. A committee so constituted, and Treasurers and Trustees, consisting of such men, cannot we feel convinced, fail in enlisting the full confidence and support of the public.

Financial Rules of the Committee.

1.—Monies to be sent to the general Secretary, if in Post Office Orders, payable at the Chief Office, London, to the Treasurer, Mr. John Sewell. The General Secretary, to pay weekly the money's received by him, to the General Treasurer, whose receipt he shall take and produce to the committee.

3.—The Secretary to retain one pound in hand for current expenses.

4.—The General Treasurer to pay all money's over £20, (which he is authorised to retain in hand), to the Trustees, and not to pay away any money, unless the order be signed by at least two of the Trustees, and countersigned by the General Secretary.

5:—The Trustees to pay all monies (as soon as the sum in hand shall reach £50), into a bank to be selected by them, in trust for the purposes named in the original programme of this committee.

6.—No money's to be taken out of the Bank, unless the order be signed by all three of the Trustees, and countersigned by the Treasurer.

The address and rules were unanimously adopted.

The Council then adjourned to attend the monthly aggregate meeting of the Chartists of London. Mr. Farrah was called to the chair. After a few preliminary observations from the chairman, Mr. Athol Wood moved the following resolution. "That in order to realise such an influential movement of the industrial classes of this country as shall enforce upon the government the necessity for recognising and acceding to their just claims, it is first necessary to create a truly democratic mind, and thereby an efficiently organized democratic party, towards which the N.C.A. formed for the purpose of insuring the legitimate enactment of the document entitled the People's Charter—offers every facility; we hereby solemnly pledge ourselves to uphold that association in name and detail, and use our utmost exertions to realise the objects for which it was [originated." Messr E. Jones, Finlen and several other speakers most ener-

getically supported the motion which was was carried unanimously.

EDMUND L. CLARKE, *Sec.*

III.—LONDON.

At an aggregate meeting of the London Chartists, held at the Finsbury Institution, on Sunday, March 4th. Mr. Farrah in the chair. The following resolution was unanimously carried:

"This meeting, having seen the proposition for a People's Party put forward by Mr. T. S. Duncombe, to the Bristol Chartists, believes that there exists no necessity for creating such a party, one being already in existence, the National Charter Association, which has been established sixteen years. This meeting can trace no fault either in the principle or details of the Charter, and believes the present plan of Chartist organization one of the most effective that can be adopted for carrying out the principles it advocates. This meeting is further of opinion that the duty of every real democrat is, not to weaken the popular party by trying to create a new movement, but to strengthen it by lending his best aid to the old. It would therefore sincerely advise Mr. Duncombe not to injure the reputation he has won by seceding from the straight path of principle in the eleventh hour, and solemnly warn all true democrats, not to be caught in the new pitfall prepared to catch the re-awakening strength of democracy."

IV.—PLYMOUTH.

March 1852.

At a meeting of as many of the democrats as we could get together on Sunday evening last, it was resolved: "That under our embarassed circumstances we could not recommend the holding of a Conference, but would rather see the debts paid off and for that purpose we send five shillings, and five shillings for Mr. O'Connor.

J. ROGERS, Sec.

V.—BERMONDSEY.

On Monday evening the 5th instant, Ernest Jones commenced the first of another course of lectures in the Paragon Chapel. Twenty three members were enrolled at the close of the lecture, the cards used being those issued by the Metropolitan Delegate Council.

VI.—HUDDERSFIELD.

The Chartists of Huddersfield have responded to the calling of the Manchester Council, for a Convention and pledged themselves to send a delegate.

VII.—CITY LOCALITY.

At a meeting of the locality on March 25th, and April 3rd, 1852. Mr. Leno in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and cohfirmed. The report from the Metropolitan Delegate Council was received, and the auditors that were elected, stated that they had examined the books and that they were correct, the sum of 6s. 8d. was in the hands of the Treasurer. The report was then received and the officers time of serving having expired the following were elected as officers for the ensuing quarter: Mr. Hampden as Treasurer, Mr. F. Farrah as corresponding Secretary, Mr. Moring as financial Secretary. Messrs. F. Farrah and Washington were elected as delegates to the Metropolitan Delegate Council. Moved and carried: "That 4s. be sent from the funds of this locality to the Executive." Several persons having subscribed the further sum of 3s. 9d. it was moved: "That that be sent up along with the 4s." so that it made a total of 7s. 9d. It was moved, seconded and carried. "That this locality take two dozen cards of the Metropolitan Delegate Council."

F. FARRAH, *Cor. Sec.*

The locality meets every Saturday evening at the above house.

VIII.—VICTORIA PARK.

R. Stokes in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. Moved by W. Vickers Seckby and Staines that the report of delegates of the Metropolitan Delegate Council be received," carried. Moved by W. Vickers, seconded by S. Ferdinando: "That this locality form themselves into a local committee to aid the central committee to secure the return of F. Newton at the next election to seat in the Common's House of Parliament," carried. Moved by D. Snelling, seconded by E. Stokes: "That two delegates be appointed to attend the central committee to receive instructions," carried. Moved and seconded: "That W. Vickers and L. H. Pelteret, do attend to the same."

Rules for the guidance of this locality were discussed and passed. Moved by L. H. Pelteret, seconded by D. Snelling: "That the

the rule be read every quarterly meeting, and that a copy of the same do lay on the table for the use of members, carried.

This locality meets every Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, and on Wednesday evening.

L. H. PELTERET *Sec.*

4, Type Street, Green Street, Bethual Green.

IX.—WEST RIDING.

The Committee for the relief of Mr, O'Connor met at Balmsforth's Coffee House. Queenshead on Sunday last, April 4th, for the purpose of carrying out the resolutions of the West Riding delegates. The following resolutions were agreeed to:

1st.—"That an appeal be issued from this committee to the Chartists of the West Riding calling on them to assist them in this object."

2nd—"That copies of such appeal be sent to "Reynold's Newspaper," the "Star," the "Notes," and the "Friend of the People."

3rd.—"That this meeting stand adjourned to the first Sunday in May, at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

Brother Chartists! we deem it our duty to appeal to you on the present occasion, on behalf of that suffering and ruined patriot Mr. O'Connor. According to the statement put forth by his nephew, Mr. Roger O'Connor, he is now in a state of destination. Such as ever been the lot of those who have marched in the vanguard of progress. But seeing that his talents, his time, and his means, have been used by the people as public property, we deem it the duty of that people to use its utmost endeavours to assist in releasing him from from want, and placing him in comfortable circumstances during the remainder of his life. He may, and no doubt has had his faults, who amongst us is without?

But it must be admitted that he has been the means of rousing the people to a sense of their social and political degradation, and awakening in them a feeling of liberty, which will never be quenched. We therefore consider that in responding to this appeal, the people will only be paying a small instalment towards a large debt of public gratitude.

We earnestly request that all parties who intend assisting us in this work will get out collecting books and with that speed and energy, which the importance of the case demands. All moneys must be sent to Mr. John Moore, of Bowling, near Bradford, all correspondence must be addressed to Christopher Shackleton, Queenshead, near halifax.

Signed by the members present:

Thomas Wilcock, Richard Gill, Thomas Cameron, Harrison Holt, Benjamin Wilson.

C. SHACKLETON.

West Riding Secretary

X.—ASHTON-UNDER-LYNN.

At the Council meeting of Wednesday, March 13, Daniel Morgan was elected Secretary for this locality. All correspondence to be addressed to him, at No. 2, Wych's Court, Old-street, Ashton-under-Lynn.

DANIEL MORGAN,
Secretary.

XI.—ROYAL MINT STREET, TOWER HAMLETS.

A public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall in the above locality on Wednesday evening last, Mr. Bligh in the chair. Messrs. James Finlen and Ernest Jones addressed the meeting, and the following resolution was unanimosuly carried;—

"This meeting, believing Whigs and Tories to be equally bad, and having no faith in the Parliamentary Reformers led by Sir J. Walmsley, believing further that the knowledge and spirit of Democracy are more widely spread than ever, and seeing only one thing wanting to ensure its triumph—organisation and union, pledges itself to support the National Charter Association to its utmost, by taking out cards of membership, by subscriptions, and the distribution of democratic tracts."

XII.—NORTH LONDON.

The usual weekly meeting of this locality was held at the York Coffee House, St. Pancras Road, Wednesday evening, April 7. Mr. J. Brown, chairman, called upon the secretary to read the minutes, which being confirmed, Athol Wood reported from the Delegate Council, and stated that a public meeting of the metropolitan Chartists had taken place at the Literary Institution, Ray-street, Clerkenwell, on the previous Saturday, where he had the pleasure of enrolling a member for this district; report received.

Mr. Edwin Hannan proposed, and Mr. Frederick Charlton seconded, the subjoined resolution,

"That, deeply deploring the unaccountable antagonism exhibited by Mr. G. Julian Harney—still a member of the National Charter Association—towards Chartism and those who are endeavouring to re-organise the movement,

we respectfully suggest to that gentleman the propriety of aiding them in their efforts, by which he would give a practical proof of that fraternity which he so ably teaches, and show himself a *true* 'Friend of the People.' We likewise request him to name the demagogue to whom he alludes in the 'Friend,' and that a copy be sent to G. J. H.;" carried unanimously.

Athol Wood here observed that he had been elected by the Delegate Council one of an Observation Committee of seven, that they had met the previous evening, and decided upon submitting for the consideration of the Council an address to the Chartists, upon the new move of Mr. Thomas S. Duncombe, and begged leave to move as follows:—

Resolved, "That in our position the scheme proposed by Mr. T. S. Duncombe, M.P., to base the franchise upon a twelvemonth's residential qualification, will actually disfranchise more than 1,280,000 of the male adult portion of the working-classes who are, from the fluctuations of trade and other causes, rendered migratory, they often being, in consequence of the necessity for residing near to their work, compelled to remove several times during that period; while in the rural and manufacturing districts, the employers could, whenever it suited their purpose, disfranchise their workmen by discharging them from their employment and compelling them to seek work at such a distance as would force them to change their residences. Moreover that the denial of the vote to paupers is an ungenerous and disgraceful insult to the poor, punishing poverty as a crime, and degrading the unfortunate to the level of the criminal. That the working of the ballot, as he proposes, would be a mere mockery. That without payment of members the monied classes would still possess all the political influence of the country, as none but the rich could afford to expend their time without a remuneration. And lastly, that it is but another scheme of the Financial Reformers to entrap the people by making them a *catspaw* of the above-named gentleman. Therefore, it is the duty of the Chartist body to express their disapprobation, and expose the fallaciousness and injustice of his measure," seconded by Mr. Frederick Charlton; carried.

Mr. Harman wished to know whether the Manchester Council had expressed its intentions relative to the Convention? upon which the delegate was unable to give a positive answer. It was likewise mentioned that, as soon as possible, it would be expedient to form a committee in behalf of the "People's Newspaper."

The Secretary gave notice that on their next meeting he should have a list prepared to enter subscriptions for the Convention Fund. Meeting adjourned.

Athol Wood, Secretary.

XIII.—HALIFAX.

A district delegate meeting was held on Sunday April 4th, 1852, in the Chartist room, Halifax, to consider the necessary steps to be taken to meet Mr. O'Connor's case, and the better organisation of the district; after agreeing upon steps of action, the meeting was adjourned to Sunday 18th of April, to be held in the Chartist room, Mixenden Stones.

A public meeting was held in the afternoon to sympathise with Mr. O'Connor, when the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

1st.—"That this meeting deeply sympathises with Mr. O'Connor in his present difficulties believes it to be its duty to render every assistance to that gentleman by raising funds for the purpose of a further audit of the accounts of the Land Company, and affording medical assistance and maintenance, and if such duty be neglected it will be a disgrace to the democracy of this country for which he has been so ardent an advocate, and for which he has so greatly suffered."

2.—"That a committee be appointed to consist of one person from each locality in the district to carry out the above resolution.

3.—"That all contributions raised in the Halifax district, be handed over to the West Riding Committee Treasurer, at every West Riding Committee meeting to be forwarded by him to the General Treasurer as appointed by the Metropolitan Delegate Council to be invested by him under the Trusteeship of Sharman Crawford M.P. Thomas Wakley M.P. and Patrick O'Higgins."

Thomas Wood.
District Secretary.

XIV.—WESMINSTER.

At the weekly meeting of this locality, the following resolutions were passed unanimously, Mr. Young in the chair. Messrs. Clarke and Harris reported from the M. D. C. Mr. E. L. Clarke, moved, Mr. Harris seconded.

"That we, the members of this locality, urge upon our brother Chartists not to countenance or support any of the different political movements that are being brought before the notice of the people of this country. That anything short of the People's Charter is a retrograde movement, and would be the means of preventing the people from gaining real political power."

Mr. E. L. Clarke then moved, Mr. Wright seconded,

"That we, the members of the Westminster locality, consider it of the greatest importance in order to be able to propagate the glorious truths of democracy, that we should have suitable premises or place of meeting, over which we should have the whole and sole control; to accomplish this we find first, that the first thing needful is the requisite capital; we therefore resolve, 1st, To raise the necessary capital we form a fund to which all members willing shall subscribe the sum of sixpence per week; 2, That all moneys subscribed for this purpose shall be deposited in the Saving's Banks in the names of three trustees to be appointed for that purpose, and that all subscribed shall not be withdrawn or expended for any other purpose on any account whatever; 3, That should any member not be able to pay sixpence per week, he can pay what he pleases, but should any member neglect to subscribe for the space of one month, he shall forfeit the right of any share he may be entitled to, illness or misfortune excepted; 4, That when the necessary sum shall have been subscribed, it shall be expended for the above purpose, according as the majority of the members shall think fit."

E. L. Clarke, Sec.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book IV.—The Lady of Title.

In three parts,—*Girlhood, Marriage, Old Age.*

V.—THE LAST EFFORT.

Twilight had fallen. Yet, to increase the deepening gloom, the blinds were lowered in the room occupied by Lady Honora, in the earl's house in Grosvenor Square. Nothing could be seen in the chamber; but the large gilt frames of the costly paintings, that shimmered through the shade—and the glistening face of the crystal drops that drooped in clusters from the graceful chandelier. The doors were carefully closed, and a subdued and dusky fire smouldered in the grate. All was mysterious and silent—one would have said the spot had been prepared for some secret ritual of voluptuous pleasure.

A young girl reclined on an ottoman in the remotest corner of the apartment. Her face was so pale, that it showed through the twilight with a startling whiteness, like the outline of a marble bust.

A man was seated opposite, and near to her. He sat in expectant silence. The two thus brought in presence of each other, were Lady Honora and Lord Parciment Cartoon.

Lady Honora had decided on this desperate alternative, after many nights and days of anguish and uncertainty. The letter sent by Darcy, at his departure, had been so frank, so noble, so manly a confession of love, and so urgent and solemn a warning, that it had strangely moved her. She had of late been giving way, more and more, to the seductive persuasions of the duchess, and the attractions of unceasing gaiety. But love haunted her in the midst of merriment with a voice of reproachful sorrow—and to stifle that voice she had raised a superstructure of philosophic sophistry, and, true to the weakness of the *reason*, when combating an instinct of nature, had set one duty to fight another duty—her duty to her father to combat her duty to her lover—for to him she had contracted a solemn duty also—she had encouraged his love!—and her *duty to her own heart also*, for we DO owe something to ourselves, to our affections, to our happiness, to our innocent pleasures; we are not machines, we are made with a thirst for joy, and as long as we can slake it at the founts of virtue, it is sacrilege to violate and crush the natural longing of our being.

But Darcy's letter had once destroyed all the outward scaffolding of prejudice, cant, and conventionality with which she had tried to hide the edifice of truth. The fact was, the

impulsive and yet energetic heart of Honora, was growing fickle and inconstant towards Darcy—"Out of sight, out of mind," was beginning to be exemplified. Desperately and seriously in love with the young man, her passion was too sudden and too impulsive to last—and now it began to ebb and flow; but each returning tide coming less far than that preceding.

The duchess had admirably calculated the strength of her victim's endurance, and as will be seen, Lord Parciment had perfectly measured the standard of her nature—of no staid and settled disposition, no firm character well-founded by a wise education, with generous impulse, good intention, and ardent feelings, she, like so many more of the children of rank and wealth, were thwarted and perverted from the cradle, to be bandied to and fro, like waifs, amid the shallows of society.

All her old love had, however, kindled up with fresh force and vigor, on receipt of Darcy's letter. She wept, she tore her hair, till her lady's-maid reminded her it would spoil her appearance; she reproached herself as a "horrible, fickle, cruel, inconstant wretch," she contemplated running away, and then she did not know where—no arrangements had been made, no suite of apartments taken anywhere, no carriages ordered, no relays prepared—and then she sat down and sobbed, looking on herself as the most illused, miserable victim in the world. All that was generous still lurking in the recesses of her heart had been roused into reproachful action by the mournful, brokenhearted appeal of Darcy—and she tried to stifle her remorse beneath the exaggeration of her grief. She refused even to see the duchess—she shut herself up in her room—the conspirators were alarmed as to the success of their plot, when to their surprise, Lord Parciment received a letter from Honora, appointing a secret interview.

Honora had fixed on a last effort, decisive of her future. She resolved on confessing all to Lord Parciment, and on an appeal to his generosity.

But, ah! on the point of realising her projects, all her courage forsook her. In presence of Lord Parciment, her determined confidence gave place to embarrassment and timidity.

She had summoned him—and he was in her presence—but she knew not how to begin her explanations. They had been seated opposite to each other for several minutes, and yet she had not spoken a word.

Lord Parciment observed her still increasing trouble, but made no attempt to relieve it. A watchful caution was apparent in his manner, as though he felt the necessity of reserve, in order the better to circumvent his companion.

At last, Honora, feeling it more embarrassing to be silent than to speak, said, in a faltering tone, and in a voice so low, that Lord Parciment was obliged to bend down in order to catch her words.

"I wished to see you . . . . . alone . . . . . however painful the interview . . . . . to . . . . I felt it my duty to resolve on this step . . . ."

She stopped; but Lord Parciment maintained a cruel diplomatic silence.

This but increased her embarrassment. She began to repent having sought for the explanation, and yet she felt it impossible to avoid it now. Forgetting all the oratory with which she had intended to introduce the matter, she tried to rush into it at once.

"I wished . . . . I could have desired . . . . the project entertained by my father . . . . ."

She burst into tears and was unable to proceed.

"What moves you, Lady Honora? Why these tears? Speak without reserve, ought you not to place full confidence in me?"—said Lord Parciment in a kind, frank, manly, feeling tone.

"Ah, sir," cried the young girl, encouraged by his manner—"you are good and generous—it rests with you to dry my tears!"

"And how?"

"This union . . . that you have arranged with my father . . . . I heard of it unexpectedly . . . forgive me, sir! . . . . do not be offended at my words . . . . I fully appreciate the honor you do me————but . . . . I am very happy as I am—I seek no change."

At her first words, Lord Parciment trembled—her concluding sentence reassured him—he saw pliancy breathed in every syllable.

"The game is mine," thought he.

"What you say surprises and distresses me beyond measure! When your father presented me to you as your future husband, and when you let him place your hand in mine I thought that you consented."

"I did wrong——I should have . . . . forgive me! but I was overpowered——I could not speak."

"Ah! Lady Honora! your silence I construed into consent. I gave myself up to the delightful hope. Do you know how bitter it is—at one word to have the whole prospect of a life destroyed—to fall from heaven to hell at one breath? Alas! why could I not sooner see the aversion I inspired you with?"

His voice trembled—he seemed choking with emotion.

"Oh! do not speak of aversion—not that—not that!—you do not understand me—I suffer as much as you in seeing your suffering."

"Then why repel me?"

"Pray! pray! do not ask."

"Lady Honora!" said the wily diplomatist, drawing nearer to his victim, "Lady Honora! I am no child. In seeking you, I have yielded to no childish passion. No! I sought to prepare a home in which I could repose from the turmoils of political life, to live for my own heart, and not for the heartless world—to create for myself a sweet employment—that of rendering you happy. I should have loved what you loved—been pleased with your pleasure. In the ripened years, that I have reached, one loves the sprightly youth that blooms a round,—the innocence that speaks of our early years—discolored by the harsh experience of the world, but to be retinted by your love. You would have risen in my soul like the aurora of an after-day. And in return I would have given you all that the world can give, affection, devotion, strength and the dignity of a matured and manly love. A poor return, I grant, for the inestimable treasure of your hand—but one, that others might be proud of—and, Honora! have I hoped and dreamed in vain—do you dash the visioned future to the ground, because of a fear you will not explain, some scruple or repugnance you did not deign to describe?"

"No, sir! it is not a scruple—not a caprice. —Why should I wish to distress you?—Your goodness overpowers me,—but—I cannot—I cannot—be your wife."

"And why?"

"Who has told you," she replied, bursting into a paroxysm of tears—"Who has told you that I am still free to choose; that I have made no pledges I cannot break? That I have not linked my fate to that of another, before I even knew you?"

"Enough, Lady Honora! I need hear no more. You have already confided this to the duchess. She has told me!"

"Can it be?"

"And yet, you see, I have not given up hope—for I know all such promises are vain. Lady Honora, you have yielded to the impulse of a warm and generous heart,—you have wronged yourself—Lady Honora! No! I do not resign hope. I love you, Honora! and I now will prove my love. Mine is the glorious task to save you from yourself. Such a union could not be happy. You would be a sacrifice to the fondness of your own heart—you would be an eternal self-reproach to yourself—you would place yourself beyond the pale of home—for the very presence of your relenting father would sting you with regret —and do you think that such a union could make him happy? No! better, boldly, bravely at once face the pain—for pain there will be—there must be—but you will feel the noble consolation of having done your duty, and the calm happiness of having triumphed over a generous weakness, which would have ruined the peace of not your life only, but that of him, and of all dear to you as well. You have confided your secret to me—in reply, I will justify your confidence—for your own sake, I will not give up my suit,—except on one confession. Tell me, Honora! with your hand on your heart—do you hope to unite to him if I retire? Tell me, I solemnly adjure you—do you think you could be happy with him in a life such as I have so truly described—and its truth you must feel? Tell me, do you not wish that you had never seen him?"

"Alas! you have seen my heart."

"One word more! Tell me the real obstacle to your happiness, is it HE or I. If the latter, say it, and I am gone for ever."

"I cannot conceal it," scarcely breathed the earl's daughter, "it is not you."

"Honora! you have said it. Now my duty's clear. Since fate prevents his dearer hand conferring happiness, permit the trust to mine. Soon, I may hope, amid a tender friendship, you will forget—imprudent illusion. Your husband, Honora, will not be exacting. In return for all his love, he will aspire but to your esteem and friendship—"

"Oh!—you are too generous—too good . . . but . . . I would wish to tell you . . . you understand that . . . ."

Lord Parciment rose. "Cast the pain from your breast—the weight from your mind—you can lean on my strong arm through life—and all your doubts and tortures be at an end."

"But . . . . hear me! . . . ."

"I have heard all—I comprehend all—Let us say no more—the subject's painful—confide in me—I leave you now, Honora—good noble, generous Honora! Honora, whom I have saved from her own heart—to bless her father and her husband and her home! Farewell, God bless you!"

He took her hand—he kissed it with respectful fervor—and actually succeeded in letting a tear fall on its snowy whiteness. Then he left, suddenly—and in great apparent emotion.

Honora gazed after him with a look of half-amaze, half-stupifaction.

"I've got her," said Lord Parciment to the duchess. "But it was a hard struggle, I have had to expend more rhetoric than would have sufficed for three corn-law debates."

"He's, after all, a noble character!" said Honora to herself at the same time. "He deserves to be loved. One might be happy with such a man."

She dried her tears, and no more flowed.

The People's Paper.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS!

Respected Friends!—I stop the press to acquaint you with the gratifying fact, that *the government have just notified to me their acceptance of* Three *out of the four sureties, which, as required by law, I put in for the "People's Paper."*

These three *comprise* the two against libel, whose security doubles that required from the others. I have, therefore, only one more to find, for the amount of £200, and am confident of arranging this before the week is out.

I, therefore, now hope to issue the *first number of the People's Paper, either on the 1st or 8th of May next.*

So much for the prognostications of those, who said I should fail in starting the paper, and who even wrote leading articles to show that it was impossible—or, perhaps, by making the people believe so, to prevent the subscription of sufficient funds.—Ernest Jones.

An Appeal

FOR

THE JUDGMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

Brother democrats!—Since the "Letter to the Chartists," contained in a subsequent page of this number was written—an event has transpired, which accounts for the conduct referred to in that letter—and which necessitates my appealing to the Chartist body for its judgment and its public support in a public question.

It will be seen that Mr. Julian Harney has purchased the "Star," and intends running it in opposition to "The People's Paper," for opposition it IS, he must well know two such papers cannot at present exist together.

I had been in treaty for the "Star" myself, being anxious to secure what circulation and advertising connexion the "Star" still commanded, for "The People's Paper," and, for this purpose, I ultimately offered £30.

Mr. Harney kept outbidding me, step by step, and has secured the paper to himself by a large overbid, since I did not feel justified, seeing the way in which the "Star" had been obtained from its late proprietor, in taxing the subscriptions of the people to a greater amount for the purpose of increasing the gains of some of the greatest enemies the Charter has ever had, Messrs. Fleming and McGowan.

Circumstances now demand some observations from me relative to the recent transaction, the more as, in justice to the cause, in justice to the subscribers, and in justice to myself, *I am unalterably determined that the "People's Paper shall appear,"* and you shall now judge which of the two, Mr. Harney or myself, is entitled to the support of every honest and straightforward democrat.

When the request was made by the audience that I should publish the lectures "Canterbury *v.* Rome," in weekly numbers, I first went to Mr. Harney and asked him whether he had any objection—whether he thought they would injure his "Red Republican." He said, "Not in the least," and, accordingly, the lectures were published.

I was then desirous of publishing in weekly numbers, the poems I had composed in prison—and I asked the same question of him—and, when continuing them with the "Notes," as a periodical, originally intended to be issued at one penny, I once more inquired whether he objected. He did so. "Well, then," I said, "I will make the price *two* pence. Do you think they will injure you then?" He said "No!" and accordingly, they were published.

When his periodical, the former "Friend of the People," had ceased to exist, and when the circulation of the "Notes" was nearly 3000, I went to him and said: "I come to make you an offer. I am sorry your periodical has ceased. If you like you shall join me in the "Notes," and take half the profits. That will be something for you—I would not make you that offer before, because the "Notes" were a weekly loss, and you might have thought I wanted, under the offer of friendship, to get you to bolster them up. Now they are a profit, you cannot suppose that." Mr. Harney replied—"No! I cannot join you: because you have attacked Trades'-unions and Co-operation. *I think precisely the same as you do, on these questions*, but *I don't think it politic* to express my opinions on these subjects. I can't join you, *because I shall damage my popularity.*"

Now, every word of the above has been publicly verified. I would not (although perfectly justified under the circumstances), I would not, I say, publish any private conversation,—but every fact narrated, and every word above recorded as spoken was admitted to be true by Mr. Harney before one of the largest meetings of the Committee of the abandoned "Friend of the People" Newspaper.

Now, with reference to this latter newspaper project, (that of the "Friend of the People," under the joint editorship of Mr. Harney and myself), I always protested against its abandonment—I urged issuing a Two-penny Newspaper, as requiring but a small capital—or even the paper at Four-pence, originally projected—and offered to take all the risk on my own shoulders, leaving all the benefit and control, originally intended, to Mr. Harney, if he would consent to bring it out on no other terms.

At length, some of the contributors, becoming urgent for their money, I wrote about it to the secretary, and consented to the abandonment of the paper.

Since then, the mystery has been unravelled. Mr. Harney started a rival publication, to compete with the "Notes," having wood-cuts and being one half-penny cheaper,—though he had refused to join in the "Notes," which, he admitted, represented his own views, from motives of self-interest and popularity.

Thank God! I believe the time is fast coming, when TRUTH will be the most popular thing on earth.

Of all publications of recent times, I may say, without self-glorification, but from the simple fact that it adhered to principle, the "Notes" have been the most dreaded by all the shams, hypocrites, waverers and selfish traitors in the ranks of Chartism—a fact which explains the continual help given by puff, review, and extract, in the pseudo-democratic press to Mr. Harney's periodical, and the utter silence maintained as to the "Notes," merely with a view to beat the latter out if the field. *But they have stood their ground.*

Next, Mr. Harney, although the joint newspaper project was abandoned against my will, crowns his conduct by starting a rival newspaper—at *his* request I joined him in the project for the other—I did the best to push it—I gave him the addresses of my friends—who subscribed the majority of what was raised,—and the project was abandoned against my will. I adhered firm to that project, and since he would not start a paper jointly with me, I determined on starting one notwithstanding; and on a principle hitherto never realised—that of RECIPROCITY—that of *dividing the profits* between the cause that supported the paper, and the paper that supported the cause.

Yet, after all this had passed, he starts a project which, if supported, must be fatal to "The People's Paper." But I have that confidence in the sense of justice and fair play in British democracy, as to believe it will not let such conduct meet with the success it hopes for.

Although Mr. Harney knew that the "People's Paper," was generally expected and announced, although Mr. Harney knew that large sums had been subscribed from the hard-won earnings of the poor, to enable it to appear, he must try to blight the promise and to frustrate the anticipations of the contributors. Although he knew I was in treaty for the "Star," he must compete with me, bid on bid, until I scorned to play further in such a game with such parties.

Brother Democrats! which will you support? You will HAVE the option, for "THE

People's Paper" SHALL be started. Compare the conduct of both parties, weigh the entire transaction, and then ask yourselves,

1,—Which of the two has, individually, behaved in the most honorable and straightforward manner to the other, and to the public?

2,—Which offers you the greater advantages? He who starts a paper on the individua principle, or he who is the first, in the whole course of history, to offer the weekly payment of one clear half of the net profits of the paper, to the accredited fund of the National Democracy, with a prefixed estimate of cost and profit.

3,—Choose between the man who denounces Chartism as an "old drybones," who has done his best to break up Chartist organisation, to kill the Chartist spirit, and prevent its re-invigoration—and him who once convinced of the truth of the Chartist principle, the efficacy of the Charter's details, and the excellence of the *plan* of Chartist organisation, has adhered to those convictions, not merely in the excitement of '48, and the trial of two years of solitary and silent imprisonment, but also amid the apathy and discouragement of 1851 and 1852.

Judge between the man who says "you're right—but I can't support you, because it's not popular," and him who says, "perish popularity and profit too, so that I may speak the truth."

Judge by the test of our actions, words and writings—between him who has soared from the ranks of poverty and toil to those of broad-cloth, ease and literary competence, and him who has blighted the happiness of his home, and the prospects of his life, who has steeped himself in poverty to the lips, who has thrown from him all the world offers of prosperity, to embrace almost all it offers of adversity—for what? not even for the *hope* of gain—but for the sake of the truth—for your's, my friends and brothers. Judge between the man, whom democracy has made better off—and him whom it has ruined—judge by your self-interest, judge by your conscience of the right. Ernest Jones.

P. S.—For the sake of common justice and fair play, you are requested to read this statement at the weekly meeting of your locality, and to give it all possible publicity among the democracy of your neighbourhood.

Letter to the Chartists.

THE WRITER TO HIS READERS.

PERSON AND PRINCIPLES.

Brother Chartists and Democratic Readers!

The present being the last number of the second volume of the "Notes," the subject brings us, as writer and reader, into more close and intimate communion, and at such a time, a few words, of even a personal character, are admissible between us. I therefore propose, in a letter in this concluding number, to point, firstly, to the policy advocated, and its accusers; secondly, to the future volumes, many, I believe and hope, of this publication.

One of the great curses of a movement is personal antagonism, rivalry, bickering and jealousy. In these "Notes," it has always been avoided, until the most gross and libellous attacks were made by the professed organs of democracy—and those organs refusing to insert a vindication in reply to their libels, I was obliged to defend my character and reputation in these pages. I maintain I was justified in so doing, on *public* grounds as well as private. It is all very well to cry out against personalities,—but there is such a thing as stabbing a movement through a man, however humble he may be—if circumstances over which he had no control, which he neither created nor sought, have thrown it into his lot, to possess the only journal that vindicates an old and glorious cause,—the only channel of communication by which its scattered elements still hold together. It then becomes of public consequence that his motives should not be distorted—and his character not blackened—for whatever little influence for good his writings may possess, would then be lost for ever.

I never sought a personal encounter—it was forced upon me—I never attacked an individual unless he first attacked me—and then it was his policy I assailed, more than his motives—merely touching the latter, when necessary for the understanding of the former.

In the attacks of some journals I may at least say that, bad as they are, they assailed openly and by direct accusation; "name and all." Others are less honest and less brave—they stab by inuendo. But I can tell their conductors that I am prepared to face that too—if they mean war, I'll make them fight

openly, that all the world shall see them stab —they shan't advance under a veil—and I'll tear the mask off their faces at the first blow.

I am aware that these personal antagonisms inflict a passing injury on the movement—but *blame those that begin them*—not me! Do not demand of a man to sit still, and see his motives, his character and his reputation, broken down piecemeal; his little influence for good all destroyed—his good name, the esteem of his fellows, that which is dearest to every honest heart, murdered in detail—without raising a finger to save all this! It is not for the public good that such should be permitted —public men, however humble their position, are public property; they are the current coin of democratic progress, and they must not let their reputation, the effigy that's stamped upon the gold of principle, be defaced by the profligate fingers of self-interested calumny.

You should not ask it—you should not expect it of them—it is neither for your good nor their's that such should be—for then, the reputation of every honest man would be at the mercy of every Liar in the World, and every one who rose up to vindicate a great cause would be silenced in succession.

I am attacked for what I write in your behalf in these pages—it is but just that, in these pages you should allow me to defend myself.

And, fellow-countrymen! I do not wish to sink in your estimation—I aspire still to be useful in the cause of progress—I may fairly count on many years of life—and those years shall be years of work—work for the sake of that for which men bled and perished, from the time of Athens to the barricades of Paris. And I will not let myself be blighted at the threshold of that future. I will not let any little insinuating scribe plant his small selfishness in the pathway of a useful life and say: "I will try to make your thinking vain—your hopes darkness—your toil useless—for I will asperse you, drop by drop, with a constant poison. As far as I can achieve it, none shall read what you write—none shall listen to what you say—for I will try to take away all weight from your words, all influence from your warnings by maligning your character—distorting your motives—and competing with your writings, to drive them out of the field, if possible—but I will do it so skilfully, so slily, all by such roundabout inuendo; that you shall not dare to answer me, you shall not be able to defend yourself—you shall not have the power of vindicating yourself, and so I'll attack you in perfect safety. Should you answer, I'll pass your answer by in silence, and write the same thing again. Or I'll accuse you of wishing to seek a quarrel—although you merely defended yourself against my attack. Or I'll say: 'you must have some intentions and motives such as I impute, or you could not possibly have thought that I could mean you.' Oh yes! I fight a very safe game—I attack you, and yet it shall appear as though you were the attacking party. Or, I'll indulge in some generous indignation, and complain that you attack me, because I go too far for you; I'll raise the cry of 'dictatorship,' and say that an attempt is being made to prevent the expression of opinion on the part of others."

I am prepared for all this—for such is ever the accusation of the waverer, the ambitious, and the self-interested against the advocates of a consistent and unflinching course of action, that don't admit of the "new moves" by which progress is thrown back, and selfish ambition drives the "game of speculation."

In these "Notes," a policy has been unswervingly pursued, for upholding, restoring, and strengthening the Chartist movement, for keeping it undivided by the "new moves," and for bringing it home to the people's hearts, through showing that the Charter is the only means for achieving their SOCIAL RIGHTS, while those Social Rights have been as continuously illustrated.

The endeavour of the "Notes" has been to concentrate the popular strength on one point—that being the only way of rendering it available for practical action—and the policy pursued has been:. 1, to purge the movement of middle-class leaders, who were trying to play it into the hands of their class-selfishness; 2, to place at its head an executive that not only was honest, but that was also capable of working in the cause, instead of being a ridiculous phantasm; 3, to preserve it from the curse of a press that misrepresented and belied it, under the very sanction and authority of being its supposed organ; 4, to cure it from the middle-class disease that was on the very point of frustrating and rendering waste all the labour, suffering, and progress of sixteen years of unremitting toil and constancy; 5, to give it a legitimate and democratic authority for its renewed action, in the person of a Convention—seeing that its Executive was neither trusted nor recognised; 6, to rally those men in the good work who were, by the writer, believed to be honest and straightforward—and whom he repeatedly and urgently called on by name—but who stood by with folded arms, refused to stretch a finger forth to help the cause, and one of whom, to his surprise, has thrown every obstacle which his popularity and the confidence of the people placed in his power, and which disingenuous trickery could invent, to counteract these efforts.

To help the achievement of these results,

the labors of the writer have been unremittingly devoted without gain, reward, or profit, but the reverse—the very great reverse, God knows! It was necessary to appeal to the people, in the very words of our accuser, "by public teaching through the press, and from the platform, and by public meetings;" and these "appliances of public power" *were* "conducted in accordance with some scheme of action well digested and unflinchingly abided by"—that plan of action was Chartist organisation—because the "few who still hold together," and who mean to hold together still, continue to believe the Charter to embody the principle of popular sovereignty, and no details to be better calculated than those of the Charter for carrying that sovereignty into effect, and maintaining it when established; and because, moreover, it would be impossible to conceive a more perfect mode of organisation, than that propounded by the Chartist movement. Principles, details, and plans of organisation being perfect (and we challenge any one to find a flaw) all that was required was, to make the principle better known, the details better appreciated, and the organisation more widely spread. How on earth could this be done, except by the press, the lecture, and the public meeting? our very accuser says this. Then have we not done our utmost in these very things? The first object was, to prevent what remained of the organisation from being broken up. Before you can make proselytes effectually you must have faith in your own principles—before you could extend the organisation you were obliged to prevent that which remained in existence from being decimated and absorbed into other parties; therefore meetings were called to repudiate the financial scheme, to renew our pledge to the Charter, to let the Chartist body know its own mind, and to shame into the background the seceders, the trimmers, and the waverers. Common sense will point to every one's mind, that this was the first duty—and we performed it.

The middle-classes called meetings, and misused the people's name. The first thing was to prevent the old dodge from being played once more, and the working-classes being made the cat's-paws of the rich. Therefore, as they tried to steal the people's voice, the people met, that its rightful owner might be recognised, and the stern truth of its words not translated into fashionable humbug—the democracy of *acts*, not dwarfed into the democracy of *words*. We can well understand that this did not at all suit some, and therefore, by their letters and writings they have tried to damage the effect of the meetings, and to dissuade the Chartists from attending, by calling them a "waste" and "frittering away the last energies of Chartism," when they well knew it was the only step to *prevent* their being so frittered.

Accordingly, as soon as the few determined democrats "who still hold together," tried to do this, the writer alluded to, not content with standing aloof, and seeing them unassisted against most overwhelming odds, proceeded at once to undermine their efforts by language like the following: "To pretend that the few Chartists who yet hold together can of themselves effect anything, *is to be guilty of* WILFULLY *dealing in delusion.*"

Are we not striving to increase their numbers? why do you try to prevent us?

"To pretend that the said few can be strengthened by indiscriminate denunciation and proscription of friends, as well as of foes, *is to be guilty of transparent humbug.*"

Who proscribes *friends?* We merely warn against those who, under the guise of a sentimental democracy, *proscribe the Charter.* Who tells us the Charter is "an old Drybones," that we must abandon name and details, and add clap-trap points about arming and drilling.

"To pretend that the Charter will ever be gained by pursuing the old round of agitation, would be the height of folly, were it not the QUINTESSENCE OF KNAVERY."

But what has the "old round of agitation" got to do with the re-organisation of the Chartist movement. "*Arming and drilling*" *sounds much more like the* "*old round of agitation.*" You tell us "WORK is indispensable," yet, if one tries to work, what do you say?

"The agitation is carried on for the sake of agitation?" "It is a game of speculation." "Every man who will not shout in the train of a new dictator, and applaud his every inconsistency, is to be ostracised." Who is the "new dictator?" Is every man who becomes at all active in a great cause, to be damned as a "dictator?" God! give us ten thousand such "dictators," and we'll soon get rid of the sneaking treachery that pervades our movement!—and, when you have had the courage and honesty to enlighten us as to who the *new* dictator is (and pray don't forget to name the *old* dictators at the same time)—perhaps you will show us wherein his "*inconsistency*" consists. Perhaps the inconsistency will be found in his remaining a CONSISTENT Chartist.

Now, the object of all this is plain. The tenor and effect of your writing, (nay! of its actual words!) are to this purport:

A few men still hold together, and are determined to restore the Chartist movement, and carry the Charter—you say, "I'll prevent them."

They are striving to call meetings; you say, "don't go to them!"

They are trying to summon a Convention; you say, "don't send delegates!"

They are trying to enrol members; you say, "don't enrol yourselves."

They are trying to form new localities; you say, "don't form them!"

What does all this mean but "let the Chartist movement die!" And what do you propose in lieu of it? humbug and phrase democracy. This is the course and language of the bitterest enemy. Just in the critical time—just at the turning point—you try to destroy the faith and hope, and vigor of the movement, and the influence of those who are toiling for its regeneration.

That's *your* work, sir! that's the way *you* help democracy! that's your *Chartism*! pah! don't mention the word! And you would mask your dereliction of duty under high-sounding, fair-mouthed phrases of "Republics, democratic, social, universal," as though the Charter were not the only step towards them! People can often afford to swear their adherence to doctrines that they know are not to be realised for the time—but will have a holy horror of that which IS practicable, and which leads to the great result. Many of the Financial Reformers profess themselves even *Communists*: it is a cheap way of gaining popularity.

But, not content with attacking Chartist organisation, the writer, lest the soundness of Chartist policy should be too apparent, tries to destroy the people's confidence in those who strive to carry that policy into practice. Accordingly he says:

"One of the worst evils of the O'Connell policy was the calling into existence of a body of political adventurers who made of patriotism a 'profession,' and took to agitation as a trade. We know something, too much, of the breed in this country; patriots of the O'Connell order, who subserve *mendicity* by *mendacity*, and who, by *dodge* after *dodge*, and *scheme* after *scheme*, contrive to drive a very *profitable business*, and keep alive the 'game of speculation.'"

Now, sir! who do you mean? This kind of inuendo is a discreditable mode of attack, as cowardly as it is base. I remember, that you, sir, were the first to take up some remarks, uttered *in a very different spirit*, and under *very different circumstances*, and far less pointed, by a much-suffering Chartist leader, and to make it a ground of debate in the committee-room of our Executive (met ostensibly on public business,) on the platform of a great public meeting, and before the entire country. You were the first to take fire and say: "Does he mean me?"—and now you use the weapon you chose to ascribe to one who was ever honest, and who was consistent as long as health and strength were left him. Who do you mean? Don't say you mean the Financial Reformers!—that would be too "transparent." Or the old seceders of '48—they are dead, buried, and forgotten—that would be "humbug." What is the "dodge upon dodge," the "scheme on scheme," by which "a profitable business is done?" I'll tell you who you mean—you mean the few who are now "holding together to restore Chartism and carry the Charter." You mean the Metropolitan Delegate Council, the Lancashire and Yorkshire Delegates, and the Local Committees that are bravely struggling forward—men like Shackleton, and Athol Wood, and Ormester, and Watson, and Finlen, and hundreds of others—and, as I have the honor, to be laboring among their ranks—I will do myself the honor also of taking the accusation to myself as well, proud of the company in which I am anathematised.

Yes, sir! Since you cannot refute our *arguments*, you are trying to do away with their effect by aspersing our *motives*—just the old trick of the Whigs and Tories, and Manchester Reformers, but you shan't do so with impunity—you shan't screen yourself under your anonymous inuendoes. I say that, for one, *you mean me*—and I can afford to say so, the accusation is so utterly preposterous.

Now then, sir! I challenge you to be explicit and open; put some courage into your cowardly pen, and tell me—do you know one solitary iota against me? What have I done that is wrong? In the seven years in which I have been active in the movement, have I swerved one hair's-breadth from principle? Have I talked big in safe times, and sung small in danger, *as "some" have done?* Have I truckled to literary flunkeys or "respectable" politicians, *as "some" have done?* Have I pandered to, or flattered the prejudices of the people themselves,—as "some" have done? Ask Kossuth. Have I rowed with the popular stream *as "some" have done*,—when I thought it was drifting the popular barque to shoals and quicksands? Ask trades'-unions and co-operation. Have I sought profit—have I gained profit—have I gained by the movement, have I sought to gain by the movement? and ask yourself, sir, by what alone have "some" others lived?—Have I tried to sustain the circulation of my works *as "some" have done*, BY A BASE NEUTRALITY?—Have I, when the services of all were most wanted, stood aloof, *as "some" have done*, to let the Charter die out, that they might form a new move under their own particular auspices?

Have I not propounded unswervingly, our

social rights in every number of this magazine? Have I not tried, in its pages, to elevate the moral character of our literature? If so, do not let these "Notes" be called "Notes of Exclamation for the People,"—and "CROTCHETS FOR THE PEOPLE,"—replete with "mendacity," as they have been in an early number, and in number 10 of your periodical—against which I never used the like abusive language. Show where the "*Crotchets*" lie. Are they in telling the people of their social rights? are they in proclaiming the Nationalisation of the land?—are they in teaching that every man has a right to work, without asking leave of another?—are they in showing that, therefore, every man has a right to free access to the means of work, (land, minerals, machinery), without which the right to work becomes a farce and an impossibility?—are they in illustrating that political power is the only means to achieve those results? Are they in showing by what laws a sovereign people could realise their social rights, without one act of injustice or "robbery" to any one?

Then what do you mean by the flimsy clap-trap, that you are abused because you go too far?—have you ever taught as much?—have you ever gone half *as* far, except in "mouthing, rant, self-inflation, and exaggeration," with which you accuse *us* in your 9th number.

Now, sir! I tell you, I will either put a stop to this systematic course of under-hand writing-down, running-down, and aspersing, contained, week by week in your letters,—or I will at least compel you to depose the mask, and show yourself in your true colors,—and if I do not yet mention a *name* if I *still* deal in that word "some" of which you are so prolific, it is because I care not one rush who my assailant is, but, at once proceed to the accusation he indulges in, and because I do not wish irrevocably to associate your conduct and your identity, in hopes that you may yet revert to better councils.—E. Jones.

Current Notes.

I.—THE IRON-MOULDERS OF MANCHESTER.

What can be expected from working-men, as selfish and servile as some of those in England? It is a remarkable feature too, that the higher paid trades are far more servile than the lower-paid. Their "golden" chains are heavier.

The iron-moulders of Manchester, in their letter of April 1st, to the employers, express a hope that the masters would, ere that, have withdrawn their declaration, "so far as regards themselves!" If they had a spark of spirit and brotherly feeling, had the masters withdrawn the declaration in favor of the moulders, and not of the others also, the moulders ought to have repudiated the concession.

But a feature worse than this, is evinced. They say, in the same letter, "the moulders thrown out of work for the FAULT of others!" Who are the others? The amalgamated iron-trades. What is the "fault?" Having resisted the tyranny of the capitalist. Verily, would that we had more trades, and *all* trades, guilty of a similar "fault." Verily, they have committed no "fault," but they have committed a *mistake* in basing their resistance on a plan in which they were sure to be defeated. May they still resist, but use better and more effective means.

II.—THE THREEPENNY DEMOCRATS, OR LECTURE AND MEETING.

Surprise has been expressed, that some of our most popular orators almost invariably refuse to attend a public meeting.

The reason is obvious. *They have made a trade of lecturing*—and were they to speak at meetings, where the admission is free, or next to nothing, people would go there to hear them, and not pay the threepences and sixpences to hear their lectures.

Another evil of this course consists in the fact, that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, these men burk the charter, and in historical, astronomical or biographical lectures indulge in a sort of middle-class liberalism,—that's suited to the threepenny and sixpenny audiences.

These men still call themselves real democrats—Lord preserve us from such democracy, that shows itself in the prostitution of great talents.

The writer of this has been frequently recommended by one of the genus "not to urge the calling of local meetings—not to attend public meetings—"you spoil the attendance when you want to lecture—if people can hear you for nothing, they wont come to hear you when they have to pay."

Well said! ye THREEPENNY DEMOCRATS.

III.—SECESSION SCHEMES.

It is a significant fact, that Mr. Duncombe has propounded a secession scheme from the Charter, when a general election is expected by some.

This is a time of re-action among the electoral class—and Mr. Duncombe puts forward a secession programme. Non-electors and Chartist electors, ponder this fact. Mr. Duncombe may be only an unconscious tool in the hands of the Walmsley party. We hope, for his own sake, that the case is no worse.

We direct attention to the admirable address of the Observation Committee of the Metropolitan Delegate Council on this subject.

Lessons from History.

II.—MEDIÆVAL SERIES.

I.—SCHWYTZ AND LUCERNE.

Having brought before the reader in the preceding course of these "Lessons," varied instances from events of *classic* ages, replete with warnings for all time—we now proceed to the mediæval period of the world's history—that period in which feudalism reigned on the one hand, and municipal despotism struggled upward on the other—one of the most instructive and interesting sections of European annals.

We shall commence with Switzerland as the fountain of European liberty, on New Year's Day, 1308—just after the fabled shot of the mythic Tell—for modern research has proved, almost to a certainty, that such a person as the Tell of story, never had existence—save in the imagination of the story-TELL-er.

The imperial yoke of Hapsburg had been weakened by the fall of its lieutenant (by whatever means that fall had been accomplished), and New Year's Day 1308, was appointed for a general rising of the people.

The ancient freedom of the Swiss had long been undermined, and at last destroyed, beneath the encroachments of imperial and royal despotism—for they had allowed themselves to be taken unawares, and looking with foolish reverence on kings and priests, had permitted them to gain a footing *in* their land, which they used to trample *on* its population.

But there was still unbroken vigor in the Helvetian character, and, accordingly, the people rose against their foreign tyrants.

The hills had been crested with the fortresses of a foreign nobility, the vallies crowded with the palaces of foreign priests. From the latter the people's mind was sought to be enchained, from the former the people's force was sought to be coerced. The chief and first effort for rising was, therefore, directed towards destroying the strongholds of the nobles.

This work was commenced in the following manner:—

On New Year's Eve, 1308, a young man went by assignation to visit a maid in the castle of Rossberg in Obwalden. She was to lower a rope from her chamber-window, up which he was to clamber. He did so. But he did not come alone. Other sweethearts followed, just as eager as himself; but it was not the maid they sought—it was the castle and its lord.

As soon as he had clambered up to the window and entered the girl's chamber, he forced her to silence, and held the rope until his twenty companions had mounted and entered also.

Once within—they rushed out into the galleries of the castle—surprised and bound the sleeping governor, seized on the arms of his soldiers, and forced the defenceless garrison to unconditional surrender.

Meanwhile, dawn began to appear upon the royal towers of Sarnen, whence the imperial vicegerent, Landenberg, was issuing to hear high mass. Another group of twenty men met him on the threshold, laden with the customary New Year's gifts. The landvogt bade them enter the castle; but scarcely had they passed the gate, ere one of them wound his Alpine horn,—forthwith they drew long spear-heads from under their cloaks, fixed them on their shepherds' staves—thirty others started from the woody covert underneath the castle height, and charged up the hill—all was confusion—the garrison was unable to offer any resistance, and the landvogt fled across the meadows towards Alpnach. But they pursued—and it was a strange sight to see the princely noble, the imperial delegate, running over the grassland, and the sharp spears of the herdsmen sweeping after, while the joyous hunting-horn urged on the unwonted chase. At last Count Landenberg fell breathless—the peasants took him prisoner—but allowed him to go away unharmed, after having sworn eternal peace towards the Swiss, and never more to cross their frontier.

At the same time Stauffacher and the men of Schwytz took and destroyed the fort of Schwanau, and those of Uri levelled Gezzler's Zwinghof.

Thus the four chief plague-spots on the map of Switzerland were destroyed and effaced

simultaneously by the well-concerted actions of a few wise men. So precarious is the tenure of a power based on physical force alone. It will be seen, that the more representative institutions, the more ramified interests of trade and commerce extend, the more difficult it will become, through the action of conflicting interests, to produce anything, like great concerted action in the people.

It is remarkable, that this oppressed peasantry, did not shed one drop of blood in the hour of their victory—but spared their foes without exception. When have aristocracy, priesthood, or middle-class ever done the same?

As soon as King Albrecht, emperor of the Germans, heard of these events, he levied a large army, and entered Argovia, accompanied by his ward and nephew, Duke John of Suabia, from whom he persisted in withholding his rightful heritage.

On the 1st of May 1308 the royal cavalcade reached the river Reuss, when Duke John, shouting: "Take the reward for injustice," run his spear through his uncle's neck; and other courtiers, in concert with the assassin, completed the murders. Knight Rudolf of Balm, drove his lance through the emperor's bowels, and Walter of Eschenbach clove his skull. The conspirators then fled—the others fearful of being identified with them, made their escape also—and the imperial master of the Germans breathed his last on the knees of a poor old woman, who happened accidentally to be sitting by the roadside.

The Swiss, though relieved by the murder from the immediate fear of invasion, abhorred the act so much that they, would grant no asylum to the murderers, when they sought it, although they refused to surrender the culprits to the Austrians. However Duke Leopold of Austria, Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Agnes of Hungary, especially, never rested in their bloody retribution. Castles and villages were laid in ashes—whoever was suspected of participation, perished in agonies. On one occasion, Agnes had sixty-three innocent noblemen executed in her presence!—and as their blood trickled around her feet, she exclaimed to the bystanders, "Behold! now I am bathing in May-dew!"

In vain the wife of Rudolf of Wart, a knight of great repute, begged on her knees for her husband's life! In that wife's presence Agnes had him broken on the wheel, and then, tied to the instrument of torture as he was, suspended as food for the mountain-vultures! From the wheel, suspended as he was, he kept speaking words of comfort to his wife, who was kneeling, praying and weeping in the dust below—until the silence of death sealed the lips of the heroic victim.

When Agnes had sated her lust of blood, she built the magnificent convent of Konigsfelden on the spot where the emperor-king was murdered, and retired within its walls herself, to end her life in prayer. "Woman!" cried the monk Berthold Strebel, whom she one day beckoned into the church, as he was passing, "woman," he cried, hurrying past in horror,—"*It is bad service to God, to shed innocent blood, and build convents out of the spoil.*"

A memorable saying, that might be applied now, to those who murder the women and children of the poor in their factories and workshops, and then build chapels or subscribe to missions with a fraction of the plunder.

Duke Leopold resumed the project of Albrecht, and entered Switzerland with the flower of Austrian chivalry, and an enormous force of infantry.

Meanwhile Lord Otto of Straszberg marched with 4000 men to his aid in Obwalden, 1000 men were armed by the royal bailiffs in Willisau, Wollhausen and Lucerne—while the imperial army was marching straight for Morgarten against the mountains of the Swiss.

The latter mustered 1300, camping on the heights of the march of Einsiedel. Four hundred men of Uri, three hundred of Unterwalden, had joined the men of Schwytz—as also fifty exiles, who asked leave to re-deserve their country, by service in that struggle. On the 16th of December, 1315, the red gleams of the wintry sun played over the burnished mail of the imperial legions, as in countless numbers they wound up the majestic mountains. The Swiss, suddenly burst on them with loud shouts, as they were mounting a grassy knoll on the side of the Haselmatt, Duke Leopold ordered his cavalry to close round the little band.

But lo! as his knights swept up, a thunder burst as from the clouds—the earth shook—and rock on rock, a terrible artillery came rushing down the declivity—crushing horse and rider in its resistless course. The charge of flesh and blood recoiled before the charge of stone—and the fifty exiles, who had loosened and launched the rocky masses, suddenly rushing down from among the morning mists that draperied the mountains, completed the panic and the ruin of the imperial host. It recoiled in confusion—it broke up in disordered masses—it fled headlong across the valley—till rock and lake caught it as in a wedge—while from the rear rushed the living storm of Switzerland. Then the massacre began—and the flower of Austrian and imperial chivalry fell beneath the halberds and maces of the gallant herdsmen. Duke Leopold escaped

with difficulty. On the following day the victors marched on Lucerne, to punish the perfidious town for having helped their foes. Strassberg fled in terror. Switzerland's liberty was restored.

But, while the Alpine lands were free, the rich towns in the lowlands were under foreign control. Some of these had been *mortgaged* by the emperor to the House of Hapsburg. In Lucerne the Austrian raised the dues and imposts—which, combined with the defeat of the Lucerne forces by the Swiss, enabled the mechanics of the town to assert their wishes against the monied aristocracy, and to join the free union of the forest cantons.

But the patrician nobles, allied with the Austrian nobility, and connected commercially with foreign interests, had become imbued with the real oligarchic spirit. They, therefore, hated the free institution of the Swiss—and sought to obtain complete power over the working-classes within their walls. They accordingly conspired to institute a general massacre of all the friends of freedom on a given night—and after these had been murdered in their beds, to open the gates to the Austrian troops. They had already assembled fully armed in a large vault beside the lake, under the carousing-room of the tailors' guild, when a little boy happened accidentally to overhear their conversation.

They discovered him — seized him —and were about to kill him—but he begged so hard for his life, that they spared him, on his taking the oath, at peril of his soul's eternal perdition, *not to tell to any human being what he had overheard.*

In those times, so terrible was considered the oath, that it was held as sure a guarantee of secrecy as death itself — and, therefore, foolishly enough, they let the boy escape.

He ran immediately to the carousing-room of the cabinet-makers, where the members were still sitting up, drinking and playing,—and, walking straight up to the *stove*, began to say:

"*Stove!* Under the drinking-room of the tailors the patricians are assembled in arms," &c., telling the *stove* all he had overheard. He thus kept his oath, for he told it to no *human being.* The men present heard—seized their arms, woke their friends—roused the town—the working population rushed into the streets—in the direction of the tailors' room —and all the conspirators were taken in arms as they were preparing to realise their horrible intent.

Next day, the gallant citizens brought in succours from Unterwalden,—the patrician tyrants were expelled the city, and Lucerne was constituted into a democratic commonwealth.

Thus the presence of mind and patriotism of a little boy saved the liberties of a great city, and the lives of its best citizens.

Labor's Grievances.

THE BRISTOL COTTON WORKS.

I.—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The proceedings at these works have been before the public for some time—but an account of the oppression to which the employed have been subjected at them, has not been before the general public yet. We will make it known—for step by step we will follow and expose the tyranny of the master-class, until we have roused the social slaves into a sense of their wrongs, that feeling of their strength, and that union of their power, which can, which must, which shall, prove irresistible.

For the general reader to understand the following document, we must observe that an address has been put forward by the employers in which they cite instances of "women, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, having worked for many weeks without being much fined"—this is specifically answered in the statement given below.

Moreover, a narrow wicket-gate having been erected for the workpeople to leave by (by which at least a quarter of an hour, by their own showing, is lost to many), they excuse it on the ground of "theft," that workpeople take weft and cops away. This is also alluded to in the reply. And we would ask, *what do they take from the work-people?* Health, home, happiness, and life itself! *Who are the real thieves?*

They make a merit, also, of no fine being imposed for broken windows, in the weavers'-room—for a very good reason, too, it is lighted by skylights, so they had no excuse for inflicting a fine.

And they further take *one item*, out of their multifarious fining system, to make the public believe their fines are low. A boast is further made in another document, that, when new temples are introduced in the establishment, wages were not reduced to cover the expenses. It will be seen that the new temples were, under the circumstances, an injury to the work-people.

True to the principles of bribing one portion of the working-classes to cut the throats of the other, the aristocracy of labor were induced to issue an address in response to that of the masters; praising the latter, and the water-pumping manager, John Ashworth. This address, they want the public to suppose, emanates from the weavers, the parties really aggrieved. We have seen the entire of the signatures to their address, and can vouch that it is labor's greatest curse, *the aristocracy of labor*, the overlookers, watchmen, &c.; at once the most insolent, and the most *servile* among the working-class, who have signed this declaration, with scarce a single exception. There can be no mistake about it, because each man's avocation is printed against his name.

There are 110 signatures. Out of these there are 30 overlookers, clerks, watchmen, time-keepers, &c. Almost all the rest consist of employments like the following: carpenters, masons, engine-tenters, firemen, millwrights, moulders, oilers, smiths, &c. We do not see a single "weaver." The reader will judge of the value of this address at a glance.

II.—AN ADDRESS TO THE WORK-PEOPLE AT THE BRISTOL COTTON-WORKS.

Before proceeding to give the statement of facts forwarded, we would respectfully and urgently ask the work-people at the Bristol factory, to read the following paragraphs, comprising the fundamental principles of OUR SOCIAL RIGHTS:—

1,—Every man has the right to work, without asking the permission of another.

2,—Every man has the right to enjoy the full fruits of his own labor; and if he parts with any of it, to receive an equivalent in return from the labor of another.

That this is perfectly practicable, is proved by existing things.

For instance: there stand the Bristol cotton-works, employing so many hands, paying them an uncertain amount of starvation wages, and giving the proprietors a certain amount of enormous profits. Now, the profits arise out of the labor of the people employed—every farthing of them! Suppose then that the work-people were to go to the factory in the same numbers as usual, do the same work as usual, produce the same profits as usual, but that they were suddenly told, the old proprietors had vanished—they, themselves, were the present proprietors, they had worked for themselves, and wages and profits were alike their own:—do you suppose the profits would have melted by the transfer? Do you suppose their labor-power would have vanished? Do you suppose they would produce less? No! probably as much again, under the stimulus of self-remuneration. Now, this is perfectly practicable; it is not as though the factory were not in existence, the work-people were not there, and the profits were not made. But there they are! We are dealing with FACTS; and it is merely a question, the means and the wealth being there already, who is to have it? who to share it? who to enjoy it?—the 2000 work-people who create it, or the nine "proprietors" who monopolise it?

Were the factory your's (you built it,)—were the machinery your's, (you paid for it, and made it too,)—were the cloth your's, (you weave it,)—there would be no fines—no wicket-gates—no accusations of theft—no temptations for theft (people don't steal from themselves,)—no pumping of cold water—no tyranny, insolence and degradation—no starvation, poverty, disease, and crime.

You could go to your work, and you could stay away from it when you liked—the stimulus to exertion being that the idler would not earn—that he would grow hungry, and thus soon be taught diligence—the stimulus to exertion being the same desire of wealth and independence which animates the master.—Human nature is human nature, and the working-man don't like wealth and competence one jot less than the employer does.

Since it is practicable to achieve this state of things, because the material (labor, capital, and a market for the produce of them,) is there—how realise this state of things?

It could be easily realised: not by confiscating to the use of the work-people, the cotton-works of the nine proprietors—but by enabling the 2000 wages-slaves to erect cotton-works of their own under government protection. By advancing, for similar purposes for the people, the sum of £10,000,000 per annum out of the Church income of £13,000,000; by advancing the sum of £26,000,000 per annum out of the interest on the national debt, (soon available by the the plan propounded by the National Convention of 1851); by advancing the sum of £10,000,000 per annum out of the £16,000,000 for our military and naval expenditure which might be spared by arming the people at home to defend their own land—and, if the colonies wanted our soldiers, making the colonies pay for what they wanted. By advancing the sum of £3,000,000 per annum out of our civil expenditure, civil list, pension list, secret-service money, and unacknowledged funds of pelf and plunder,—by letting crown, church, poor, and common lands to the people on reasonable terms; by forcing the plough through the deer-parks, pleasure-parks, and game-preserves; by sending the spade into the grass-lands of the rich monopolist; by sending hands on to the estates of the wealthy land-holders, who displace labor because competition, idleness, and under-paid work, its

result, are more profitable to them than well-paid toil—by these and similar means—*without one act of confiscation*, merely by REVERSING THE DIRECTION of our social legislation—labor might be emancipated—the working-man might be made his own master. So enormous are the means to do it!—and it but needs a different set of men to sit in Parliament, for the one to supersede the other.

Then the work-people would gradually stream from the Bristol Cotton-works, into their own—from fine and factory bell, from wicket-gate and tyranny—into the palace of their own industry. For a while the sinking monopolists would struggle—for awhile they would try to compete—but they would be doing then *what working-men's Co-operation does now: single-handed and few, they would be competing against the resources of a nation—and the protecting influence of a government*—the tables would be turned, and THEY MUST FAIL. Then they would try to bribe you back—and the proud employers from their own deserted mills, would come as suitors to the doors of your thronged factories—lavishing their hoarded treasures to draw you from the road of liberty. But, even that effort would but strengthen you the more—and so they would fall.

But, friends! this can be done only by political power, directing every social law to your HELP, instead of to your INJURY. The very same power and influence, that would prevent them from successfully competing against *you, then*, prevents you from competing against *them, now*.

This, therefore, is the necessity for the political power of the Charter. This is what the Charter would do for you. Is it worth having? Then it is worth struggling for.

III.—GRIEVANCES AT THE BRISTOL COTTON WORKS.

By the wish of several individuals, and under a sense of duty to humanity, I have forwarded the following authentic information of labor's grievances as practised at the Bristol Cotton Factory.

If we accepted the address of the workmen (but more properly overlookers and lackeys) as true, we should be led to suppose there were no real grievances whatever in existence there. However we will leave the readers of your excellent illuminator, the "Notes" to decide whether or not there is sufficient cause for complaint and at the above-stated place. First then, we will begin with the fines the sufferers are subject to, previous to their commencing work. If not on the premises by 6 a.m., fined 3d. If not there by 20m. past 6 a.m., refused admission, of course 1 qr. lost. Weavers for the same, fined 8d. The mill hands 1s. Any person absenting themselves 4 hours, fined 1s. 6d. To be absent for one day, fined 2s. 6d. Children included, and even sickness does not exonerate those that have broken the above rules. It is but justice to the cause of the poor wages-slaves to state, that numbers do not receive for full wages more than 2s. per week. Consequently if they lose a day they are 6d. in debt; through the 2s. 6d. fine for such offence, if offence it can be called. That 6d. is kept back out of the following week's wages, which reduces the eleven day's work to 1s. 6d. The sufferers unhesitatingly declare that it is almost impossible for an individual to go on through the week without being fined. Weavers for not finishing up work that is given out to them, are fined as follows:

For missing one cut, fined 1s. For two cuts, 2s. We will endeavour to show the exact working of these rules, and we think it will be clear to every unprejudiced mind, that it is a most rascally, unwarranted, and unmanly trick to reduce the poor work-people's wages. Those that are employed in weaving will readily understand what a cut means, but for the information of the uninitiated we will observe that cuts vary considerably, and also state that the material differs greatly; some extremely good, others altogether as bad. We will here give the number of yards in a cut, also the price for working. Cuts containing 30 yards 8d., 60 yards 1s. 4d., 120 yards 2s. 8d., 90 yards 2s., 180 yards 4s., and those containing 72 yards 1s. 8d. Such is the advantage a weaver has got in having good stuff, that they can accomplish one-and-a-half cuts of the 72 yards which makes 108 yards, while another with bad stuff can accomplish only, in the same time, a cut of 60 yards. The former receive for the same 2s. 6d., the latter 1s. 4d., and both shall be equal workers in every sense. Let us look a little into the cause of the reduction of weavers' wages through fines; 180 yards is sufficient for a week's work on one loom. Now if by accident or any other cause, there has been any time lost in the course of the week, it is impossible for the weaver to accomplish the work, the result of which would be a fine of 1s. In working on two looms with two cuts if not finished, fined 2s. With respect to the other cuts they are liable to a fine the same as those we have mentioned. We will introduce five cases to your readers to show the practical working of the oppressive fines. No. 1 worked three looms all the week; received 1s. 7d. for wages. No. 2 worked two looms the whole of the week; earned 3s. 3d., and received for wages 1s. 2d.; appealing to the

manager, she was called an "idle devil," and was immediately ordered from his office. This weaver has worked there upwards of eight years, and has averaged 11s. and 12s. per week for eleven months in the North. No. 3 worked two looms; earned 3s. 6d., lost four hours; fined 1s. 6d., missed two cuts, fined 2s. Weekly payment 1d., for doctor 1d, wages received 0d.—(by the bye the doctor's berth is rather a lucrative one for we understand there are somewhere about 1600 working there, that would make £6 13 0 per week). No. 4 earned 3s. 10d., exactions for fines &c., 3s. 10d., wages nothing! No. 5 worked three looms all the week; received 7½d., this last case occurred last week. We could recite case after case, but the heart sickens to think working-men and women too (I wonder at the women) should so coolly submit to such tyranny and barefaced exactions being perpetrated on them. I will just ask your readers what would they think or do if after they had received 3s. 8d. for their weekly wages, some fellow should step up to them and demand the whole amount, and by their refusing to give it up, to be told that henceforth they should starve, or else go to the Union. It amounts exactly to that, for the poor creatures are compelled under the present system to submit to whatever oppression the managers choose to inflict on them. Bear in mind if they should be discharged, they have no other factory to go to, without they start for the North, which one out of a hundred would not be able to do on account of the lowness of wages they receive, and in consequence of their inability to save for that purpose.

Would to God the working-classes could see the inefficacy of every movement among them, but the one for the attainment of political power, that power used by men that really understood the condition of the working-classes, and would frame such laws as tended to raise their wages, remove their grievances and elevate them to that proud position which every man has a divine right to hold;—that of a freeman and not a slave! We will further beg a little more space to record more tyranny. Fines respecting broken machinery, vary from 1s. to 2s. 6d., and it is impossible to avoid breaking it; it is never done wilfully. Could a person believe that the individuals sanctioning these fines, one and all, could profess conscientiousness, and walk deliberately to church and receive the sacrament, return from church, curse and swear at the poor slaves for any trifling thing they might offend them in? The weavers are compelled when old shuttles are worn out to replace them with new. Also to pay out of their wages for brushes to clean their looms. Mark! if a person is caught taking them away, it is deemed a theft, and taken before magistrates for the same; this has been introduced since the present manager has been in office. Any person discovered cleaning their looms before 10 minutes to 1, or 10 minutes to 6, to be fined 6d. for such offence. If an appeal is made to the manager, instead as promised, a remission of the fine, it is not unfrequently the parties get discharged. If a square of glass is broken by accident or otherwise, providing the real perpetrator cannot be found, the person working nearest the broken window is compelled to pay 7d. per pane which do not contain a foot of glass. One of the three addresses that have been put before the public, states that the patent temples are an advantage to the workers: admitted it would be so providing they had good stuff to work. But under the present circumstances, they state they would rather work the old temples, with the stuff they used to have, than the patent temples, with the inferior working stuff which is imposed on them through the introduction of the latter. If there is an improvement made in machinery, the holders will be sure to twist it, forsooth, to their own advantage. Does any man suppose they are going to spend a lot of money to ease the labor of the workers? not a bit of it; as in this case, they get stuff used up that could not be used with the old temples. This proves in that respect, their address to be false, for instead of the workers being benefited, they are still the sufferers. Another scandalous rule is adopted which is this, they keep three day's work in hand: to explain, supposing a hand is set to work on Thursday morning, Saturday night comes, no wages. They are compelled then to work on till the following Saturday, and then only receive 6 day's wages, instead of what is due, 9 days. If by any cause, no matter what, a hand should leave the factory, they are not even allowed according to the rules of the factory to ask for 3 days' work due. If they should be bold enough to do it, they are ordered off the premises immediately, with a wonder at their impudence for doing so. (You see the poor have to pay for being employed, besides rendering their labor for next kin to nothing). That is not all; supposing a person should rumour about, that it was their intention of leaving the factory, they would, providing they left, have 9 days work kept from them if they actually left. On the other hand, if they should stay, they get no wages till there is 12 days due, and then they would have but 6 days given them until such time as it was seen they did not mean to leave. But mark! if they should happen to leave, as soon as they have received the 6 day's

wages out of the 12 they would be placed in the same predicament with the 6 day's wages as they would the 3 days; that is, go minus of it. Such, you see, is the power exercised over (at present) the helpless slaves. The managers have lately adopted the plan of getting all hands that are taken on afresh, to sign an agreement demanding a month's notice before the employed can leave. Of course the hands expected a months notice from him before he discharged; he consented to it on condition the employed adhered to certain rules; what all of those rules are, it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to know, for they are not posted about in print as they ought to be, no, they are ashamed of them, it is another handle to his tyranny, for a person breaking any of the rules is liable to be discharged with this consolation: "Oh it was for misconduct, they transgressed or broke the rules," as it was the case with a weaver that was discharged sometime back, who was entirely ignorant of the cause of his expulsion. We need not say that many have been dismissed for the same miserable excuse. There are also fines for weft being found, from 6d. to 1s., according to the quantity not worked up, which we believe to escape which is the only reason that induced the weavers to take it off the premises although that same thing is palmed upon the public as a dishonest act; we would ask any reasoaable man what good a small quantity of such stuff as that would be to the poor souls. It is taken away for the above assigned reason, and in contempt to their oppressor it is throwed at (his the manager's) door: who can blame them? Very often the weavers are informed by the overlookers, In case they are not at their work by the time the engine starts in the morning, which is often 20m. before 6, they will be fined 6d., sometimes it starts earlier than that. Another thing we will not omit mentioning, that is one of the principal causes that brought about the late strike, the engine has been kept to work as late as half-past 1 in the day, at night up to 7 o'clock, and scarcely ever has it been stopped before half-past 6 in the evening: the question will be asked, is there no one to report such conduct to the inspector? There is the doctor on the premises, but the doctor's, employer's, manager's, and overlooker's, interests, are all opposed to those of the journeymen and women that they walk about the place blindfolded, and when the inspector visits the place, they are tongue-tied: however when the question is put by the inspector, to some of the slaves, they tell him the real facts, but those facts are never divulged. We have endeavoured to do it and do hope that it wil remove the idea from the minds of some of the public at least, that there is real cause for bitter complaint. We shall endeavour to pick out some more of their dirty work, and forward it to be fearlessly published to the world.

A Friend and Observer.

Woman's Wrongs.

A NOVEL.—IN FOUR BOOKS.

I.—The Working-man's Wife.
II.—The Young Milliner.
III.—The Tradesman's Daughter.
IV.—The Lady of Title.

Book IV.—The Lady of Title.

In three parts,—*Girlhood, Marriage, Old Age.*

PART II.—MARRIAGE.

I.—THE CHILD.

Lord and Lady Parciment Cartoon had been married nearly nine years. An only child, a daughter, named Elizabeth, was the issue of their marriage. Lord Parciment had been raised to the peerage shortly afterwards, by the title of Viscount Muralin. Of Darcy nothing had been heard, save that he had settled down to his profession, that of law—in a remote country town, where report said, he had remained unmarried, and was respected for his goodness and philanthropy, but pitied for his melancholy and apparent loneliness.

During the nine years that had elapsed, Lord and Lady Muralin had blazed for nine successive seasons in the elegant world—she

as one of the recognised beauties of the day—he as one of the leading politicians of the House, and presumptive premier of the future administration. They passed for enjoying an average share of conjugal happiness. Scandal had not been particularly busy with Lady Muralin's name—of course there were a good many rumours and reports—of course she had been accused of one thing and another; but Lord Muralin said nothing—so what business was it of the world's? If Lord Muralin was satisfied, surely the world had no business to complain—and so time passed—Lady Muralin still blazed, Lord Muralin still debated, and the young beauty, only twenty-six years of age now, after nine years of marriage broke as many hearts, and destroyed as many unions as ever.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. The bright autumn day sparkled over the country-seat of Muralin. The morning bell rung in the chapel adjoining the house. A young child of eight, descended with its governess, the grand staircase of the mansion. On reaching one of the landings, a door opened in the gallery, and Lord Muralin appeared, in his dressing-gown and a packet of papers in his hand.

"Where are you coming from, Elizabeth?" he said, passing his hand through the glossy ringlets of the child.

"From my room, papa!"

"What—do you no longer sleep in the room where you did?"

"No, my lord!" said the governess, "her ladyship has directed Miss Elizabeth to sleep upstairs."

"And why this change?"

"I do not know, my lord, I believe the room is wanted."

"Yes! to give it to the pale gentleman!" said the little girl, raising her head with an angry and vengeful expression.

The viscount turned to the governess, as though demanding an explanation.

"It's Mr. Henry Vernon, Miss Elizabeth means."

"Then Mr. Henry Vernon occupies that room?"

"Yes, my lord."

Lord Muralin made no answer; but cast a rapid glance down the gallery. It is impossible to say whether this was to see the proximity of the room in question to that of Honora, or whether it was merely an instinctive and involuntary movement. At any rate, he merely patted the little girl's cheek twice, recommended her to be good and obedient, and walked on *without kissing her*, as had been his wont.

The child went on, with her governess, to her mother's room.

The door stood ajar—Elizabeth opened it noiselessly.

Lady Muralin was seated with her back to the entrance; her head rested on one hand, the other held a portrait which she contemplated with avidity.

She was still eminently beautiful, perhaps in the very pride and flush of her charms—but it was a sensual, voluptuous, hardened beauty—the delicate tenderness, the fairy-like and fragile grace of girlhood had vanished before a sultry oriental splendor.

The little girl approached her mother noiselessly. The sound of her steps was muffled by the rich Persian carpeting. Her entrance was unheard. She climbed on a chair that stood behind Lady Muralin, and peered over the shoulder of the latter. The whole had been done with marvellous caution and dexterity—like that of a thief prowling on its prey. No sooner had she looked at the miniature her mother held, ere an expression of malicious pleasure sparkled in her countenance, and with a sharp, short, piercing laugh she exclaimed:

"*The portrait of the pale gentleman!*"

Lady Muralin gave a scream, and started up so suddenly, that she nearly upset little Elizabeth.

"Miserable child!" she cried, "how you frightened me—get down—get down! oh dear, I tremble still."

And Honora sat down again, disconcerted and out of temper, hiding the miniature with confusion and haste in her hand.

"Why do you not knock at the door, Miss Vansittart? Why does Mary leave the door open? See how you expose me to observation. It might have been anyone, as well as you, you are very inattentive—you don't show any attachment for me."

Miss Vansittart seemed to comprehend the full import of her fault, and answered timidly, "It shall not happen again, my lady."

"And you, Elizabeth, I wont have you frighten me so again. If you do so any more, you shall be forbid my room."

The child made no answer, but remained erect, its hands in the pockets of its pinafore, its face flushed, its countenance sulky and ungracious.

Honora placed the miniature furtively in her breast.

Elizabeth's keen eye was on her as she did it.

"Come here!" said the young mother.

The child approached very slowly.

"Kiss me—don't look so ungracious."

The child gave a cry of pain as its mother pressed it towards her.

"What is it?"

"*The miniature of the pale gentleman hurts me!*"

Honora blushed and looked very much annoyed. Miss Vansittart could not restrain a smile.

Honora forced the child's face upwards, more in anger and embarrassment than love, and kissed it. In doing so the glossy black ringlets of Elizabeth were thrown off her forehead, and her face confronted her mother's in strange contrast—embarrassment in the one—anger and spite in the other.

There was something strange and repulsive in the very beauty of the child—for beautiful she was. Her features reminded you of those of Honora; but as the fallen angel might remind you of the beauty of its yet unfallen state. Its round keen eye cast a sharp, hard glance, that made you feel uncomfortable when you met it. The laugh that came over its small, thin lips, was always short, spasmodic and shrill. Its countenance was habitually serious, but serious without calmness or repose—like a metal cast. If ever a soft expression stole over its features, it was like that of the cat, mingled with cunning. In fine, the child seemed a union of Lord Parciment and Honora—the soul of the former wrapped in the beauty of the latter, and glooming through its lustre.

Lady Muralin seemed struck by some similar thought, for she suddenly pushed back the child, with a movement almost of aversion, and rising, said:

"Now go and play in the laurel-walk—and be steady—I shall see you from the window."

"I wont go to the laurel-walk," pouted the child.

"Why not?"

"I was there yesterday—and the pale gentleman sent me away. He told me to play in the large flower-garden."

"No doubt, because you were at mischief," said Lady Muralin, blushing.

"Oh no! for you came directly afterwards, and he went away arm-in-arm with you."

The viscountess made a motion of impatience.

"What is that to you, Elizabeth? You have always something to say about Mr. Vernon."

"I don't like the pale gentleman," replied the child with a sullen voice, and tossing her black ringlets like the mane of a wild horse.

"Wicked child! why? don't he give you bon-bons and pretty toys! you have a bad ungrateful heart. Take her away Miss Vansittart. Go! Miss Elizabeth, *I don't love you.*"

Elizabeth took the hand of her governess, and went, casting an angry glance at her mother.

"Horrid little thing!" said Miss Vansittart, shaking her charge rudely by the arm, as soon as they had left the room—"why do you vex your mamma so, you should never say that you have seen her with Mr. Vernon—it annoys her, do you hear!"

"And does that annoy the pale gentleman also?" said the child after a pause.

"Of course it does—hold your tongue—don't think about him—and attend to your play."

"Oh! I can vex the pale gentleman, can I?" said the child, half to herself, and smiled maliciously.

She hated him intensely.

The Chartist Movement.

I.—SOUTH LANCASHIRE DELEGATE MEETING.

A meeting of delegates representing the Chartists of Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Stockport, Rochdale, Staleybridge, &c., was held on Sunday last, April 11, at Mr. Leonard Haslap's, Temperance Hotel, Oldham, Mr. Thomas Clews, of Stockport, in the chair. The Chairman opened the business by calling on the delegates to produce their credentials. This business having been satisfactorily disposed of, the delegates proceeded to give an account of the position of Chartism in their respective localities. The Secretary's books were then audited, and found to be correct, and the following resolutions unanimously adopted:

1st, "That the minutes of the last meeting be confirmed."

2nd, "That Mr. Edward Hooson, of Manchester, be the Treasurer for South Lancashire during the next three months."

3rd, "That Wm. Grocott, of Manchester, be re-elected as Secretary for the next three months."

4th, "That the levy of one half-penny per member be now paid."

5th, "That the question of tract distribution be taken into consideration at the next delegate meeting."

6th, "That, after mature deliberation, we consider ourselves bound in justice to ourselves and the localities we represent, to publicly avow our unqualified disapproval of the programme recently issued by Thomas Duncombe, M.P., as the basis for establishing a people's party, believing as we do that the policy propounded therein will have a tendency to weaken the popular cause by increasing the dissensions already too prevalent,

and exciting in a still greater degree the disgust beginning to be entertained by the people for the diversified nostrums and flagrant inconsistencies of men whose present conduct is so utterly at variance with their former professions, and whose recommendations of adherence to principle on the part of others has been followed by the most glaring derelictions therefrom on their own."

7th, "That we deeply regret the course Mr. Duncombe has thought proper to pursue, and hope that a little reflection will convince him of the absurdity of attempting to form a people's party, unless it is based upon just and equitable principles."

8th, "That we pledge ourselves to promote by every justifiable means in our power, the prosperity of Chartism; and, in accordance with this determination, we request the Manchester Council to call a conference, to be holden at Manchester as early as convenient. We also call on the Chartists generally to give the Manchester Council all the support in their power."

9th, "That the next Delegate Meeting be held at the house of Mr. J. B. Horsfall, Royton, near Oldham, on Sunday, the 9th of May, 1852. Chair to be taken at 10 o'clock in the forenoon."

Arrangements were then made for holding a public meeting in Oldham on Sunday evening, the 9th of May, and we are very likely to be able to announce that Oldham and Royton have joined the South Lancashire organisation, as we were favored with the presence of two or three gentlemen from each of those localities, who expressed their entire approbation of the proceedings of the delegates. We have not worked in vain.

WM. GROCOTT, Sec.

II.—MANCHESTER.

To the Chartists of the United Kingdom.

BROTHER CHARTISTS!

Six weeks have now elapsed since we, in our official capacity, with the concurrence of the members of our own and of the surrounding localities requested you to say whether, under existing circumstances you would authorise us to call a Conference to be held in Manchester at the earliest possible period; and whether or not you would send a delegate, from your respective localities to such Conference.

A repetition of the reasons already advanced why a Conference should be called at the present time would be useless, inasmuch as the fact of its necessity is already before the country; and a majority of the localities since the issuing of our address have come to the conclusion that nothing but an interchange of sentiment through the medium of a Conference can save the movement. This is the more manifest when we take into consideration the many strenuous efforts made at "constitution-mongering" by parties who formerly occupied a prominent position among the Chartists of this country, but which efforts have only been productive of discord and contention. Chartism however is not yet extinct. All that is required is a more energetic and better concerted action on the part of the Chartists themselves. This once shown, the 'mushroom parties' who are endeavouring to traffic in our popularity, and the government itself will be convinced that the people of this country will not be satisfied with stunted and flimsy measures of reform.

We are perfectly aware of the pecuniary difficulties under which many of the localities are now laboring. We do not therefore expect a large attendance of delegates. Still out of more than the thirty localities who have corresponded with us on the subject of a Conference being held in Manchester, but six have demurred thereto; while the resolutions and expressions of perfect concurrence from the others encouraged us in the important duty which has devolved upon us, and give us strong hopes for the future.

Brother Chartists!—supported by the authority of a majority of the localities, and conscious of the ultimate power of truth; seeking only the realisation of genuine democracy, and the establishment of true nationality,—we feel it would be criminal in us to delay any longer the summoning a Conference, as the most effectual means of restoring our belove Chartism to its former position, so that it voice may once more be heard above the clamour of contending factions, its claims admitted and its triumph achieved in the happiness and prosperity of all classes of the community.

We, therefore call upon you throughout your respective localities to immediately proceed to the election of delegates to, and the subscribing of means for, a Conference to be held in the People's Institute, Heyrod St. Manchester, on the 17th of May, 1852.

(Signed on behalf of the Manchester Council).

WILLIAM GROCOTT, *Chairman*

EDWARD HOOSON,
GEORGE BAILEY,
J. EDWARD HOOSON, Sec. } Businesss Committee.

A programme of the business for the Conference, will be issued next week.

III.—METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL.

This council met at its usual place of meeting, at the Finsbury Institution, Ray Street, Clerkenwell, on Sunday, April 11th, 1852, Mr. Bligh in the chair. Eighteen delegates present. The minutes of the previous sitting having been confirmed, credentials were presented by Mr. G. Farrah, from the Hoxton locality, and Messrs. James Finley and George Thompson, from the Soho locality. Mr. E. Jones read a letter from Mr. Stright, who stated his willingness to act as Trustee for the O'Connor Fund; likewise, he had received letters from different parts of the country, of a highly promising nature towards this fund. Report received: Mr. Wheeler reported, on behalf of the Observation Committee, and read an address to the working-classes, urging them not to support the movement put forward by T. S. Duncombe, Esq.

TO THE CHARTISTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Brother Democrats.—In times of peril it becomes all associated bodies to give their advice freely and frankly to their brethren, and thus promote that unanimity of feeling, so essential to the success of any political movement. The present period is one of change and transition, old ties are broken, old rivalries renewed, confusion pervades the whole political world. In our own ranks attempts have not been wanting to ensnare and delude the unwary; hitherto, these attempts have been unavailing, but a more insidious one is now being made, and T. S. Duncombe, an old friend of the people, has been induced to lend it the sanction of his name and influence. We regret that he should have taken this step, and attribute it to his want of a proper knowledge of the present elements of the democratic party, brought about by his long and unfortunate illness. We trust that this is the true reason why this gentleman now appears to advocate a retrograde policy—but whatever the motive, the policy is none the less injurious. We shall not attempt to show the superiority of the Charter to that new scheme. The day is gone by when we need discuss the principles of the Charter. We adhere to the tradition of our party and have a perfect confidence that you will support us in that adherence. The Chartist cause is embalmed in the hearts of many who have suffered for its advocacy; we have rallied round it in days of peril and danger, shall we now desert it when all is calm and safety. You have been told that the name of the Charter keeps the middle-class from joining you. It is not the name, but the principle which they dislike, and we know of no public action of our body that has brought merited disgrace upon it, or which should induce us to abandon either our name, our principles, or any of our details. Let us conquer and occupy the ground, which, for the last fourteen years we have been contending for; let us then progress and occupy a still more advanced position, but let us never, even in idea, retrograde to meet the views either of time-servers or timid and ill-advised friends. Let each locality speak calmly but strongly upon this subject: thus shall we strengthen our friends and discourage our enemies. We need not say more upon this subject. The political horizon is big with events, it only needs unity and determination to enable us to take advantage of them: our opponents know this; and hence their policy, to leave no step untried by which they may divide and weaken our strength.

Yours on behalf of the
Metropolitan Delegate Council,
E. L. Clarke, Sec.

Mr. Bligh having further reported, the address was adopted and the report received. Mr. F. Farrah then read a resolution passed by the City locality, highly commending the general policy adopted by this council. Mr. Butler then moved "that the monthly meeting of the Chartists of London take place the first Sunday in May; that timely notice be given, and that the secretary draw up a programme of business to be submitted to the meeting." Seconded by Mr. V. Down. This motion, with the consent of the mover, was referred to the Observation Committee.

Mr. Mills then moved "that this council will not recognise any delegate from any locality that does not advocate the People's Charter as a principle on all public occasions:" seconded by Athol Wood.

Mr. E. Jones moved as an amendment; "that if any member of this council shall be found to advocate political franchise doctrines short of, or hostile to the Charter, it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Observation Committee to report the same to the locality he represents:" seconded by Mr. Snelling.

Mr. Bezer then moved the following rider: "that every delegate of this council has a perfect liberty to support Chartist principles in that manner as instructed by his locality:" seconded by Mr. Farrah.

Mr. Bezer condemned both motion and amendment and contended that at public meetings speakers must be guided by circumstances; that it might be wise to move or support a measure short of the Charter, and that men were not to be denounced, because they did not go as far as the Charter. Mr. E. Jones considered the motion as antidemocratic; because localities had a right to elect what dele-

gates they choose, and the locality that sent the delegate could alone depose him; and thought his amendment would carry out the objects of the motion it was necessary that localities should know what line of policy their delegates adopted on public occasions, for it was possible that at the localities the delegates might advocate pure Chartism, and at public meetings advocate a less measure of reform, he thought all they could do was to inform the localities of it and leave it to them. Mr. James Finlen energetically supported Mr. Jones' amendment, and severely retorted on Mr. Bezer, on account of some personal remarks made by him. The amendment was further supported by Messrs. Wheeler, F. Farrah, and others: the chairman put the rider, amendment, and motion to the council, when the amendment was carried, there being three for Mr. Bezer's rider, nine for Mr. E. Jones' amendment, and three for Mr. Mills' motion. Mr. E. Jones then moved, and Mr. Bezer seconded; "that the Observation Committee be empowered to convene a public meeting in the borough of Finsbury for the purpose of discussing the programme put forth by T. S. Duncombe, Esq., M.P. for Finsbury, and that Mr. D. be invited to attend the meeting," carried unanimously, the council then adjourned to Sunday, April 18th.

EDMUND L. CLARKE, Sec.

IV.—CHELSEA.

April 10th, 1852.

The following resolution was passed at the last meeting held in this locality. Moved by W. Harry, seconded by J. Tilling:

That as history furnishes sufficient evidence that most national movements (whether political or religious) have been supported by voluntary contributions alone. This locality therefore deprecates the system of payment for membership, and perpetual subscriptions adopted by the last Convention, and resolves for the future to admit all members free of expense.

J. LAROCHE, *Chairman.*

GEORGE GINN, *Agent*, 72, Lower Sloane Street. To whom all letters may be sent prepaid.

V.—SOHO, NEW LOCALITY.

April 8, 1852.

Several persons believing in the principles of the People's Charter as the only means o elevating the people politically and socially resolved to form a locality of the National Charter Association, to be called the Soho locality; Mr. James Murray in the chair. Mr. James Finlen moved, Mr .W. Tompson seconded, "That Mr. James Murray act as Treasurer;" Mr. George Murray moved, Mr. Henry Gardiner seconded, "That Mr. James Finlen and Mr. G. Tompson be elected as delegates to the Metropolitan Delegate Council;' carried.

Moved, "That the report of this meetin be sent to the 'Notes to the People;' carried.

CHARLES MURRAY,
Sec., *pro tem.*

2, Duford-place, Broad-st., Golden Square.

Edgar Allan Poe and his Accusers.

In a recent No. of "The Friend of the People," Mr. Gerald Massey has thought proper amid some invectives against the "Notes," to malign the character of the great and unfortunate American poet, Edgar Poe. The life of the latter, with illustrative selections from his writings, was given in No. 34, page 668, of the "Notes."

It will there be seen who Mr. Allan was, why Mr. Allan "cut him off with a shilling," —and what was the cause of difference between them. Mr. Massey has evidently been fishing in the dirty water of America—tittle-tattle, wherein the hireling pen of a sordid scribe has tried to darken the reputation of one he could never hope to emulate. It is sad to see the names of great men the prey of any petty vanity or ignorant pique. Mr. Poe had his faults—but (and we say it advisedly,) his virtues far outweighed them—and if the reader wants to estimate aright the character of the departed bard, let him read the splendid refutation of the base calumnies urged against him, a refutation contained in the article by the editor of "The Home Journal," and let him read the life of Poe, by Thomas Powell, the eminent dramatist, poet, and essayist, in his well-known work, entitled "The Living Authors of America, first series, New York, Stringer and Townsend, 222, Broadway, 1850, and especially the part comprised within pages 120 and 133.

No one paid a more noble tribute to his virtues, than his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clem.

For the rest, we would advise the critic to see whence he gets his information, and what

it is worth, and to pause with reverence before he assails the illustrious and martyred dead.

Let him study the following lines from the famous monody by the great Byron, written in reference to similar, though far better founded accusation.

"—Should there be, to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,
Those who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—ah! little do they know
That what to them seemed vice might be but woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise,
Repose denies her requium to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdôme of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—*the jealous* and the vain,
The *envious*, who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave.
Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring genius owes,
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of calumny!
These are his portion—but if joined to these
Gaunt poverty should league with deep disease,
If the high spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
To soothe indignity—and face to face
Meet sordid rage—and wrestle with disgrace,
To find in hope but the renewed caress,
The serpent-fold of further faithlessness,—
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?"

To the Chartists and Democracy of Britain.

☞ Resolved, for the better re-organisation of Chartism, that since by each and all of the franchise measures now before the people (excepting that embodied in the Charter), the middle-class would gain far more votes than the working-class, which would place the latter in a more powerless position than at present, the Charter must be agitated for in its entirety—that the omission of any one of its points would impair the utility of the remainder—and that, therefore, popular support must be withheld from all franchise measures falling short of its provisions.

Chartist Programme, April 10th, 1852.

Be strong of heart, my brethren of toil!
And oh! unto *yourselves* be ever true;
Unite as one—'tis ours, the fecund soil,
We tread, and till, though yonder knavish few,
Who fatten on what we create, would foil
Our efforts to attain the goal in view.
Not like the daring foes, who boldly take,
But with the craft and cunning of the snake! *

Beware of quondam friends, who fain would lead
Us to believe the people's movement dead—
As if our gushing hearts had ceased to bleed
At wrongs *endured though unredressed*—or fled
Our love of freedom—or, more sad indeed,
Our fierce resolve t' avenge the men who led
Us on, and martyr'd were, to gain
The victory, that we can, we *will* attain!

* Vide the Financial Reformers.

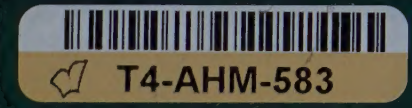
Stand firm! Await, with calm and patient mien—
With stern unbending dignity; as men—
Who've faith, and hope, and courage—should be seen;
Until th' eventful hour arrives, and then—
Like some young giant, that has slumb'ring been, [when
Arise, with gathered strength, and prove that
A people wills, it *has* th' almighty power
To make kings, priests, and usurers grovelling cower.

The seed is sown! The element is here,
In every breast that hath a wrong to right,
In every brain, where'er the galling fear
Of poverty unto the mental sight
Presents a cheerless future, darkening, drear
As coming storms. My brothers, re-unite
Thy stern resolve, thy still existent powers,
For freedom's sake, and vict'ry shall be ours.

Come, rally round, 'tis not your hard-earn'd pence, [will
But each true heart, each staunch unchanging
That runs not after ev'ry vain pretence,
Or artful trap to ensnare th' unwary—still
Spread out by Mammon's brood—no! men of sense,
Of iron mould, we want who will fulfil
A duty—one devolving on the bold
To fight for blood and brain, gainst glittering gold.

Athol Wood.

April 10th, 1852.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